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H.R.H. THE DUKE OF OPORTO  
MEMORIES



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H.R.H. The Crown Prince of Portugal, Dom Affonso Henriques, Prince Royal of Bragança, Duke of Oporto (General of the Portuguese Army).

[Frontispiece.]



OPORTO

# H.R.H. THE DUKE OF OPORTO

(CROWN PRINCE OF PORTUGAL)



MEMORIES

*R.* 81313

BY PERMISSION OF

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF OPORTO

WITH 39 ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON

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TO  
ALL THOSE WHO LOVED  
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS  
PRINCE AFFONSO HENRIQUES OF BRAGANÇA  
DUKE OF OPORTO  
THESE MEMORIES ARE DEDICATED  
BY PERMISSION OF  
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF BRAGANÇA  
DUCHESS OF OPORTO  
HIS ADORING WIFE

## FOREWORD

THESE scattered memories of the Crown Prince of Portugal are from the hand of one who knew well and loved well both His Royal Highness the Duke of Oporto and his devoted wife. They are published with the full approval of Her Royal Highness, who graciously consented to read the proofs for press, although the responsibility for mistakes or defects in the book lies with the writer alone. And no one is more conscious of these defects than the writer, for the book comes from the heart rather than from the brain. This the author knows will be understood, and condoned, by those who loved Dom Affonso, and it is to them that the book is chiefly addressed,

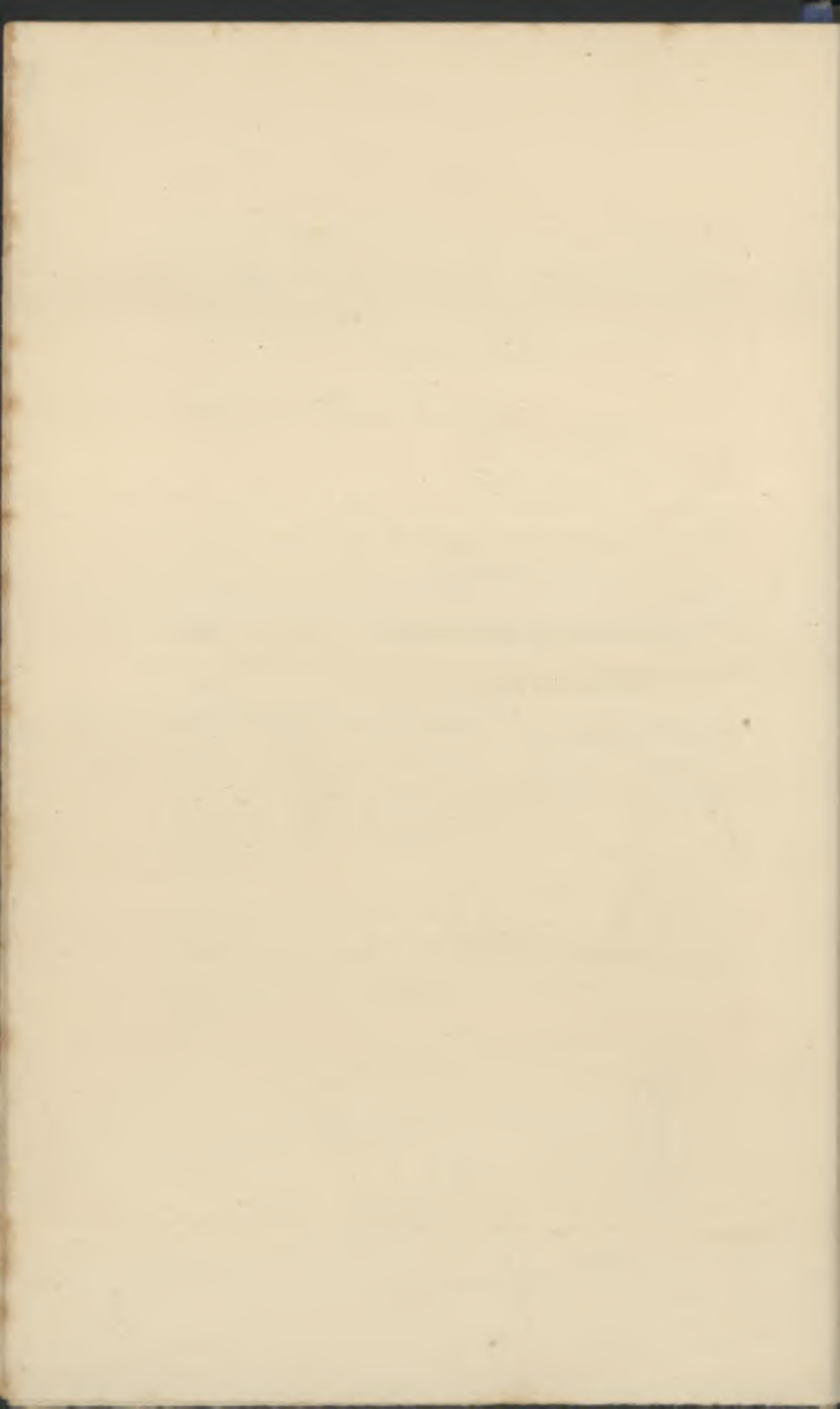
with the added hope that those who knew the Duke by name only will be interested to learn something of the inner and intimate life of this most excellent of Princes—the last Prince Royal of Portugal.

The information about the last illness and death of His Royal Highness was given to the writer by the nurses and the Princess herself, as no member of the Royal family save the Princess saw him at this time.

Some of the other reminiscences and stories were given by friends, to all of whom the writer here expresses heartfelt thanks, grateful acknowledgment being especially due to Mr. Rocha Martins, the Portuguese historian, for his courteous permission to use many of the anecdotes which appear throughout the book.

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# MEMORIES OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF OPORTO

## CHAPTER I

### MOTHER AND SON

IN Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, is the Royal Palace of Ajuda. It stands high above, but overlooking the wide, magnificent, and swift-flowing Tagus.

There, at three o'clock on the afternoon of a glorious summer day, the 31st of July, 1865, was born Prince Dom Affonso Henriques of Bragança, Duke of Oporto, second son of Queen Maria Pia and King Luiz of Portugal.

The room in which Affonso Henriques first saw the light was the most sumptuous

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imaginable—in a palace than which none other is more rich in treasure. It may still be seen, for the palace of Ajuda remains as it was fifty-three years ago, although some of its treasures are not shown, except by special request.

The walls of the room are of dark blue satin, brocaded with silver flowers. The Buhl furniture is unique in its beauty, for each piece is a choice specimen. The sixteenth-century Persian carpets are priceless, and the canopied bed regally sculptured. The headboard of this forms the Royal crown, with the arms of Bragança and of Savoy, the rich hangings falling from another crown.

In the dressing-room adjoining, an exquisite three-ply mirror, wondrously wrought, opens from floor to ceiling in the gilded walls by means of a knob of delicately carved ivory.

## MOTHER AND SON

A smaller room opening into this, with a glass partition, is a room entirely of porcelain—priceless saxe. Festoons of delicate saxe flowers run round the walls ; the cornices are of the same. The fire-place, fender, handles of the brushes and fire-irons, footstools, writing-table and its appointments, book-cases, and even the covers of the books themselves are of saxe ; exquisite porcelain flowers of all varieties and delicate hues. There are also massive candelabras of saxe—candelabras before which all others pale—standing on feet of flowers and reaching half-way to the ceiling. An enormous oval pier-glass stands in one corner, framed in saxe six inches wide, on a marvellous pedestal of the same.

At the time of the birth of Dom Affonso, Dom Carlos, his elder brother, was a little over a year old. The child Queen, Maria Pia, mother of the two curly headed, beau-

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tiful babies, was herself only sixteen years old, having been married at fourteen to the young King Luiz, former Prince of Bragança and Duke of Oporto, but King of Portugal by the time he was twenty-three. The title Duke of Oporto is that of the second son in the Portuguese Royal family, but until the happy marriage in 1917 of Dom Affonso Henriques there had never been a Duchess of Oporto.

Honours crowded upon the baby Duke. He was so very lovely and radiantly good-natured and smiling, from the very first, that the Queen of Spain, Isabella, placed a famous Order round his neck when he was only three days old. She acted as godmother at his christening, and Napoleon III as godfather, the Empress Eugenie also assisting at the ceremony.

The little Queen herself thought this darling second boy so lovely that, when he



The little Dom Affonso, at eight days of age, in the arms of his nurse. This now aged woman is still living, devoted to the widow of her Royal charge.

[face p. 4.





## MOTHER AND SON

was a few months old, she ordered an Italian sculptor, of great renown, to model the infant lying in a big shell of flawless Carrara marble. One can still see this work of art on its marble pedestal in one of the *salons* of the palace at Ajuda, and may note the striking resemblance of the baby to Dom Affonso even in manhood.

At his christening the little Duke was given the names of Affonso-Henriques-Napoleão-Maria-Luis-Pedro-d'Alcantara-Carlos-Humberto-Amadeu-Fernando-Antonio-Miguel-Raphael-Gabriel-Gonzaga-Xavie - Francisco-d'Assis-João-Augusto-Julio-Wolfando-Ignacio-Duque do Porto. But he never committed to memory these numerous names, for it was not mental labours of this futile kind which tempted him, although he possessed the famous memory of the Braganças.

He was familiarly called "FUNÇO," the

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Portuguese pronunciation of Affonso giving something of this sound to the last syllables.

Maria Pia, a child herself, used to romp with her sons Dom Carlos and Dom Affonso—the only children she ever had. She was ever elegantly, most richly, even extravagantly dressed, but she would sit on the carpets of the palace with her gold-brocaded robes spread out for the babies to play on. As they grew, Dom Affonso became indubitably her favourite, probably because of the ineffable sweetness of his disposition, his adorable deliberation, and charming smile, perhaps because he was the baby.

The Queen's apartments at Ajuda, which remain to-day exactly as she left them ten years ago for exile, attest this affection. They are filled with mementoes of Dom Affonso, with whom she lived many years alone after the death of King Luiz, her husband, at the age of fifty-one, and the

## MOTHER AND SON

accession of her son Dom Carlos. It is touching to see a picture of Dom Affonso, at the age of sixteen, still attached to the curtains of her bed.

Indeed, at Ajuda one is inevitably impressed by the number of pictures of Affonso, especially in his early youth. The one here reproduced of a little boy in a white collar is to be found on the private writing-desk of Maria Pia, and in many of the other rooms also, in all sorts of beautiful frames. It is taken from the large picture of the Royal family in the private gallery at Ajuda. It is not renowned as a work of art, but is very lovely.

The thin, blond, adorable child Duke, worshipped by his mother, was the second son of a King and Queen in a poor country with a very small civil list, so he had but a dot of 12,000 milreis—a milreis, at that time, being about equivalent to four

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shillings, or one dollar. His mother felt, therefore, that he was destined to a life without descendants, an existence without a consort, because there were no Princesses poor enough to share the rather unimportant position of the Infante, nor disinterested enough to renounce greater honours, satisfying themselves with his personal charms. Not being destined for a political career, he always avoided matters of State, following absolutely his own inclinations.

He was a beautiful child, with the wonderful Bragança colouring and white skin. His eyes were the blue of dark sapphire, or of the Mediterranean on a cloudy day, when its waters take on a sombre intensity of colour. His hair was golden blond, thick and fine, and in a mass of tight little ringlets. Brushed out, they made the aureole as shown in the picture of five years of age. After his death his Princess cut off some of



Dom Affonso at five years of age. Note the resemblance to his grandmother,  
Queen Maria Gloria of Portugal.

[face p. 8.





## MOTHER AND SON

these thick, damp ringlets, not yet turned grey, but darker in colour, like that of bright brown chestnut shells, which she now fondly cherishes.

He always, even as a baby, had a certain serious expression when his little face was in repose—an expression which seemed to say: “I want to find out all about it.” His disposition was most gentle and affectionate. He rarely spoke roughly, and in his baby battles with Dom Carlos he did not glory over his victories.

Neither did he complain at his reverses. His quiet philosophy developed at a very early age, for he was a most intelligent child.

Reading did not give him very great pleasure, nor had he the artistic tastes of the future King. All his preferences were for risky and dangerous exercises of strength or dexterity, and nothing pleased

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him better than to give examples of his prowess to his chosen companions.

Even when very little he would escape from his nurse and servants and run loose in the Tapada Royal. On one occasion, when taking a jump across a stream, he lost his equilibrium and fell into the water. While all about him rose a clamour, he laughed as if at a great joke.

Queen Maria Pia loved her two children, but she was very severe with them, though, whilst not sparing punishment, she did not permit excess. The daughter of King Emanuel of Italy knew how to be rigorous, but she also knew how to caress. With the heart of a woman of the people, she was deeply interested in the welfare of her sons.

This Queen, usually so formal and dignified, cast aside all formalities when with her children and became the most simple of women. She had a way of looking at the



## MOTHER AND SON

Prince Royal and the Infante that was in itself a reproof, and so they grew up in a deep habit of respect, which never changed, for this beautiful, magnificent mother, who at times stopped singing in her gentle, melodious voice to reprove them when their bad conduct required it.

This Queen loved her second son above everything, and Dom Affonso fully returned the adoration of his mother, permitting nothing to interfere with his devotion ; it was only after her death that he married the woman he loved so well. Among the trinkets left by Maria Pia, and not confiscated by the new Government, was a brooch of seven little pink hearts, mounted by tiny chains on a band of gold, a gift of the little boy Prince Affonso on his return from some fair, where he had gone with his tutor. It was a gift such as any little boy might buy for the mother he loved.

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Perhaps it was such early little testimonies of his affection as this that made her love him more than her other son. At the funeral of King Luiz, his father, it was he who approached the window of her carriage, at every pause in the sad procession, from Cascaes to the Royal Pantheon at Lisbon, to inquire : “ Petite mère, comment va tu ? ” (“ Little mother, how are you ? ”). In every way his consideration for her was as exquisite as was later that for his wife, and much resembled it.

## CHAPTER II

### BROTHER'S LOVE

AFTER his mother, the passion of Dom Affonso, Duke of Oporto, during his early and middle life was for his brother, Dom Carlos. Between them there existed an extraordinary sympathy, like that between twins. Neither could see any fault in the other. The bond between them was, indeed, most remarkable, and they were never known to have had even a slight difference of opinion after they grew up.

There is a story that on one occasion, when the Duke of Oporto was acting as Regent for King Carlos, who was on a visit to other countries, he came to some decision with regard to some matter presented

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for his signature, which was criticized by the opposition. On his return, King Carlos was advised of this by the complainants before his arrival at Lisbon. His reply was characteristic. He said: "If my brother says it is all right, it is—on that you may depend."

And so it proved.

The same thing happened when the Duke of Oporto was Viceroy of Portuguese India at Gōa. At one time he was incensed by the misconduct and espionage of a certain Mr. X., whom both the brothers had heartily detested all their lives, because of his undue influence over Queen Maria Pia. This influence was attributed to his piety, he being reputed to be the son of a priest. He had now broken the law, and attempted to use a secret code unknown to the Viceroy.

Dom Affonso cabled his grievance to Lisbon, to King Carlos, who replied:

## BROTHER'S LOVE

“ Arrest and imprison him.” This the very good-natured Dom Affonso did not do, in consideration of his mother’s friendship for the man. Even the Queen remonstrated at this, but Dom Carlos replied, as usual : “ Affonso wishes it ; it’s all right.”

Yet, although the brothers were so united, their tastes in some respects were most dissimilar. Dom Carlos was an artist, and an excellent one. Dom Affonso paid no attention to such things, but could make anything ever heard of in the way of mechanics or practical objects. † He could copy anything with an astonishing exactitude, or take an automobile to pieces and put it together again. He was so expert a driver, too, that when the late Queen Victoria, who loved him, was in Lisbon, she would permit no one else to drive her, so implicit was her confidence in his sure hand.

Queen Victoria was his great aunt, her

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husband and his grandfather having been brothers, Princes of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

Dom Carlos and Dom Affonso grew up side by side, playing in the great corridors of the palace, or in the shade of the trees of the Botanical Gardens on the Royal Tapada. The two little boys, with their blond heads and their very curly hair, could be seen running about in the well-kept paths of the Royal park, or quietly resting on the big stone benches.

Together they were saved from drowning in the big waves in the Bay of Cascaes, on the shores of which stands an exquisite, pink Royal palace, used in summer, and a deep friendship and profound affection united them, despite their childish quarrels.

At the time of the tragic funeral of Dom Carlos an old man wept bitterly near the coffin upon its arrival at the Royal Pantheon at San Vincente, in Lisbon. It was the





The Royal Family of Portugal, taken at the Palace of Ajuda. At the right the little Prince Dom Affonso in his first uniform, at the age of six, his hand in that of his mother, Queen Maria Pia. Prince Dom Carlos stands behind his father, King Luiz.

[face p. 16.





## BROTHER'S LOVE

lighthouse-keeper at Mexilhoeira, Antonio d'Almeida Neves, who in 1873 saved the lives of Dom Affonso, aged eight, and of Dom Carlos, aged nine and a half years. For this gallant deed he had been given the Order of the Tower and Sword.

Now and again the two little Princes had quarrels. His parents obliged Dom Affonso to treat his elder brother with respect, and, as he could not understand the difference made between them, in his childish way, he treated him like any other boy. He was scolded for this, and thereupon fought Dom Carlos. At that King Luiz eyed them both very severely, reproved them, and explained to the Duke of Oporto that Dom Carlos was the elder. But soon afterwards they were fighting again, over one of the inevitable differences which arise among children at play.

On one of these occasions Dom Carlos

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displeased at his younger brother refusing to do something he wanted, said : “ When I am King, I shall have you arrested ! ” To which Dom Affonso replied (so the loving Portuguese tell the story laughingly) : “ When you are King, I shall be President.”

All these childish battles, however, did not make Dom Affonso disrespectful in after years to his beloved playmate, when placed on the throne.

But all little boys have to pay for their fights by punishments, be they Princes or others, and of these punishments stories are related by old servants, one of which must have been remembered by Dom Affonso, when he was kept in his room sobbing. But when under punishment the Infante often found ways of eluding vigilance. He would run through the rooms, and thus procure even more than his usual liberty.

## BROTHER'S LOVE

Sometimes the Royal family were in Ajuda, sometimes in Queluz (where Dom Luiz delighted to pass part of the summer), sometimes in Cintra. At Cintra Dom Affonso was on one occasion prohibited from being present at the "fried fish" concert, by way of punishment.<sup>1</sup>

Once, while at Queluz Palace for the summer, the Royal family were lunching tranquilly in the dining-room, which scintillated with silver and was ornamented with the artistic taste of the Queen, perfect

<sup>1</sup> This was a function accompanied by music by the Royal band, which was held once or twice each week in the great courtyard of Queen Maria Pia's summer palace at Cintra—a building of wonderful Moorish architecture. Open to the public, the name of "Fried Fish" was doubtless given to these gatherings because of the national predilection for small fried fish. Great tin platters of these fish are always on sale in the streets of Lisbon and all other Portuguese towns, the same as in Southern Italy. The Royal family, including Dom Carlos and Dom Affonso, and the Court, used to look on at these functions from the balcony and windows of the palace.

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in all matters, when the King was informed of the escape of the Duke of Oporto. The servant had taken him his luncheon, and found the room empty. Looking for him, he had found him sunning himself in the corridors.

