



1597-JT



HENRY B. H. BEAUFOY, F.R.S.



Don Sebastian

KING

A OF NORREY'S

Portugal.

An Historical Novel.

IN FOUR PARTS.

Done out of *French* by

Mr. *FERRAND SPENCE*.

L O N D O N,



Printed for R. Bentley and S. Magnes,
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garden, 1683.

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KING

Pottigal

An Historical Novel

IN FOUR PARTS

MR. FERRAND'S REVIEW

TO THE

1899/1900

TO THE
Right Honourable
THE
COUNTESS
OF
STANFORD.

Madam,

AN Unfortunate
Prince begs Au-
dience of Your
Ladisbip, in hopes of re-
presenting His Unhappy
A 3 Cir-

The Dedication.

*Circumstances to be such,
as that he may with Ju-
stice lay claim to Your
Ladisbips Protection.*

*He is sensible that nei-
ther His Ambition, or rather
His Destiny, could make
Him amend for the Mis-
fortunes they have plung'd
Him in, than by suffering
Him to reappear in the
World under Your Ladi-
ships Commission. If He
succeeds in this Request,
He questions not to Reign
again with as much Glory
and Lustre, as He was
before*

The Dedication.

before oppress'd with the
Malignity and Perverse-
ness of His Fate.

To You, Madam, He
flies for Refuge, knowing
the Whole Universe must
pay Veneration to such an
Asyle, and that the Sactu-
ary cannot but be inviola-
ble, that is supported by so
much Beauty, so much Wit
and Vertue.

He is assur'd His
greatest Enemies will be
forc'd to court His Re-
conciliation and Friend-
ship, when under Your Co-
lours ;

The Dedication.

lours ; and that they will freely make Restitution of all the Stars unjustly gave them to His disadvantage, rather than incur the Blame and Censure of the present Age, and all Posterity. For it is Declaring War to All, to continue at variance with a Prince, under the Guarranty of a Lady, whose many Charming Qualities would have obtain'd her even the Adoration of the Ancients.

*But he is most capable of telling His own Story:
And*

The Dedication.

And as for doing You Justice, Madam, in so nice a Character as that of Your Ladiships, a Character that entitles You to the Love of Heaven, and demands the Esteem and Admiration of all Mankind, is what surpasses the Art and Skill both of Pen and Pencil. Every Action of Yours is a Panegyrique of it self. You stand in no need of the Daubing either of the Writer or the Painter: Daubing, I said, Pardon the Word, Madam;

The Dedication.

dam; but every thing must prove Course, that vainly attempts to Copy so perfect an Original. So much Merit needs no Historian. As it has already rendred You the Favourite of the present Age, so Tradition will transmit you to Posterity, as an Extraordinary Instance of all the Advantages of Birth and of Fortune, of Body and of Mind, without any of the Vanities that almost constantly attend these Blessings and Accomplishments in others. But

The Dedication.

*But this is a Subject
so bewitching, that it had
almost transported me be-
yond the Bounds of the
most profound Respect and
Submission wherewith I am,*

Madam,

Your Ladiships

Most humble and

most obedient

Servant,

F. SPENCE.

The Dedication.

But this is a Subject
to be touching, that it had
almost transported me be-
yond the Bounds of the
most profound Respect and
Sensibility which I am

Madam,

Your Obedient Son

John Bunyan

1693

London

ROBERT

Don Sebastian,
 K I N G
 O F
 P O R T U G A L.

IN the first Years of the Reign of *Don Sebastian*, *Portugal* was the most Peaceable and Flourishing Kingdom of all *Europe*. The Divisions and Contests about Religion, which so cruelly shattered other Provinces, had not spread their fury into that Country: And ever since *Don Alphonso Henry*, the first King of *Portugal*, aided by *William Long-sword*, had chased the *Moors* out of his Territories, the Quiet of that People had not been troubled by any fears. This King had hardly attained his fifteenth year, but he made himself admired by all his

B

People

People, and fear'd by all his Neighbours: The vivacity of his Wit, the elevation of his Soul, the dexterity he made appear in all his Exercises, and the greatness of his Courage, rendred him the most accomplished Prince of that Age. He was Handsome, well made, Valiant, and Liberal: He had a Majestick Port, Royal Inclinations, and it seem'd as if Nature had taken leisure to form him with all the Qualities that can make a Prince recommendable to Mankind. A crowd of young Courtiers, who were brought up with him, or whom the desire of timely advancing themselves by Employes, had drawn from all parts to *Lisbon*, compos'd his most agreeable Court. And as Youth, Amours, and Pleasures have ever been inseparable, and as Love is the first and softest amusement of Mankind, all these Courtiers insensibly apply'd themselves more to
 their

their Mistresses, than to their Prince; and their hearts being little touched with Ambition, made them give sighs to Love, when they fancied they rendered Assiduities to Fortune.

That Court was made up of Persons of extraordinary Merit: Queen *Katherine*, the Kings Grandmother, was no less elevated above those of her Sex, by her Virtue than by her Quality. She had ever applyed her self with a great deal of Prudence and Success to dissipate the troubles that threatened the State, during the Infancy of *Don Sebastian*: And when this young Prince took upon him the Government of his Kingdom, she gave her self entirely to the Practice of all those Virtues that can recommend a Queen to the World: The Dutchess of *Braganza* had a great share of Wit and Beauty, and though she had a Son of the same age with the King, she

B 2 despaired

despair'd not of charming that Prince, and employ'd all her Arts to inspire him with Friendship, Esteem, or Affection. She was much in *Katherine's* favour, and managed her self with so much Cunning, that Acting as well the part of a *Lucretia* as of a Gossip, she shar'd in all the Exercises of the Queens Devotion, and in all the Matches of the Kings Divertisements. The Duke her Husband knowing her heart to be too susceptible of Ambition to be the like of Love, suffer'd her with Tranquility enough at *Lisbon* with the Young Duke of *Barcellos* their Son; and was himself almost always at his Country-House. *Eugenia*, whose Relations had ever had the most considerable Charges of the State, admirably well maintained her Quality in that Court: She was brown, of an advantageous Shape, and had a sweet and solid Wit: And though she had lost her Father

and

and Mother when she was very young, her Carriage had been ever so regular, that she gave as much admiration for her Virtue, as for her Beauty. *Christopher de Cavora*, who was Master of the Horse to the King, and his Favourite, had a Daughter called *Leonora*; who, maugre her tender Age, was already the Ornament of the Court, and with her Blooming Beauty made the most insensible to tremble.

That Court was filled with several other Persons, who had no less merit than those I have mentioned; though they were of a less Elevated condition. *Violanta* was of these last: She was Maid of Honour to *Jane*, of *Austria*, a perfect Beauty and infinite Deserts, and if her Charms were proper to give Birth to a great Passion, her heart was capable of being sensible of the like.

But all the lustre of the Court

was not confined within the Circle of the Beauty of this Sex, the Men made there likewise admirable Figures. Cardinal *Henry*, *Don Sebastian's* Uncle, had ever made appear a great deal of Conduct in the Tutelage, that was committed to him, of the Young King. *Don Lewis*, who was likewise his Uncle, had signalized his Courage in several Encounters, and with Justice passed for the bravest and handsomest Prince of that Kingdom. He had had a long time a very tender Engagement with *Violanta*; and the report even run at Court, that he had Married her, and by her had a Son, whom he brought up at one of his Houses near *Lisbon*. Duke *d'Avero* had made his Prudence and Valour appear on several occasions under the Reign of *John* the III, and had been one of his Favourites; but Cardinal *Henry* had no great kindness for him, knowing him to be ambi-

ous

ous and daring. The Young Duke of *Barcellos* gave great hopes of his Dexterity and Wit, and began to view of the Beauty of *Leonora* with a tender emotion. The Count *de Sousa* was much esteem'd both by the King and Cardinal *Henry*: He maintained his Favour by a great merit, and had taken care to joyn to all the fine Qualities that make a well-bred-Man, the solid Virtues that compose an honest-man. *Don Henry* had a thousand good Qualities, that made him be beloved by all the World, he was well Built, and Valiant, and breathed nothing but dangers: And as he was the chief of an Illustrious Family both for Nobility and Riches; his Father had taken care before his Death, to Conclude his Marriage with *Eugenia*, they having loved one another from their most tender Infancy. All things seem'd to conspire to unite them; their Hu-

mours being alike, their Qualities suitable, and their Age almost equal, gave all People great hopes of their happiness.

Amours werè the Soul of that Court, and even those who were only sensible of Ambition were constrained to call Love to their succours, that they might the better succeed in their Designs. The Dutchess of *Braganza* would have been willing to have been indebted for the advancement of her Fortune to this last Passion; she placed all her cares to make the King love her; but was not able to render his heart sensible: He had no other Passion than for Arms, he had raised a Regiment which he Exercised continually, and frequently Review'd: He would as often undertake the Labours of Common Souldiers, as the Cares of chief Officers, the greatest Perils had a secret Charm to invite him, and not believing that
any

any common danger was worthy of him, he would not undertake any thing that was not attended with difficulties: If he had any Voyage to make upon the Sea, he affected to Embark during the Tempest, disdaing to rock peaceably in a Calm that might lull his Virtue asleep. Duke *d'Avero* had no less Ambition than the Dutchess of *Braganza*, and likewise fancied that Love might be useful to his Designs. He had a Daughter called *Elvira*: He sought in her Beauty for the reputation that was refused his own merit, and imagin'd that she had Charms enough to touch the heart of that Young King: She had not yet been seen at Court, though she was at an Age to appear there with lustre, because the Dutchess her Mother, having a long time languished in a Disease which occasioned her Death two Years before, had retired her self to one of her Country Houses,

and had ever kept her with her ; and the Duke, after the Death of his Wife, had put his Daughter into a Nunnery near his House, not designing to take her from thence, till he had found out a Match suitable to her Circumstances.

In the mean time *Eugenia* had too many Charms to satisfy themselves with the Conquest of *Don Henry*. The *Count de Sousa* had been long Passionately in love with her: His Respects, his Complaisances and Assiduities had sufficiently assured her of it; but whether she was not willing to understand them, or she had only Eyes for *Don Henry*, the *Count de Sousa* always found in her so much indifference for him, that he judg'd it not convenient to declare his Passion more openly: He had too much respect and discretion to hazard an unprofitable Declaration. *Don Henry* was his Friend, *Eugenia* had ever seen him only under the notion of Friendship, which

he could not any longer support the constraint of: He saw her every day; she was ever lovely in his Eyes; she had hardly in the least concealed from him the Passion she had for *Henry*: That Lover likewise made him the Confident of his happiness. What a torture is this to a Man, whose love is extream, and was not capable of easing himself by betraying his Mistress and his Friend? After having been for some time in these Extremities, and having in vain Employ'd the Succours of his Reason for to cure him, he fancied, that absence would diminish his Sufferings, by weakning his Passion, and so was desirous to remove from Court; but his Merit had put him there in too good a posture for him to go away without some specious pretext.

Elizabeth, whom *Philip* the II. had Married in his third Nuptials, died in *Spain* about that time; wherefore one was to be sent to
make:

make the Compliments of Condolance to this King on the behalf of *Queen Katherine* his Sister, and *Don Sebastian* his Nephew. *Souza* fancied that occasion was favourable to him, and for the obtaining that Commission, he Employed *Cardinal Henry's* Credit with the King; the Cardinal highly esteeming his Virtue, used to *Queen Katherine*, the Solicitations of *Lewis* of *Granada* his Friend; whose Birth and Piety were had in veneration by all People; and whom that King had caused to come from *Spain* to communicate to her, all that concerned the Salvation of her Soul and the good of the Kingdom. He obtained what he desired, was sent to the King of *Spain*; but could not depart without going to take his leave of *Eugenia*, with whom he found *Don Henry*. He used all his endeavours to conceal his Grief, and his Love in
that

that separation; the Words he spoke had no coherence with one another, and the Sighs he vented were half stifled: And seeing he could not resist his Grief, he quitted those two Lovers, and Embraced them, bidding 'em, *Farewell, and live happy, while I do lead a Languishing life, far from you and my Friends.* His Sighs hindred him from speaking more than these Words; he went immediately away for fear they should see him shed tears: And *Eugenia* and *Don Henry* were really afflicted at his departure, and attributed to Friendship alone, what a more violent Passion had produced.

The Duke *d'Avero*, caused *Elvira* to come and second his Projects: He was himself surpriz'd with her Beauty, and conceived fresh hopes at the sight of so dazeling an Object. The truth is, she was capable to engage the most insensible: Her blew Eyes were sweet and piercing; all her

her Features were regular, her Complexion was admirable, and Hair was the finest in the World, delicately accompanied by all the Beauty of her Face: She was of a middle Stature, but her Wit was above what is common; she had an insinuating Presence, and engaging ways with her; her Conversation was easie, of a soft humour and a Gentle Soul. Her Father would at first instruct her with the measures she ought to keep in regard of all the Persons that composed the Court, into which he would introduce her: But found in her so much Wit, so much Judgment, and a disposition so Natural to second his desires, that he had nothing else to do than to describe to her, the different Characters of those, who held the first Rank. The day after she arrived, the Duke Conducted her to *Queen Katherines* Apartment, to pay her her Respects. Her

Dress

Dress admirably well seconded her Beauty; the Queen found her the Loveliest Person she had ever seen: The Dutchess of *Braganza*, *Eugenia*, *Leonora*, *Violanta*, and all those who were there, were surprized with her Lustre. After which they examined all her Features with a Jealous Spite, and not finding any defect, they all fancied they saw in her a formidable Rival, who was going to ravish all their Conquests from them. The Dutchess of *Braganza* more Jealous than any other, would see if her Wit was answerable to her Charms. She said to her, all she thought would perplex her, and all the others by the same motive, Engaged her in a Conversation upon several Subjects; but she ever reply'd with so much Sweetness and Wit, that they even admired her against their Will.

This Conversation was interrupted

rupted by the Count *de Tavora*, who came to acquaint the Queen, that the King was a coming. She immediately Commanded all those in her Chamber not to make *Elvira* known, and bid the Duke *d'Avero* retire, for fear of discovering her. He obeyed with some vexation, ardently desiring to be a Witness of the interview of *Don Sebastian* and his Daughter. The King came, *Elvira* was the first Object he saw, and he was so lively struck, that he was sometime without being able to speak, and without knowing what he should say; a thousand confused Motions agitated him at that sight, and he was sensible of 'em all, but could not distinguish any; and of all the several thoughts arising then in his Mind, he was not able to know or explain any, but that which told him that *Elvira* was the most Beautiful Person in the World. All the Court perceived

perceived the Kings trouble, and as he saw the Queen likewise observed it, he endeavoured to speak, and conceal his disorder: *Who is that Charming Person, you have embellished the Court with, Madam,* said he to the Queen, still eyeing *Elvira?* *She is a Native of Spain,* answered she, *whom King Philip my Brother has sent me, to be of the number of my Maids; but not being willing to have anymore, I am going to send her back: For Heaven's sake don't send her back,* (he interrupted her with a transport) *that would be but an ill return to the Civilities of the King of Spain: Well then,* reply'd the Queen smiling, *I will not send her back without first Consulting you, and she shall have your leave if she returns.* The King clearly saw they had perceived his disorder, he blushed; and *Elvira*, who had ever had her Eyes down from the time the King entred, raised 'em at that instant

instant, and met with those of that Prince, but so tenderly and so passionately, that she blusht, and was in as great a Confusion as himself. The Queen after some other Discourses, at length acquainted *Don Sebastian*, how this Lady was the Duke *d'Avero's* Daughter. He was as little capable of dissembling the joy this News gave him, as he had been to conceal the disorder that the sight of *Elvira* had caused in him. He made her a thousand tender Compliments, and the day being already much advanced, and the Queen using to withdraw betimes, every one took leave of her and retired.

Elvira went to her Father's, with the Women who had waited on her, and was at first in some trouble, that *Don Sebastian* had raised Motions in her, which she was not acquainted with, and which she however attributed af-
ter

ter she had well examined 'em, only to the respect that the looks of a King inspire. She was still making these Reflexions, when the Duke her Father entred her Appartment, to know what she thought of the Court. She answered him very exactly upon all the different Characters she had seen there. But when he asked her, if the King had been there, if she had seen him, and what she thought of him, she made appear so much disorder in her Face and understanding, that the Duke divined the reason of that Confusion, and changed Discourse immediately. The Dutchess of *Braganza*, retired with sentiments very different from those of *Elvira*: She was Ambitious, and Jealous, and penetrating: She aimed at the heart, or rather the grandeur of the King. She knew from that moment that *Elvira* was capable of depriving her of both; and Ambition and Jealousie

He inspired her with an aversion for that Rival, that her Policy would hardly dissemble; but amongst all the different Motions this Visit had caused, there were none so lively and so tender as those of the King. He was so full of *Elvira's* Beauty, that it was impossible for him to speak of any thing else as long as Supper lasted. He lay all Night thinking of her Charms; fancied, that the blushing he had observed in her Face, when their Eyes met, was a good presage for his Love; and that her Eyes were ever too animated for it to be a meer Modesty, which had given occasion to this Confusion. *How happy, said he, should I be to be beloved by this Charming Person: How Beautiful is she, and how Rich in Wit and Sweetness! And how miserable should I be,* continued he immediately after, *if her heart were engaged, or if it were insensible.* For some moments that

fear

fear interrupted the delights of those Reflections, but his hopes coming immediately to his help, calmed his Mind and revived his Affection.

The Duke *d'Avero* being impatient to know what Effects his Daughters Beauty had produced, did not fail to be the next day at the Kings rising, who, as soon as he saw him, cryed out to him aloud: *Ah Duke! how Charming is your Daughter, and how Beautiful did I find her Yesterday?* The Duke was so good a Courtier, as to take this Compliment kindly, and every one made him some upon this Subject, and the Duke *de Barcellos* approaching him, told him, *The Dutchess my Mother has made me so advantageous a Description of her Wit and Beauty, that the very recital Charmed me.* The truth is, that the Dutchess of *Braganza*, who foresaw the King would have a very great Passion for

for *Elvira*, was desirous that the Duke *de Barcellos* might fall in love with her, for traversing this Commerce which she fear'd. But if by chance *Elvira* should have any inclination for this Young Duke, then she might at least become necessary through the part her Son would take in that Intreague, and by the absolute power she had over him.

But necessary it was, he should declare himself speedily, and not stay till the King had explained his budding Passion. Wherefore she pass'd over Formalities, and went the next day with her Son to see *Elvira*. You will find perhaps, said she to her entring, my Visit rash and too hasty, Madam; this is not the only fatigue your Beauty will cause you, and the Duke to whom I made Yesterday the recital of it, has forced me to come and importune you with so much precipitation: But he is still Young Madam, continued she smiling,

smiling, and knows not what he demands. *Elvira* answered with a thousand Civilities. At this meeting, the Conversation was less serious, and more warm than usually those are of the first Visits, and the Duke *de Barcellos* shewed so much admiration for *Elvira*, that the Count *de Tavora*, who was then there, fancied he had conceived a great Passion for her, and said, the day following, in Entertaining some Persons that came to see him, with the News of the Court, that *Elvira's* Beauty made a great noise there; that the Duke *de Barcellos* was extremely in love with her, had been to see her, and declared to her a great deal of kindness.

Leonora was present at this Discourse, and could not hear it without shivering. For above two Years that the Duke *de Barcellos* saw her with assiduity, he had
not

not dared to declare what her Charms had made him suffer; and their hearts having been used to love one another from their tenderest Infancy, upon the credit of their sighs, without having otherwise explained themselves, they had spared themselves the vexation, that Reflexions give at the birth of a Passion, and the confusion which these sorts of Declarations cause in those that hear them: She returned into her Chamber to conceal her trouble; and as soon as she was at liberty, she let some tears fall, without knowing the reason that made her weep: She saw her self oppress'd with a grief that she had never felt; sometimes she abandoned her self to all imaginable hatred against *Elvira*, sometimes she complain'd confusedly of the Duke of *Barcellos*; and not knowing what Motions to keep to, *Why should I complain of him,* said she, *did he promise me never to love any one?*

has he told me, he had a kindness for me? does he know that I have an inclination for him, or rather, have ever loved him? Alas, I know nothing of it myself, continued she, but I know very well, I have been deceived in the opinion I had of the care he took to purchase and preserve my favour. She had not yet so strictly Examined the Sentiments she had of the Duke de Barcellos; she durst not even in that moment tell her self, that she loved him, and attributed to the hatred she had for *Elvira*, all that the strongest Jealousie made her suffer. . I should not care, said she sometimes, though he loved another, but I have so great an Antipathy for *Elvira*, that I cannot suffer the Passion he has for her; he must renounce it, or never see me more. I'll rather from this present deprive my self of the pleasure of seeing him, without asking him any thing, continued she; and likewise

the sacrifice, that I pretend from him would oblige me to too much acknowledgment. Ah! what would my Father say, if I should engage my self without his Consent: Alas! perhaps he has already discovered my trouble, and perhaps he attributes to Jealousie the disorder I have made appear. This fear for some time suspended the violence of her Motions, and made her at length take the resolution of concealing her grief from the Eyes even of those who caused it.

The Duke *d'Avero* rely'd much upon the merit of his Daughter, and hoped to see her one day *Queen of Portugal*. She likewise conceived great hopes of her Charms; and both in concert, without imparting to one another their Designs, laid Ambushes for the liberty of a Prince, who came and cast himself into Chains. *Don Sebastian* distinguished *Elvira* from all those that endeavoured to
please

please him: He paid her a thousand little passionate addresses; that are never offer'd but to one Person, and are the forerunners of the tenderest Passion. *Elvira's* heart was too sensible, and her Soul too ambitious not to be touch'd at the distinctions and the eager-nesses of a Prince, so gallant, so well made, and so lovely as *Don Sebastian*; but how prone soever he was for Love, his domineering Passion was Glory: He impatiently suffered the prudent Zeal of Cardinal *Henry*, who opposed the boyling ardour with which he sought out dangers; he often stole from the vigilance of his Guards, and quitted the company of Ladies and tender Conversations, to go encounter the most Savage Beasts in the midst of the Forest. He passionately loved Hunting, the more dangerous it was the more Charming it seem'd to him. And as Queen *Katherine* and Cardinal *Hen-*

ry did with all their power mollifie the violence of that Exercise, and the ardour which he gave himself up to it, they got the Ladies of the Court to be often of the Parties, and endeavoured to make a Diversion of so rude and so dangerous an amusement. He was one day at Queen *Katherine's*, and proposed a Match to go hunt Lions the next day. The Queen, whom this Proposition had caused to tremble, and who knew very well that directly to oppose this Princes Designs, would but so much the more irritate his desires, cunningly made use of the Power she saw *Elvira* had over the King, and told him gently; *The only name of Lions has made Elvira tremble, my Son, and I believe if you hunt them to morrow, you will have but few Ladies in your train: I love hunting passionately,* answered *Elvira*, having penetrated into the Queens Design; *but the*
truth

truth is, this Chace seems to me too terrible, and there are much gentler, wherein I made the greatest delights of my solitude consist. Well then, we will run a Stag to morrow, answered the King hastily, the Ladies shall be of the party, and you will be there Madam, pursued he, looking tenderly on *Elvira*? The Queen had a great deal of joy, she had made her Son change his design: *Elvira* was much pleased she had served the Queens intentions, and she had received this mark of Complaisance from *Don Sebastian*. The Dutchess of *Diu-ganza*, who was present at this Conversation, could not see, without blushing for spight, this slight proof of the Kings tenderness for another than her self; and every one retired some moments after to give Orders for all that was necessary for that Match.

The King sent one to tell the Duke *d'Avero* the next day, that as *Elvira* had not perhaps had time to prepare her Hunting Cloths, he prayed him to give her those he sent her; which was a *Justicore* covered with *Spanish* Point of Gold and Silver; the Flowers of which were raised to the life with Jewels of several Colours; a Riding Petticoate of the same Fashion, and a Cap loaded with a number of long and very beautiful Blew Feathers: The Duke accepted this Present for his Daughter with a great deal of respect, and went immediately to *Elvira's* Apartment, where having found her still in Bed, he told her, after having caused all her Women to retire: *My Daughter, I bring you a Hunting Habit, which the King has Comanded me to give you.* This Present and Message delivered by a Father, could not but cause much trouble in her, who received

received them. *Elvira* appeared at it amazed and confused, and not knowing how to answer the Duke, she told him with a trembling voice: *I am very much surprized my Lord, at the Present the King makes me, and still more, that you your self would take the care to offer it me. It would however have more perplexed me, had it been presented me by any other, continued she, and as I have neither Rank nor Merit that can draw the Cares of this King——No my Daughter,* interrupted the Duke, *I know, Don Sebastian distinguishes you from all those that are at Court: You are young, he is sensible, and nothing surprises me of all that I have seen from him in your favour; it might alarm a more severe Virtue than mine, but I think I know you, and I know the Court. All I desire of you at present, continued he, is, that you would without repugnance and dissimulation discover to me, all that*

shall pass of most importance, in the Commerce Don Sbastian would engage you in. You have no longer a Mother, my Daughter, pursued he, with an affectionate and mourning accent, perhaps being both of the same Sex, you would have been more bold and easie to have discovered to her what you thought upon this Subject, and her Prudence would without doubt have aided you, to conduct your self in an Affair of this importance. You have given tears enough to her death, seeing she began to weep, you must at present reuwrite in me alone, all the confidence and tenderness you had both for her and me, and you must speak to me with the same frankness, you would have done to her, to the end, my Counsels may supply the want of her, and we may take just measures in all that concerns you. My Lord, answered Elvira, penetrated with grief and confusion, I have for you, as much sincerity and respect as I ever had for my Mother, whom

I

I cannot too much lament: But I dare assure you, without being wanting in what I owe you, that as Don Sebastian has never acquainted me, he had an inclination for me, I have never yet consulted my self in what concerns him. I do not ask you what passes in your heart, (said the Duke) I could not prescribe you other Rules than those your Duty dictates to you; you know them all, and I am persuaded you will ever follow them: My Honour, your Reputation, the Memory of your Mother, and your own Advantage have too much power over your Spirit, to let your self be seduced by a Passion that is contrary to them. I will only know from you, continued he, if you have not any aversion for the King, and if you find in your self ambition enough to desire to become one day Queen of Portugal. This design I know is something rash, and it would be even extravagance to let it appear in the Eyes of all the World, but the en-

deavouring it cannot be dangerous; and provided you have but greatness of Soul enough to form the Project, and pursue it with Care and Caution, I do not despair of success. My Lord, answered Elvira, whom these last Words had animated with hopes, if I must speak to you with all the Confidence you desire of me, I confess to you, that the Courtship of a King so well formed, so young, and so gallant as ours is, cannot displease a Person, who is not prepossessed, and that not being forestalled with any Sentiment to his disadvantage, the Crown of Portugal would seem full of Charms to me, if I saw the least likelihood of pretending to it. Ah! my Daughter, reply'd the Duke with joy in embracing her, these are the sentiments I would have inspired you withal: Pursue this great Work with all the Conduct, and all the Perseverance you are capable of; but fill all your heart with that Noble Ambition, for fear some other

Passion

Passion should seize it, and not leave you all the freedom, that is necessary for this Project. He gave her several other Counsels for her Carriage: *Elvira* promised him to regulate it always according to his wishes, after which the Duke went out of her Chamber, and left her to think at liberty of all she had been newly acquainted with, and of the Dresses that were necessary for her in the Hunting-Match, of which she might apparently receive all the Honours.

The hour for Hunting being come, every one went to the Rendezvous: The most part of the Ladies were dressed like *Amazons*, and mounted upon very fine Horses: But *Elvira* appeared Beautiful in her Dress, the King hardly knew again the Habit he had sent her, so much lustre it had upon her; her Hair was ty'd back in great Buckles round her Cap; and this Dress gave her a lively
and

and penetrating Air, which she had not ordinarily. *Don Sebastian* said to her a thousand fine things upon her Beauty, and she Complimented him upon his Present. All the Ladies had their Knights near them; and there was only *Leonora*, who ever avoided the *Duke de Barcellos*; and this Troop dividing it self into Couples without being too particular, furnished the Lovers with favourable Occasions of speaking to them of their Passion. *Elvira*, Riding better than any of her Sex, outwent them all, and was almost ever up with the Dogs; the King, being Charmed with her Grace and her Address, ever accompanied her, and being come with her far enough from the rest, to a Pond, which the Stag they Hunted leapt into. *Your Presence has brought this Stag to the last gasp, Madam*, said he to her, *there is no Liberty but what yields to you; I have*

have not been able to defend mine against you, pursued he tenderly, and I shall not regret it, if I can but hope to please you. How bold soever Don Sebastian naturally was, he could not pronounce these words with his usual resolution, he felt that instant such fear as a whole Army would not have been capable of giving him; and Elvira, who had expected such a kind of Declaration, did not fail to affect the surprize and bashfulness, that such an avowal might cause in a Person less witty and less prepared than her self. Your Highness (for thus are the Kings of that Nation stiled) said she to him then blushing, will never lose his Liberty, without costing the Parties repose, who shall ravish it, from him.—But Sir, said she stopping her self, wholly confus'd, I was a going to answer seriously to a thing you only told me in raillery; and my innocence is so great, that

your

your Discourses have almost made me forget that you are a great Monarch, and I am your Subject. No, Madam, answered Don Sebastian, with all the transport the heat of his Temper and Passion was capable of, I love you, I adore you, my Eyes have told it you; my Sighs have assured it you; my assiduities shall confirm it: I know not whether I am King or Subject when with you; and you alone can render me happy. Wherefore tell me in the Name of Heaven, pursu'd he, what I ought to hope or fear, and do not make me languish in uncertainty. Elvira doubtful and confused, had, during this Discourse, her Eyes upon the ground, her Carriage uncertain, and her Countenance languishing; and as she was sometime without answering, the King prepared himself to tell her still something more pressing, when the Dutchess of Braganza taking notice of this Conversation, spitefully run to them, and could

not

not forbear interrupting them, notwithstanding all the measures she had resolved to keep in regard of those Lovers: *Elvira* ran maliciously to her; but however made *Don Sebastian* see in her Eyes, in quitting him, a languishing sweetness, that, without explaining too much, gave him great hopes.