The King went towards the happy Prince, half smiling, half frowning. He was in one of the lovely Manueline windows, where his beautiful little blonde head stood in relief against the sleeve of a figure of a page sculptured ages ago. When he felt himself seized, he took hold of a chair of leather, with brass nails, and screamed like the most terrible of revolutionists (who at that epoch were not dangerous, only annoying): "Viva a Republica!" ("Hurrah for the Republic!").

For several days after this the Infante quietly endured his punishment, Dom Luiz smiling good-naturedly, while the story was



Dom Carlos, Queen Maria Pia, and Dom Affonso, affectionately  
near his mother, as always.

[face p. 20.





## BROTHER'S LOVE

circulated by those who wished to weave about this younger brother of Dom Carlos a legend of "Liberté et Egalité."

Being placed in the artillery, the Duke of Oporto was early put into uniform, but from time to time he rebelled against the dignity it imposed. He wore the uniform of an artilleryman by the time he was ten years of age, and refused to return the salute when the sentinels saluted him as Prince. Then Dona Maria Pia would punish him for this, even in front of the soldiers.

The dear little boy would remain quite still a few moments after this, and then suddenly throw his arms about the neck of his mother, kissing her tenderly. All this made the people adore him. Thus he grew up, this handsome, wholesome Prince, far from thoughts of State, and without a care, regarding the whole of Portugal as his play-

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ground and every individual person in it as his special friend and ally.

He was elevated from post to post, appearing at all public ceremonies by the side of his brother, his short, golden curls thrown back, giving him an enchanting expression, much more agreeable to the people than that of Dom Carlos, already grown up, and feeling the responsibility of his position.

The strong sympathy and love of the people during the adolescence of the two sons of Dom Luiz was always for Dom Affonso—he won them without any effort, quite naturally, by everything he did.

He had none of the stiff, condescending manner so common among Princes. He was always perfectly simple and straightforward in conduct, quietly following his various predilections and diversions, and exhibiting prodigious feats of dexterity and strength.



## BROTHER'S LOVE

At the Palace of Ajuda there are high marble stairs which lead to the halls of the archers. These steps he wished to descend on a bicycle, as he had already done on horseback. In this he succeeded, but eventually had to stop, because of various falls.

He was argued with and scolded, but he always managed somehow, with the complicity of his particular valets, who adored him, to perform these exploits. They even incurred the displeasure of the Queen for the sake of their beloved Prince.

Dom Luiz at this time was wrapped up in translating Shakespeare and in playing the violincello, and did not exercise his usual vigilance over his sons, now grown up, and who naturally had the high spirits of young men. The Princes rarely entered the rooms of their father, who wrote much, was always smoking a big cigar, covering

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the table with ashes, lost among a confused mass of papers, newspapers, books, and pamphlets, servants being expressly forbidden to touch his work table.



The two Princes Dom Afonso and Dom Carlos with their mother, Queen Maria Pia.

[face p. 24.



## CHAPTER III

### THE KNIGHT WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH

DOM CARLOS married at the age of twenty-three, and went to live at the Palace of Belem, and the Infante Dom Affonso remained at Ajuda, more solitary but more and more attached to his adored mother—more given up to his personal interests, some of which did not please the sovereigns.

At the foot of the big court with its arcades Dom Affonso installed the fire-station of the "Volunteer firemen of Ajuda." These were all boys of strength and nerve, among whom was one whom he liked especially, the son of a professor of the guitar well known in Lisbon.

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Here in these barracks, the home of the young firemen, they had magnificent exhibitions of strength and skill. It was here that the Prince broke coins with his fingers, which remained strong and capable during his entire life. Here also they fixed ropes to a great height and climbed them hand over hand, and mounted firemen's ladders with wonderful rapidity, carrying enormous weights.

The Infante was passionately fond of this life of daring. He was ever the strongest, the bravest, the quickest, the most daring and fearless. All admired him, and he was forced to accept the command of the company of volunteers. x

Many stories were told of his prowess and bravery, particularly of his contempt of peril, for he knew no fear. They exalted him—he was beloved.

At a famous fire called "fogo Chiado"

KNIGHT WITHOUT FEAR AND REPROACH

(" chiado-fire," Chiado being the name of one of the principal Lisbon streets) he mounted the fire-escape alone and, against all advice, visited all the floors of the burning building, and rescued many people, some of whom he carried to safety.

Later on, when the Prince was working below, the water became knee-deep. Carlos Luiz Lugin, Jnr. (who succeeded Dom Affonso, after his exile, as commander), bent on taking all the care he could of the King's son, who was playing a hose and standing in the water, placed four big stones in the water, and upon them a door which had been taken off its hinges. This he insisted that Dom Affonso should mount, as he had also placed a chair for him to sit upon whilst he worked. Dom Affonso regarded the arrangement and remarked: " Parece-me um throno " (" It looks like a throne "). " E Vossa Alteza é digno d'elle " (" And



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your Highness is worthy of one ”), replied the appreciative older man, who was devoted to him.

Queen Maria Pia was much displeased when she first heard of Dom Affonso going with the Ajuda firemen and pumps to save a house in flames. With her superb ideas of Royalty, she considered it undignified and improper that a Prince should do such a thing, and it was the one thing her favourite son did to which she was never reconciled.

The instant the fire signal sounded he was called, if by chance he was not at the station. And so afraid was this intrepid sportsman of missing an alarm that he had seven different telephones in his apartment at the Ajuda Palace. He liked passing much of the day at the volunteer station with his knitted sweater over his coat, and a Spanish cap on his head. In response to an alarm



## KNIGHT WITHOUT FEAR AND REPROACH

he would jump into the car, telling the men to tie themselves on, because, as he warned them, if one fell off he should not stop to pick him up, as he tore away at break-neck speed down the steep hill of Ajuda, in order to be the first arrival at the fire, so that his boys might get the coveted prize for speed. He won great fame for these Ajuda volunteers, who all had a lasting and respectful affection for their Prince, who would not permit them to treat him differently from the others. He treated them like comrades, and the only supremacy he permitted was that which he won by doing prodigious things worthy of their admiration.

Among hidalgos [noblemen] and others no one had so high a reputation for driving as the Duke of Oporto. He was the most skilful holder of the ribbons in the whole of Portugal. It was wonderful to see him behind five snow-white Spanish horses,

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driven as in a chariot, or six of his well-matched mules.

Horses controlled by his hand seemed to fly. His automobiles passed like whirlwinds, everything getting out of the way before this intrepid driver. One had only, as he tore by, a glimpse of a blond officer in glittering uniform ; but he had, nevertheless, a sure hand, cautious and careful, a marvellous eye, and never hurt any one, or met with an accident, on these occasions. Sometimes he would make the siren scream out and continue smiling, eyeing the windows and saluting, having time to look at some pretty woman even at this mad pace, for he was a true son of Bragança with Saxon grandfather on one side, and gallant old King Victor Emanuel on the other.

No one disliked him, no one wished him ill. Everyone smiled at him, and at times, after the death of Dom Luiz, when the

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political seas were disturbed, the people declared with that emphasis usual in those who are discontented, and who are confident that matters would be better could they have what they wish : “ *This is the one who should be King.*”

He would have been a strange but adorable King, this popular Bragança who detested politics and only admired strength and dexterity. He apparently never thought of marriage. He had not even a gentle passion at this time, and society beauties bored him.

It was shortly after this epoch in his life that, upon one of his voyages with the Queen to other courts of Europe, he met the young girl who, some fourteen years later, became his beloved wife. But this is for another chapter.

The Duke of Oporto was the last Prince to organize tournaments, bull fights, and combats, and had some very dangerous

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experiences. His mother constantly implored him to be more careful not to run so many risks ; but he seemed to have a charmed life, and even from his most wild and dangerous adventures always escaped uninjured. To the very end of his life his good luck continued, and he died in the arms of the only woman he had ever loved, without knowing even that he was ill. He went into the other world smiling into the eyes of his " Princeza," as he always called her, having had the happiness of being married by Church and State, just as he wished, just like other people, and he had a fortune in his strong-box sufficient to place him beyond any anxiety on that score : a matter of great importance to Princes in exile. Even after death fortune did not abandon him, for the Government of his beloved Portugal at once and unanimously granted, without a moment's hesitation, the



Dom Afonso at seventeen, on a visit to the mountains. This picture is a duplicate of one still attached to the curtains of his mother, Queen Maria Pia's bed, in the royal Palace of Ajuda, Lisbon, just as she left it.





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request of the heartbroken Princess that his beloved body might be placed in the Pantheon of Bragança in the Church of St. Vincent de Fora in Lisbon.

But this is an aside. To resume ; when he now and again overturned or damaged another carriage in the races, he jumped lightly from his and surveyed the situation with one swift and comprehensive glance ; then told the desperate driver to go to the palace, whilst he himself superintended the repairs—always having a sort of “ first aid for wounded carriages and autos ” at hand. He was most generous, and accidents with Dom Affonso were known to be profitable, as the injured vehicles always left his workshops in better repair than they were in before. His monthly allowance frequently gave out, but his generosity never.

Such was the youth and early manhood of the Infante Dom Affonso. He grew

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older, but never was the fire of his restless and ardent blood put out, and even to the end of his life, in the beautiful gardens of the palace in Naples, he strode about with big, vigorous steps, making strong knots for the Princess and her safety in the sea. (There was a stone enclosure at the foot of the flight of steps leading from the gardens to the private landing of the King, and very deep water. The water in the enclosure was deep also, fifteen feet. This enclosure, about eight feet by six, was called the "Princess's bath." Dom Affonso always feared she might be drowned, and had a strong rope fastened to iron rings and stretched from one side to the other for her to hold on to. This he arranged himself about five months before his death, and only a few days before he had to take to his bed.)

He never liked display or the pomp of



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State and Court, but was most scrupulous in their observance, out of respect and love for his mother, and the Royal entourage and system of which he was, by birth, a part. After assisting with his family at the numerous functions demanded by Royal state, he always dashed off to tire himself at some of his beloved sports.

He was the first to have an automobile in all Portugal. It was a six-horse-power Panhard which lit with a little candle, and which he drove himself, passing in a whirlwind, with the horn blowing, the candle often being extinguished, much to his annoyance. (Among the dearest treasures of his sad Princess is the ancient body of this first motor-car of Dom Affonso, which she found at Ajuda in his garage twenty years after.) Sometimes the motor gave out, or an inner tyre exploded, or there was a general breakdown. Then it was the

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Prince himself who descended, put on a pair of overalls, and repaired the damage, not trusting to the workmen, or chauffeur. Many people in Lisbon have seen him on his back under the car placidly repairing it. He would get up black of hands, and sometimes of face, smiling and talking to those about him. A few minutes later he would again be at the wheel, his chauffeur beside him, the people applauding, everything all right.

He drove an automobile every day for some thirty years ; in fact, until five months before his death at the age of fifty-four. It became one of his grand passions, after horses and carriages, and he did know how to drive ! In his youth he would drive his car over the wide, low fender of a Lisbon street-car going at full speed with the coolest nerve, while the populace stood aghast at such daring. All his life, even in



Royal Family of Portugal in 1882, at Braga. Seated left to right, King Luiz, his daughter-in-law Amelia, then Duchess of Bragança, with her first child, Dom Luiz, Queen Maria Pia, still beautiful, and Dom Carlos, then Duke of Bragança. Standing between the Queen and Dom Carlos, is Dom Affonso, at 17. Standing, from left to right, are, 2 Count de Bertandos, 3 Countess de Seisal, 4 D. Antonio de Paraty, 6 Casanova, the artist, 7 Mme. Landoval, 8 Captain Antonio Costa, a.d.c. of Dom Affonso, 10 Duval Telles, a.d.c. of Dom Carlos.



Dom Affonso, when Regent for King Carlos, who was visiting in France, at a review, mounted on his famous black stallion, "Mercurio," which later nearly killed him. In uniform of General, and head of the army.

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Italy and other countries, he had a *laissez passer* to show the police in case they complained about his speed, and, as he had no accidents of any consequence, he practically did what he liked. His eye was remarkably sure and his hand firm, *and he never lost his nerve in the face of danger*. A man who just escaped being knocked over (by a hair's-breadth only) in the streets of Lisbon said of the Royal driver: "The Prince drives like a cyclone, but he has eyes."

Bicycles were his passion at a certain time also. One of the firemen who went to call him early one morning found him in the Palace of Ajuda, not in his usual apartment, but in one above it which had a long corridor. There he was, astride a tall, high-wheeled bicycle, racing up and down the corridor, and as they talked he took a long flight of steps. The bicycle suffered, but not Dom Affonso. He told his man to pick

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up the wheel, and he continued his way on foot to his quarters below, none the worse for his adventure. At times he slept up above, in order to have a better view of his garage across the courtyard, and to practise riding his bicycle early in the morning.

He was so busy learning to be expert in all his sports that his aide-de-camp used to find him being shaved while he swallowed his breakfast—two men serving him.

His enthusiasm for boating, for deep-sea fishing, and for sailing races at Cascaes increased at this time, the dangers presented being the principal attraction. Regattas were his speciality, and no one knew better than he how to manage a boat. It amused him immensely to know that the people ashore were holding their breath when he sailed his boat almost on its side, fearing every minute it would go over. He did not care if it did turn upside-down.



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He knew well how to rescue himself and right it.

At the age of thirty, when convalescing from a serious attack of typhoid fever, he commanded an expedition to India, and carried the standard of the Viceroy in the face of the enemy. The Government Palace was at Gōa. It was a fine sight to see this handsome Prince Royal at the head of his 800 men. They were all dare-devils—all ex-jail birds, "*repris de justice*," Dom Affonso called them, laughingly. But he was as fine a general as he had been a sportsman, and succeeded in doing great things with this strange army. As Viceroy in India he was given a magnificent reception. There were endless pageants, balls, and receptions. He paid visits to Rajahs, and had magnificent gifts showered upon him.

This was the most important of all the missions entrusted to the King's brother.

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Others he had, to Berlin, where he was honorary lieutenant-colonel, as he was in Spain. He was also sent to England and to Italy, where he was related by blood to the Royal houses and where they all liked him immensely.

But this war in Asia for the supremacy over the rebellious natives was a triumph of another nature for Dom Affonso. It made another record for this Prince whose life had been passed between his horses, boats, automobiles, and sports.

While at Gōa the intrepid Prince was exposed to the ardent sun of the Indian days and the bitter cold of the nights. It was a most perilous expedition. There were real privations. Sometimes the army had no bread, which was usually provided by the English at Bombay. At other times many eatables were lacking, and they lived on cooked bananas and a sort of native sweet





Dom Affonso at twenty, and his mother, Queen Maria Pia, at the height of her beauty.

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potato. But after much bitter suffering and many valorous services on the part of the Infante Dom Affonso and his courageous company the insurrection was quelled.

Dom Affonso's voyages to and from India were full of incidents. Several times during the long trip, too, his "jail-birds" gave trouble. His favourite method of dominating them was to order very, very warm water in copious quantities to be thrown over them. This was always effective—no culprit offended a second time.

When the Prince arrived at Gōa he had studied the maps of the country so well whilst on the boat that he gave instructions as to the soldiers' quarters exactly as though he had lived there before. This astonished the natives and the regulars living in Gōa. It was very characteristic of the Prince. He did everything most thoroughly and with great and minute preparation.

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He often arrived at the Government Palace literally covered with mud, and sometimes with his boots completely worn out from tramping with his men after hard battles. He had his horse shot under him, but was undaunted by his danger, only bewailing the loss of a horse to which he had become attached. It is indubitably certain that as commanding officer this Viceroy Prince was an honour to the glorious traditions of the army to which he belonged, performing most daring feats which his soldiers imitated, but did not exceed.

“ If he had not been a Royal Prince,” say the Indian Records, “ he would to-day be a hero ” (these were the exact words of an Indian official, after a noted battle). “ I saw him in Satary, and when he appeared at the head of his troops I was struck by the impassiveness and indifference with which he regarded the dangers which surrounded

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him. He was a brave officer who by his example inspired courage in those who were weaker."

His troops had some fierce battles with the natives. But, finally, after a year's fighting, when Dom Affonso led them personally, as was his wont, against the most powerful band or tribe of insurrectionists, they found nailed to the chief's door a placard which, being translated, read : " The glorious tribe of — refuses to combat a Royal Prince of Portugal," and this ended the revolt. This being the most powerful chief, the others followed his lead.

After signing the decree of amnesty, Prince Dom Affonso, the most valorous and beloved of all Portuguese Viceroys, returned to Portugal. Before departing, a street in Pernem was named " D. Affonso Henriques, Duke of Oporto," with tremendous ceremony. In Pernem, also, the Vasco de Gama

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club gave a magnificent dinner and ball, a wondrous Arabian Nights affair in brilliance, to which the Prince responded by another at the Government Palace in Gōa, with all the magnificence for which Portuguese Princes are famous.

His departure with his troops was a great sight. Many presents were given him, even animals ; and he arrived in Lisbon with a veritable menagerie.

By one Rajah he was given a splendid tortoise whose entire back was a great emerald, surrounded by diamonds. Another gave this son of King Luiz an immense gold cloth weighing a fortune in its thick embroideries. Another presented him with a sword, the hilt of which was a mass of diamonds and other precious stones. Yet another gave Dom Affonso (or wished to do so) a native girl of great beauty, according to their ideas. This gift embarrassed the



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shy Prince, which the Rajah observing did not press him to accept. Many native artists painted his portrait. He was, in fact, "popularissimo," as the Italians say.

Four enormous elephant tusks after his return decorated his dining-room at Ajuda, where he had, in addition to his noble quarters with his parents the King and Queen, an entire suite of his own. These tusks he firmly wired to the walls, in his own inimitable fashion, one in each corner of the room, standing on the floor, and it was against one of these and upon its yellow old ivory that the tears of the Princeza fell fast upon her first visit to Lisbon after the death of her adored "Funço," upon recognizing his handiwork. During all the nine years of exile these things, belonging to Dom Affonso, remained at Ajuda. There, too, he kept his collections of Indian musical instruments, decorations, statues, and other



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curiosities. His universal popularity was tremendous.

His work accomplished, he, accompanied by his large suite, visited Lord Curzon in India, and there had a splendid reception ; he greatly admired the beauty of the American born Lady Curzon. In Bombay he, with some officers, wandered through the streets, and upon one occasion did so incognito. It was there that he caused to be made, whilst he looked on, out of a gold sovereign, the wedding-ring which he gave his Princess to slip on his finger in the chapel, during the Catholic religious ceremony, when they were married. Her Highness related afterwards how pleased and amazed she was to see Affonso fumble about in his inner vest pocket, at the moment he was placing the small band he had secured on her finger, and draw forth the big one for her to place on his finger.

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Later he told her its history. This boyish act reveals the real simplicity of his character. This it was which made him so adorable that even the semi-savages would not continue in arms against him. To return to the ring—on a thin black ribbon it is now, unseen, resting over the heart of his inconsolable widow.

In Bombay he also picked up some jewels, rubies, and other precious stones. But the most characteristic things he brought back to Lisbon were great blocks of native woods, ebony, and another far more beautiful and not so dark. Out of these he had the loveliest things fashioned. The furniture was made for him by the Royal employees, but Dom Affonso himself made some boxes for watches, etc. They were really marvellously done, the work smoothed and polished to the highest degree of workmanship.