After the Troop was come to the death of the Stag, they return'd to *Lisbon*, where *Cardinal Henry* came to shew the king Letters that he had newly received from *Spain* in the Packet of *Souza*, by which *Philip* let him know, that *Mulei Moluc*, Brother of the lately deceased King of *Morocco*, was come into *Spain* to demand Succours of him, which he had not thought fit to grant him; neither did he think, that *Don Sebastian* ought to grant it him, because the Pretentions of *Moluc* were too opposite to the Laws of the *Europeans*, and it would be but to perplex themselves in a War,
that

that could not be advantageous on their side, *Moluc* having neither Troops nor Money to Execute so great an Enterprife. But the King, impatiently longing to signalize himself, and having his Mind only filled with Wars and Conquests, told the Cardinal his Uncle, *That the Succours he should give to Moluc, might be advantageous to the Crown of Portugal; that the Moors would destroy themselves in that War; that in Succouring that Prince, they might weaken the strongest without strengthening the weakest: And at length in those Quarrels, he should not fail to gain some Cities or Places, which they might joyn to those that Portugal already had in Africa.* The Cardinal, who saw with delight the Warlike Ardour of this young King, but could have wish'd to have something moderated its excess, answered him: *Before you determine your self for this War, Sir, it is convenient you be perfectly well acquainted*

acquainted with the Subject of the Quarrel betwixt those two Kings: And for the Explaining to you their different Pretentions, I must be a little more particular in their History, and tell you things that no occasion has yet been offered to discover to you.

The Kingdoms of Fez, Morocco, and Turedant, (pursued he, seeing the King gave Ear attentively to him) have ever been governed by two different Kings, till Mulei Mahumet-Cherif possessing, together with his Brother Mulci Hamet, those divided Kingdoms, endeavoured to reunite them under his Power: These two Kings then made a Law, by which they ordered, that Brother should succeed Brother, and should thus Reign after one another, to the exclusion of the deceased Kings Children. Some time after, one of Mahumets Sons called Abdala, seeing this Law opposed his Ambition, caused several of his Brothers and Nephews

phews to be killed and strangled, under divers pretexts of interest of State; at last he succeeded his Father, and had the most happy and peaceable Reign that the Cherifs had ever enjoy'd.

Though Abdala had Policy and Cruelty enough, to commit all the Crimes that should seem advantageous to him, he did not cause all his Brothers Throats to be cut at his coming to the Throne; he let three of those unfortunate persons live, who by reason they were very young, did not appear to him formidable enough for him to take care to dispatch them. These weak Children feared his Fury, as soon as they were capable of reason. Two of them took Refuge with the Grand Seignior, to avoid the death that threatned them; and the third fled to the Arabians, where he died some years after. Abdala having Reigned peaceably the space of seventeen years, and finding himself decaying, delivered his Kingdom into the
Hands

*Hands of his Eldest Son, called Mahumet, and caused him to be Proclaimed King through all his Territories, notwithstanding the Law of the Cherifs, which was contrary to that Election. Abdala died in a little time after, and left a Daughter very young, called Almeida, whom he caused to be brought up in Spain, and whose blooming Beauty began to make great noise in that Court, when she departed from it to retire to her Brother Mahumet: But as this new King feared at his coming to the Crown, that those two Uncles, who had took Refuge in Turkey, for the avoiding his Fathers fury, would come, grounded upon the Laws of their Ancestors, and dispute the Kingdom with him: He sent a Moor to Tremisena, to Assassinate the eldest, who was retired thither. It is but two years since this Assassination was committed, with all the Rage and Success that Mahumet had wished, and only one that re-
 mains*

mains at present of those three Creatures, is this Mulei Moluc, whom the King of Spain makes mention of to us in these Letters: He has given marks of a great Valour amongst the Ottomans, where he had taken Refuge. He has Signalized himself against the League which the Christians lately made, to fight the Turks: He has done a thousand Actions worthy of an Eternal Memory, in the late engagement of those two Fleets, and when Charles the V. took Gollette, he was almost the only one, who resisted him with vigour; but judging himself too near Mahumet in that Country, where he had not any Troops, and fearing such a treachery, as that which had deprived his last Brother of his life, he left Algiers, where he then resided, to come into Spain, and implore the Succours of Philip, imagining, though a Wanderer and a Vagabond, without Forces, and without Money, he could by his Vallour alone recover the Kingdomes, belonging

belonging to him by their Laws, and Conquer Mahumet his Nephew, who is settled upon the Throne, beloved by his Subjects, fortified in his Cities, and maintained by a powerful Army. Thus, pursued Cardinal Henry, your Highness sees clearly, how King Philip had reason to refuse Succour to Moluc, and how to second his Design's would be to maintain a Law, contrary to ours, and to declare against him, who is Naturally Heir of the Crown. These and such other like reasons, dissuaded Don Sebastian from aiding Moluc: He judged after some Reflexion, that this African would not come to demand Succours in Portugal, after having been refused by the King of Spain, being acquainted with the strict Engagements of those two Kings. These Politick Considerations did not so take up the Kings Mind, but that he bestowed some thoughts upon his Love. If the Declaration he had made of

it,

it, gave some ease to the violence of his Passion, the vexation of not having been able to get from *Elvira* any favourable Answer made him pass very troublesome Moments: He sometimes Figured to himself, that he could never be beloved by her: The Languishing and the Tenderneſs which *Elvira* made appear to him in her Eyes when she left him, could not reassure him againſt this fear; but he was not long in his Suspicions, and he had all manner of reason to believe in the Conversations he had afterwards with *Elvira*, that she had no aversion for him. She even assured him in several Rencontres that she could suffer that Passion with joy, provided it might ſute with her Duty, and told him all these things with all the sweetness and complaiſance, that though she cunningly referred her self to her Father, as to all the sentiments of her heart, the

King conceived hopes that he should be beloved, and even sometimes flattered himself with having some part in her tenderness, their Commerce became at length so great and so manifest, that the Dutcheis of *Braganza*, seeing she could not break it, feigned to second it, and fancied, that introducing her self to those two Lovers, by the Title of a Confident, she might on some occasions of falling out, or inconstancy, recover her favour with the King, rather than by the Jealousie she might make appear. She quitted the Design she had taken of Engaging her Son in an Intreague with *Elvira*, rightly judging, that in the posture things were, this enterprize would be more disadvantageous than profitable to her Projects. And the young Duke having never had any inclination but for *Leonora*, and seeing himself treated with more rigour than usually, without
 having

having yet penetrated into the Cause of it, endeavoured to clear this point with her. He saw her all alone; Vexation did in her, what all his Tenderneſs had not been able yet to do, and Jealouſie made known to the Duke the love ſhe had for him. He firſt complained of her, and then comforted her with a great deal of affection for all that unlucky juncture had made her ſuffer, and gave her a thouſand aſſurances of fidelity againſt her ſuſpicions.

All theſe Lovers enjoy'd, with Tranquility enough, during ſome time, the pleaſures of their inclinations. But how accompliſhed ſoever *Don Sebastian* was, he was not born to be happy, and the moſt civil Man of the Court was the innocent cauſe of theſe firſt miſfortunes. The *Count de Souza* having worthily acquitted himſelf of his Embaſſy, abandoned the Court of *Spain*, loaded with Glory and
 Presents.

Presents. The News of his speedy return was immediately spread about *Lisbon*. As he had a great deal of Merit, and a great many Friends, he was only heard spoken of in all Companies; and the Conversations were almost all composed of his Praises. *Elvira* heard his fine Qualities cry'd up in several Places: She had never seen him, and conceived a great desire to know him. *Don Lewis* had a very fine Country-House, two Leagues from *Lisbon*, and near unto a Lordship that belonged to *Souza*, whither he often carried *Violanta* and her Friends. *Elvira* was one of her most intimate acquaintance: and *Don Lewis* Treating them there one day, after the Ball was begun, four Persons were seen to enter disguised like Slaves, who drew the Eyes of all the Assembly, by the Magnificence of their habit. But one among 'em charmed all People by his Air and

his manners; they took him at first for *Don Henry*, because *Euzenia* having never had any great kindness for *Violanta*, they were not of that Assembly, and could only come in Masquerade; but they afterwards observ'd, that *Don Henry* was much fatter, and of a less advantageous shape than this Slave. He at first placed himself at *Elvira's* Feet, and told her with the best Grace imaginable, that he came from the farthest part of *Africa*, to have the honour of wearing her Chains: She answered him very Obligingly. And by the discourse she had with him, she easily observed, that this Slave had as much Wit as he had a good Meen. *Violanta* took him out to dance, and he acquitted himself in the most seemly and pleasing way that can be fancied. He took out *Elvira*, who danced better with him than she had done before. None knew him, and they all impatiently

patiently longed to see his Masque off. At length *Elvira* so earnestly begged it of him, that he was constrained to retire apart, and shew her his Face. She was much surpriz'd, she did not know him, but much more at his Lustre. *Ah! since I do not know you*, said she to him, (being somewhat recovered out of her astonishment) *and you are so well formed, you must be the Count de Souza? I beg you would not name me, Madam*, said he to her; *I am unwilling to be known; I had a desire to pass this night at my Country-House, and have not been yet at Court.* *Elvira* promised she would not discover him, and kept her Word. As no body knew, that the *Count de Souza* was Arrived at his House, none of them suspected any thing of the truth. He made his Court to her during the Ball, as to the Mistress of his King; whose favour he ought to manage. She hearkned to him

with a delight that caused an emotion in her, and found a secret Charm in his Words and Actions. The Ball being ended, *Elvira* returned to *Lisbon* with a numerous Train of Coaches, and *Souza* came several times into her mind in the Night, under the most agreeable *Idea* that can ever be formed of an accomplish'd Man.

He appeared the next day at Court, and went to give an account of his Commission to the King, who was with *Elvira*. She could not forbear blushing at the sight of him; she found him yet more charming than he had appeared to her; but she so well knew how to conceal her Blushes and Emotions, that no body perceived 'em. They discoursed of the Court of *Spain*; the *Count de Souza*, of whom they asked the News of it, said, that *Don John*, Natural Son to *Charles* the V. was lately Arrived there, and appeared in great Splendour;

Splendour ; that he was a Prince equally understanding in War and in Policy ; that he had shewn him a great deal of kindness, and had a particular Esteem of his Merit : That King *Philip*, who had been three times a Widdower, was going to Marry *Ann* of *Austria* his Niece, and Sister of *Maximilian* II. and that *Katherine Michela*, Daughter to *Philip* and the late Deceased Queen, was one of the most Beautiful Persons of *Europe*. He was going to tell several other particulars more of that Court ; but *Don Henry*, entring in that moment, caused him so much trouble, that he could not continue his Discourse : He received his kindnesses with the greatest Civility, having resolved to avoid as much as he could the meeting with his Mistress and his Rival ; and being afraid, that *Eugenia* would suddenly come to see *Elvira*, he took leave of the King, and retired to

his House, where he employ'd all the Efforts of his Reason to stifle a Passion, that he perceived was ready to revive, notwithstanding all the Carés he had taken to extinguish it.

In the mean while *Elvira* no longer gave her thoughts up to Greatness, and was not so much dazzled with the Crown of *Don Sebastian*, but that she considered of the merit of the *Count de Souza* with much admiration. Her Heart engaged it self by degrees in seeing him; and Love evermore usurping somewhat upon Ambition; she begun to have more desire to please the Count, than care to engage the King. She saw *Souza* every day, and always discovered in him some new Quality, capable of pleasing: She found that he did the most indifferent thing, with a most particular Charm. Not any Man about the Court appeared to her so well Made, so Active, or so Witty

Witty as he; the greatest Diversifements tired her, when he was not there; and the inclination she was sensible of at first for him, in a short time, augmented after such a manner, that it became at length a most violent Passion. It is true, that the Assiduities and Complaisances, which this Count rendred her, contributed very much to the Violence of her Love. As he no longer made Visits to *Eugenia*, and had resolved to apply himself entirely to the cares of his Fortune, *Elvira* had with joy observed, that she was the Person of all the Court, whom he ofteneft Visited; she took for amorous Addresses, the Devoirs he rendred her as the Mistress of his King, and so ardently desired to be beloved by him, that she easily imagined he had a love for her.

There appeared so much affectation in the Complaisances she had for *Don Sebastian*, and she answered

red his tender respects with so great a Constraint, that the King quickly perceived he was not beloved; and as he loved with all the fervency that a first Passion can be capable of, these coldnesses did very sensibly aggrieve him. Sometimes he openly complained; and walking one day with her, and those that were the Companions of his Pleasures, in the Gardens of *Don Lewis*: After having proposed to her several sorts of Divertisements, none of which she would accept of, he reproached her for the indifference she seemed to be in to Pleasures. She defended her self, and told him, there were a thousand Recreations capable of diverting her: *They are those then that I have no part in,* said the King to her, *and I do not believe, that of a long time any of those has pleased you, which I have proposed?* *Elvira* could not hold from blushing at these Words, and *Violanta*, who loved her tenderly, perceiving

perceiving her disorder, and the King's vexation, told him, for to make up the business: *Ah! Sir, it is impossible to be more gay than Elvira was at the Ball, you gave two days ago: (And in truth she was in a very good humour in that Assembly; because the King had Commanded Souza to do the Honours of it) I must confess, said Leonora, that Elvira found the Ball very Charming: I remember that at a Regal, which Don Lewis gave to the Ladies, sometime since, she appeared the merriest of the Company; I remember too, said Don Lewis, and I believe the four Moors, who came to be her Slaves, had put her into that humour.* These last Words put *Elvira* so out of Countenance, that she would never have been able to have concealed her trouble, if she had not luckily made a stumble, which gave a pretext to this disorder. The King after having lent her his Hand to hold her up,

enquired very earnestly who those *Moors* were; the *Count de Souza* Arrived when the King asked this Question. He himself was struck dumb, and the sight of him redoubled *Elvira's* disorder, they were both of them in an equal pain; though they had different Sentiments; and this trouble would without doubt have discovered *Elvira's* secret Passion, if *Cardinal Henry*, whom *Don Sebastian* still considered as his Tutor, had not arrived at that instant, and broke off that Conversation by his presence. The King going to Supper presently after, the Ladies retired; and as *Souza* had perceived he was the cause of *Elvira's* trouble, he very prudently avoided any particular Conversation with her, and pretended he was obliged to be at the Kings Supper, that he might be dispensed from leading *Elvira* as he was used to do. But what Address and Care soever he employ'd to avoid

avoid the assurance of a thing, which his Zeal and Modesty ever refused, it was impossible for him to be long in suspense of what he feared. *Elvira* loved him with too much Passion, to be able to constrain her self: When she ever talked with him, she was strangely disordered; she was even sometimes so bold, as to let him know how much the Kings Cares and Complaisances fatigued her, and what a torture it was to her, that she could not follow her inclinations with an entire Liberty; she began several times to talk to him of the disorder the *Moors* Conversation put her in; the Count came always off from these perplexities with a great deal of Prudence and Civility; but at length *Elvira* fancying to her self, that he had some affection for her and that respect hindred him from telling it, she believed it was her part to encourage him. She resolved one day in
the

the violence of her Passion, to declare to him openly, what she was sensible of; but the occasion could not easily be found, because the Count carefully avoided her, and saw her but at the Kings, whither he could not dispense himself from going.