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Animals were another of Dom Affonso's predilections. India abounded in animals unknown in other countries, and he desired his mother and Dom Carlos to see some of these. So he sailed with many, from cockatoos to "wapetas," a great strange, horned sort of deer. The wapeta, however, much to his regret, died during the voyage home. Others also could not resist the rigours of the voyage. Still, he arrived finally with a small menagerie.

As has already been said, he had left Lisbon shortly after an almost fatal attack of typhoid fever, and was very thin. Queen Maria Pia sent her special medical adviser with him to see that he committed no imprudence (much to Dom Affonso's annoyance). He returned home huge, strong, and bearded, the latter to the amusement of his brother. At this time Dom Affonso weighed 110 kilos. The beard he shaved



Dom Afonso, in uniform, at twenty-one; Dom Carlos (before his father, King Luiz, died) still Duke of Bragança, and Queen Maria Pia.

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at once, because Dom Carlos did not like it.

In Gōa, in the Royal residence, is an excellent life-size painting of this best loved of all Portuguese Viceroys, and masses are to be said every recurring 21st of February for the dead Prince Royal. This by order of his widow.

When Dom Affonso was in command of the artillery at Queluz he kept up his love of risky and dangerous manœuvres, and drilled his men endlessly, too. Then he was made general, and the turbulence of his first youth seemed to subside a little. The journals, however, still spoke much of him and his doings and daring.

He had no sorrows, no unhappiness. He accepted the life Providence had given him, the positions cut out for him, with a perfect nonchalance. Only occasionally, in the exuberance of his blood,



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he stepped outside the strict conventions of the Palace.

Sometimes he returned to the palace in his Spanish cap and knitted fireman's sweater. Thus he went about, talking among men like any one else, not in the least preoccupied about his Royal position.

One day while thus dressed a sentinel near the hall of statues of the palace called to him. He approached the man, surprised at so much audacity, which he did not understand until the recruit said to him :

“ Do you know the Infante D. Affonso ? ”

“ I know him. Why ? ” replied the Prince in his big, heavy voice like young thunder.

“ I want you to point him out to me, if you are here, so that I may salute.”

“ Oh, very well. . . . Even if you don't salute him he won't say anything about it. Don't be worried ! ”



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With this Dom Affonso turned and entered the palace, smiling to himself.

At the same time a servant of the palace crossed over to the new sentinel and asked :  
“ What were you talking about ? ”

Naturally, the sentinel repeated the conversation, and the old servant, horrified, exclaimed :

“ But, man alive, that was His Highness himself ! ”

At hearing this the sentinel fell back in a syncope, and was taken to the barracks.

When Dom Affonso heard of this he had a carafe of fine port wine sent to him, and said to his aide-de-camp :

“ The devil ! The boy is not at fault, when a Prince goes about dressed like that. ”

Such was the Infante, brother of King Dom Carlos, who lived with the Queen Maria Pia in the Royal Palace of Ajuda. His existence was full of difficulties because

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of the modest means he had, just sufficient for the modest life he led. He even ate modestly—rapidly, and disliked having many people about him when he ate. He also disliked being accompanied, as Princes always are, everywhere they go, by the secret police. Sobriety was his motto in everything.

He detested politics, and felt the greatest disdain for intrigues. The Court ceremonies annoyed him ; he preferred a life apart.

If he had been born rich in his own right, and far from a Court, he would have been an enchanting sportsman.

Cabinet Ministers and political adventurers never profited by him. They knew he would not talk to them. He showed natural disbelief in them all. When they surrounded him, he would turn his back and go to his garage, or stables, to see his cars and horses, and to inquire after an accident or illness of one of his favourite



Dom Affonso as officer, shortly before leaving for India.

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mules. He at times passed days in his apartments, engrossed in studying mechanical subjects, only leaving off to go to see his mother.

When a nervous illness attacked the Queen, he was almost desperate about it. The days when she was too ill to see even her beloved Infante were very bitter for him, and he drove his car and horses faster than ever. Her illness terrified him—he adored his mother. He was the younger son, was always at her side, passed his life with her, accompanied her on all her travels. In all his difficult moments he had felt her soft, beautiful hands caressing him. He admired her as an omnipotent Queen, without equal in his eyes. She was his confidant in all his bitter hours—together they wept in the desperate days preceding the revolution. He loved her passionately, and knelt before her as Queen, to have her blessing.

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Dom Carlos also sacrificed much for his mother, and took counsel with her many times when King.

But Dom Affonso adored her with a never-changing tenderness, blind to her defects, and guarding with the spirit of a boy an idolatry for this Queen who had brought him into the world.

When in one of the most difficult moments Dona Maria Pia had to sell some of her jewels—and she grieved with the grief of an elegant woman to see them taken out of their cases—Dom Affonso was utterly miserable, and even his servants knew of his despair. One of those who had known him since his birth, seeing him, upon a rainy day, pacing up and down in the palace, agitated at knowing what was passing in his mother's quarters and at her continued illness, endeavoured to console the Prince, and said :



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“ Yes, Monseigneur, but she . . . ”

“ *She!* ” thundered Dom Affonso furiously. “ You call my mother the Queen—she ! ”

“ She, with a big S, Monseigneur,” replied the servant, tracing on the humid window-pane the letter S before the now calmer Prince, who had already forgotten his anger in the sadness which oppressed him.

José Bento, as famous a bull fighter in Portugal as was Joselito years later in Spain, was a favourite with Dom Affonso. The Princess sent for this man, now old, during her visit to Lisbon, and asked him why Dom Affonso had talked of him (whom he had not seen for ten years, and of whom the Princess had never heard at that time) during his fatal illness. “ What bond was there between you to thus revive his memory ? ” she inquired. Bento answered : “ O Principe era um valente e eu tambem fui valente ”



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(“ The Prince was a fearless man ; so was I ”). Then, with tears in his eyes, he related stories of the daring and bravery of Dom Affonso, who had often gone with him to pass a day among the wild bulls and had had many dangerous experiences.

When Dom Carlos was murdered, Dom Affonso was not there at the arrival of the boat from Villa Viçosa, but dashed up in his big seventy-horse-power grey motor-car, while the shooting was in progress, driving with left hand and with his pistol cocked in his right hand. Having taken in everything at a glance, as usual, he jumped from the car and ran afoot behind the Royal carriage, shooting as he ran—right among the assassins, never thinking of his own danger. He it was who had counselled his brother Dom Carlos to always carry his pistol, for he knew the deep political unrest existing in Lisbon. Thus it was that he



Queen Maria Pia, after the death of King Luiz. Dom Affonso at twenty-nine, after a terrible attack of typhoid fever, and King Carlos, his brother, at the Queen's villa at Estoril, near Lisbon.

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replied with such assurance, when the examining doctor of the dead Dom Carlos, seeing the pistol case hanging empty at his belt, said: "The King was not even armed." Dom Affonso replied instantly: "That cannot be; he carried his pistol loaded." He searched in the pocket of the dead King's overcoat, and, sure enough, it was there with the dead hand still upon it.

Their lives were most united. Each knew everything the other did, only neither was a politician. Events of this nature passed over their blond, curly heads, and left them in the hands of inefficient ministers. Dom Affonso paid no attention to public matters at all. Dom Carlos paid attention, but did as he was told, not understanding. Dom Carlos always remained the adored confidant and unfailing friend of his younger brother. Dom Affonso used to say with pride, when speaking of his huge brother:

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“ He is immense—weighs 225 pounds, but he is perfect.”

Dom Affonso was rarely enraged, but he had a certain bellowing ferocity when he saw wrong done, which terrified and silenced all who saw him. His eyes, sapphire-blue, like those of his mother, took on a black hue, and his fair skin whitened. He was beside himself at seeing the massacre of his brother and nephew. When, after Dom Carlos and his son had been shot, one of the assassins pointed his pistol at Queen Amelie, who had thrust her parasol or flowers into his eye, Dom Affonso shot him down. He was always absolutely devoted to all his family. He had often defended his brother's wife in Lisbon and Portugal. When he heard her spoken of with disrespect by the populace (as they unfortunately had a habit of doing), he always treated it as though it were a personal offence and made

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the offender retract. Thus it was that, after holding his arms about his dead brother for hours, during that first night, passed partly at the arsenal, to which he had forced entrance at the point of his pistol, and partly at Necessidades, he devoted himself to watching over the remainder of the once happy family.

He passed the night at the door of the apartment where Dom Manuel and his mother were, in fear that some harm might come to them. He knew none would harm his own mother, whom all the people adored. But this other Queen he tried to protect, feeling that she and her child would not be safe ; that should they escape harm, their safety would be due to his strong arm ; that they, too, had been marked down and intended for the slaughter.

His consistency in keeping the family together, respecting its tenets and accepting



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its bad fortune with its good, went so far as his refusal to remain in Lisbon at the time of the exile of the others, when the proposal was made that he should accept his nephew's crown. Never was there so loyal a heart as Dom Affonso. He knew not disloyalty. He never even discussed the proposal, nor replied to it formally. He organized the departure of the Royal family, saw to their safety, and then, being given no share of their funds, went to live in Italy until his marriage. To his high principles of family loyalty he had sacrificed his beloved country, his Portugal, whose every hill-side and every hearthstone was so dear to his heart. Before the little fishing-boat left Erecira for the big yacht he was seen to pick up a handful of earth and stones and kiss it, and put it into his pocket. There, after nearly ten years of exile, his beloved Princeza found it in a paper, yellowed with



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age and labelled " Saudades de Portogallo "  
(" Sad regrets for Portugal ").

After the assassination he saw his nephew surrounded by perils, which he understood better than any one, for he was closer to the people and knew their spirit. He passed most of his time at the palace where Dom Manuel was. His nights were vigils—the first weeks after the assassinations he literally spent patrolling the palace to make sure of all being safe. When sure there were no " malandros " (evil-doers) about, he slept. After this, during the year and a half or more before his exile, the short term of Dom Manuel's reign, the Prince went less and less about at his furious pace in motor-car or carriage. He seemed to have assumed a grave responsibility. The people loved him for this, and said :

" Dom Affonso seems changed." And it was true. He never again was so gay and

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light of heart. At Estoril, the night before he was formally made heir to the throne, shortly after the funeral of Dom Carlos, as he gave his arm to his mother, they both seemed to have aged greatly.

In place of the agile Infante of the blond, short curls, who played in the Palace of Cintra, the intrepid horseman crying his "make way" [areda], the excellent orderly artilleryman of Queluz, with his tremendous memory, the fearless fireman climbing the fire-escapes surrounded by flames; the sportsman taking his mad risks; the famous Viceroy; the prodigious, incomparable Prince—there remained the general of Division, grave, ponderous, bald-headed, with moustache going grey. And the Queen, who had been so marvellous, elegant, and magnificent, appeared now a sombrely clad, broken old lady.

It was on the 18th of March, 1908,

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shortly after the coronation of King Manuel, that the Infante Dom Affonso appeared before the Cortes to take the oath as Prince Royal, *Heir to the Throne of Portugal*. Standing at the side of his nephew the King, dressed in the uniform of a General, in the midst of the greatest pomp, he heard the King state his qualifications, extolling his civil and military merits ; he heard Count de Bertandos, President of the Chamber of Peers, respond, congratulating the King, and thanking him for this act, on behalf of the C<sup>o</sup>rtes General. Then, with his hand on the Bible, he pronounced the sacred words. Afterwards he assisted at a Te Deum at which the Patriarch of Lisbon officiated, and was thus consecrated as next heir to the throne.

By decree this day was held as a holiday throughout Portugal.

## CHAPTER IV

### FAVOURITE OCCUPATIONS

DOM AFFONSO could do anything in the world with his hands. His dexterity was amazing. When a soldier he had learned to cut out many things. He could make a design of anything, from a shoe to the cover of an automobile or the sail of a ship. When Queen Elena, the wife of his cousin King Victor Emanuel III of Italy, was making comforts for the soldiers, it was their beloved Affonso who lived at the palace with them, and who cut out all the difficult things.

From a piece of walnut wood he made an entire set of double-nine dominoes for the Princess, his wife. They are wonderfully



Don Afonso (in centre), when Viceroy of the Portuguese Indies, taken with his staff of officers at Goa, the capital. The only time he ever wore a beard.

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beautiful, and one of her treasures. He made them at the Quirinale Palace, in Rome, in his own room. But he made his valet carry the different implements necessary for their completion to the Grand Hotel where the Princess was living prior to their marriage, and there he marked, planed, drilled holes, etc., polishing each one and painting the depressions. Everything he did was done with the most minute care. He could not bear anything haphazard. He modelled a cover for the Princess's automobile toilet case, and gave it to his tailor to copy in cloth—it fitted without a wrinkle.

He bought leather and made various pocket-books and cases for his glasses. These he sewed so beautifully that they vied with the finest specimens in Bond Street. He wired and put up electric fixtures in Queen Amelie's house in Richmond, and also in that of his own Princess in Rome.



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He loved restringing and repairing tennis racquets for the Princess and for the King's children, who adored him.

His passion for motors is well known. There was nothing he could not do to them, and he understood all makes. No one drove faster nor with a hand more sure. No one could so deftly and quickly change a tyre. The only time he drove slowly was in his moonlight drives with the Princess about Rome—especially their favourite one across the bridge to the little island in the Tiber, where there is a hospital and a church. Thither they often went in the Fiat voiturette for two, sometimes leaving even the chauffeur behind, as well as the special police on bicycles who always follow Royal Princes in Italy, by the King's order. He was very amused and happy when he found that they two were quite alone, and they passed many silent moments before

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the little church or on the bridge in the pale light of the Roman night.

Apropos of his remarkable driving ; one day when with the Princess in Turin he took a new road and a wrong turning, and they found themselves, after a most terribly rough, stony drive of some miles, in sight of Montcalieri, the home of his aunt, Princess Clotilde Bonaparte. Upon describing the trip he was told it was not a road at all by which he had come, but the bed of a mountain stream, dry in summer. They had difficult work to make the family believe he had driven his car through without ever a tyre having given way. But the Princess remarked at the time : “ Affonso drove like velvet—no one else can do that ! ” During three years he drove for the Red Cross hospitals in Rome, carrying the most severely wounded soldiers.

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He had many splendid cups and motor trophies, and was an honorary member of automobile clubs in all countries. He learned to drive in Paris at twenty years of age, when the great Lèpine was at the head of the police and was devoted to this charming Portuguese Prince. One of Dom Affonso's most cherished possessions was a policeman's club used in a raid in which Lèpine permitted him to assist. It was at the time of some Bourse riot. Lèpine was his staunch admirer, and called upon his sorrowing widow after the death of Dom Affonso, to proffer his deep sympathy.

He loved all sport and was a crack shot. Dom Carlos always insisted that his brother was the better marksman (everyone knows the King's skill, who broke things in the air before they fell), and riding horses and driving mules he enjoyed immensely. In his youth he rowed so much that he always



King Dom Carlos, Queen Amélia, Dom Afonso, Prince Dom Luiz, and President Loubet of France at Cintra, Portugal, 1905.



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retained the huge shoulders and muscular development this exercise produces.

But fishing was his passion. His mother, Queen Maria Pia, fitted him out, as did also later Dom Carlos, a big fishing-boat manned by fourteen stalwart men. They would start at dawn or during the night, and, according to the conditions of wind and water, remain a day or so absent. Once Dom Carlos sent his yacht to search for him, after a three days' absence. And he had done well, for the ocean was tempestuous and perilous. But Affonso only laughed at the peril.

He used to bring in stupendous cargoes of fish; at times the boat was overladen, and they were obliged to throw away big fish in order to make a landing. After these trips a pile of fish was always left on the shore for the poor, whom he never forgot. Some rare trophies found by Dom Affonso



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in and about the Bay of Cascaes are in different museums at Lisbon and other Portuguese cities, and bear bronze plaques giving particulars. A huge "jaminta" and a "lua" measuring two yards across are particularly fine specimens, and are carefully preserved by the present Government. He found two of these "lua" when fishing far out to sea, and threw one away.

The fishermen worshipped him, and the only one who could write for years sent humble birthday felicitations to the Prince on behalf of this faithful crew.

Those were happy days for Dom Affonso, days of youth and Lisbon; and when near death he seemed to revert to them, calling these humble fishermen by name, with tears of affection in his eyes.

He loved the sea, and often accompanied the King of Italy and his bride, who, when



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newly married, took many excursions on the Italian Royal yacht. The King and Queen of Italy were always very cordial towards Dom Affonso—in fact, he was more at home with them than anywhere. Queen Elena was especially congenial to him, almost like a sister. Ever since the early days of her marriage, when Princess of Naples, when on the Royal yacht she and Dom Affonso would furtively watch the *chef* make the famous Italian dish *gnocchi* and mould them with his thumb, much to their amusement.

Once, too, he took a long trip with his firm friend Prince Albert of Monaco, for deep sea fishing. They had great success, despite some bad weather. The Prince of Monaco has a magnificent museum in which are two white whales of his own catching and some fine specimens of big fish given him by King Dom Carlos of Portugal.

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When on a ship Dom Affonso could not bear to be below. Once, crossing from Calais to Dover, there was the most terrific storm. In a "sou'wester," and tied (by the cautious captain's instructions and much to his own displeasure), so as not to be blown or swept overboard, he watched the whole tempest, reaching Queen Amelie's house at Richmond (this was shortly after the exile), still wet to the skin, some hours after landing.

In later years, each summer, up to the time of his illness, he spent months with Queen Elena and her children at St. Anna de Valdieri in the Alps, beyond Turin. There they fished for trout principally. It was great sport. They motored further up the mountain to a fine stream, and a swift one. There, all dressed in great rubber boots and waterproofs, they would pass the entire morning, returning with dozens and



Dom Afonso (with hand in pocket) on the beach at Cascaes, Portugal, in 1906.



Dom Afonso leaving Church, in uniform of General of Portuguese Army. (Count Sabugosa and the Marquis de Fayal on steps). This solemn Mass followed the ceremony which formally made Dom Afonso the Crown Prince and heir to the throne immediately after the assassination of King Carlos.



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dozens of speckled beauties and many so-called American trout, bigger and more luscious than the other varieties.

Once a year they drained a little-used preserve upon another Royal estate in Piedmont. This Dom Affonso called a "slaughter." Sometimes they took a thousand pounds' weight of fish in a few hours, spearing the big ones when necessary.

At Raconigi they fished in a great lake by torchlight at night, as they do in Naples. The big fish rise and are harpooned. This amused Dom Affonso less than fly-fishing.

His sporting outfits were objects of his great care and of that of a faithful valet. Once at Noroton, the house of the Duke of Orleans, a servant cleaned his big Portuguese fishing boots and placed them too near the fire. They were ruined, and leaked. As they came from Portugal, the forbidden

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country, it was impossible to replace them, and no other European firm ever made him such good ones. When not in use he had these boots filled with a certain kind of bean to preserve them better. He knew all the secrets of the best methods of preserving his sporting things. His rubber coats were oiled and hung in a certain kind of room in the palace, at a given temperature. Knives (and he had hundreds) and swords had their blades coated with a certain kind of grease, and were then wrapped in a certain kind of paper. Pistols and cartridges had a special treatment. His motor-cars were housed and groomed as carefully as children. Fishing-lines, flies, and reels were most methodically arranged, as were all electrical appliances.

He held honorary rank in the armies of many foreign countries, and all the uniforms, including the head-dresses, were regularly



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cared for by a special man. Personally he was never idle. He only cared for practical things, and he let nothing go to waste. He had a way of keeping everything, and after his death the Princess found among his papers hundreds and hundreds of receipts for all the cables he had sent her during their long separation. Reading interested him little. The daily papers and a few magazines were all he ever read. He and the Princess often laughed over "Promessi Sposi," which they had each begun in their school-days and neither had ever finished. This was one of the many tastes and distastes they had in common. The book referred to is the Italian classical romance, "The Betrothed," which is as well known as it seems stupid—to a non-Italian, at least.

He only wrote when he could not telegraph or send a verbal reply or command.

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He spoke many languages with great fluency, having learned the most important ones—French, English, Italian, Spanish, and German—in childhood. His brother, Dom Carlos, spoke seven.

He adored music, and invariably brought a chair to the side of the Princess when she began to play the piano. There he sat until she had finished. After his death she could not endure music and has never played again. In the days of his illness she would sit with a guitar by his bedside and soothe him to sleep; sometimes he kept her softly singing ballads for hours at a time, when he was very nervous. It seemed to be the only thing that could quiet him, and if she stopped he woke. Several times she kept this up all night to give him a good long sleep so necessary in his malady.

The Opera was his great delight. In Lisbon he went every night to San Carlos.

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He knew all the operas. The instant a selection was struck up by any orchestra he could tell just from which act of which opera it came. A well-known Spanish and Portuguese song of the people was a favourite of his. He taught the Princess the tune and wrote out the beautiful words for her :

Dois beijos tenho na alma,  
Que nunca se partem de mim :  
O ultimo de minha mãe  
E o primeiro que tu me deste !

Two kisses I keep in my heart's memory,  
Which never leave me far :  
The last kiss of my dead mother  
And the first that you gave me !

He danced a little in his twenties, but did not care for it. Nor did he care for love-making. His name was never connected with that of any woman, nor had he ever any serious love affair save his long romance and ultimate marriage with his beloved "Princeza."

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Maný women of the Portuguese aristocracy fêted him, but other things were of far greater interest to him, until he met, when he was still in the thirties, the one whom he at once decided should be his wife. From that time forward, though many women paid him attention, he paid little or none to them. He guarded well the secret of his love until the time came when concealment was no longer necessary. On a certain day six years before his death, between sunrise and sunset, all Rome and Italy knew the Duke of Oporto was in love and had announced his engagement. Like everything he did, this important act of his life had been done with deliberation, systematically, and in his own methodical manner.

All Roman maidens of noble family had been presented to this most eligible Prince. There were intrigues to cause a rupture

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with his beloved, but the couple, so ideally suited to each other, went happily on their way, utterly oblivious of all save one another. Each day at ten o'clock for months he went to her laden with fruit and flowers, and they only separated at midnight when the gates of the palace closed.

The influence of Dom Carlos over his younger brother was enormous. As in his eyes Dom Affonso could do no wrong—so for Dom Affonso his wish was law, as is attested in his remaining so long unmarried.

Apropos of this. When Dom Affonso was in the twenties Queen Maria Pia visited the various Courts of Europe with her younger son in great pomp. Dom Affonso's marriage was, of course, discussed, and there came a point when things looked serious for him, and as if he would be married in spite of himself. So he wrote to his brother about it. Dom Carlos telegraphed his reply:



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“You are not made for it. Don't let them inveigle you into it.” And Dom Affonso stood firm. To the credit of his mother be it said that she loved him enough not to bother him any more about it, much as she would have liked to see him married. The Queen Maria Pia approved his ultimate choice, but did not live to see the marriage take place.

It would be indelicate to name the various Royal Princesses presented to him with this idea, for Affonso was most attractive. As was said of his father, King Dom Luiz : “All women loved him,” but he never asked the hand of any Princess in marriage save that of the Princess Marie,<sup>1</sup> of English birth, whom he married when he was fifty. Nor had he ever been engaged to an

<sup>1</sup> At the time of being received into the Catholic Church the Princess was christened under the full name of “Maria Pia Margherita Emmanuela Michela Gabriela Raffaella Lucia.”





Standing behind empty chair, Dom Afonso, Dom Manuel, a little boy beside him, and Queen Maria Pia seated in front.  
Next to Dom Manuel is the German Emperor, then King Carlos and Dom Luiz. In front of King Carlos is Queen Amélia.  
Second from the right is the Marquis de Soveral. Visit of Emperor to Cintra, Portugal, in 1908.



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Austrian Archduchess, as certain American papers stated at the time of his marriage. It was natural that he should have been liked by women—handsome, wholesome, and attractive as he was, with no taint of “ wild oats ” in his past. Dom Affonso was always discretion itself in regard to his relations with the opposite sex.

## CHAPTER V

### PRINCELY DUTIES

DOM AFFONSO, Duke of Oporto, always represented his brother, King Carlos, at all Royal events of importance in other countries, such as coronations, marriages, births of Crown Princes, and Royal deaths. He also represented his brother at the jubilee of Queen Victoria and at other anniversaries of minor importance. He was present at the coronation of his uncle, King Umberto, when a little boy of four; at that of King Victor Emanuel, his Italian cousin; at that of King Affonso XIII of Spain, also a cousin; at that of King Edward VII of England, who was his father King Luiz' cousin, and his own warm per-

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sonal friend as well as near relative ; and at that of King Albert of Belgium, of whose elder brother, who died, he was extremely fond. King Ferdinand of Rumania was also a cousin, but to his coronation Dom Affonso did not go.

Dom Affonso was at the palace in Berlin as the guest of the Emperor William upon the occasion of the marriage of the Crown Prince of Germany. The Emperor had caused to be placed in his room, in order to give him pleasure, a large and excellent painting by the King Dom Carlos, and presented by him to the Emperor upon the occasion of the Emperor's visit to Lisbon. It represents a fishing scene upon the swift-flowing Tagus, and is a remarkable picture. It entirely covered one wall of his *salon*.

One custom obtaining at the Court of Berlin not observed in his father's or brother's Court at Lisbon surprised Dom

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Affonso. This was a bill presented to his Master of Ordinance for the expenses of himself and suite whilst guests at the palace. It amounted to many thousands of pounds. It is interesting to note that this very item was one of those charged to Dom Affonso by the Republican Government of Portugal after the revolution and exile of the Royal family. This and, in fact, all his expenses whilst representing his brother at Royal functions formed the famous "adiante-mentos" which would have made bankrupt the entire Royal family. In justice to the new Government, be it said, that these claims were not pressed.

One incident, upon the occasion of one of Dom Affonso's visits to London, occurred at the time of an influenza epidemic. He was staying with Queen Victoria, and she urged him to leave at once for fear of his contracting the malady. He therefore left





Dom Affonso and Dom Luiz (eldest son of Dom Carlos, also assassinated) in state coach at time of visit of Queen Alexandra, three years before the tragedy, March, 1905.



Visit of King Edward VII. of England to Pena Castle, Cintra, Portugal, in 1904. This palace is made of blue and white porcelain, and, situated on the top of a mountain, is one of the exquisite sights of the world. Seated are King Edward and King Carlos, cousins. Standing beside King Carlos is his brother, Dom Affonso. Two beyond him is Mr. Grosselin, English Minister; the short man with his hand on chair of King Carlos, is Baron d'Alvito; in the rear are the Marquis de Soveral, Col. Duval Telles, Count de Arnoso.



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immediately after the ceremony, which, I think, was that of the funeral of the Duke of Clarence. All the young sons of Kings were sent home for fear of infection.

King Edward was very fond of Dom Affonso, and invariably had him at his table at all functions at which they were both present, both of a public and of a private nature, whenever the Duke of Oporto was in London.

He was present at many Royal marriages—that of his brother, Dom Carlos, then Duke of Bragança ; at that of Victor Emanuel of Italy, then Prince of Naples ; at that of the King of Spain ; at that of the Crown Prince of Germany ; and at that of his nephew, King Manuel. This last at Sigmaringen, after King Manuel's exile from Portugal.

Amongst the christenings at which he was present were those of the Prince of Wales

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and of the Crown Princes of Portugal, Spain, Italy, Germany, etc. The last that he attended was that of the Princess Maria, in 1916—the youngest child of the King and Queen of Italy.

Among the funerals at which he was present was that of his beloved uncle, King Umberto of Italy. At the time of his tragic death Dom Affonso and his mother, Queen Maria Pia, who was King Umberto's sister, were at Aix-les-Bains. It was there that they received the news of the assassination at Monza, where the Italian Court was in residence for the summer. They were the first of the relatives to arrive on the scene, owing to the nearness of Aix to Monza. The Queen Maria Pia was prostrated by the tragedy and loss of her only brother, the Duke of Aosta having died some time before. The new King, Victor Emanuel III, was on his yacht in the

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Adriatic, and the law of Italy required that the body should be kept until he arrived. Dom Affonso, the Duke of Abruzzi, and Louis Napoleon, all nephews of the dead monarch, kept vigil over his body for more than a week in the palace at Monza. The widowed Queen Marguerita dearly loved Dom Affonso, her nephew, and had him much with her, especially after the death of his mother, Queen Maria Pia, in July, 1911, which event changed the whole current of Dom Affonso's life, leaving him quite alone—father, mother, brother all gone. As he grew older he developed a strong likeness to his uncle, King Umberto.

He went to England for the funeral of the Duke of Clarence, to Spain for that of King Affonso XII, father of the present King, and attended many others. These events he disliked extremely. He had seen so many deaths in his own family, and such

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tragic ones. He had seen that of his grandfather, Don Fernando, who fell in the corridor leading to his box at San Carlos Theatre, Lisbon, and fatally opened the cancer in his face ; that of his debonair father, Dom Luiz, who, King at the age of twenty-three, ruled peacefully for twenty-eight years, and died of a slow malady at the age of fifty-one ; that of his favourite uncle, August, a bachelor to whom he was devoted, and who died eight days after his brother, King Luiz, at the age of forty-two. The death of his exiled Brazilian uncle, Dom Pedro, he also remembered, as well as that of his godfather, Napoleon III.

But the tragedy which left the most terrible scar upon the heart of Dom Affonso was the assassination of his only brother Dom Carlos ; but this will have an entire chapter. He had seen, too, the death of his nephew, the Crown Prince Luiz, shot





Queen Alexandra at Lisbon, on the arm of King Carlos, in 1905. Dom Affonso descending steps at left, in uniform of general, with plumed hat and sword.



Visit of President Loubet of France to Ajuda Palace, 1905. From left to right, Dom Affonso, talking with King Carlos his brother: Dom Luiz, President Loubet leaning against one of the state coaches. Part of the great palace seen in the rear.



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at the same time as his father ; and, lastly, after only nine months of exile, unwillingly endured, and which undermined her health day by day, he had seen the death of his adored mother, Queen Maria Pia.

His disposition was naturally buoyant, and his constitution splendid. But he himself said it was only the love of the woman he desired, and did marry shortly after, that enabled him to resist this last blow of a merciless fate which seemed to attend his family—a family all so true, honest, and lovable. As it had been with his father and Uncle August, so it was with his mother and Aunt Clotilde (Princesse Clotilde Bonaparte, married to Napoleon III's brother) ; their deaths were just eight days apart. Princess Clotilde died at Moncalieri, near Turin, just eight days before Queen Maria Pia expired in the arms of Queen Marguerita at the Stupinigi Palace, also at

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Turin, where she had gone after the funeral of her sister at Superga, the Italian Royal mausoleum. Dom Affonso had gone to England, only to return immediately with Queen Amelia, in response to a telegram received upon his arrival in Richmond, from Queen Marguerita, to the effect that his mother was dying. He arrived just half an hour before she died. She did not know him. For years he suffered from the anguish of this cruel fatality.

## CHAPTER VI

### ANECDOTES

AT Cintra, while still the Infante, Dom Affonso used to hitch together eight horses and mules, one in front of the other, and sit in a light carriage behind to drive them. Of course, he could only guide the nearest four or five with the reins, so he used to fill the carriage with small pebbles and throw them at the horses in front to make them turn, hitting them either on the right or left side of the head as he wished. It goes without saying that these animals were all fairly gentle, or they would not have submitted to this.

Once he insisted upon going along a road much narrower than his wagon—and

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he did, but the mules were extraordinarily powerful.

Traffic in Lisbon made way for him. He used to instruct his coachman thus : " Get to San Carlos (theatre) in eight minutes. Pay no attention to stones, dust, or chickens. But don't kill anything larger."

Once he was motoring through Lisbon and saw an immense crowd ahead. Two men were fighting terribly and the street was blocked with a yelling mob, who did not hear his horn. He got out of the car, walked towards the men, and when the crowd saw who it was they parted for him as by magic, he only making a slight sign with his hand, and his car passed. The fight, too, was over, and the police not needed.

One horse, called Mercury (Mercurio), eight years old, a big shining, coal-black animal, was a great favourite. One day in the



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avenue he unthinkingly stuck his spur into its side. It was a highly strung animal and never forgot it, but threw him five times afterwards. At last his mother remonstrated: "Affonso, Affonso, don't ride Mercury; he will kill you!" He replied: "I'll kill him or he will kill me, one or the other," and he mounted.

Finally, however, he sold him for two thousand milreis, about £400, rather than annoy his dear mother.

This Mercury was really a vicious animal, and once threw back his head so furiously that Dom Affonso, who was leaning forward, received a blow in the chest, and was knocked senseless.

In his portrait, taken when acting as Regent for Dom Carlos, Dom Affonso is seen mounted on this vicious animal, peaceful for that moment only. Immediately after the snap-shot had been taken he

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(according to the photographer) began to plunge about most desperately.

Many tales are told of Dom Affonso's bravery and courage. Once his quick action in the surf (terrifically strong) at Cascaes saved a young girl of the *noblesse* from death. He dived for her, having seen her go down from some distance, and found her already entangled in seaweed at the bottom of the bay. He was under water a most unusual time, for his lungs were immense in size, and he was able to drag out the unconscious girl, to the ecstatic delight of all present. But he saw nothing wonderful about what he had done, and applause made him self-conscious and silent. Although any Portuguese noble will recall this event, Affonso himself almost completely forgot it, until his friends recalled it to his mind.

He had one terrible automobile accident

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in the country between Cintra and Estoril, through no fault of his own. He, with his aide-de-camp, was driving a new "Fiat" of rather high power (sixty-five horse) for the first time. At a certain spot, where the roadway is some fifty feet above the surrounding country, the bolts which controlled the steering (and which were not in place, as the company afterwards admitted) fell out, and the heavy machine bounded over the precipice. Twice it somersaulted, but Dom Affonso stuck to the wheel. The chauffeur, sitting in the rear, jumped and was uninjured. The aide-de-camp was thrown out and fell on his hands, breaking both arms. Dom Affonso was pinioned underneath the car, his breast-bone depressed by the driving-wheel, which was broken by the contact. He was very big and strong, and his left side was caught under the side of the overturned car in its

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fall. All his life he bore the mark, a brown depression, made by the driving-wheel on his breast, and what he called laughingly his "balloon" (a great ball of hard flesh and muscle at his waist-line on the left side) made by the crushing weight of the automobile, under which he lay insensible for a half-hour. The chauffeur finally found people to lift the car, and Dom Affonso revived, immediately saying that he was unhurt.

He was on his way to luncheon with Dom Carlos, and insisted upon continuing in a carriage, as the car was a wreck. (It was afterwards replaced by the company free of charge.) Dom Carlos was much affected and very uneasy when he met his brother, and insisted upon medical advice being summoned at once. Affonso resisted that afternoon, but the next day he was black and blue all over, particularly his back and

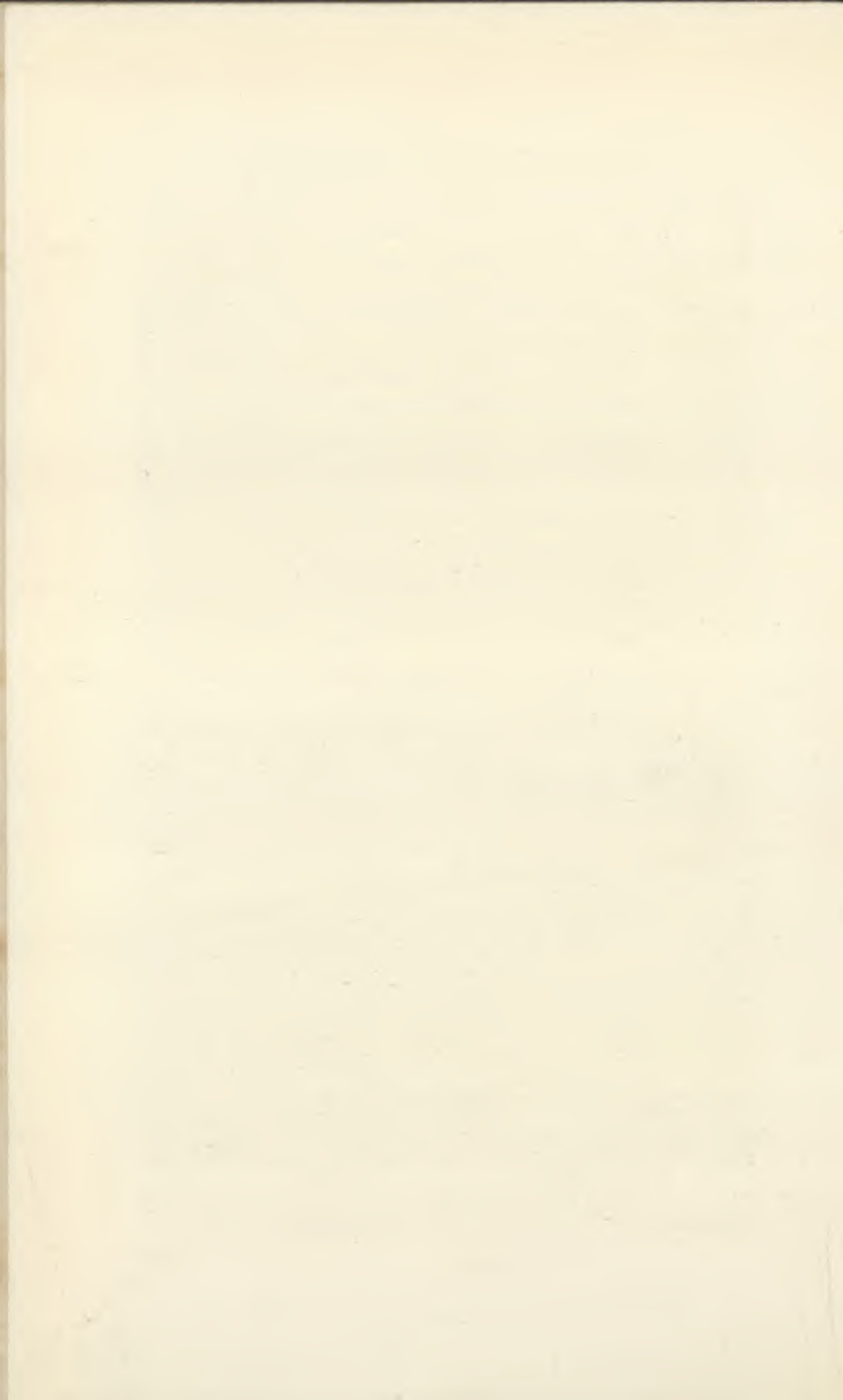


\*King Carlos, and his brother,\* Dom Affonso, at a Horse Show a year before the tragedy.  
Notice their similarity of uniform and gesture.