A light indisposition had detained this Prince in Bed that day, *Elvira* was to see him, the Dorekeepers told her, he was asleep; whereupon she stepped into the Antichamber, and perceived near the Window Count *Souza*, in all likelyhood expecting *Don Sebastian's* waking, and seemed to be profoundly pensive: She approached him trembling, and as they were far enough off from those, who were present, as not to be understood: *May I ask you, what you think of at present,* Count, said she to him all amazed? *Souza* being surpriz'd at her presence, would have retired after some Civilities: *No, no, stay,* said she

she to him, stopping him, *I will Discourse you about something concerns you; I participate too much in all that touches you, to leave you in the trouble I have seen you in for some time: Do you love, are you ambitious?* continued she, *my Credit may equally serve you in those two things, and I offer it you all entire, if you will tell me, what it is that makes you sad.* The Count de Souza was much out of Countenance to hear this Discourse, and told her, after having thanked her for her Civilities, that he had no other ambition, than that of maintaining himself at Court, in the rank his Birth had placed him: *You are then in Love,* reply'd she immediately, with an extream disorder. *I assure you, Madam,* interrupted Souza gently, *I Love only my King. A little affection is not incompatible with a great deal of Zeal,* reply'd Elvira tenderly. *A Heart all entire is not too much for so great a Prince,* answered

swered he firmly, *we owe him all our thoughts; and I make it my business, and am proud of Consecrating to him even the very least of my Actions.* This Discourse so discouraged *Elvira*, and put her so out of Countenance, that she could no longer bear the looks of *Souza*, nor replied any thing to him, and she knew not whether she had best quit him, or stay with him, when the Doorkeepers came and told her, that the King was awake, and that they might see him: They went both into his Chamber, the Court grew full in a little time, and *Souza* retired presently after, more troubled at what he had newly heard, than he had been in all his life time.

The Duke *d'Avero* observing all his Daughters Actions, and seeing the sequel did not answer the happy beginning, suspected, that some stronger Passion triumphed over *Elvira's* Ambition. She had talked to him so often, and with so much admiration

admiration of *Souza*; and this Count appeared to him so proper to inspire love, that he Examined them both with Care; he saw, *Elvira* blusht, and was ever troubled at the sight of him. He no longer doubted, but he was the cause of this change, and resolved to remedy it without seeming to be the least concerned. The Count *de Souza* was of a Rank, Merit, and Conduct, not to be easily ruined at Court: Wherefore the Duke employ'd his Cares and his Credit to remove him after another manner. An Ambassadour was to be sent to *Pope Pius* the V, who was newly raised to the Pontificate by the Cares and Solicitations of the Great *Boromeus*, and *Cardinal Farnese*. The Duke *d'Avero* took such a course, as that the King cast his Eyes upon the Count *de Souza* for that Embassy: But so soon as *Elvira* had learnt this News, the displeasure of ceasing to see what she

could

could not forbear loving, made such an impression upon her Mind, that she went with all haste to the King, pretending to be ignorant of what he had resolved, to pray him with earnestness to give that Commission to *Don Alvaro Castro*, whom all the Court knew to be one of her Creatures; and the King having told her, he had granted that Employ to the Count *d' Souza* at the Duke *de Avero's* desire, the fear she was in that her Father had discovered her Passion, and for that reason was desirous to remove him from Court, made her so dumb and out of Countenance, that she almost suffered all which passed in her Heart to be read in her Eyes; but after being come somewhat to her self again, she spoke with so tender and pressing an Air to *Don Sebastian*, that not being able to refuse her any thing, he told the Count *de Souza* in the Evening, who came to thank him, that his Council

cil had judged it more convenient to give that Commission to *Don Alvaro Castro*, who had already one of the same Nature, and was perfectly well instructed in the several Interests of the Court of *Rome*. This Change surprized all the Court: They sought for the reason of it, and it was found, that *Elvira's* Credit was the cause. Her Father did not doubt of her Passion: He made her a thousand reproaches, which did no good at all. *Alvaro Castro* departed, after having thanked her for a favour, he was not indebted to her goodness for; and the Count *de Souza* knew with an extrem grief, that 'twas as great a misfortune to him to be beloved by the person he did not love, as to be hated by her he loved.

The King daily perceiving more and more indifference in *Elvira*, was so mortally grieved at it, that it rendred him the most unhappy of all Men, though he seemed the most

most happy. And that which still augmented his trouble was, that at that time arose one called *Peter Bertrand*, the Eldest Son of the Illustrious *Montluc*, not being willing to steep his Hands in the Blood of *Frenchmen*, not to be on either side in the Civil Wars and Heresies that so Plagued all *France*; fitted out a little Fleet, and Manned it with about Twelve hundred Men, or thereabouts: His youngest Son, and another younger Brother of the Family of *Pompadour* accompanied him in this Voyage, and being come upon the Coasts of *Madeira*, they would have Landed to have taken in fresh Water; but the *Portugals*, who were Masters of that Island, Fired their Canon upon them, and Sallied out against *Bertrand*. He immedietely set Eight hundred of his Men on Shore, Cut the *Portugals* to pieces, Sack'd the City that bears the Name of the Island, and died a little after, of a wound

wound he received in that Fight.

Don Sebastian could not hear this News without a great deal of vexation, he caused satisfaction to be demanded of *Charles* the IX, and accused *Bertrand* and his Companions of being Pyrates and Infraçtours of the Treaties. *France* having then Intestine Enemies enough, without needing to draw upon it others, was willing to Sacrifice to the King of *Portugal's* anger, all those who had followed *Bertrand* in that Voyage; but the reputation of *Montluc*, and the Power of the Admiral, who ever maintained the Glory of the *French* Nation, fenced off this blow, by his Subtilty. The Count *de Sanzay* was sent to *Don Sebastian* to justify the *French-men*, and Queen *Margarite*, who was ever contriving Great Designs, took that occasion to attempt a Match between *Don Sebastian*, and the Sister of *Charles* the IX, to the intent this Alliance might the more closely unite

France

France and *Portugal*, and might augment the Rights, that the *French* pretend to have upon that Crown. The Count *de Sanzay* departed with secret Instructions for that Marriage. He justified *Bertrand* and his Companions; and knowing that pleasures are often very good means to succeed in Affairs, he was at all the Divertisements of the Court, to the intent he might the more easily bring to pass his secret Negotiation. He was young and well made, which was sufficient to get into the favour of the *Portugal* Ladies. His Discourses and his Manners had a certain agreeableness, that had the Art of Charming even in the best of things; that free and easie Air that makes Gentlemen be distinguished from others, was more Natural to him than to any Man besides; he was of that sort of gallant humour, which ever engages it self in Love, but is ever for all manner of Divertisements: But his

his Wit was yet more Solid than Gallant, and he oftentimes made those Trifles be useful to the greatest Affairs. *Leonora* seem'd to him worthy of his Cares, and fit for some little Engagements; she had an Air of Sweetness and Sincerity, which made one not afraid of those Artifices in her, which her Sex commonly makes use of: The Count *de Sanzay* entertained her with a thousand Gallantries. He gave her Treats and Diversions neatly contrived; he spoke to her of Love upon all occasions, but he spoke after such a manner, that one could not take seriously enough so as to be displeas'd, and however appear'd so sincere, that Credit might be given to it, designing to give high *Ideas* of the Court of *France* for the facilitating the Marriage which he negotiated: All that he did for *Leonora* was so magnificent, that the Duke of *Barcellos's* affection was alarm'd, and he

he was sometimes very uneasy. He immediately found that *Elvira* had great Power over the King; he endeavoured to make her his Friend, and though he judged, that the Ambition of the Duke *d'Avero*, and the tender Commerce of his Daughter, with *Don Sebastian*, would bring great Obstacles to his Negotiation, he persuaded himself that they would soon penetrate into his Designs, and that before they could know them, he might have perhaps brought them to pass. He fancied he might draw great light from her for the carrying on his Projects: He forgot none of all those little Cares, that might procure him some part in her Friendship. She could not refuse it him; she took delight in seeing him, she spoke to him with Confidence, she often enquired of him News of his Amour; he did not excuse himself from telling her, hoping that the Confidence he put

in

in her, would obtain the like, and others from her, that might be useful to his enterprize; but persons of Wit are too reserv'd in that matter; she would sooner have acquainted him with the most secret Affairs of State, than the least motion of her Heart, and all that the Counts penetration could discover in that Intreague, was, that *Elvira* had no great inclination for the King, but that he had a violent Passion for her. He spoke immediately of this Marriage unto Queen *Katharine*, because he saw her well intentioned enough for *France*, she assured him, she would endeavour it with all her Power: But as she no longer concerned her self hardly at all with Affairs of State, she was no great help to him. He likewise managed Cardinal *Henry* with great Care: He perceived, that this Prelate did not approve of the Passion which *Don Sebastian* had for *Elvira*, and that

it

it was not his meaning to Contract a New Alliance with the *Spaniards*. He spoke to him very slightly of that which *Portugal* might make with *France*: But whether this Cardinal was not willing to procure Heirs to the Crown, that devolved upon him after *Don Sebastian's* Death, or not any of those Matches did please him, he found difficulties every where, and the Count *de Sanzay* did not think fit to Discourse him any more about it.

He turned all his Designs upon the King: He praised upon all occasions, the Wit and Beauty of the Ladies of *France*; he shewed him all the advantages he might have by making an Alliance with that Crown. He likewise cunningly let him see the Picture of the Princess *Marguerite*, and often described her to him in all the extent of her Charms: But of what effect are all endeavours against a prepossest Heart, it was in vain he laid
in

in view all the reasons of Policy, and Charms of Beauty; *Don Sebastian* had only Eyes for *Elvira*, though she rendred him the most unhappy of all Men.

The Dutcheſs of *Braganza*, whose Jealouſie did continually make ſome diſcovery of her Rivals inclinations, and being alſo one of *Sanzay's* Friends, was the firſt who made him obſerve, that *Elvira* had a kindneſs for *Souza*. This Dutcheſs fearing, that all ſhe could ſay to the King upon this Subject would be ſuſpected, cunningly ſet on Foot a report amidſt the Secret News of the Court, that *Elvira* had a greater Paſſion for another than for the King. But as *Souza* ſaw *Elvira* leſs than any other, the King did not ſuſpect he had any part in that Intrigue, and was not able to diſcover his Rival. Chance at length acquainted him with what not any one about Court durſt have told him, and what

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was

was suspected but by very few People. *Elvira* was coming one day to the Queen's, as the Count *de Souza* was going out; and as he always endeavoured to avoid meeting her, bowing, he would have passed by hastily; but she stopped him, and said to him: *Methinks Count, you take a great deal of Care to shun me, and I should have been glad, you would have told me, what reason you have to do so.* The Count, perplexed at this Discourse, answered her with a great deal of respect: *Since I have merited your hatred, and you have judged me unworthy of serving my King, in the Commission he had given me, I ought to hide my self from all the World.* Is that hating you, Count, replied she tenderly, not to be willing you should go from us? The King came at these Words, and they were all three so discomposed, that it was impossible for any one of them to speak so much as one Word: *Don Sebastian* entred

entred the Queens Apartment, where his disquiet did not permit him to stay long. *Elvira* did not make her Visit. The Count retired to his House. And the King, who had only heard the last Words of that Conversation, impatient to Explain himself with *Elvira*, and all on a Fire to make her a thousand Reproaches, went to her House in such a rage as threatned the ruin of *Souza*. But the King's anger could not last against the feeble Reasons of *Elvira*; she persuaded him, that in the coldest indifference, she could do no less than answer the Count to appease his trouble; and she gave so innocent a Colour to that Conversation, that the King went from her with very little suspicion, and a wondrous deal of Love.

The Kings Choller being appeased, all the Lovers of that Court enjoy'd for some time a very delicious Peace. *Elvira* took care

not to give any Jealousie to the King: *Souza* comported himself so prudently, that no suspicions could be conceived of his Behaviour. The Dutchess of *Braganza* seeing all her endeavours were in vain, renounced her Design, and retired to the Duke her Husband. The Duke *de Barcellos* being cleared of all Jealousies by *Leonora*, was sure of her Affection, and no longer alarm'd at the Addresses of the Count *de Sanzay*, who did not apply himself very passionately to that Conquest. *Don Lewis* and *Violanta* enjoy'd the sweetest pleasures of Love. *Don Henry* was full of joy to know he was beloved of *Eugenia*: And *Souza's* Reason was become so much Master of his Love, that his presence gave not trouble at all to their Pleasures, and there was only the Duke *d'Avero*, who was still in disquiet and suspicions.

As he had to no purpose endeavoured to remove *Souza* from Court, and his presence perpetually allarming him, he fancied, that the Count being Married, he should be exempt from all those fears; and should deprive his Daughter of the hopes that entertained her love. He cast his Eyes upon *Eugenia* for that Design. Some light suspicions that *Don Sebastian* made appear one day of *Souza*, gave an opportunity to the Duke, of proposing this Match to the King, which he did not fail to Colour with several Reasons of State. This Proposition was well received by the King, he undertook it with a great deal of heat, and told *Souza* the next day, that some important reasons had made him think of Marrying him to *Eugenia*; that he took upon himself, the care of making her Consent to that Match, and that he should prepare himself for it. A Thunderbolt could not have

astonished *Souza* more than this Discourse did: He made no other answer by a low Bow, and a prompt Retreat. The Count *de Sanzay* being then at the King's, and having heard the Order *Souza* had newly received, made use of that occasion for the fully clearing his suspicions. He went to *Elvira's*, and told her this News with so much art, that she was not able to conceal either her trouble, or her weakness. The Count of *Sanzay* took advantage of her disorder, and pitied her with a great deal of kindness. Compassion is the surest way to insinuate ones self into the favour of the unhappy; he pressed her with so much address, and so obligingly offered her his Service, for the preventing this Match, that she Ingenuously Confessed to him the Affection she had for *Souza*; he murmured against the Ambition of the Duke *d'Avero*; he extolled the Constancy of *Elvira*; and

and in fine, when he took his leave, he promised her to use his endeavours to deliver her out of this perplexity.

When *Souza* was returned to his House, he felt a thousand different motions of Grief and Joy: He at first suffered himself to be lured with the hopes of possessing *Eugenia*, which was the greatest of all happinesses to him; but making reflexion, that if he obtained her, it would be against her Will, he found something so culpable and so base in those hopes, as he laid them by immediately. He search'd into the cause of that Proposition; he saw, that to Marry *Eugenia* would be to make himself her Tyrant; he foresaw, that the disobeying *Don Sebastian*, would make all the Court believe he had some Engagement with *Elvira*, and it would be to expose himself to all the fury and hatred, that a Jealous and Offended King can be capable of.