New Year's Day, 1908. A month before the assassination. Leaving the Church of the Sé in Lisbon. The Prime Minister Joao Franco kissing the Queen's hand. On the steps beside her, in plumed hats, with hands raised, Dom Affonso and Dom Manuel, surrounded by noted members of the Government.

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chest, and could not move. He bore the pain patiently, and smilingly insisted to his mother, Queen Maria Pia, that it was nothing.

For twenty-five years he was an active soldier, rising to be General of Division in the Portuguese Army, Viceroy of Portuguese India, and Commander of the Camp at Lisbon. (From the latter position the influence of the Republicans removed him six months before the revolution.)

On one occasion, when Queen Maria Pia, his mother, and the entire Court were at a watering-place in the north of Portugal, Dom Affonso and his chief officer covered the long distance between Lisbon and that resort on horseback, in an incredibly short time, at a furious pace. Dom Affonso's horsemanship was excellent, as was everything he did. He knew no half-way, slipshod methods in anything he did. Within

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a short distance of the town, where the Queen was giving him a birthday ball, his high-strung mount, grazed by a drooping branch from a tree by the roadside, bolted and fell.

Dom Affonso was in full uniform, and the metal visor of his casque penetrated his head high on the forehead, leaving a bloody gash three and a half inches long. He sprang up smiling, tied several handkerchiefs about his head to staunch the blood (which continued to trickle down behind both ears), and again mounted the now quiet horse, reaching his goal at the appointed time. There, with his usual sang-froid, and confidence in his superior strength and good health, he had the ugly wound medically dressed, and his mother, who so adored him and worried over such accidents, knew nothing about it all until he entered the ball-room with his bandaged

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head. He danced all night, exactly as if nothing had happened. In point of fact, he insisted that he felt no discomfort whatever, except when the doctor stitched before binding the wound. All these examples of physical strength and endurance endeared him to the lusty, vigorous Portuguese people, and, added to his invariable good humour and friendship for all, made him by far the most popular member of all the Royal family.

A visitor to Lisbon seven years after the revolution states that affection for Dom Affonso was still felt by all. It was unanimously agreed that it was he alone who as King could have saved the Monarchy. This proposition was made to him before the command of Lisbon was taken from him by the new party leaders, with such fatal results ; but his fixed and unalterable belief in Royal hereditary rights and family unity

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brought his immediate and absolute refusal. He was then accused of being fastidiously honourable. His reply was : " That cannot be ; honour is honour, right is right." If his nephew, the young King, had joined in the request he would have acceded.

A year or so after the revolution, when it was reported that H.R.H. Dom Affonso, the Duke of Oporto was on board the yacht of some English friends in the port of Lisbon, on the way to Messina, there was the greatest excitement. The streets were filled with people all anxious for a glimpse of their Crown Prince. The authorities, fearing a formidable demonstration, went aboard the yacht and learned that the Royal exile was to join the party at Naples only. However, the captain, in view of the agitation his visit caused, soon put out to sea and continued to Naples. His splendid yacht, however, had been searched for the Prince Royal.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE TRAGEDY OF DOM CARLOS

EARLY in 1908 the spirit of unrest among leading Portuguese politicians was most acute, and seriously directed against the Crown. By deposing Dom Carlos these men (intelligent and unscrupulous) wished to direct the moneys which passed into the Royal exchequer into their own pockets by a political hocus-pocus. They therefore asked him to abdicate or be deposed, whichever he preferred.

He chose neither, but banished the leaders of the organization against the monarchy from Portugal.

The original estates of the Dukes of Bragança from the time of John IV, the first of the dynasty to become King, after



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having delivered the country from the long rule of Spain and Philip IV, were at Villa Vicosa, not far from the Spanish frontier and Badajos. King Carlos and his family went there for the month of January in 1908—they often went, for its peace and quiet, after strenuous days at the Court of Lisbon. Dom Affonso did not join them on this occasion as he usually did, but remained at Ajuda Palace with his mother, Queen Maria Pia, who was far from well.

The King, Queen Amelia, and the Crown Prince Luiz (Dom Manuel had already returned to Lisbon to his studies) returned by boat from Villa Vicosa, which is on the opposite side of the Tagus, on the second of February. They were a little nervous, because once before a bomb had been removed from the railroad track over which their train was to pass on the journey from Villa Vicosa to the Tagus.



## THE TRAGEDY OF DOM CARLOS

The Prime Minister Franco was, with many others, at the landing stage to receive the Royal party, and the first question the King asked was : " Is Lisbon safe ? I don't fear for myself, but my family is with me."

" Oh, yes, your Majesty, Lisbon is with us," was the prompt reply ; and so this great-hearted King, smiling with that broad good-natured smile which gave him such a likeness to his younger brother, Dom Affonso, entered the open landau with his two sons (Dom Manuel had met them) and the Queen. He was shot at once.

The first bullet of the volley which followed killed him, for it was fired at close range from immediately behind him, piercing the jugular vein. The second shot killed Dom Luiz. Dom Affonso, in the uniform of a General, dashed up in his motor-car with his aide-de-camp. As before related, he was driving with his left hand and had a

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pointed pistol in his right. He sprang out, seizing with his left hand the pistol of his aide-de-camp, and ran after his brother's carriage, shooting at the assassins as he ran. He saw the blood gush from the awful wound in his beloved brother's neck. As related above, the man who was about to fire upon the Queen was killed by Dom Affonso.<sup>1</sup> Dom Manuel's arm was penetrated, and the carriage, with its ghastly occupants, followed Dom Affonso's motor to the Arsenal, that being the nearest Government building, Dom Affonso keeping by the side of his brother's carriage all the way.

On arrival there Dom Affonso found it in the hands of the revolutionists, who refused to open the door. "Abre" [open], he said,

<sup>1</sup> Dom Affonso had been at the pier with Dom Manuel and the court, but upon learning that the arrival was delayed (the royal train had broken a wheel) he, who did not like standing idly waiting an extra hour, jumped into his automobile and took a short drive around, returning just as his brother the King entered the carriage, and was shot.



Last picture of the Royal couple taken a few months before the death of the Crown Prince. Showing him in the last suit he ever wore, and his wife as she was gowned at his bedside, during the last days of his life.



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drawing his pistol and holding it to the guard's head, and he obeyed. The bodies were gently lifted from the carriage, dripping with blood (Dom Affonso, who had been in many battles, said he had never seen such a quantity of blood), and were laid on mattresses.

The King had died in the carriage, but the Crown Prince lived a short time, though without regaining consciousness. He had been shot twice in the face.

Dom Affonso at once sent his aide-de-camp to tell his mother at Ajuda. But Queen Maria Pia had felt the tragedy in the air. The night previous to the assassination of Dom Carlos, Queen Maria Pia had dreamed that she saw her brother, King Humbert of Italy, dead in a lake of blood with a distorted face. Her night was agitated and was succeeded by a day of horrible depression of unstrung nerves. Her

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ladies attributed what they thought her hallucinations to her delicate health. The Queen passed the following day seated in an armchair and wrapped up in a shawl haunted by her dreadful dream. She refused to see anyone, save the Marquise de Bellas, and did not take any lunch until in the late afternoon.

In the early dusk of February 1st Dom Affonso's aide - de - camp, Captain Silva Senna, appeared before her, out of breath and very excited, and the Queen Mother at once realized the tragedy of her dream.

"What has happened?" she asked before Captain Senna could speak.

"Your Majesty, the King is wounded."

The Queen's hands trembled, she gazed on the door and on the pallid faces round her. It seemed as though she would faint, but she drew her shawl around her, whilst her maid placed her hat upon her head,



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and, controlling her nerves, she descended the palace stairs and stepped into her motor-car. She had divined all, and as she drove along between the Marquise de Bellas and the aide-de-camp she was sunk in the depths of tearless despair.

“Malvados! Malvados! . . . Matarem uma creança!”

“Villains! Villains! they have killed a child!” She had felt it, divined it, had had a vision of it, for no one had told her anything except that the King was wounded. To her he was always a “child.” She did not weep as she passed the sailors who presented arms to her as she entered the Arsenal, where her son and her grandson lay dead. She seemed to be an animated statue—or a somnambulist. Dom Affonso kissed her and took her hands—the tragic moment had passed, and night fell.

Thus a small group of *arrivistes* sought

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to deflect the whole course of the national life of Portugal. It was brutal, terrible, and great were the denunciations of other Governments.

To Dom Affonso the death of his brother was like cutting out his own heart. They had been so intimate from their babyhood—they were almost like twins. Neither could see a flaw in the other ; when they grew up Dom Affonso said : “ My brother is a magnificent specimen of manhood,” and the affection in his voice cannot be described. Dom Carlos said : “ Affonso knows. What he does is always well done and right.” After the tragedy he feared for the other two, Queen Amelia and Dom Manuel.

For his mother, the dowager Queen, he had no fear, so great was the love of the Portuguese for her. So, for his brother's sake, he stood vigil over his widow and son. He had Lisbon searched, and discovered

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that assassins had been stationed at every corner to do this foul deed. If they had not succeeded at the pier, the King would have been shot at the next corner, and so on. A ring of assassins, infamous creatures, had been stirred up by their revolutionary ideas to perpetrate this deed. But they were shrewd enough to pause for a moment after the tragedy which revolted the entire country.

There was a brief respite. Dom Manuel was crowned. Dom Affonso was made Crown Prince and heir-apparent. He was also general of division and commander of the entrenched camp of Lisbon.

Oporto had not seen its Duke for months, he who ever since his birth had been the idol of the city, which is second only to Lisbon itself. The new King wanted to be popular there, a city as powerful as Lisbon. Oporto invited the Royal family and made

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great preparations for their reception. Dom Affonso, Duke of Oporto, had often during his life spent many happy weeks there with a fête each day and a ball each night, so great was his popularity. The citizens counted much on seeing him on this occasion.

Dom Manuel knew this, and with boyish unwisdom, but perhaps not unnaturally, he could not endure the idea of his new-found glory as King being dimmed by the long-established popularity of his uncle. So he made his first vital error. At the last moment, when Dom Affonso's servants were already at the station with his effects for the journey, the King sent him word not to go. To the Prince this was one of the greatest disappointments of his life. *He never saw Oporto again.* The result in Oporto was very bad. Not a citizen but knew why Dom Affonso was kept away.

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They scarcely knew Dom Manuel, whilst for twenty years before his birth Dom Affonso had been their very own—they idolized him. He was sometimes the guest of the archbishop himself, who after the exile visited him in Rome. Once, when he was a little boy, they had named a street after him with great ceremony. When he had had a serious illness in Ajuda they sent him presents and greetings, signed by thousands praying for his recovery.

Seven years later, when the Duke of Oporto, married to the only love of his life, was staying for some weeks at an hotel in Madrid, an average of two dozen Portuguese, among the most intelligent of all parties, but especially monarchists, visited the happy pair every day. Invariably the talk led to the one subject—the devotion of the people of Oporto to Dom Affonso. His reply was always the same: “ I thank you



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for your loyalty to my brother and myself." And this remark was always accompanied by his vigorous handshake and his smile, the sweetest that ever was.

Invariably these visitors asked the Prince if he would return ; he smiled and did not answer. The Princess was asked ; she too smiled and looked at her husband. And after this silence, so fraught with dear memories, all these loyal Portuguese patriots seemed to be drawn nearer and dearer to one another and to their favourite, whom they wished so heartily to see once more in his own country. This splendid Portuguese Prince Royal, who in middle life still retained the heart of a boy and a certain shy manner. They knew him to be good and true, and as impregnable to intrigue as he was to any sort of dishonourable procedure.

When loyalists met Dom Affonso in the streets of Paris or of London, after his exile,





Taken shortly before the assassination of King Carlos, Feb. 1, 1908, Dom Affonso and Dom Manuel (Duke of Beijou then) talking while awaiting the boat from Villa Vicosa with King Carlos, and the rest of the family, Joao Franco (left) and others of the Government also seen.



After the tragedy, Dom Manuel, King, and Dom Affonso, Crown Prince, at a military school in 1909, shortly before the revolution.

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they invariably greeted him with "Monseigneur, the Royal family will soon be back in Lisbon." This was the accepted salutation amongst the monarchists, but they always received the same reply in Dom Affonso's honest, straightforward way, and with a sad smile: "Não me parece!" ["It doesn't seem so to me!" or "I don't think so."]

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE IDYLL OF A PRINCE

FOR many years, ever since he had met a young girl in Naples, travelling with her family, and in Rome later, for only just a few short months in all, before she returned with her parents to their American home, almost seventeen years ago, Dom Affonso had been in love—so had the girl—both unchangeably, unalterably in love. She was eighteen and he was thirty-eight. Persons of position who are in love always talk of marriage; so did these. But it was out of the question for the moment, and with that modern practical sense, with which both were endowed, they decided to wait and be true. Dom Affonso

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returned to Lisbon and the girl to New York, and each had an almost fatal attack of typhoid fever, identical in kind, and leaving them more deeply in love than ever. Neither had money at that time, although later the girl inherited a fortune. Her family, too, were as ardent Church of England Protestants as his were Roman Catholic. For these and other reasons marriage at the time seemed impossible. So they submitted to Fate, parting outwardly but not in heart. They cabled much and wrote many letters, but did not meet for years—indeed, not until after the time of the exile. During these years many kaleidoscopic and swift events happened to the girl, until at length she came into the position and circumstances which made it possible for her to become his wife. Strangely enough, the same year in which she found it possible to return to him

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they had not seen each other for five years; he also passed through most tragic experiences of death and financial disaster following upon the exile of the Royal family. It looked as if Providence had brought them, by ways of suffering and tragedy, to each other for ever. And from this time they were, in fact, rarely separated, and eventually were married and were supremely happy, although doomed never to see his beloved Portugal together.

A word about the girl, now a woman, who had moulded her life in order to be the wife of the only man for whom she had ever had even a fleeting fancy.

Born in her father's town on the banks of a lovely river, and brought up in the strict seclusion prescribed by very devout Protestants, Dom Affonso was the first man to whom she had ever been attracted. The education of the future Princess Royal





After the tragedy. Leaving Church of Estrella in 1909. Dom Manuel, King, and talking to him Dom Affonso, Prince Royal, and heir to throne. In front, Marquis de Fayal; behind Wenceslau de Lima, since dead.



At Licoli, Italy, in 1915. Dom Affonso, and the Countess of Pontalto—taken by the Duchess of Oporto.

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was private, and never was a child more devoted to study. It was a joy to see anyone take such a pleasure in learning. From the age of six to sixteen this lasted uninterruptedly, and two years later she made her first trip to Italy with her parents. Until then she had had absolutely no diversion. She had never heard a concert nor seen a play. The religious services in the chapel of her home were the only events she knew of, and these she attended in much the same spirit in which other girls go to theatres. Indeed, there was a certain ecstasy in her devotions. The daughter of very devout parents, the worship of the Divine Unknown meant everything to her, and this it was that saved her in the one great bereavement of her life—the loss of Dom Affonso.

The mother of the future Princess Royal was Scotch, her father was English, and

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both were very religious. Upon their first trip abroad they met the Duke of Oporto and his mother, Queen Maria Pia, who were visiting in Italy at the time. It was a case of love at first sight, and neither ever swerved from the direct line of their love and the long route which led to their final marriage. Obstacles there were—many of them—but, as Dom Affonso wrote in 1913 in his quaint English: “I am arranging that we may be forever married.” And always, from the first letter after their acquaintance until the end, he closed with the sentence: “Each day without you seems a century long.” Such was his love. Hers was just as deep and unchanging, and to know that he was alive in the world made the magic of her life. Some sorrow there was, and once almost despair, when they were parted for a long time. The letters which passed between them at this time

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were very sad, but never hopeless. It was characteristic of Dom Affonso that he always, from his birth, had had what he wished. He was so good, straightforward, and well-beloved that no one opposed him for long. So it was with his love. When it was seen to be serious and unalterable, all gave way before it. One by one the obstacles were removed, and the long-expected cable, "Come to me for ever, Affonso," was sent to far-away America. Even then the legal formalities with Portugal caused a delay of another six months.

When the Princess, before the marriage, undertook a hazardous voyage to New York in order to arrange the American papers necessary for the wedding, the *Patria*, sailing from Naples, was the boat chosen. H.R.H., with all his personal servants from the Royal Palace where he lived in Naples, arrived with great bouquets and books, and

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accompanied her to the boat. It was at the time when the submarine peril centred in the Southern Mediterranean. In fact, the *Ancona*, with five hundred passengers, had been torpedoed by the Germans just two days before, and on the identical route which the *Patria* was to take.

When these two, so deeply in love with each other, saw upon their arrival at the Imacolatella Wharf that the lifeboats were already in place and swung out, they did not speak, but both were tremendously disturbed, brought thus face to face with the actual danger of the voyage. It was characteristic of them that neither spoke of abandoning the voyage, so intense had become their desire to be married.

But finally the future Princess said :  
“ I'm glad the palace overlooks and is on the deep water. At any rate, if the ship goes down I'll float around, until I come





Dom Afonso in the Spanish uniform of Honorary Lieutenant-Colonel,  
worn after the exile on certain occasions.

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beneath your windows, as near as possible to you.”

And quickly the reply came from this big, automobile-loving, supposedly stolid and unromantic Prince Royal, low and earnestly, to this fair woman whom he loved with all his soul: “*And I'll come and join you!*”

The *Patria* was, in reality, attacked the next morning at eleven o'clock, off Biserta, Africa, after leaving Palermo, and was only missed by fifty feet. There were only eight passengers in the big boat, and all saw the huge torpedo. Obedient to a dispatch from H.R.H. the Prince received by the future Princess at Lisbon, where the boat first put in, her voyage ended there; and after a few days in Lisbon she returned to Rome by train, and sailed two months later from Liverpool on an American boat, arriving without accident, that country not having yet entered the war.

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The Prince was naturally very anxious. After minutely arranging the details of the passport for his beloved, by special letters to Sir Rennell Rodd, the English Ambassador in Rome, for it was at the most difficult moment for women travellers, and placing her safely in the special carriage, he saw her leave Rome for Paris, London and New York.

Desolately and slowly he motored back to the Palace of the Quirinal, and here befell an accident. In his sumptuous apartments in the "Manica Lunga" [long arm] of the palace he found the immense chrysanthemums the future Princess had left behind, and which, being gifts from him, she had lovingly cared for, and before leaving had instructed his man to transfer from her apartment to his.

One of his fancies from boyhood had been for knives of all sorts and descrip-

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tions, all very sharp, and in excellent condition.

Filled with thoughts of the absent one, he opened one of these knives, which he generally carried in his pocket, and began to trim the stems. They were strong; the knife slipped from his hand and fell, the blade passing deeply into the front part of the right foot. It bled profusely, and, as it is some distance from the Affonso Henriques quarters to those of the palace doctor, he saved much blood, and probably his life, by tightly binding it up before the arrival of the "medico."

The Duchess of Aosta (the sister of Queen Amelie) happened to be in Rome at this time. The warmest friendship existed between her and Dom Affonso, who had first met her in Lisbon, when the Countess of Paris brought her family to visit Queen Maria Pia, at the time of the marriage of

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Queen Amelie to Dom Carlos. She was young then, and Dom Affonso called her "Menina" [the girl], which name he always used to her. She was very pretty and blonde, and regarded him always more as brother than as brother-in-law. When he was dying, and she came to see him for what proved to be the last time, he tried to get up out of bed to accompany her to the gate of the palace, as was his custom.

Now, hearing of the accident, the Duchess of Aosta went at once to see the Prince. She found him seated before a large photograph of the Princess, which he had framed magnificently and surrounded with her flowers.

She knew his secret !

"Affonso," she said, nodding toward the portrait, "you are going to marry ?"

"Yes," he said.



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“ She is very beautiful, and I see that you are terribly in love,” she replied.

Once Dom Affonso brought the Princess a spray of alencrim [rosemary] from Villa Savoy, the King of Italy’s home, in the suburbs of Rome. Giving it to her, he said : “ We say in Portuguese, ‘ The lover who passes a bush of alencrim and does not pluck a spray for his beloved is not worthy to have a beloved.’ The King saw me take it,” he added, smiling. “ They knew for whom it was.”

Yes, the love of Dom Affonso was of the kind which admits of no vacillation or obstacle of any kind. It was like him, and characteristic, that in this, as in all other things, his acts were straightforward and absolute.

Convinced of its purity and immensity, the day came when he could no longer guard the dear, delicate secret within his

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big heart. This was immediately after the loss of his mother, Queen Maria Pia. He at once began to make plans for his marriage, and the first of the ceremonies took place in Rome in September, 1917. The Princess had become a Catholic, and at her baptism had received the name of Maria Pia. After Communion, the marriage received the holy benediction of the Catholic Church.

None of those who assisted at the church wedding will ever forget the happiness with which Dom Affonso said in his native tongue, holding the hands of his wife and looking into her eyes : " Sou teu Marido," [" I am your husband "]. They were never separated afterwards—not even for minutes. He accompanied her everywhere ; even when famous fitters from the Rue de la Paix came to the hotel with her gowns, he watched all the proceedings. Many times were sent, accidentally or expressly, the same

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women who had fitted Queen Maria Pia, his mother. These delighted him by talking of her, and they invariably said he had his mother's eyes—"beautiful deep blue eyes." It pleased him particularly that these people should now be waiting on his bride. Those who had never seen him before, declared they should have known him by his resemblance to his mother. They all adored the gracious and elegant Queen Maria Pia, than whom none other was so lavishly generous. She was the most exquisitely gowned Queen in all Europe. Her maid, who was with her at the time of her death, had once been the head woman at Worth's. The Queen had taken her to Lisbon as maid, and she remained in the Royal service for more than twenty years. She is now rich and retired, with property in Paris and Biarritz, her devotion during the last years of the life of

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the Queen being deeply appreciated by the Royal family.

Dom Affonso loved to assist at all the details of the life of his "Princeza." They enjoyed life like two children who had been restrained, and who were now tasting the joys and glorying in the beauty of the large open world and the future before them. The restraints and separations of their long courtship were past, and the Prince found the memory of the tragedies he had witnessed growing fainter and fainter in the glow of his happiness.

A Portuguese Count and Countess who saw the Royal couple in Madrid shortly after the marriage said: "An atmosphere of delight and contentment seemed all about them in a sort of glory which illuminated both their faces."

Another, a Royal Princess who visited them in Naples after their marriage said of



The Duke and Duchess of Oporto, taken at San Sebastian, Spain,  
in 1918.

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Dom Affonso : “ There is one Crown Prince perfectly happy—the first I have ever seen.”

At this time Dom Affonso showed strongly one of his remarkable characteristics—his memory not only for faces, but events, and even small personal eccentricities. When the daughter of a former Minister of his father, King Luiz, came with her husband, a foreign diplomat, to call on “ their Prince Royal and his bride,” the lady thought surely he would not remember her—they had not met for twenty years or more. He at once called her by name, then, turning to the “ Princeza ” and touching lightly the front of her bodice, said laughingly : “ And her father wore shirts with tiny pleatings ruffled down the front.” He remembered, not only her first name, but this detail about her old father.

When his German professor came, with tears in his old eyes he put his arms about

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the Prince, whom he had known since childhood, saying to the Princess: "Dom Affonso had always such a good heart."

Then Dom Affonso began to tell story after story of his "little" boyhood, and of the pranks played on different professors of languages. He told them with the minutest details, and also how he and Dom Carlos loved to tease them and how they indulgently rather encouraged it. He related how they had taught one German professor Portuguese, instead of learning German from him. He recalled even trivial incidents like their cutting cork with their knives before a nervous member of the ministry of King Luiz, because they knew this annoyed him excessively. He also recalled how he rode down a flight of marble steps on his bicycle, and gave details of different boyish excursions and escapades.

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Then, too, besides officers, ministers, monarchists, and scions of all Portugal's old *noblesse* there came former servants and chauffeurs, etc., of Dom Affonso. He refused himself to none, but had a cordial welcome for all (even those seeking alms, who profited by his happiness and did not go away empty-handed).

One poor, broken-down old fellow, a stranger whom he had never seen before, met the Royal couple in the corridor of an hotel, and said he was Portuguese, and with copious tears told how he longed to go to Lisbon, which he had not seen for twenty years. Immediately Dom Affonso opened his purse. HE KNEW WHAT IT WAS TO LONG TO GO TO LISBON. The appeal touched them both.

The Princess tried hard to get a permit through the British and American Governments to make an exception in their case,

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and rescind the exile, but she never succeeded. And Dom Affonso remarked sagely as he placed his arm about his treasure and drew her to him: "It's just as well, perhaps; something might happen to you there, as it did to my brother."

It was characteristic of him that he did not include himself in this remark—did not even dream that he might run any risk in going to Lisbon! He always felt the good will of the Portuguese toward him. It never left him. He thought and spoke of them, of the people *en masse*, as one speaks of one's relatives. He knew his exile was not an act or wish of the people whom he loved, and who had shown him so much affection all the forty-three years of his life, but of politicians who wanted the spoils of the Government and Treasury to be divided among themselves instead of upon a Royal family. The great warm-hearted masses, who had

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passed their lives in admiration of and affectionate devotion to the children of their beloved Maria Pia, ever since they were little curly-haired, blond, fat babies, held up for them to see, entered not at all into the scheme, with its preceding atrocious tragedy of murder.

Their sentiment for Dom Affonso and his mother, Queen Maria Pia, was always deep and unchanging. The latter was their ideal as a Queen, and the former that of an ideal Prince—open-handed, big, robust, and fearless. In Lisbon and in Cintra, when he was growing up, they gloried in his prowess, his strength, his endurance. They saw no fault in him their favourite, and indeed there was little about him to criticize. He seemed made for the position he occupied. They loved his geniality, his fearlessness, and his indifference to compliments and flattery. They patiently waited hours to see



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him pass, and sighed in their delight of him as he tore by in his car with a wave of his hand and a gay smile, which embraced them all. They had each one a sort of personal pride in this younger son of their greatest Queen, Maria Pia. They felt near to him—he was so full of life, so human and so happy with them and among them—they saw him every day, and he was always the same. It is no wonder they adored him. Even now, after ten years of exile, postal cards of Dom Affonso are obtainable in Lisbon, although those of no other member of the Royal family exist. His are reprinted always—this from pure personal affection.

The wedding trip of the Royal couple was through Andalusia, in Spain. They tried to guard a strict incognito, but it was most difficult, particularly in cities like Malaga and Granada, where they were received royally. In Madrid, Toledo, Seville,



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Cordova, Ronda, and Algeciras, as well as at Gibraltar, incidents occurred revealing extraordinary affection for this beloved Portuguese Prince in exile, as well as for his Princess, who shone in the light reflected from him.

In Madrid especially, welcome awaited them. Dom Affonso always liked the Royal family of Spain, and particularly King Affonso. He often spoke of him with great affection, even when dying. Now, upon his arriving in Madrid a message from His Majesty awaited His Royal Highness, requesting him to come at once to the palace with his bride.

Dom Affonso turned to the Princess and remarked: "You see how the King of Spain likes me. Sempre foi assim" ["He was always like this"].

Both Dom Affonso and the Princess were very much interested in His Majesty's

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private bureau for the aid of war prisoners, during the trying years from 1916 to 1918. At this time, too, the Portuguese Red Cross was very active, as Portugal had already joined the Allies. Daily the Duchess of Oporto was besought by hundreds of letters (the number of letters was so large that a special boy was commissioned to deliver the correspondence of the Royal pair all the time of their residence in Madrid) to go to the front and to take an active part with the Portuguese Red Cross, for, being of a more advanced people, she was supposed to be more modern in idea. But, although she contributed to all appeals, each letter receiving attention, Affonso would not hear of her going to the Front. And as they could not bear to be parted for even an hour the matter ended with formalities both gracious and practical.

The summer of 1918 found the Prince



Dom Afonso in the garden at Pena Castle, Cintra, in the last car he had before the assassination of his brother, King Carlos, and the exile which followed Dom Manuel's brief reign. After the exile he motored through Italy and France with the Duchess of Oporto, his wife. They called it the "car of Destiny," because of many curious incidents.



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and Princess happily ensconced in the loveliest of lovely Capri villas. There, unfortunately, Dom Affonso had an attack of fever which alarmed the Princess and the entire Royal family. But after a few days of anxiety, thanks to the care of his beloved cousin, King Victor Emanuel, he recovered, and they returned to his home in Naples.

In 1919 the King gave them the Palazzina at Posillipo for the summer, and for "always," as he replied to the Princess when she asked how long they should stay. It was a beautiful and ideal spot for their retirement and deep love, which required little outside diversion. Every day they motored.

Sometimes the Princess drove, sometimes Dom Affonso. The chauffeur was there, indeed, to procure them ices, or sweets, or anything they fancied—that was all. They lived like happy children without a care. Life was a fairy tale come true.

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They used to take long walks in the lovely garden of their Palazzina with their arms about each other, stopping now and then to exchange a caress or pluck a flower, the Princess always supporting him when they came to stone steps, of which there were many, Dom Affonso always smiling. In fact, they were always touching each other, looking into each other's eyes—stopping the automobile at times to say tender things and exchanging caresses in some picturesque spot. The chauffeur was accustomed to this and talked about it, saying : “ Their Highnesses are very happy.” It was, in fact, a repetition of the Prince's uncle, King Pedro, and his consort Stephanie at the Necessidades Palace in Lisbon in their short honeymoon, and lasted just about the same length of time before imperious death stepped in and tore them apart, leaving the world a void for the Princess.



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She, and she only, had his implicit confidence. Whatever she said or did was right, and not to be criticized ; and nothing was right that did not meet with her approval. If he saw, even without knowing the subject of the conversation, that someone differed with her, he slowly and gravely approached her, very close sometimes, placing an arm about her, to say, with severe eyes and thunderous tones to the offender : “ Her Highness is right ; leave us ! ” His championship of her was one of his most charming characteristics. At the hotel in Madrid, shortly after their marriage, he had a waiter dismissed for using the word “ usted ” (you) instead of “ Your Highness ” to his bride. It was merely a slip of the tongue on the part of the waiter, and when the Duchess begged that the culprit might be reinstated her request was immediately granted.

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Those who had known the Prince for many years as a big, smiling, easy-going bachelor, devoted to his automobiles, not being acquainted with the deep-seated romance of his life, were surprised at his devotion and delicacy. Never was woman more beloved or more jealously guarded and cherished. Motors and mechanics became quite uninteresting and secondary, and all his energies centred in her happiness, in protecting this newly acquired possession. The Portuguese Princes have all made good husbands for many generations back. To them marriage is serious, and a wife honoured and cherished. Dom Affonso could not be happy out of sight of his bride. This was especially true after he became ill. At this time, when one of his cousins, a Princess, gave a tea, and the Princess Royal left them to return to another part of the palace for something she had

## THE IDYLL OF A PRINCE

forgotten, and thinking Dom Affonso would not notice a short absence, he went to the door, threw it open, and called loudly her name to the great amusement of the other guests. He would not take part in any of the tea festivities, but remained at the door looking toward the direction she had taken, until she returned. His radiant face and incomparable smile as he almost actually lifted her off her feet when she returned, and conducted her like a Queen to her place by his side at the table, will never be forgotten by those who witnessed the event.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE WINGS OF DEATH

THE happy idyll which the Prince and Princess lived lasted for two years and more. Then one day Dom Affonso found difficulty in getting out of the automobile. He walked heavily and slowly. Doctors came, and pronounced the condition a result of the fever at Capri.

The Princess bent every nerve to cure this condition. Night and day she cared for this dear Crown Prince to the minutest detail of his life. For many months he did not seem to get worse, was gay, and completely unconscious of being ill. They still motored or drove to Naples each day, but the doctors looked serious when alone with the Princess or nurses.

## THE WINGS OF DEATH

Then suddenly, on the morning of the 28th of October, Dom Affonso exhibited no desire to bound out of bed, as he usually did, and a few days later he took to his bed for the rest of his life, with the hand of his beloved Princess always in his.

Once, at the beginning of his illness, Dom Affonso saw tears in the eyes of the Princess. It was when Dr. Quirico, doctor to H.M. the King of Italy, and a great specialist were conferring quietly together. Don Affonso did not understand the seriousness of his condition, but the Princess divined it from their gravity. Tears sprang to her eyes, in spite of her will. Dom Affonso saw them. He still seemed in health, and had been walking about with her.

Now, at the sight of her tears, he took her in his arms, pleading, in tones of profound anguish: " Não chore minha que-

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rida, não chore ” [“ Don't cry, my beloved, don't cry ”].

His pain at her tears was such that the Princess resolved never again to give way before him, and she never did. But, oh ! her long nights of weeping whilst he slept ! The agony of seeing him slipping from her day by day ! Her desperate letters to the King and Queen of Italy and to Queen Amelia and King Manuel, which she sent at this time of suffering, are heart-rending.

To her mother she wrote :—

*August 10th, 1919.*

DEAREST MOTHER,

I know I write you of nothing but my adored one, but I have no other topic. He is recovering now from such a dreadful attack in which the cruel paralysis upset his marvellous digestion. It was a torture to me, and for twenty-four hours I held his dear head on my breast. Then conscious-





Don Alfonso, hand on knee, seated beside Queen Elena of Italy; Princesses Jolanda and Mafalda in front of him, and Prince Humbert, the then little Prince Royal, back of his mother, the Queen. Taken about 1915. At left Princess of Battenberg, Duchesse d'Aoste, Prince of Battenberg, etc.



## THE WINGS OF DEATH

ness returned, and he looked up and smiled at me and pushed away the doctor. He wants only me beside him. When he sees others he frowns usually at them. The Duchess d'Aosta says she doesn't see how I do all my duties. I suppose "the power comes," as the old Methodists say. I never get tired or sleepy—not even when I change the cold bandages for his hot head all night long. When he falls asleep—yes, then I sleep too. But you will understand how I could not even go to bed, with him suffering or sleepless. Ah, no! ah, no! *I'm all he has!* And I'm right here, fighting for him every minute.

He is peaceful now, and his hand is in mine as I write. He will be out to-morrow, as usual. Now he looks and gives me his radiant smile, and I bend over and kiss him. Mother, mother, he's my life! I feel if anything separates us I shall die also. I can't imagine life without him—after all these years.

The Queen and family are touchingly affected, and attentive (at a distance). They all adore Affonso, who of all the twenty-one

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*Altesses* in the family here, is the closest to the King and Queen.

A few days ago, shortly after we left the big palace, we found the faithful chauffeur had forgotten to fill the gasoline tank of the car. While we waited in the car while he went over to the palace, five or six hundred people gathered about us—the police had their hands full. They were all friendly faces, so smiling and happy to see us. They adore Affonso, and I think he is better known in Naples than the King himself.

The sun of Naples is blazing hot at mid-day, but never have I passed so cool a summer. The *palazzina* is sort of under or against the hillside, with a delightful breeze. My darling still wears his heavy flannels, and blankets are necessary at night. We never motor until after four. The banks all send my "affairs financial" to me. I think I did not tell you that they cut off the tiny income of Affonso when he married, and he had not a bit of one. I think now they feel sort of ashamed. It was from the Italian family—he never had any from his own. He, so

## THE WINGS OF DEATH

good and sweet, felt it keenly at the time, so I, just to make up for it, give him *all my* money. This completely overwhelms him, as he never had so much and doesn't quite know what to do with it. Now, I must make some sweet rice—Portuguese “*arroz-doce*,” we call it. This amuses him. His valet told us how. It is rice cooked in milk until soft, and as much sugar as rice. Then yolks of lots of eggs added, and cinnamon sprinkled over. It is delicious. They send me fresh eggs from San Rossore.

My heart is full of thanksgiving that the crisis is passed. While he was so ill he told us that they had just cut off the legs, arms, and head of Manuel. It was such a dreadful attack, and he was delirious, you see.

You pray, too, mother dear, for his recovery, for you and Auntie seem so near to the throne of God.

*Sept. 4th, 1919.*

MOTHER DEAR,

My Affonso is dozing on the sofa beside my desk. It is half after two and warm and sunny. The sea at our feet is so



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astonishingly blue, and Vesuvius seems to be smoking a light cigarette across the bay, and the grey smoke goes straight up.

Of course, I am still worried about my beloved. The King and Queen have him constantly on their minds, and the doctors are most attentive. I begged them to come to Naples for the summer, because of the desperate nature of this sickness, and be with him, since he can't travel, and so today I feel doubly lonesome because the family have gone to the mountains as usual—so far away. I feel such responsibility. The specialists, with brutal frankness, call this a "fight against an enemy which has never been vanquished"—this illness.

The man who brings dispatches saw the tears in my eyes—it seems to me they are always there, ready to spring up the moment one of these kindly, dear old Italians says: "Sua Altezza sta poco bene?" ["His Highness is not very well?"] in his melodious voice. They all want news of him. At each crisis the telephone requires a special man-servant.

The rooms are full of flowers, and fragrant





Dom Affonso (Bareheaded), Princesses Mafalda and Jolanda, and Prince Humbert of Savoy, children of the King of Italy, taken by Queen Elena of Italy in 1916. Standing in the rear are Countess Bruschi-Falgari and Com. Bonaldi, tutor of the Prince Royal.

[face p. 148.



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with the odour of the jessamine on the outside walls. And suddenly the deep blue eyes are laughing at me, and my darling jumps up and puts his arm about me, to walk out upon the terrace—so good-bye.

Remember only my happiness at being with him—my idol for seventeen years—to take care of him—to know he is never neglected for one little moment.

But am very, very anxious, all the time, Momsie, and full of care.

Surely God will never forgive those who have brought this upon him !

During four agonizing months Dom Affonso lay in his bed gradually slipping away from all earthly things. He did not look in the least ill. Up to two days before his death, and weeks after the specialists and nurses had said he would not recover, he was rosy, smiling, and had no idea he was seriously ill. The Princess never left his room during the time he was confined to his bed, so fearful was she lest something

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might be neglected. She ate her meals, says the head nurse, generally standing at the foot of his bed, where he could see her. When he ate, she fed him, standing by the bedside, and he always expected her to take a bit first of each dish, which she did, otherwise he would not eat.