But

But in short, the Count being ever a Compleat Wellbred-Man, chose rather to be Unhappy than Criminal, and resolved to lose rather the favour of his Prince, than to Tyrannize over his Mistriss; he would however speak to her before all things. He went to her House the next day, where having found her alone, he asked her a moments Audience, without being interrupted, and told her with the most Submissive and Passionate Air Imaginable, *I come to declare to you a secret, which I conceal from all the World: For above four years I have lov'd you, Madam, with the purest and most violent Passion that ever was, I have in vain endeavoured to stifle this Flame; I went away from Lisbon; I depriv'd my self of seeing you; I used a thousand Efforts every day; and all that I have been hitherto able to gain upon my self, was, not to let any thing escape from this Passion that might*
displease

*displease you: No Madam, continu-
ed he respectfully, I could not yet
have made a Confession of it to you if I
were not constrained by the most pres-
sing necessity that can be imagined.
My Lord, reply'd Eugenia, very
much surpriz'd at a Discourse
whose end she did not foresee, if
my Heart was not engag'd---I know it,
Interrupted Souza, Don Honry loves
you, and you love him; by my sighs I
never troubled a Commerce, that did
not displease you; I have ever re-
spected your choice; I would die a
thousand times rather than Traverse
the Joys of your Union. However,
Madam, however, for reasons, I can-
not tell you, the King would constrain
you to Marry me. Ah Count! an-
swered Eugenia all disordered, I
cannot persuade myself, that the King
would use violence upon any one. I
do not believe, Madam, reply'd Sou-
za, penetrated with grief, that you
suspect me capable of any Artifice,
and what I am ready to do for you,*

well merits, that you had other sentiments: 'Tis the Kings Will, that we Marry one another: These Words set you a shivering, as they do me a trembling; not but that it would be the greatest happiness of my life, for I adore you. My Lord, interrupted Eugenia impatiently, these repetitions are useless, and I will believe all you would have me. Ah! Madam, reply'd Souza passionately, let me have at least the pleasure of telling you this time; I suffer so much, that I fancy it might very well be permitted me, and 'tis the only satisfaction I shall have in the misfortunes that are ready to oppress me. I vow to you, Madam, the Passion I have for you has not exacted the Order which the King has given me, more Powerful Motives have obliged him to resolve of this Marriage, and our disobedience will draw upon us all his anger. And of what importance can this match be to the King, answered Eugenia? who begun to suspect him guilty

guilty of Artifice, No, Cruel Man, continued she in a Passion, 'tis you, who misuse the Royal Authority, for the dividing two Hearts, whom you thought took pleasure in being united. How have I been deceived in the esteem I have had for you? How are you changed? All your Friendship is only Artifice; you have seduced the King, and would seduce me: But this is not the securest course for you, and by these means, you will draw upon your self all my hatred. Eugenia spoke these Words with a great deal of Grief, and Anger, and accompanied them with some Tears: What a Spectacle, and what a Discourse was this to poor Souza? He was ready to renounce what he loved, to disobey the King, to be accused of a Criminal Infidelity in regard of his Prince, to lose his Reputation, his Fortune, and perhaps his Life, and all this in favour of a Rival and a Mistress, who accused him of Imposture and Cruelty. He

was

was so lively pierc'd with her reproaches and tears, that he could not forbear shedding some himself. And after having eyed *Eugenia* some time, without being able to answer her. *No, no*, said he to her, *do not fear any thing from the King, nor my Artifices, Madam, I deserved a kinder Treatment, but you are resolv'd to compleat my misfortune, and deprive me of the pleasure of being pittied by you, which was the only one I durst aspire to. I do not pretend to force you from Don Henry; I never had even the least hopes you would change your sentiments in favour of me, and I would only have been a little more certain of my misfortune. Yes, Madam,* continued he, *with an extream Grief, I love you too much to make you unhappy: Our Marriage could not make you happy, wherefore I must Renounce it; and though this refusal perhaps will cost me my life, I would rather run to death, than lose your esteem, and*

sooner

sooner endeavour your Happiness than my own Fortune: I do not desire you should come before the King, and joyn your disobedience to mine; I should be but a little better justified, and I shall expose my self alone to his Choller, as soon as you shall have made me a litle more certain of your aversion. My Lord, answered Eugenia, in Confusion at what she had said, and what she had newly heard, so far from hating you, I have ever had a perfect friendship for you, I esteemed your Merit as soon as I knew you, but I was not acquainted with your Love before I was engaged, and I did not believe the Kings Orders would be so fatal to us. Alas! they are only so to me, answered Souza, you will enjoy in Peace what you love, and I am deprived of what I adore, and opprest with the hatred of my King, I shall wait for death with impatience. Ah Count, said she to him in suspence, I would not have my happiness cost you so

Dear,

Dear, and if your Life be concerned, I will do all I can to save you: 'Tis enough, Madam, said the Count to her, falling at her Feet, I am content, and I am going to think how to satisfie you: No, my Lord; said Eugenia stopping him, it is not just you should make me happy by your unhappiness; Duty and Friendship conspire against my Passion; I must obey, I must follow your Example; I have not so much force, and so much firmness as you. But what Torments soever it may cost me, you may tell the King, that if your Life be concerned, I am ready to do all that is necessary to save you. She could not speak these Words without an extream constraint and grief: The horreur she figured to her self in losing *Don Henry*, put her into a Condition to have raised pity: And *Souza*, who saw all sort of grief painted in her Face, told her in reassuring her, *Madam, it is for me to conquer my self, my*
love

love has ever been concealed in silence; and this season is very improper to make it appear. You love Don Henry, he loves you; you have both conceived great hopes to enjoy your happiness; you never loved me; I never had any hopes you would; let me die, I shall be content provided the King believes me innocent, and you allow some Tears to my Misfortunes. The Count went out having spoken these Words, and did not wait for *Eugenia's* answer, who was in the Cruellst perplexity that ever was, admiring *Sanza's* Gnerosity, fearing the Kings Power, and infinitely concerned for her love.

Don Henry came to her House, as she was still in these Reflexions, and asked her the reason of the sadness he saw in her Face. She made him a sincere recital of all the Count had newly said to her; commending his Generosity and his Constancy: But as we ever fear to lose what we love, *Don Henry* could

could not assure himself of *Souza's* Resolution; he fancied there was never such an Honest Wellbred-Man, as could resist an ardent love, and so favourable an occasion, he could not suffer himself to be convinc'd by the strong reasons *Eugenia* brought to reassure his affection. He said to her the most touching things imaginable upon his fears; he would have gone, and flung himself at the Kings Feet, and offer'd him his life instead of his Mistris: But she let him know that it was to expose two Heads instead of one to the anger of *Don Sebastian*, and this Declaration would without doubt include him in the same disgrace, there need'd no more than this Declaration to stop *Don Henry*; they both agreed that they ought to content themselves with employing all the Friends they had at Court to serve the Count *de Souza*, in the misfortune that threatned him.

Souza was to make his Court :
 the day following : The King did
 not fail to ask him, if he had exe-
 cuted those Orders : He answered
 with a profound respect, that he
 should be ever ready to obey his
 Highness ; but he had acquired so lit-
 tle Reputation, and had yet so fee-
 bly served the State, that he could
 not resolve to Marry, and that such
 Engagements evermore took up
 the better part of the Cares, that
 are due to ones Prince. The King
 much displeas'd at this refusal, did
 no longer doubt, but he had an
 Intrigue with *Elvira*, and told him
 furiously, *That a disobedient Sub-
 ject could not render him good Ser-
 vices, and bid appear no more in
 his presence.* The Count went a-
 way oppress'd with sorrow, and
 was no sooner at his House, than
 a Captain of the Guards came to
 Command him from the King to
 leave the Kingdom with the soon-
 est. He received this Order with
 all

all the respect imaginable, and not reproaching himself with any Crime, nor imputing any thing to the King of his misfortune, and Sacrificing all to his love; he went out of the City some moments after without murmuring, and without going to any Friends House for fear of being oblig'd to see *Elvira*. The Count *de Souza's* Exile being spread a little time after through all the City, the best sort of People pitied him, and in the Grief that *Elvira* was in for his absence, she could not forbear having a secret joy, being he had refused *Eugenia*, she fancied, (as it is usual to flatter ones self) that she might well be the Cause of that refusal; and entertaing her self with that thought, she resolv'd to employ all her Friends secretly to sollicit *Souza's* return, not daring to ask it her self. This incident did help much to encourage the Confidence and Friendship she had for

for the Count *de Sanzay*; she imagined, that in the offers of Services, and the promises he had made her, he contributed very much towards the hindring the Execution of this Match; she imparted to him all the Grievs that *Souza's* absence gave her; she even confessed to him one day, that the indifference she had before for the King was even changed into an aversion; since this Exile. *Sanzay* laboured in Court with her, to cause *Souza* to be recalled: All the better sort of People at Court begged the same of the King, but their Prayers were useless; Jealousie is not appeased like other troubles; and the King being ever inexorable. *Elvira* had coldnesses for him that they would have been capable of revenging *Souza* if he had known them, and if he had been a less good Subject.

He

He was some time deliberating into what Kingdom he should go into Banishment, and for what Quarrel he should expose his Life.

The End of the First Part.

Don Sebastian

K I N G

O F

Portugal.

An Historical Novel.

P A R T II.

Done out of *French* by
Mr. *FERRAND SPENCE*.

L O N D O N,

Printed for R. Bentley and S. Mag-
nes in *Russel-street* in *Covent-*
garden, 1683.

Don Schaffner

KING

OF

Portugal.

A Historical Novel

PART II

THE HISTORY OF

THE

REIGN OF

ALFONSO V.

BY

Don Sebastian,

K I N G

O F

P O R T U G A L.

France had at length, in a General Peace, lulled asleep the Rage and Fury of the Civil-Wars; all things were preparing in that Kingdom for the Marriage of *Charles IX*, with *Elizabeth* Daughter to the Emperour *Maximilian II*. Queen *Margarite*, who in the intestine troubles of the most Cruel Wars, had ever carried along with her Divertisements and Pleasures; prepared to Celebrate

bräte this Marriage by such Sports and Rejoycings as were worthy of the Princess. But what *Souza* sought was quite different from Joy. And *Pius V*, had in his Politick Zeal obliged the King of *Spain*, and the *Venetians* to joyn with him, to make War against the *Grand-Seignior*, the Count *de Souza* finding an occasion of Signalizing the Zeal he had ever had for Religion, took the Road of *Cephalonia*, otherwise called the Isle of *Zantes*, where was the Rendezvous of all the Christian Troops. He demanded Employ of *Don John*, Natural Son of the Emperour *Charles V*, who Commanded the *Spanish Forces*, and was *Generalissimo*. He mounted a Galley, tho *Don John*, knowing his Merit, and having Contracted a Friendship with him in *Spain*, would have given him a more Considerable Command. The *Ottoman Forces* assembled in the *Gulph of Lepanto*: The Armies approach'd,

approached, a profound Calm equally favoured both the Fleets; the Winds, and the Sea seemed to remain in suspence between so many Combatants. At last the Engagement began; *Souza's* ardour made his Galley to fly every where, where he saw Danger and Glory. A hundred Illustrious Actions signalized him in that Rencounter; he sank Ships, took Galleys, pursued so vigorously *Bashaw Berthai*, that he was constrained to fly in a Pinace to *Lepanto*. This great Victory acquired an Immortal Glory to the Christians, and caused an Irreparable loss to the Infidels: A hundred and fourscore Galleys were taken from 'em, fourscore and ten sunk, fifteen thousand Christian Slaves freed; thirty thousand *Turks* were there drowned, ten thousand taken Prisoners, and almost all their Chief Officers perished in that Battel. Tho the Count of *Souza* had no

very considerable Employ in that Battel, he was one of those who gained the most Honour, and all he sought was to die in that occasion. He was mortally troubled at the Advice he had received some days before, that *Don Henry* had Married *Eugenia*, and that *Don Sebastian's* displeasure still continued.

In the mean time, the grief and slight of *Elvira* became an insupportable rigour to the King. The Duke *d'Avero* was in despair, and could no ways remedy it. All those, who took a just interest in the Affairs of State, made use of that occasion for to force this love from the heart of *Don Sebastian*: *Count Sanzay* employ'd himself in it more cunningly than any other. The King combated on all sides, and extreamly vexed he should be so much in love with *Elvira*, used all manner of Efforts to overcome that Passion: But he was too deeply engaged, and irritating

tating himself against a Love he was not able to triumph over, reproaching himself, that he had not yet performed any thing Glorious, he resolved to absent himself from *Elvira*, and go seek in his Enemies Territories the means of signaling and curing himself. While he made these Reflexions, the report of *Don Lewis* and *Violanta's* Marriage became publick. Their Son called *Don Antonio* appeared openly at Court, and *Don Lewis* obtained the Priory of *Crato* for him. The King disapproved in himself the inequality of his Uncles Match, but feared to become culpable of as great a weakness. He caused all things necessary to be prepared for a speedy departure, he strongly endeavoured to overcome that Passion, and to begin the triumph of it, he granted the return of the Count *de Souza* upon the pressing solicitations of *Don Lewis* of *Granada*, who had ever been his Friend, and who

fully justified him in his opinion.

The Count *de Sanzay* believing this time was favourable for his Design, began to make the Proposals of it to the King, and in the desire that this Prince had to make some Voyage to cure him, he immediately proposed to him, the going into *France*, where he would find Feasts, Divertisements and Sights worthy of him: But the King sought for Glory, and not for Pleasures; his trouble was too great to shew himself in a Court filled with so much joy. That Ambassador represented to him, how the Kingdoms of *France* and *Portugal* had ever been in a strict Union; but the King his Master desired to continue it always, and to make it even more binding; how it was to be desired, that their Councils would conclude a Marriage betwixt the King of *Portugal*, and the Princess *Marguerite* the *French* Kings Sister, who joyned to her High-Birth, a
 thousand

thousand Beautiful Qualities, that rendered her worthy of the greatest Monarchs. *Don Sebastian* received this Proposition as an advantageous mark of esteem and friendship on the part of *Charles IX.* But his Mind and Heart were in too great a perplexity to come to a speedy determination in an Affair of that Importance. He told the Count *de Sanzay*, that there required time to consider of it; and he would propose it to his Council, and give him an answer within eight days: This Proposition was Debated in Council, but all the Members having particular Interests to hinder this Marriage, and the King himself having no great inclination to it, the Count of *Sanzay* made the advantages appear to no purpose, which the Crown of *Portugal* might receive from that Alliance. Cardinal *Henry*, and the Duke *d'Avero* always opposed it. The Pensioners the



King of *Spain* had in this Council disapproved it likewise, and the *French* Ambassadour was at length constrained to take his Audience of leave, and to return into *France*, without having succeeded in that **Affair**, or made any progress upon the Heart of *Leonora*. The greatest Wits, and the greatest Gallants not being always the most successful in Business and in Love. All these Propositions, and others that were made to the King to prevent the Voyage he was resolved to make into *Africa*, were not capable of dissuading him from it: And when he Communicated to his Council the desire he had to make War upon the *Moors*, Cardinal *Henry* seeing he could not raise Troops enough for that Expedition, Disputed with all his force the boldness of this Design, and the Duke *d'Avero*, who notwithstanding so many Obstacles, had not abandoned his Ambitious Project, would by specious

cious reasons hinder an absence, that might quite destroy a Passion he had seen budding with delight.