Often in the winter days (for he took to his bed at the end of October, when winter days are so short in Naples) she began her night with him at 4 p.m. He did not try to sleep until she was in her peignoir, her dear head on his pillow. Then with a sigh of content, he would take her hand in his, and fall asleep. The nurses adored her. She did everything and rejoiced in it. She did not like to be interrupted to attend to other things—not even to write a letter or answer her private telephone. It was her idol who was suffering. Hers—this big, smiling, dying Prince, the love of her life.

## THE WINGS OF DEATH

If he slept in the daytime she would sit and look at him, with adoration in her grey eyes. Sometimes she would ask us to bring her his leather box, of English make, in which, when travelling (and this very box had been with them on their wedding trip through Spain), he kept a complete outfit of tools for the mechanical things he loved to make. These included a small kit containing screwdrivers, hammer, files, a miniature saw, pincers, long needles for sewing leather, etc. etc., a gift from his beloved brother Dom Carlos many years ago. Over these she would brood a little, doubtless beginning to realize, or rather fear, that he might never use them again; then she would replace them methodically, and cover them with the pieces of red flannel he had cut for that purpose.

Once they found her crying bitterly over a packet of long crooked and straight steel

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needles he had used so many times to sew sails for his fishing-boats on the Tagus. These he had carefully arranged and tied up in a leather case he himself had made. The last one she had, under his instructions, helped him to finish—a spectacle case for the glasses he used in his work.

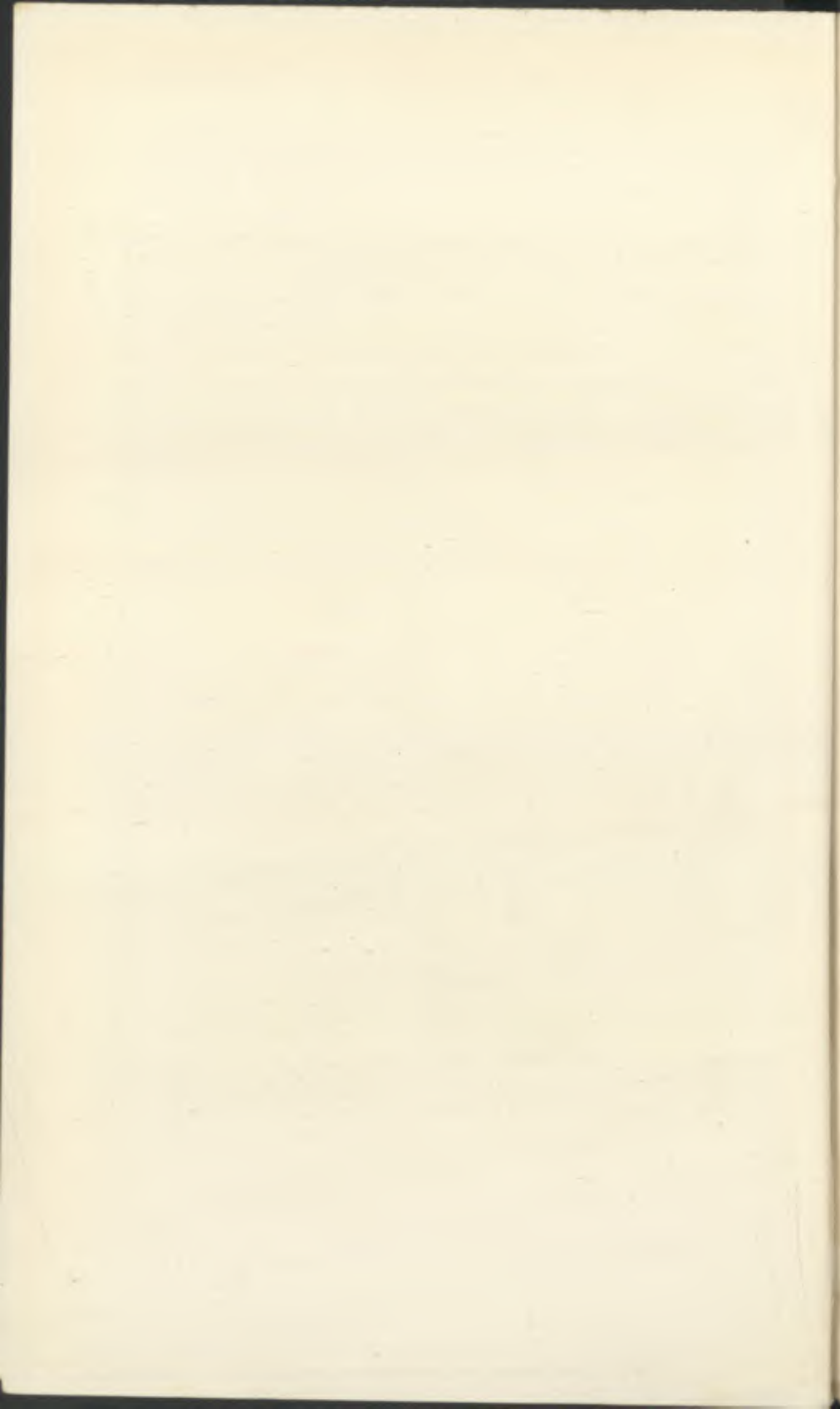
The tears fell fast now, but she shook her head and dashed them away to bend over him when he woke suddenly. Smilingly, as usual, she took his face between her hands and kissed him over and over again between the eyes, murmuring over and over, “Amo te, amo te” [“I love you, I love you, Affonso”]; while over his face and into his eyes there came an expression of ineffable happiness as, with a snuggling movement, he sunk his head still deeper into her hands and arms.

If she left her lace jacket or cap near him in the morning while she dressed, the nurse





Royal Palace of Ajuda, where Dom Afonso and Dom Carlos were born, and where the former passed all his life up to the time of the exile, when he was forty-three. It was here that the little fourteen-year-old Queen Maria Pia, daughter of the great Victor Emmanuel of Italy, was received by her husband King Luiz in 1881, a bride. Her effects, as well as those of her younger son, are still in the palace, intact, just as they left them.



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could not get it from him. He held on laughingly to anything that was a part of her, and only relinquished it to her. Indeed, he had no confidence in anyone else, and would permit none of us to touch him, or anything belonging to him, unless she stood by and said it was all right. We could not even take his temperature or change his pillow without her.

Her bed was close beside his, and in the morning she put her head on his pillow at his invariable signal—a certain softly uttered “Princeza” (as he always called her). Many, many nights—indeed, for weeks, if not months—she held his left hand in hers all night long. This seemed to tranquillize and give him courage. She forgot nothing—she was his other self during his illness.

We Italians are supposed to be demonstrative and warm-hearted, but we have never seen such passionate devotion as hers.

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There was never a moment's impatience—nothing but smiles and caresses, caresses always. When we smiled at these demonstrations she would say: "He has never been caressed enough until I came into his life," and you cannot imagine the softness and tenderness of her voice.

Many times daily she bent over him to demand in Portuguese (he spoke nothing else those tragic four months): "My darling, you are not ill, are you?" And he always, up to twenty-four hours before his death, smilingly replied "What an idea!" with a negative shake of his head, and then they would both laugh like children.

These scenes saddened us beyond words, for we all knew in September that the Prince Royal was fatally ill. All the other similar cases we had known had proved fatal in less than a month. Our long experience told us that at any moment he

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might die, and their confidence in the impossible made us very sad indeed. *It was only the tremendous love and the minute vigilance* of this slender "Altezza," as the Prince had instructed us to address his wife, which kept him alive the last four months. Inexorable death stood ready for his prey—the hour had struck—the predestined hour so inevitably arranged in the blood of ancestors hundreds of years before ; but he drew a little aside, his upraised sword suspended. It did not fall just yet. It seemed as if Death himself was awed at sight of such a love. God granted a slight respite in recognition of it.

Often during the last weeks as Dom Affonso dozed he repeated his own name, "Affonso, Affonso," and then "Me ama" ["She loves me"], as she had the habit of telling him so often—showing that this was always with him, this conviction of her

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great love, and his joy in it. And so for a brief interval love triumphed over death, in our mundane sense of the word.

He slept well the night of the 20th of February. An hour after his dinner of beaten eggs and milk at seven o'clock he had taken a cup of camomile tea. The night nurse had gone to her room. The lovers were alone this last night. The wind was high. The Duchess lay listening to every respiration of her beloved. Once he called out "È valido" ["it is valid"], but his eyes were closed, and he slept. She rose, however, and bent over him.

The weather had been like spring all the winter—sunny, and such a winter as Naples had never had before. But that night there was a noisy wind in the tree-tops above the bay. The Princess went to the window—the stars were bright. She threw a rug on the marble slab in front of the window, lest



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some draught should come in and make him take cold. She again bent over him, and he slept on. She took off and gently threw over him the light peignoir of pink velvet, bordered with white swansdown, which she wore, and again lay gently down by his side, very gently so as not to disturb this splendid slumber. At this moment the nurse entered (the Prince had slept three hours, and this was phenomenal). They both stood over him—it was midnight. His pulse had quickened. *The nurse knew at once*—for four months she had been expecting this. The poised sword was descending.

The Princeza was on her knees. He opened his eyes and looked at her; she kissed him and said: “Te amo, te amo” (I love you, I love you). He grasped her arm gently and looked steadily in her eyes with a love the like of which I have never seen. He could not speak; it seemed

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that "É valido" were to remain his last words. So he held her for a few minutes, the pupils of his blue eyes so large as to make the eyes look very dark. Never had he been more handsome. He still looked the big, fine, healthy Portuguese Prince he had always been, without blemish of soul or body. The tight little ringlets of his curly blond hair, slightly grey now at fifty-four, grew a little damp at his temples, and he breathed cruelly fast.

The Princess began to understand then, on her knees with her arms about him. A convulsion passed over her, a sob broke from her. She almost "let herself go," but she recalled what Helena of Aosta had said to her some days before: "Once you do that it is all over; never weep, never let yourself go."

So she pulled herself together by a supreme effort and talked to him all the

## THE WINGS OF DEATH

time, often pronouncing his name, and making such attempts to smile into his eyes as made us all weep (for doctors, priests, and nurses had arrived in response to telephone messages). Suddenly all lights were put out and candles were lit. Their reflections were repeated and trebled themselves in a large glass-covered portrait of Princess Mafalda, his favourite niece, second daughter of the present King of Italy, which hung by the bedside.

“Do something for us,” commanded the Princess. They gave another injection of camphor and opened all the terrace windows. The Father who had married them arrived; he sprinkled the Queen Maria Pia’s lovely regal blankets and linen which covered her dying baby boy, so soon to meet her, and administered extreme unction, repeating constantly in his prayer “Benedetto Dio.” There was a mystery and

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a glory in the room, and the pungent perfume of the holy ointment. Suddenly the electric lights came on again. Dom Affonso moved his lips. His Princeza understood perfectly what he would say. Three times he repeated with his lips only, no sound coming: "Minha mãe, minha mãe, minha mãe" ["My mother, my mother, my mother"]. Then continued looking into the eyes of his Princeza.

Days before he had told her his mother was in the garden—on the terrace at the window—even in their room. He thought she lived there in the palace with them toward the last.

"I pray you take this coffee," said the doctor. The Princess shook her head, her eyes fixed on Affonso.

"Your Highness will be ill," said the nurse.

No reply.



Queen Maria Gloria of Portugal, and her Consort, Dom Fernando of Saxe-Coburg Gotha (Brother of Prince Albert, Consort of Queen Victoria of England) and their children, taken in 1855. On the left Princess Stephanie, wife of Prince Pedro, Prince Pedro, eldest son, was King a short time, but died heart-broken after the death of his consort. On the right, in naval uniform, is the then Duke of Oporto, second son, and father of Dom Carlos and Dom Alfonso. He became King at Pedro's death, and reigned with Queen Maria Pia 28 years. The two little brothers beside him died young. Princess Antoinette is beside her father, Dom Fernando and Dom Augusto, her brother. Dom Augusto died 8 days after his brother, King Luiz. He was unmarried, and Dom Alfonso his heir.





## THE WINGS OF DEATH

“God’s will be done, benedetto Dio,” said the padre.

A cushion was placed on the floor, and they could do nothing but let the Princess remain kneeling there beside the dying Prince. Once she asked them all to leave the room—she wanted no one to see his agony and her own. Above his handsome blond head hung extended the scarlet flag of the Crown Prince of Portugal, with the big Royal crown in white, blue, and yellow embroidered in its centre. This was reflected in a large antique gold-framed mirror on the wall opposite. Once Dom Affonso’s eyes left hers to regard this, as though he still recognized what it was, then returned to her again, while she repeated over and over, as he so loved her to do, “Amo-te, adoro-te, querido, sabes?” (I love you, adore you, my beloved, do you know?) smiling through her tears that he might not see her

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anguish. In the early morning he had called out loudly, "É valido," and he did not speak again, but he gave her his glorious smile with his last breath.

Day broke. We told the Princess that he was unconscious, but his eyes were still on hers.

When his breathing became difficult, she tried to help him. It was heart-breaking to see her. Each moment she moistened his dear lips and kissed his forehead. He tried so hard not to slip from this great love ; but *the Unknown was there, gently transferring him to the Everlasting Arms, leaving an empty void for the human ones which had so many years enfolded him so capably and tenderly and passionately.*

The arms of his beloved Princess, his wife incomparable, cradled the splendid head, and the deep blue eyes with a pathetic questioning in their regard, never

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left those of the only woman he had ever loved until they closed for ever. For fourteen hours she was on her knees by his bed. For more than seventeen years each had lived in the innermost heart of the other, to the exclusion of all else. Now he was going from her, leaving her desolate.

In the glory of the hereafter he may not miss her ; but who can say that he does not feel the beat of wings that try to fly back to his Princeza, even from Paradise ? Like the lines of the poem " The Dead Lover " :

" Yesterday I saw the hearse horses bow and  
bow ! . . .

This is to-day—and I have nothing whatever  
to think of—nothing to do—

But to feel the throb of the pulse of the wing,  
which wants to fly back to you ! "

Two mornings after this terrible loss the Princess, when the nurse was out of the room, went to the terrace window and

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threw open the shutters. She wanted to see the sky, that part of it on which the dying eyes of her beloved had rested so many times during his four months in bed.

Often during this time she had imagined that he saw his mother or brother there, from the interest and intensity with which he kept his eyes on a certain part of the sky, and in her anguish she had been praying, imploring the great Divine to give her there, in that spot, some sign that Dom Affonso knew her suffering and would comfort her, and so she opened the shutters with confidence to find a sky such as she had never seen before—and only just in that particular place was it so. It looked like the most unusual, huge, snowy, downy powder-puff in the intense blue of the Naples sky. But it was utterly different from anything she had ever seen. The colour was far more intense, and in the middle of this strange

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mass was an opening the size of a head from which she imagined her beloved was looking at her. This gave her comfort for a little while and marked the beginning of her taking food.

She said to the King of Spain : “ You can imagine how I fought to save him, for you know how I loved him.”

To another she said :

“ Only Queen Victoria could have realized my inconsolable sorrow. She alone knew the indescribable sweetness and the gentle devotion of this family of men, her own beloved consort having been one of them. The joy of the strong arm, and the moral defence against all the petty ills of life. The imperiousness when called for—the faith and honour.”

To her sister she wrote the day of the death : “ My beloved adored Affonso has just died. How can I go on without him !



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Life for me is finished." And she never afterward either wrote in her journal, which was only a detailed account of their lives, nor altered his mother's silver calendar which he had given her, and which hung near the bed. It is left for ever at a quarter to one, February 21.

To a sympathetic friend two months later she said: "Some desperate moments I faint in the agony of my uncertainty about the hereafter. I desire so greatly to see and be with him again! If this and the memory of his dear dying eyes, and the pounding of his great heart under his lungs in his struggle for breath, did not kill me, I must be very strong, and the bitter waiting may be long.

"I try not to forget that to me has been granted the boon of being able to be near him, part of him all these years. To have aided him never to know he was ill—to have



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kept vigil—to have seen that he wanted for nothing, and to have kept him always smiling and happy.

“ I have identified myself so unreservedly with the fortunes of the House of Bragança that now, bereft of his love, I seem alone on the high seas. Do mitigate my loneliness !

“ What holds the future here ? Deprived as I am of the joy of knowing that someone adores me ! ”

## CHAPTER X

VALE ! VALE !

THE morning of the 22nd of February dawned cloudless and brilliant, the blue Neapolitan sky seeming to mock at grief. The Princess had kept vigil for forty-eight hours in the *Chapelle ardente*, holding the dead hand of her beloved, while the King's Guard, in brilliant uniforms, surrounded the bed.

A great cross of blue and white flowers, the Portuguese Royal colours, hung above the head of the dead Prince Royal. Upon the walls were large portraits of Dom Affonso and of King Humberto, as well as a wonderful Murillo Madonna. Enormous candles gleamed in their silver brackets ;



Dom Afonso a few hours after death, in the Palazzino (little palace) at Posillipo, Naples. The King's physician, Count Doctor Quirico, and staff. Some of the Royal guard which surrounded the bed seen in the rear. The Princess at his head, where she sat for two days and nights. The flowers were all blue and white of Portugal—the royal colours. His sword and plumed hat of General lie at his feet. He is covered with the scarlet flag of the Prince Royal, which always floated over the Palace where he lived.



VALE! VALE!

great palm trees were all about, their branches waving in the breeze from the terrace doors, which framed the magnificent bay, with Vesuvius and its white spiral of smoke mounting upward in the distance.

Over the bed lay the Prince Royal's flag of scarlet with the golden crown embroidered in the centre. At the feet of the Prince lay his plumed helmet and his favourite sword, a gift of the soldiers of Lisbon when he was General in command.

Black-robed choir sisters, their gentle faces framed in white, chanted the *lamento* and told their beads, until the Princess, overcome by a grief which their dirge made more poignant, fainted. Thereafter the King's physician bade them whisper only. Resuscitated, the Princess bent over her dead every few minutes, rejecting all persuasions to leave.

From time to time a relative or near

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friend was permitted to enter. Later came the authorities. The priests began the last ritual as the sobbing Princess bade adieu to her adored.

At the funeral in Naples cannon boomed all day. The cortège was kingly. Naples has almost a million inhabitants, and all who could walk were in the streets. It was a brilliant and warm Sunday. Everyone wept, for all knew and loved "il bello Principe" [the handsome Prince], as they called him.

Ten magnificent black horses drew the Royal catafalque. Ten divisions of soldiers, relatives, and representatives of various Kings followed. There were thousands of brilliant uniforms — infantry and cavalry. The Duke of Aosta was there with his troops. The procession took seven hours to pass through the streets, and there were twenty-six bands, so that the air was filled with the bitter-sweet strains of mourning.



VALE! VALE!

And while the solemn procession passed through the great city, the desolate Princess, in the deserted palace, lay weeping her heart out upon the pillow which still bore the impress of Dom Affonso's beloved head ; for women do not accompany their dead in Italy. Night had already fallen before all was over, and Dr. Quirico, devoted to the Houses of Savoy and Bragança, placed the General's sword and helmet in her hands, and the ribbon from the Royal floral crowns. After these eight days of anguish both life and reason reeled, and nothing save the sleeping potion administered to the Princess preserved her from death or madness.