But the King was fixt in his resolutions, he was no longer willing to see *Elvira*, he would fly her, and Court-Glory, and for a pretext to this Design, he represented to his Council, how *Mulei Moluc*, to whom the King of *Spain* had refused his Succours, had newly routed the *Moors*, with three thousand Men only that the Grand-Signior had given him, and was ready to chace away his Nephew *Makumet* from the Throne; that his Heart was as great, and his Forces more considerable than *Moluc's*; that Enemies who destroy one another, were not difficult to be Vanquished; and in fine, that he might take advantage of the disorder the Civil-Wars had brought that Country into. They were forc'd to yield to the reasons, and to the ardour of *Don Sebastian*:

Orders were given for the fitting out four Gallies, and some Ships; Troops were raised, and the King went but with a small Force into *Africa*, whither the Duke *d' Avero*, the young Duke *de Barcellos*, Don *Lewis*, the Count of *Souza*, who was arrived some days before, and all the other Lords followed him: And *Elvira*, treated ill by her Father, neglected by her King, abandoned by her Lover, returned into the Convent, the Duke *d' Avero* had caused her to come out of, and there gave herself up so to grief, that a lingering Fever took her, that was not judged dangerous at first, but in a short time made a considerable change in her Person. Though the King had neither Forces nor Ships enough, to undertake a great War against the *Moors*, who were in their own Country, and had beaten an Army much more numerous, he did things that surpassed all hopes and expectations

expectations. He gave in all Places Testimonies of his Valour; he was in Person in the least Attacks: He went into the very Ports of the Enemies to burn their Ships: He Attacqued all that he found, without being daunted at the number of the *Moors*. Coming near *Arzilla*, he immediately resolv'd to Besiege it: That City is Situated upon the Sea side; its Outworks and Inworks being Fortified with all things necessary for its defence; it had been taken formerly by the *Portuguez*. The King had not Troops enough to undertake that Siege: But the vexation he was in, when he considered how the *Moors* had gained from him that Conquest, and when he made reflexion upon the Glory which would follow that enterprize, made him pass over all difficulties. He caus'd with a great deal of Expedition, to be prepared all things necessary for the Execution of that attempt; he sur-

priz'd the Garrison, entred the City by Scaling the Walls, and was in the midst of its Inhabitants with two hundred Men at most of his Attendants. The *Arsilians* somewhat recovered from their first surprize, sold their Liberty very dear, and Defended themselves vey vigorously. This Fight was Bloody; several were killed on both sides upon the spot; and the King having at length made himself a passage thro all his Enemies, and got to the Castle of the City, which yielded without fighting, upon Condition all the *Moorish* Women should be left at Liberty, that had taken Refuge there, and no outrage should be done them; the King willingly granted them this Condition, and entred the Castle, followed only by his Principal Officers. He went to see the Ladies, who were retired thither, and offered safe Conduct for what way soever they would take: One
amongst

amongst others by an Air of greatness and Majesty made him desirous to consider her more nearly. He found that the Charms of her Face were answerable to the Beauty of her Shape: She was brown, and her Features were so fine, her Complexion so delicate, and her Eyes so piercing, that *Don Sebastian* was amazed: He forgot *Elvira* in that moment, and afterwards Comparing the *Idea* he had of her Beauty, with hers he saw, he found that *African*, a thousand times more Charming; he asked her Pardon for appearing with Arms in his Hands before her, and offered her all the Succours she should have occasion for. But she received his Compliments with so haughty an Air, and retired with so much Majesty, that *Don Sebastian* inquired, who she was. They told him, that she was a Princess called *Almeida*, Sister of *Mahomet*; that this King having already

already lost two considerable Bat-
tels against *Moluc* his Uncle, had
sent her to that City, where he
believed her in more safety than in
the midst of his Kingdom, which
Moluc furiously ravaged.

He had no sooner learnt the
Name and Quality of that *African*,
than he remembered that the Car-
dinal his Uncle, had spoke to him
of her formerly. He was vexed he
had not shew'd her more respects:
He asked to see her, but she let
him know by the Governour of
that City, that the greatest mark
of goodness he could give, was to
consent to her retreat without see-
ing her, and she pray'd him not
to make use of the Rights of Victo-
ry against her Liberty: The King
made known to this Governour,
that he impatiently longed to pay
her the Devoirs he could not ac-
quit himself of, before he knew
her; but this Envoy told him so
plainly, that his Visit would be
so

so extream a violence to the Princess, that this King consented at that instant to her departure, notwithstanding all the desire he had to see her again. She departed immediately, and retired towards her Brother. *Don Sebastian* could not lose the *Idea* of her Beauty; he thought of her night and day, and sometimes repented he had let her depart: if there had been no more required than Besieging of Places, and Taking of Cities for the having her again; he would have undertook the most difficult Sieges; but he could not learn to what Place she was retired. He feared he should displease her, if he pusht his Conquests farther, and his Council of War was not willing to let him engage farther in an Enemies Country.

His Principal Officers remonstrated to him, how the Troops he had left, were not sufficient to keep and defend the Places he might Conquer, and if he went on at
this

this rate, he must employ all his Army in Garrisons. He was obliged to return to *Lisbon*, Crowned with Honour, and full of the *Idea* of *Almeida*. The other Lovers put on their Chains again; and *Souza* not being able to see without grief the happiness of *Don Henry*, and being evermore in fear of being disgraced at Court, retired to one of his Country Houses, where he became so much in Love with solitude, that there was no less requisite than an Order from the King to make him leave it. Notice was given to the Duke d' *Ave-ro*, that his Daughter was dangerously Sick in the Convent where she made her abode. He went to see her, but did not find her in a Condition to be brought to *Lisbon*. She died four days after. Her Father was a long time in the deepest affection, havnig passionately loved her, and not quite lost all the hopes he had conceived from her Charms. The King was sensibly

grieved at her Death; but as his Mind was possessed with another *Idea*, his grief was not so violent as 'twould have been at another time.

The Duke *d'Avero* seeing that Love had not been assistant to his Ambition, was willing to see if War would make it more successful. He did all he could to enflame the Passion *Don Sebastian* had for Arms. The King had given him Orders to cause Forces to be raised in all Parts; he zealously seconded his Designs, how troubled and averse soever *Queen Katherine* and Cardinal *Henry* seemed to be to them. The Duke was perpetually representing to this Young King the Glorious Success he had in *Africa*, and the Conquests he had made with a little handful of Men. He assured him, that if he would return thither with a considerable Army, he would render himself Master of all *Tituan* and *Alarache* in a little time. *Don Sebastian's*

bastian's Courage needed not to be raised, and never Man loved Arms so much as he, but he could not resolve to make War upon *Almeida's* Countrey. She still returned into his Mind, with that Majestick Air with which she had received him in *Africa*; he feared her Indignation more than that of the Mightiest Kings; and would gladly have followed his Warlike Ardour without renouncing the respect he had for her.

While his Mind floated between these two Motions, the Governour he had put into *Arzilla* sent him word, that *Moluc* had vanquished his Nephew a third time, in a set Battel, that with a handful of Men he led, he had defeated in that last Battel an Army of sixty-thousand Horse, and ten thousand Foot; that he had newly constrained *Mahumet* to fly the Kingdom, and 'twas to be feared, that this Conquerour, after having drove a-

way

way his Nephew out of *Africa*, would recover the Places the *Portugals* had in that Country.

This piece of News inspired *Don Sebastian* with so much Courage and Emulation, that he considered the Glory which *Moluc* had acquired, as a Jewel he had robbed him of, and which he was resolved to make him restore; he impatiently longed to signalize himself against him, and the occasion was but too soon offered, for the good of the State. *Mabumet* being drove out of his Country, came sometime after with *Almeida* to take refuge in *Portugal*. The King learn't with an expressible Joy, that he should suddenly have the happiness of seeing that Princess again, who had Charmed him, and who he had never seen but in that Instant, and had so often desired to see since that moment. He would immediately have made them a Magnificent Entry,

Entry, but that the King and Princess let him know, that Pomp and Triumph were not very suitable to the deplorable condition they were then in. The King went to meet 'em with all his Court; he Embraced *Mahumet* a thousand times; he rendred profound respects to *Almeida*, and after the first Civilities were passed on both sides. *You see Sir*, said that Princess to him, *I am come to Demand the Succours you offered me so obligingly in Arzilla. Have you not forgot that Goodness*, continued she, in a Modest and Languishing Air, or rather, do you remember you have seen me? Never any first sight made so much impression upon a Heart, *Madam*, answered *Don Sebastian* passionately, as that rencounter did upon mine, and you have acquired absolute Power over me from that moment. *Don Sebastian* continued this Conversation, till they were arrived at
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the place that was prepared for their reception.

After that *Mahumet* had made known to the King, the Justice of his Cause; he represented to him, the *Moors* being divided, it would be easie for him to vanquish them; that if the *Portugez's* would but descend into *Africa*, tho with but mean Forces, they might render themselves Masters of all the Kingdom he had newly been stript of; how the Enterprizes the King had already made, and the Glorious Successes he had had there terrified all those People; and when they should see him, who was born their King, joyn'd to those who had already Vanquished 'em, they would come of their own accord, and range themselves under their Power. Glory and Love incited *Don Sebastian* much more to that War, than all the reasons *Mahumet* could invent: His Valour had a long time disposed him to make
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some Enterprize in *Africa*, and *Almeida's* Beauty had rendered him too sensible of her Misfortunes, to neglect the attempt of revenging her. The Council of *Portugal* opposed his Design with all its might; *Almeida* knew it; she went to the King, she Employ'd all her Charms; she lamented her Disgrace. A sensible Heart makes little resistance against the Tears of a Beautiful Person; he promised to Aid her, notwithstanding these Obstacles; she gave him some hopes of being beloved, and he caused Troops to be raised in all parts for the Execution of this Enterprize.

How great a Comfort was this to *Almeida*, in her Misfortune! She saw her self Adored by the most accomplished King that was then in the World; she saw that her Beauty Triumphed over all Policy, and over all the Forces of *Portugal*; she was persuaded, that *Don Sebastian* would Sacrifice all

to her Revenge. Her Brother often told her, that she was Mistress of his Fate, and hoped, they should suddenly be Re-established upon the Throne: But that which still Augmented the pleasingness of these hopes, was, that she found *Don Sebastian* as Lovely as he was Amorous; and that she was yet more sensible of the Affection he had for her, than in the Cares he took in her Favour: She would have been sorry that any other had rendred this Good Office to her Brother; and esteem and acknowledgment conspiring in her Heart in favour of *Don Sebastian*, gave Birth there to a Passion little different from that the King felt for her. If he spoke to her passionately, she heard him with delight; if he continually and eagerly sought her out, she never met him but with an extream joy. The most fatal Amour has ever in its beginning, a thousand

land Pleasures to engage us; this at first laid only Charms to view in the sight of those Lovers. All the Court was with Justice alarmed at it: *Queen Katherine* used all her Efforts to destroy it: *Cardinal Henry* opposed it with all his Power; but the King was absolute, these Obstacles the more enflamed him, and they were constrain'd to leave a free Course to his Passion.

Don Sebastian thought it convenient to take a Journey into *Spain*, to implore Succours of his Uncle, in Favour of *Mabumet*. He departed, after the Ambassadour he had in that Court had agreed with *Philip*, that *Guadaloupe* should be the Place of their Interview; and gave Order at his Departure, that the *Moorish* King, and his Sister, whom he left at *Lisbon*, should be Treated and Respected as himself. The King of *Spain* came to the Rendezvous, accompanied
with

with one of his Daughters, and all the Lords of his Court, and received *Don Sebastian* with great Testimonies of Joy and Affection: He endeavoured to dissuade him from so dangerous an Enterprize: But danger does but the more enflame Great Souls. He then Prayed him not to go in Person to that War; but it was to no purpose, being he would have exposed his life a thousand times for *Almeida's* sake.

Philip (at length being desirous to try if Pleasures would not have more Power than Reasons over the Mind of that young King) caused Turnaments, Lists of Combates to be made for to Divert him. He even caused *Catharina Michela*, one of the Daughters he had by the Deceased Queen *Elizabeth* his third Wife, and whom he had brought with him to *Guadeloupe*, to conceive some hopes of the Crown of *Portugal*. And as *Philip*

lip was then Married again to *Anne* of *Austria* his Niece, and Sister to *Maximilian II*; the Princess *Catharina Michela* would have been glad to have freed her self from the Power and ill humour of a Mother-in-law; she was Ambitious; and the King of *Portugal* being handsome, she took care to engage him, and even engaged her self a little: But *Don Sebastian* thinking of nothing but of Re-establishing *Almeida's* Brother upon the Throne, was not much moved with all these attempts, and would quickly have returned to that Charming *African*, if *Philip* had not staid him with the hopes of some Troops, which he promised, and perhaps would have given him, had it not been for the Obstacles that were raised by the Princess *Katherina*, by earnestly desiring *Ruy Gomes de Silva*, at that time Favourite and Minister of the King of *Spain*, not to hasten the Succours.

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In the mean time, *Don Sebastian*, continually possessed with the thoughts of that War, and *Almeida's* Beauty, was not sensible of the Pleasures of that Pompous Court, nor the marks of kindness which the Princess daily gave him. *Almeida* writ a thousand kind engaging things to this King, which the more augmented his impatience. To little purpose it was *Philip* had told him, that the Duke of *Alva* had written to him; that this War was not reasonably to be undertaken with *Portugal* Troops alone; that besides them, it was requisite to have fifteen thousand *Italians*, *Spaniards* and *Germans*. It was to little purpose, he assured him, that he would give him five thousand *Spaniards*, as soon as his Affairs in *Italy* would give him leave. Nothing could stay *Don Sebastian*; and *Philip*, who fancied that the Princess's Beauty, and the desire of being in his Alliance, would

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perhaps be capable to persuade him from this Design ; or at least, make him stay yet some time at his Court, offered him *Catherina Michela* in Marriage. *Don Sebastian* did not flye off so much as he would have done, if he had not stood in need of *Philip*. He made some Court to that Princess, which put her in some hopes ; seemed to relish the Pleasures of that Court with less disquiet : Remained also there yet some time with little impatience, for the having the Succours so often promised.

The Court he made to *Catherina Michela* in these hopes, was quickly known to *Almeida*. All those who approached her, took delight in exaggerating things to her, which put her in despair ; and as the divers Passions and Interests of particular Persons even adds something to the News that comes from afar off, the report ran in *Portugal*, that *Don Sebastian* was going to Marry

Marry *Catherina Michela*. A Person who loves and fears is but too credulous; *Almeida* Figured to her self a thousand things far more stinging than all the malice of her Enemies could have Invented upon that Subject: *How vainly did I flatter my self with the Power of my Charms*, said she sometimes, *how weak are they, and how am I deceived? The Princess Catherina has more than I have; she is in Prosperity and Glory, I live under Misfortune and Shame! Her Father is a Prudent and Fortunate King, whom the greatest Princes would be proud to be Alied to, and I have but one Brother, whose disgrace is capable of dispersing the most Zealous Friends.* These and such other like expressions did so trouble her, that she was sometime without writing to *Don Sebastian*: This King reproach'd her with her silence; but as she was prepossessed with his infidelity, she gave so ill an Interpretati-

on to all that came from him, as she fancied he only made her these reproaches, for the having a pretext to quit her, and made no answer to his Letters.

The King not being able to support any longer the trouble he was in at *Almeida's* silence, and seeing the propositions and delays of the King of *Spain* were only vain amusements to retain him, he resolved at length to return to *Portugal*, and desired *Philip* to send him with the soonest all the Troops he could. He found *Almeida* in so great a grief, that he could not see it without being much concerned. He made her his Complaints; she made him, her Reproaches, and both of them being undeceived of their suspicion, were more charmed than ever, with one another.