All Europe sorrowed for the Prince. He had been best known in Italy, and was almost as much a part of the Royal family there as of that of Portugal. In Venice, Turin, Milan, Florence, Rome, and Naples the people were accustomed to see him with

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their King and Queen, and as a result everyone knew him. During his illness every day for months the news agencies telephoned to the palace for news of the Royal patient. A proof of the respect in which he was held even abroad is shown by the following extract from the *New York Herald* :—

A special despatch from Rome announces the death of Dom Affonso Henriques of Bragança, Duke of Oporto, on Saturday afternoon last, at the Palazzo Reale, in Naples, where with the Duchess of Oporto he was the guest of his cousins, the King and Queen of Italy. He had been confined to his bed for the last four months. Americans have been particularly interested in the Royal Prince, on account of his American wife, who is the only American Royal Highness.

The Duke of Oporto was the second son of Queen Maria Pia and King Luiz, who reigned over Portugal for twenty-eight years.

## VALE! VALE!

He was the brother of the assassinated King Carlos I and uncle of King Manoel, who is now living in England. Dom Affonso was heir to the throne of Portugal in the event of the death of King Manoel without issue. The newspapers have often referred to the fact that an American woman might become Queen of Portugal since her marriage to the Prince three years ago.

## POPULAR IN LISBON

Dom Affonso is said to have been the most popular member of the Portuguese Royal family, and some of his friends say that the revolution might have been averted had he ascended the throne. He was a general of the Portuguese Army and Viceroy of Portuguese India, a soldier of first quality, who had suppressed the Indian insurrection at the head of an expedition of 800 men. He was in command of the camp of the city of Lisbon just before the revolution. His removal from this command was the first step in the Portuguese revolution.

The Duke of Oporto was godson of Queen

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Isabella of Spain. Empress Eugénie was also his godmother and always had a warm affection for him.

The Duke lived in the Royal Palace at Naples since the exile of the Royal family. His mother, Queen Maria Pia, lived there with him until her death in 1911, and it is said that the entire society of Naples had requested him formally not to abandon his residence at Naples.

#### MANY ROYAL COUSINS

The Duke of Oporto had no nearer relatives than Queen Amelie and her son, King Manoel, and he was greatly attached to both. The King of Italy, Duke of Aosta, Duke of the Abruzzi, Count of Turin, and the Prince of Udine, who visited America a few years ago, were his cousins, as were also the children of Prince Albert and Queen Victoria of England, the King of Roumania, and the Princes Victor Napoleon and Louis Bonaparte, and Princess Letitia d'Aosta. He was fifty-four years of age, and was born in the Royal Palace Ajuda, in Lisbon.

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The Duke of Oporto was a big handsome blond, weighing two hundred pounds. He strongly resembled his brother, King Carlos, and was supposed to resemble even more his uncle, King Humbert, father of the present King of Italy. This likeness is said to account for the strong partiality shown him by Queen Margherita, with whom he always stopped when in Rome.

His American wife was the first woman to bear the title of Duchess of Oporto. The Prince married her in Rome in September, 1917. The civil marriage took place at the Ritz Hotel in Madrid on November 23rd, 1917.

The Prince was a Knight of the Toison d'Or [Golden Fleece] and Knight of the Order of Malta. He had the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour of France, and was twice decorated by the late Queen Victoria of England, who was extremely interested in his career and often had him at Windsor with her.



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His Spanish orders included that for military service merit and the Order of Carlos III. He was a Knight of Seraphine and of St. Esprit, and had the Cross of the Annunciata, and the Order of Christ, Conception, and Tower and Sword, besides many Italian orders.

Besides these his Orders included those only given to Princes Royal, by Austria, Germany, Sweden, Saxony, Monaco, Siam, and, in fact, all other countries.

His Highness had also been honoured for his aid in the earthquakes of Italy, and did more for the Messina victims than any other individual.

His Royal Highness was for twenty-five years a soldier, interested in little else. He began by making munitions, explosives, and cannon, and was frequently consulted on points of practical warfare.

“All Portugal weeps with your Royal





H.R.H. The Princess of Bragança, Duchess of Oporto, widow of the Crown Prince of Portugal, taken in 1921.

[face p. 176.]



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Highness." So said the telegrams from his native land, which arrived in such numbers that they were delivered in packets of fifty or a hundred at a time, when the news was spread that their beloved "Crown Prince Dom Affonso," Duke of Oporto, lay dead, in Naples, at his cousin King Victor Emanuel's palace. And it was true; for they all adored him, monarchists and republicans alike. Where Dom Affonso loved he loved without stint. His Mother, his Brother, his Country, and his Wife, all knew the greatness of his heart. And this steadfast love for things was typified in his sincere and undying love of Portugal. He longed to return there, and invariably gave Ajuda Palace, Lisbon, as his legal place of residence. In his mind, the scenery and possessions of Portugal surpassed all others. He liked Naples because the sea reminded him of his beloved Lisbon and Cascaes. In

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Rome he used to motor out to where one gets the first view of the sea like a shining silver ribbon along the horizon. Many times he went to Ostia and Nettuno on the sea. It seemed he needed to be near it to be happy. London amused him, but he took no interest in the modest Thames, accustomed as he had been since birth to look on the mighty, fiercely flowing Tagus in its rush to the ocean. The last time he went with the Princess into the wonderful garden at Naples, facing the bay, he said to the gardener: "You see that big ship, it is going to my country; to Lisbon [pronouncing it Lisboa, with a sad, eager inflection]; we are going soon." This was an idea ever present to his mind for weeks preceding his untimely death. It made those who heard the longing in his voice weep bitterly.

And, because of this loyal love, all Por-

VALE! VALE!

tugal loved him. From his earliest youth "L'Infante Dom Affonso" was their idol. His reckless bravery—for he knew no fear—and his friendship for all Portuguese, in whatever walk of life, endeared him to a people vigorous in action and warm in heart as few peoples are. When he drove six glistening mules through the streets of Cintra, all the guests in the different hotels rushed to the windows to see him pass. His beauty of face and figure (he was utterly unconscious and indifferent to this) and his wonderful driving made them look upon him as a sort of superior being.

Because of his fast motoring, the people called him laughingly among themselves incomparable but adorable, with an affectionate intonation, "O arréda" ["Get out of the way"]. This arose from the fact that he was always saying Arréda with a smile and wave of his hand to the people

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in the streets as he passed. And he never had an accident in Lisbon despite his furious pace. His hand was steady, and his driving, whether motor or horses, expert.

He was undoubtedly the idol of his people. And to prove their love many Portuguese made the pilgrimage from Lisbon to where he lay in state, in the church of Poggia Reale, at Naples.

For Dom Affonso had been born in a country which had always been monarchist to the marrow. A country in which even now, in the provinces, after ten years of republicanism, the people in calling out for help at a fire or a big accident cry: "Aqui o Rei." "Here! soldiers of the King," was commonly the cry. But the people abbreviate it and call out: "Help, King."

This Prince, too, seemed to have inherited the good qualities of both his parents.



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From the Queen he inherited his great respect for the Church and for religion. He was as incapable of an untruth as he was of uttering a remark with the purpose of injuring anyone. His generosity was boundless. Even when he had little he aided those who had less, and when he became rich no one applied to him in vain. He accepted the profuse thanks of those he helped with a quiet smile, and then the entire incident passed out of his mind. His intolerance of sham and pretention was as well known as was his simplicity of life.

It may here be added that his Princess will always live, not only in history, but in the hearts of all faithful Portuguese, because of her devotion to their beloved Dom Affonso. For six years she never left his side, and the marriage with her placed him far beyond the remembrance even of his former poverty and of the financial diffi-

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culties in which his own family had left him ever since his brother's death. Dom Carlos in his loyal love had shared the revenue of their father's property with Dom Affonso.

From the King, his father, the Prince had inherited his passion for music and his remarkable appreciation of beauty in art, and he was an expert judge of painting. He had also inherited his father's gift for languages, which he acquired with the greatest ease. He liked to be surrounded with flowers, and during his last illness they gave him much pleasure. Since his death his adoring Princess has kept them ever fresh beside the casket in which he lies.

But the practical side of Dom Affonso was what was most characteristic of him, combined with his love of sport, and he loved making things of all kinds with his own hands. Everything he did was well

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done—he left no loose ends. He would examine an object minutely to see how it was made; then he would produce a facsimile which was invariably better than the model.

The virtues of justice and clemency are hereditary in the House of Bragança. So, too, are the minor qualities of a good memory and love of order. These Dom Affonso had in a high degree.

He adored music, particularly that of Portugal and Spain. He whistled all the national hymns of his time, as well as many Portuguese love-songs, and taught them to his Princess, who had never visited Portugal.

When he lay dying she played the Portuguese national anthem—the hymn of his father, King Luiz, and of his country—and he gave her his radiant smile of appreciation. As has already been said in these

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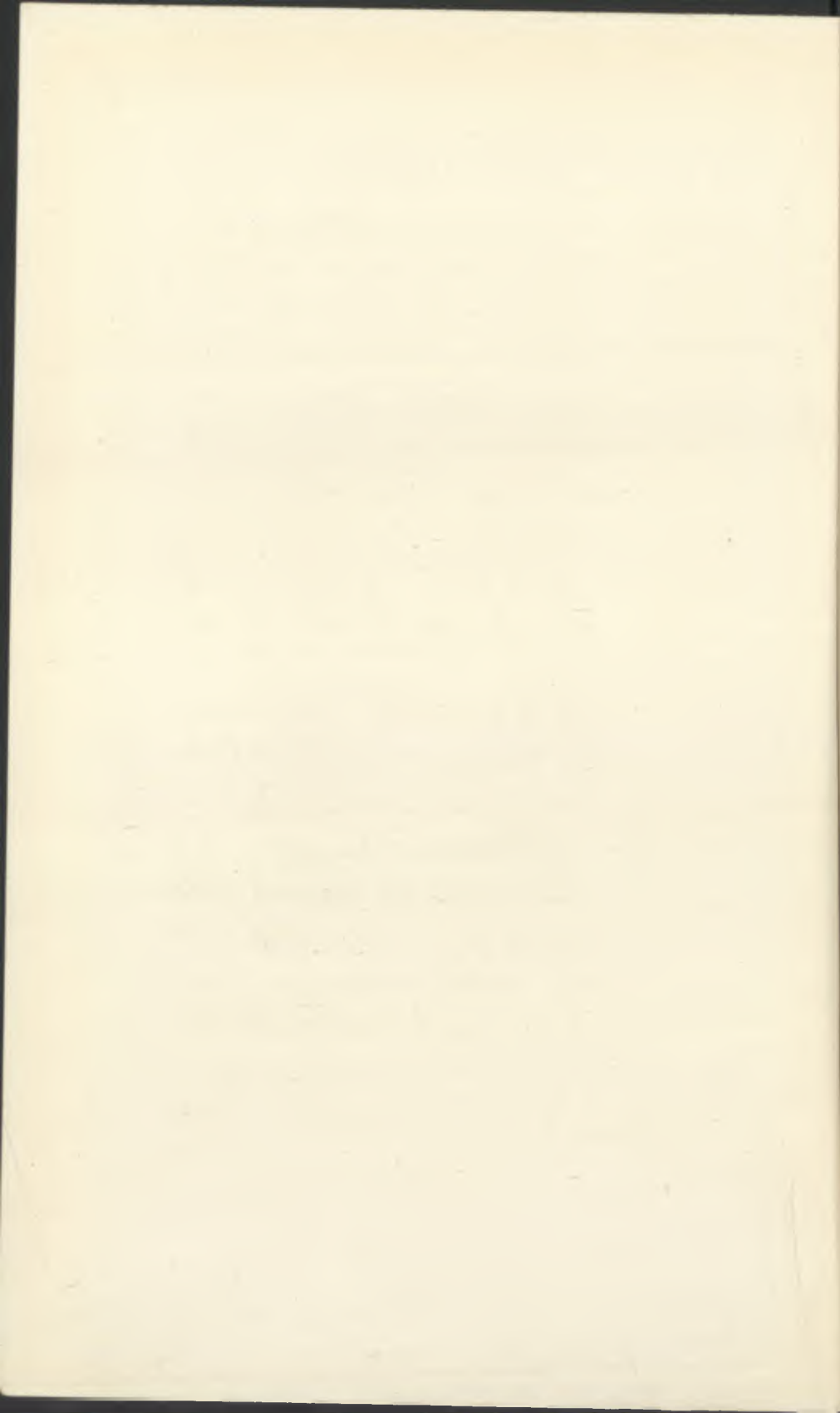
memoirs, she tranquillized him for hours by singing quiet love-songs and the charming *fados* of Portugal to her guitar by his bedside. Yet through no fault of his own this excellent Prince died in exile.

A close study of Portuguese conditions shows that it was the treason of the monarchists rather than the strength of the republicans, which lost the throne ; and this Dom Affonso knew. In fact, the so-called monarchists were at no pains to conceal it. For example, a certain one of them (a former officer), at Biarritz said before the Prince to the Princess, "The truth is, that Mon-sieur was completely abandoned during the revolution." "And you," replied the spirited Princess, "ought to be ashamed to own it."

There were only thirteen persons in the palace immediately after the assassination



King of Sweden and King Manuel at Cannes, April, 1921. The latter is growing, as seen in this photo, to look very like his father, King Carlos, and his uncle, Dom Affonso.





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of Dom Carlos. All the monarchists had retired to places of refuge or to republican friends, and even his own particular valet, who for many years had been in the service of Dom Affonso, and who was supposed by his master to be looking after his things at Ajuda, is said to have been holding a gun for the republicans at Montsanto. The entire entourage of the King seemed to have lost all respect for the Royal family.

The Braganças had always been popular, and just what Portugal and the Portuguese like their Kings to be, that is, completely deferential to the wishes of the people, with a smiling, good-natured *big bonhomie* which won the hearts of all. But the monarchists had somehow become disaffected. They had changed, and from holding the enviable position of having to acknowledge tumultuous applause (like the famous demonstra-

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tion at the bull-ring),<sup>1</sup> this genial Dom Carlos lived to see his very own Fidalgos stand without removing their hats, when he passed with the Queen beside him. All the dignity of royalty had gone. The King, incapable of doing a wrong, saw the prestige of his famous ancestors crumble and all its glory depart.

The Portuguese had for centuries looked up to this Royal House of Bragança, these great men, all so like in appearance to the first big blond man they had chosen to represent them and wear the crown of Portugal, at the time when they wrenched themselves free from Spanish dominion. For long ages the affection of the Portuguese people for these affable, non-political Princes of the

<sup>1</sup> A tremendous ovation, remembered by all Portuguese, upon the occasion of the King appearing in the Royal box after having been reported dead. The applause lasted half an hour, the King bowing and smiling, unable to arrest the demonstration.

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House of Bragança had never faltered. Dom Affonso, the last Crown Prince, was adored. Even when dead the people clamoured for his body, and paid homage to his widow such as has rarely been paid to a woman before.

The new party are all friends of the dead Prince, and deplore his death. Of the 2500 letters of condolence and welcome received by his widow during her visit to Lisbon, every writer claimed a personal acquaintance with the dead Prince and spoke of him with the greatest affection. All were his personal friends, rich and poor alike.

Nothing impressed his widow more. She realized that with his death the best loved of the Royal family, by the people, had passed away. The love of the people for Royal Princes ceased when the last son of Queen Maria Pia died. The tears which

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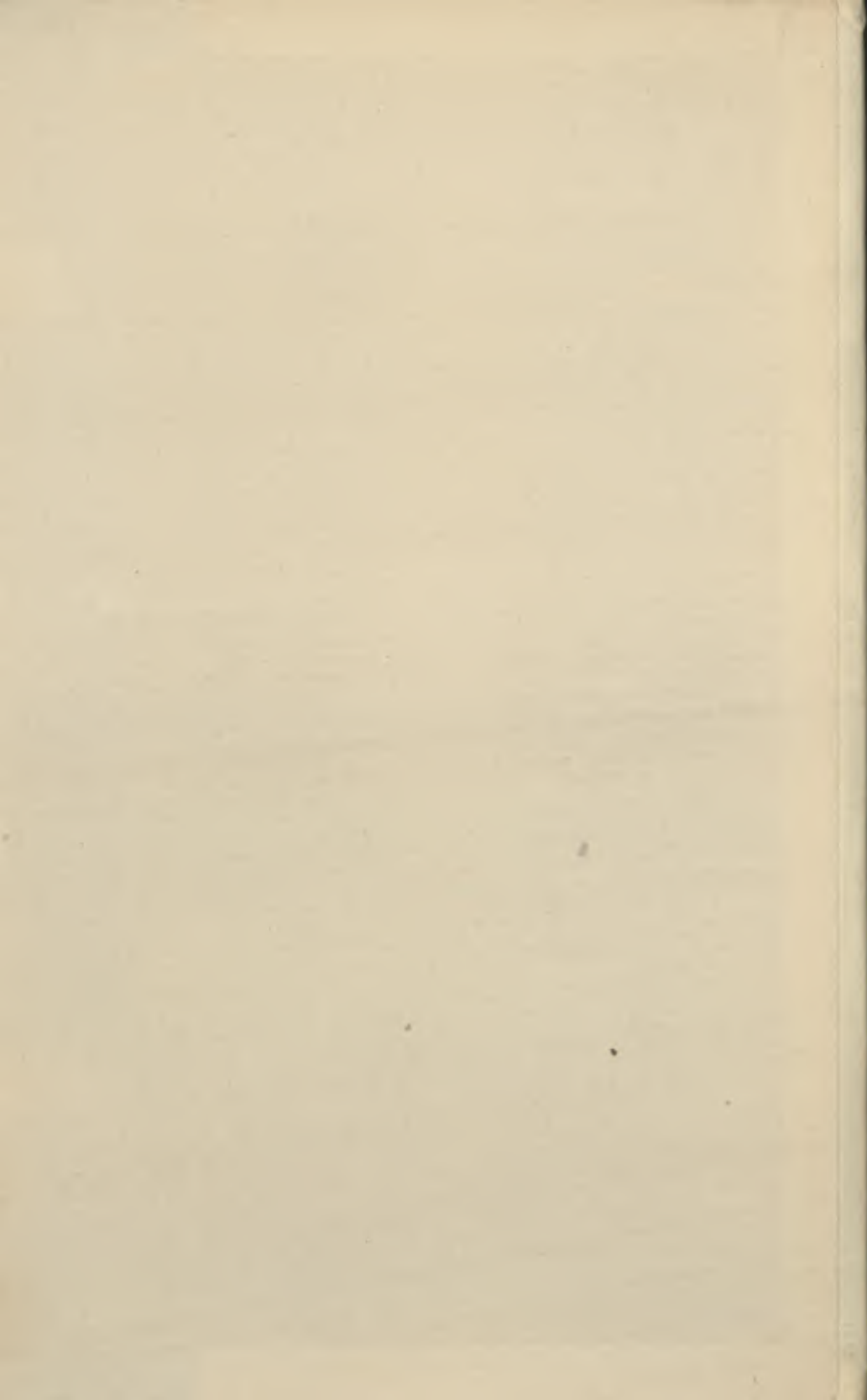
fall upon his tomb in the Pantheon are the gentle and sad requiem of a dynasty.

A forlorn widow weeps for her dead—the beloved Dom Affonso, Crown Prince of Portugal.









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