The King of *Spain* let *Don Sebastian* know, how the Sedition of the Rebels encreased daily in *Flanders*,

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ders, how he was afraid that Province would get from under his Power; how he was oblig'd to send a great many Troops thither, and this disorder hindred him from sending the Succours he had promised him. All these Obstacles did not at all cool the Ardour of *Don Sebastian*. And *Philip* being acquainted he had still the same Design, he sent the Duke of *Medina Cæli* to him, who was one of the most Eloquent and Understanding Politicians of *Spain*, to represent to him, that the Rebellion in *Flanders* augmented from day to day, which putting the King his Master in great fears, he found himself obliged to conclude a Truce with the *Turks*, in which he would cause him to be comprehended, if he thought good; and that being in Conference about that Treaty, he could not send Troops into *Africa* against *Moluc*, for as much as a part of that Country was Tribu-

tary to the Port, and *Moluc* was a Friend and Confederate of the *Grand Seignior's*. *Don Sebastian* answered that Ambassadour, that he was very much surpriz'd, that *Philip* had made a Truce of three years with the *Turks*; that in thinking to avoid their Incurfions into *Italy*, he gave 'em time to Fortifie themselves in *Africa*, and fill it with Forces, which would carry into the Heart of *Spain*, after that Truce, a more Cruel War than that he feared. He added, that he did not think it convenient to be Comprehended in this Treaty; that 'twas requisite for their Common Interest to leave him the Liberty of affifting the *Spaniards* against the Irruptions of the *Africans*, and thus the King of *Spain* would assure himself of *Italy* by his Truce, and of *Africa* by the War that the *Portuguezes* were going to make there. The Duke of *Medina Cæli* returned into *Spain*,
but

but little satisfied with his Embasie. Queen *Katherine*, who had Governed the State with great Prudence, died at that time. All the World fancied that the trouble *Don Sebastian's* Designs gave her, occasioned her Death. And the King having put his Army in a Posture of marching, the Count *de Souza* went out of his solitude to accompany the King in that War.

Don Sebastian followed by all his Nobility, his Guards, and a great number of Voluntiers went to the Cathedral Church of *Lisbon*, where having with great Ceremony caused the Standard to be Blessed, which he would carry into *Africa*, he put it into the hands of *Christopher de Tavora*, and as all the Court fancied he was going to return to his Palace, he went to to the Port; and having met with *Almeida*, who was taking the Air with her Brother in a Chariot, coming up, he told them: *That all*

was preparing to revenge them, and in a little time he would re-establish them upon the Throne of their Fathers. So many Obstacles, answered Almeida, have hitherto opposed your good Intentions, Sir, that I shall not promise my self any Succours from your Highness till you are Embarked. Well, Madam, we must then Embark, reply'd the King in a Transport, I accuse, as well as you, my Love of too much slowness, and you shall not see me defer any longer: He mounted his Galley, after having said these Words, Mahomet and his Sister accompanied him, and he Commanded the Duke de Avero to cause all his Forces to Embark. During the eight days he was Employ'd in putting them on Board, the King never went ashore. He himself caused the Seamen to labour: He examined the Built of all the Ships; he Visited the Equipages, to see if there was nothing wanting to his Fleet;

and

and shewing *Almeida* the Ardour of the Passion he had for her, by the care he took to Revenge her: This Princess answered so many Kindnesses with as much Love as the delicacy of her Sex would allow of. As the King never went from his Ships, and all the Lords remained there with him, the Ladies came there to see 'em; and *Don Sebastian*, who seemed to have Established his Empire upon the Waters, had round about him a Floating Court, that amidst the hurry of Embarking, would however have been very agreeable, if the trouble of parting had not traversed the Pleasures which those would have relished there, whom Love had united: *Violanta* quitted *Don Lewis* with all the grief that a real affection can be capable of in such an occasion. The Passion the Duke *de Barcellos* had for War, shared his Heart with the Love he had for *Leonora*; and as she gave

her self up entirely to her Inclination, she was much more troubled than her Lover at their parting. The Duke *d'Avero's* Ambition finding an opportunity to satisfy it self in that War, made him quit *Lisbon* with joy: But what Power soever Glory had over *Don Henry*, he had all the pains imaginable to Renounce the Pleasures he enjoy'd with *Eugenia*. *Souza* found some Comfort in thinking, that notwithstanding the Bonds of Marriage, in a short time his Rival would be no more happy than himself. The Duke of *Braganza*, who was arrived at *Lisbon* to accompany the King in his Voyage, and had still a great deal of Vigour, and a strong Passion for War, was very glad that this Occasion was offered for the instructing his Son by his Example, and by the Advices he might give him, according to the Diversity of Occurrences. And at length the King departed full of joy, and
of

of hopes, with the Flower of the Nobility and People of *Portugal*, and was accompanied by *Adrias de Sylva* Bishop of *Porto*, and *Emanuel de Mensis* Bishop of *Conimbre*. The whole Fleet made Sail with a fair Wind; but as the Kings Galley took its turn to go out of the Port, it struck with so much Violence against a *Flemish* Ship, that its sides were broke to pieces, and a Seaman of that Galley was kill'd at the same time in his Boat, by a Canon Shot, that the City had Fired upon the Kings departure. These two accidents made the most Zealous *Portugals* tremble, and seemed to be an ill presage to that Enterprize; even *Almeida* appeared alarmed at it, she conjured the King to put off the Voyage till a more favourable season: She told him several times, that she would rather choose to Renounce the Crown, and pass the rest of her days in all the misfortunes

tunes and obscurities possible, than to expose his life to Dangers, the sole *Idea* whereof made her tremble; but the more kindness and alarms she made appear to *Don Sebastian*, the more eager was he upon this Voyage, and all the Fleet arrived quickly at *Cadix*, where the Duke of *Medina* regaled the King with great Splendour and Magnificence, and made all the Court during eight days relish all the Pleasures that Island could furnish.

The King caused all possible Sail to be made towards *Africa*; this Fleet in a few days, came between *Tangier* and *Arzilles*. There he caused his Army to Disembark, and after having made *Almeida* observe the Place where he had seen her the first time, and having said to her the most tender things imaginable upon that point; he himself appointed the Quartering of his Troops. With an exact care he sought

fought the most advantageous
 Posts; he Encamped one part upon
 the Sea Shore, and in the most
 Commodious Places. His Army
 was composed of thirteen thousand
 Foot, fifteen hundred Horse, or
 thereabouts, and thirteen pieces of
 Artillery. He went every Night
 with an indefatigable Ardour to
 Visit all the Quarters: He enter-
 tained the bravest; he excited the
 most languishing, flattered some,
 made promises to others, and be-
 ing sometimes willing to awaken
 their Courage by a tender pity,
 he shewed them *Mahumet*, and his
 Sister, cruelly driven out of their
 Dominions, and promised 'em all
 great Recompenses on his and that
 Princesses part. *Mahumet* on his
 side addressing himself to all the
Africans he found in his way, en-
 deavoured to engage them in his
 Party. Some yielded to these sol-
 licitations. *Almeida* drew the
 Hearts of all those who saw her;
 some

some Officers even Charmed with her Beauty, and moved with her Brothers Misfortune, came and offered themselves to serve them.

Don Sebastian and *Mahumet* having proved their sincerity, received them with joy.

Moluc well knowing that *Don Sebastian* was Ambitious and Formidable, would have Treated a Peace with him, and have given him all the *Chams* the *Portugals* pretended to have Conquered, for the making good to him the Charges of that War, and for those People to Cultivate in all Peace and Safety they could have in their own Country. This Proposition made *Mahumet* tremble, fancying, that so advantageous an Offer would make the King abandon a Party, that could not be very useful to him: But *Almeida* promising her self all she desired from her Charms, and the Love of *Don Sebastian*, reassured her Brother,

and

and did not at all doubt, but that the Ardour which the King of *Portugal* had to Serve her, would make him refuse more advantageous Offers. He himself came presently after to assure him of the same, and made answer to *Moluc*, that the greatest Charges of the War being already made, he would not hearken to any Proposition of Peace, till *Moluc* should give him *Alarache*, *Tituan*, and the *Cape de Agero*, which were three places of Extream importance to the *Moors*, and of great advantage to the *Portuguezes*. *Moluc* enraged at this demand, and seeing how small were the Forces which the King of *Portugal* was at the Head of, answered him haughtily: That when *Morocco* should be Besieged, he would think of that Proposition, and he fancied he should have time enough to think of it, and it would not be necessary to make or hear such a Discourse. Moreover, that the Kingdom

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dom of Fez was not so easy to be Conquered; that he had got it only by main Force, and by winning three Battels; that he would defend it in the same manner, and that it was thus it was to be Attacqued.

Don Sebastian in the mean time seemed to be enflamed afresh by the Eyes of *Almeida*. He could have wished, that all his Forces had had the same Heart, and the same Eyes as he had, for the Consecrating their Lives as Generously to that Princess, as he was going to Sacrifice his. *Moluc* being a very prudent Man, and knowing that a Battel oftentimes decides the Fate of a State, and is not to be undertaken without all possible sureties, or in the greatest extremity, offered him ten Miles of Land round each Fortress he had in *Africa*, if he would consent to retire; but he was resolved to fight, he only breathed Victory, and all other things seemed to him unworthy

thy of his Valour and Love. He caused his Army to be Fortified on one side, with high Ramparts of Earth, and with Waggon; and the Sea and the City served him for Trenches on the other sides. The *Moors*, who Border upon the Maritime Cities, were so alarm'd by this Army, that they fled into the Mountains: The Cities of *Tituan*, *Alarache*, and some others, were all desert. *Moluc*, without being astonished at this disorder, and equally divided between Prudence and Vallour, did all his Experience could teach him for his defence: And though he was seized with a very violent Fever, he departed from *Sale*, where he had given a Rendezvouz to some Troops. His Natural Brother, who was Governour of *Fex*, and whom he had given the Command of the Cavalry of that Province, joyned him near *Alcazar*, with twenty thousand Horse, and five or six thousand Foot.

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Moluc extreemly weakned by his Sickness, was constrained to put himself in a Litter to Visit the Quarters of his Troops, and to see what condition his Cavalry was in. He caused himself to be carryed through all his Army, and fearing among his Troops he should meet with several Partizans of *Mahumet*, and judging, that ill-intentioned Souldiers would be more dangerous in the day of Battel in his Party, than amongst his Enemies, he declared before all his Army, that he would permit all those who had more inclination for *Mahumet* than for him, to retire to his Enemies. And besides this Declaration, being willing to make known to all the World, that he despised the Enemies Forces so much, as to send 'em Succours, without being in any fear, and thinking fit to upbraid the Honour of the Malecontents, and favour a Depart he could not hinder, he chose

chose all those whose fidelity was suspected by him, of whom he made a flying Camp of three thousand Horse; he placed at their Head *Mulei-Cheique*, a famous Captain of that Nation, who having been infinitely in love with *Almeida*, gave reason to fear that he was for her Interests, and Com-manded him to go view the Christian Army, to keep it ever in play by frequent Courses, and continually to Skirmish the Enemies. Though *Mulei-Cheique* had still a great Passion for *Almeida*, and could ardently have wished to serve her, this Artifice produced a quite contrary effect to what was expected; and this Generous Captain, considering this Order of *Moluc* as an effect of the extream confidence he had in him, would not belie an Opinion that was advantageous to him, and rather renouncing his Love than his Duty, he did all that the severest Honour
and

and greatest Courage could demand on that occasion. All the others, animated with so brave an Example, joyfully followed the Vallour of so Generous a Leader, and as he had an extream desire to see *Almeida*, his Love and Vallour carrying him farther than his Forces ought to have led him, he did things that surprized and alarmed the *Portugals*. He knew the Quarter where *Almeida* was; he used a thousand efforts to break through 'em, that he might go lay his Arms at her Feet, and made *Don Sebastian* and *Mahumet* so much afraid of losing her, that they caused her to be securely conducted into one of their Galleys, that was the properest to save her in case of need.

The King seeing that the Enemies Skirmishes caused a dread in his Troops, and having no longer any that might retain him in the City, went out to be sooner ready to oppose the Assaults that were
made

made upon his Men. The day after, two thousand Horfe, Commanded by *Mulei-Cheicque* advancing in good order towards the Christians, and the King having learnt how his Rival was at their Head, went to meet them only with six hundred Men. But what happy Successes does not the presence of a King produce amongst his Troops? *Don Sebastian*, at the Head of this handful of Men, Attacked the two thousand *Moors*, cut them to pieces, and pursued the Runaways with so much violence, that he found himself above ten miles from his Army, accompanied only by *Edward of Menezes* his *Marshal de Camp*, and without having near him any Troops that might relieve him from this danger. *Molac* was sensibly vexed when he learnt this defeat; but did not judge it convenient to go out of *Alcazar*, being he expected there some Forces that were to come from the

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Sea-coasts, from the Cities of *Ti-tuan* and *Mechines*, and was desirous too, that the Enemies would come and attack him upon the main Land, which they seemed willing to do, to the end he might engage 'em very far into the Country, and afterwards cut off their Correspondence with the Sea; and he was resolved to go find them out at length, when this reinforcement was come, that he might fall upon their Rear, and reduce them into a pressing necessity of all manner of Ammunition, without giving Battel but with extream advantage, and at the last push.

The King resolved to attack the Enemies upon the main Land, as *Moluc* desired it; he prepared all things towards a Battel, he Comanded the *Count de Souza*, whom he had made Admiral, and whose Prudence he had tryed, to attend him at *Alarache*, with his Fleet, and advance his Conquests upon
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the Sea as much as the small Forces he had left in that Fleet would permit ; he Confided *Almeida* to the Cares of this Count, and quitted her with less grief than hopes, after having assured her, that he would suddainly bring *Moluc* to her Feet. He Commanded his Troops to quit the Sea side, and at length took the Field with all his Army, to go towards *Alcazar* to meet the Enemies.

The End of the Second Part.

1857
The following is a list of the names of the
persons who have been admitted to the
membership of the Society since the
last meeting of the Executive Committee.
The names are given in the order in
which they were admitted, and the date
of their admission is given in parentheses.
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1857

Don Sebastian,
 K I N G
 O F
 P O R T U G A L.

SO soon as *Moluc* had notice of the Christians March, he was overjoy'd to see them engag'd on the main Land; and though he was extreamly ill, and perceived that he could not live but a very few days, he gave order for all that was necessary, with an admirable Courage and Prudence. He regulated his Camp, caused himself to be carried in a Chair from Rank to Rank through all his Army, for the animating his Troops to fight; and seeing his

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Forces were ever diminishing, and the Enemies approached, he sent for *Mulei Hamet*, his Natural Brother, who was still young, and of little Experience, and told him : I know the great Art of War demands a thousand high Qualities, which you have not yet, and which you will likewise find difficult to acquire ; however I place you now at the Head of above forty thousand men, and make you General of all the African Cavalry : But I Command you at the same time to vanquish or die. So long as I shall have one moment of life left me, I will not let you want an Example ; and if you do any thing unbecoming the rank I place you in, I shall employ the little strength I have left to strangle you with my own Hands : And for the rest, Brother, I order you, if I die before the Success of this Battel, to conceal my death with great care from all the World, and to put in my Litter any one of our men, who shall

most

most resemble me; to the end, that
 feigning to give Orders, and acting
 my part, the Enemies may not take
 advantage of the Consternation that
 such an accident usually brings into
 an Army. Having ended these
 Words, he embraced *Hamet*, and
 caused him to be owned by all his
 Forces. After which he went out
 of *Alcazar*, and retired into the
 Plain, for to draw on the Enemies.
 He was persuaded, that having
 better Officers, more Troops, and
 better Disciplined, than the *Portu-*
gals, he ought not to fear the Issue
 of a Battel: But prudent as he was,
 he was loth to commit his Crown
 to the uncertainty of a fight, know-
 ing that we ought not to expose
 our selves to the Fortune of War,
 till after all the efforts of Prudence
 have not been able to produce
 any advantage; he let the Enemies
 March, without going to meet 'em,
 and fancied, that by still permit-
 ting them to advance into his
 B 2 Territories,

Territories, he had nothing more to do than to cut off their passage, to see them afterwards perish by Famine, without costing him so much as one Man. He was not able however to bring this Design to perfection, as well because his illness reduced him to extremity, as by reason he was informed the same day in the Evening, that the Enemies were very near, and the two Camps might see one another, if the obscurity of the night had not hindered it. He sent as soon as it was day, his Master of the Horse, at the Head of two or three hundred Men to observe the Countenance of the Enemies, and it happened, that some Battalions of the *Portugal* Army, that had passed a little River, repassed it in that moment, by order from the King, who judged it more convenient to be left between the two Armies. These Troops which Filed off, made the *Morish* party believe, that the
 fight

sight of them, put the Christians to flight; and they carried with all diligence this News to *Moluc*. The *Barbarians* animated by this flight, cried out aloud, that they ought to pursue them, and they might cut them to pieces: But *Moluc*, ever wise, and ever prudent, appeased this too pert Ardor, and said he demanded no more than their retreat, and if they fled, he should vanquish according to his desires, without his Army running any danger, or losing one drop of Blood.

While the *Moors* were deliberating upon this Affair, *Don Sebastian* caused his Council to Assemble, to know of his Chief Officers, if he should give Battel that same day. The most part of them seeing *Moluc* had three times more Forces than the King of *Portugal*, were unwilling to run the risque of a Battel: But the King fancying, that as at the Head of six hundred

Men, he had put to flight two thousand of the Enemies, a Christian would ever beat five or six *Moors*, went boldly out of his Camp, ranged his Troops in Battel array, and divided them into three Battalions: The first was Composed of Strangers, who had their Officers at the Head of them, and of five hundred *Portuguez* Volunteers, Comanded by *Don Henry*; the second and third were Composed of *Portugal* Troops: The Cavalry was at the two Wings in the form of a Triangle. The Duke *d'Avero* Comanded the Right, where *Mahumet* was Ranged with the Troops that followed him, the Kings Standard was at the left with the Duke *de Barcellos*, and the Baggage was betwixt the Infantry and the Cavalry.

Though *Moluc* felt the pangs of Death, he had still the same Valour, and the same Conduct; he
 ranged

ranged his Army in Battel, with as much presence of Mind, as if he had been in perfect health. He had forty thousand Horse, eight thousand Foot, and thirty four pieces of Artillery. He kept to himself, the charge of Generalissimo, and placed his Brother at the Head of the Cavalry. He caused immediately call his Infantry to March in the form of a Half-moon, at the two points of which he placed two Bodies of Cavalry, each of ten thousand Horse; the rest of the Horsemen were divided into little Squadrons, and followed in equal distance, being ordered to March still on, and surround the *Portugal* Army for the Engaging it on all sides. When it was in presence; it appeared so Weak to *Moluc*, that he thought himself sure of the Victory, and thought of nothing but rendring it Compleat. He would have made a Speech to his Souldiers, but his

extream weakness would not permit him to say four words. He caused himself to be put again into his Litter, and placed himself in the middle of his Troops, that he might be able to give Orders on all sides, and see all that the two Armies should do.

Don Sebastian seeing the Enemies make some Motion to advance, sent one of his Querries to *Almeida*, for the assuring her that the Battel was going to begin, that he would lose his life therein, or re-establish her in her State; and after having given some moments to the most tender reflections a Lover was ever capable of, he set all his thoughts to the Execution of that Enterpize. *Molac* on his side caused his Cavalry to March and extend in such order, that being within a Canon-shot of the *Portuguez's*, the two points of that Half-moon came and joyned behind the King's Arrier-Guard, and
that

that great Circle, filling by little and little, became still more thick as it approached the *Portugals*, in-
 somuch as the Christian Army was environed on all parts by the *Moorish* Cavalry, and took from the most faint-hearted all means of running away. The *Portuguez's* were daunted at the doleful aspect of this danger, their fears were redoubled at the noise of the Fire of the *Moors* Artillery, which making frequent shots, by degrees broke the Files of the Christians, and made great breaches in their Squadrons. *Don Sebastian* as ready as the Enemies shot, went to every rank to fill it, and also causing his Cannon to fire upon the *Moors*, he gave 'em Bullet for Bullet, disorder and fear for fear: But the *Moors* being stronger in Artillery than the Christians, did much more Execution, and the *Portuguez's* were so terrified, that the King gave the Signal of the Battel, to

stop this disorder. The *Moors* made a vigorous attack upon the Vanguard; the Christians opposed them Courageously. *Don Henry* at the Head of his Volunteers, made all bend under his blows that opposed his passage, and relieved such of the *Portuguez's* as were most pressed, so that notwithstanding the numbers of the *Moors*, which were greater than the *Portugals*, those *Barbarians* could hardly keep for some time things in Equality: But the King, who impatient to see the Victory so long in suspense, would constrain it to declare in his favour, quitted the left Wing, where there was not yet any danger, to run to the Vanguard, where the Enemies fell on with the greatest fury. He advanced at the Head of his Troops: The Kings ardour made him be every where, he Sacrificed a thousand lives to the Beauty he had Consecrated his to.

Victory

Victory durst not remain longer doubtful at the coming up of *Don Sebastian*; the *Moors* not being able to support the Valour of the Christians, animated with the Example of their General, gave ground at the first Shock, and notwithstanding the endeavours and threatnings of their Leaders, who used their utmost endeavours to make them stand to it, and put incessantly new Men in the places of those who fell: These *Barbarians* were broken three several times, and put to flight, to the loss of all their Colours.

The Duke *d'Avero*, who Comanded the Right Wing, charged the *Moors* Cavalry that came to Attacke him, and his heart greedy of Glory, made him fly to the greatest dangers, and triumph in all places. His Squadron in the form of a Triangle was so close, and Attacked so vigorously the Enemies Cavalry, that he constrained it to
retreat

retreat in disorder. *Mahumet*, who had likewise ranged himself in in this Body, Attacqued, Fought, and Pursued his Enemies like a desperate King, who chose rather to lose his life than his Crown. The Duke *d'Avero* fought with a great deal of Valour, and the desire of Conquering carried him very far amongst the *Barbarians*. A Body of Horse coming up to Succour them, he judged it convenient not to suffer himself to be environed by those Squadrons, and to retire in good order with his advantage, hoping these Troops would divide themselves in pursuing him, and he might return to the Charge with yet more vigour and success than before. Whereupon he turned back upon those who pursued him; but he found them all so firm, and so well united, that his Squadron being weakned with its losses and wounds, could no longer bear the Enemies Assaults, but

but were constrained to retire in haste, and not finding a safe place in the Army, they cast themselves amongst the Cavalry and Infantry with so much disorder, that it put those Troops into a Confusion; which the *Africans* made great advantage of.

On the other side the Body of the Army, where the Kings Standard and the Duke *de Barcellos* were placed, made a horrible slaughter of the *Moors*, pursued them to their Canon; and those *Barbarians* finding the King every where, fancied that all the Army was composed of Hero's, or that this Hero alone composed all the Army. The Duke of *Barcellos* accompanied the King in all places, and did a hundred things worthy of his Birth and great Courage: The *Moors* terrified and flying, took refuge even in the Quarters where *Moluc* was, who falling into an extream fury at this disorder, and being

being resolved to repair it or die, he rose from his Litter, without considering that he was half dead, and caused himself to be set on Horseback with a great deal of pain, resolved to stay the flight of his Men by his Example, or to put them to Death himself. Those who were about him, used all their endeavours to retain him, and even seized the Reins of his Horses Bridle; but his Courage making him forget his weakness, the Crowd of the Runaways and Fugitives still augmenting, and the King at the Head of his Men coming pretty near that Quarter, he put his hand to his Sword to disperse those who stopped him, and this Effort quite consuming his Strength and Forces, he fainted away, and fell into the Arms of his Men, and died some moments after, putting his Finger between his Lips, whether it was for vexation that his Men run away, or to make them remember they were

were to conceal his Death. And the Prudence of this *Barbarous* King so well compassed his Designs in the last moment of his Life, that dying it self could not ravish from him Victory; and he appeared brave and prudent even in the Arms of Death.

However the Renegado's, who were about *Moluc*, concealed his Death with a great deal of care, insomuch as the Army of the *Barbarians* weakned by this accident, was so far from flying, after having been vigorously repulsed, it recovered Forces out of its own shame. The *Moors* Rallied with fresh Troops, and returned to the Charge with more Valour than before. The Vanguard, where *Don Sebastian* made his Courage be admired, gave ground at its turn, and though the Christians, who were in that Body, had killed above two thousand of the *Moors*, there came again fresh ones in so great multitudes,

multitudes, that they were forced at length to yield to the numbers in that place; and all the Christians who remained there, having used all their Arms against the Enemies, and being at length come to Ponyards, lost their lives, appearing to be rather weary with Killing, than Conquered. All the Brave Voluntiers that *Don Henry* led there, being dead, this General was encompassed by the *Moors* of *Andaloufia*, and fell at length under their numbers and their fury. The King received there a Musquet shot in his Right-Shoulder; but not ceasing to Act for this wound, tho dangerous, and seeing his Vanguard was defeated without recovery, he run to the Left-Wing where the Duke *d'Avero*, after having rallied several times his Men, changed Horses, and Succoured those whom the Enemies pressed the most, was at length killed by a Musquet shot. As he was the
Soul

Soul of that Body, his fall put the *Portuguez's* to a rout: *Mahumet* endeavoured in vain to retain them, by his Example and his Voice. They no longer knew any Body, but the Conquerours, they fell upon their Knees to the *Moors*, instead of standing up in their own defence.

The King running to this disorder, and being acquainted with the Duke's death, who was dear to him, revenged it upon all those he met with: he fought amongst the Souldiers, and engaged himself amongst the *Moors*; he animated the Christians with few Words and a great many Examples, and cast admiration, fear and surprize amongst his Enemies by his Valour. He had three Horses killed under him without being daunted, and though he was already wounded, he did not cease to Attacque, Strike and Relieve; but he could not vanquish the fury and number of his Enemies, nor communicate
his

his Courage to his Troops. At length hazard conspiring with the *Moors* against the *Portugals*, Fire seized the Christians Ammunition for the Compleating their Defeat, and put so great disorder in all their Army, that Horses, Souldiers, Waggon, Ammunitions, Arms, Tents, Pavillions, and all the rest of the Baggage being confusedly heaped one upon another; Some were stifled, others burnt, and others cut to pieces by the Enemies. The young Duke *de Barcellos* being fallen from his Horse in that Confusion, was taken Prisoner; almost all the Chief Officers were killed, or put out of condition to fight by reason of their wounds. The *Portugals*, who in their flight would have taken the way of *Arzilla*, were all killed or drowned, being deceived by the River of *Mucasen*, which ebbing and flowing as the Ocean does, whose Waters it receives, was almost dry when

when the Army passed it on their march thither, but the Tide being high at their return, the Christians did not know the places where they had all forded it. The Defeat was so General; that of thirteen or fourteen thousand Men the *Portugal* Army was composed of, there hardly escaped an hundred from that Battel. In the mean while, the less fearful and most zealous, seeing this General Rout, they sought the King on all sides: But *Christopher de Tavora*, who carried his Standard, having been killed, they could not find him, and deceived by a Colours that very much resembled it, which *Edward de Menezes* had, they followed it instead of the other, fancying that *Don Sebastian* had ranged himself near it. Thus the King remaining alone among his Enemies, was notwithstanding his Valour opprest with numbers, and his Forces not being capable of seconding his

his

his Courage, he was constrained to yield to the fury of the *Moors*. All the Christians, who returned from this Battel did affirm, that he had received only one wound in his Shoulder, which was not Mortal; that he fell not among the dead, and that they had seen the Enemies take him Prisoner.

In the mean time this Battel became famous for the loss of three Kings. *Moluc* died there in performing all that a Wise Conquerour is capable of in such an Exigence. *Mahumet* seeing the *Portuguezes* routed, and willing to avoid the Cruelty of his Enemies, who would not have failed to have Sacrificed him to the repose of the State, endeavouring to escape, was drowned in the River of *Mucasen*. *Don Sebastian* was lost there, and so many rare Qualities that were observed in him, made his Subjects and all those who knew him, extreamly regret his loss, and left

a great Example to all young Princes, who keep not their Courage within the bounds of Prudence, which ought to preserve Kings for the advantage of their State, and the affection of their People.

While *Don Sebastian* was giving the Bloody Battel, which occasioned his own ruine, the destruction of his Kingdom, and the death of so many famous Warriors, the Count *de Souza* Signalized himself as much as the few Men that were in his Ships could make him capable of doing. He made oftentimes Descents upon the Land with his Troops; burnt the Burroughs and Villages he met with in his way, put to flight all those who Guarded the Coast; Besieged the City of *Allarache*, and battered it so Vigorously, that the greatest part of the *Moors* abandoned it, and had only left in it a weak Garrison. *Almeida* being nearer the Naval Army, than
the

the other Forces , learnt *Souza's* Conquests with an incredible joy, and fancied , that *Don Sebastian* fought with no less advantage against *Moluc*. She flattered her self with the hopes of seeing her Brother within a little time again upon the Throne, and her Lover covered with Glory : But these thoughts did not last long, *Souza* quickly received the News of the Kings Defeat, and the rout of all his Army ; he instantly acquainted *Almeida* therewith, and told her, it was necessary of thinking to secure themselves. What a sad piece of News was this to that Princess ! she remained as motionless, and lost the use of her Senses at this Discourse. After which she made reflexion upon the Valour of *Don Sebastian*, upon the ardour he had made appear to revenge her ; and not being able to figure to her self, that he was to be Conquered, having so much Courage
and

and so much Love, she sent for him, who had brought the sad Tydings to *Souza*, who confirmed what *Souza* had told her. He related to her all had past in that Battel; and when she saw this misfortune was no longer to be doubted of, and that she had lost her Brother and her Lover, she fell into such a despair, as gave reason to fear it would cost her her life.

She had ever loved *Mahumet* very tenderly, and often shed Tears for his death, but when she remembered his Interest had caused the ruine of *Don Sebastian*, she murmured against that Brother, and imputed to him all the misfortunes of this King. *It is I alone, alas,* said she a moment after, *who am the cause of Don Sebastians ruine; had it not been for the Love of me, he would not have succoured my Brother, nor lost his life. It is I that drew him out of the Heart of his Dominions, to Sacrifice him to*
my

my Ambition, and the Cruelties of Moluc: He was adored by his People, contined she, beloved by his Allies, feared by his Enemies. Never any Prince gave such hopes of a happy Reign as he did. He was ardent in Glory, fearless in Dangers, indefatigable in labour, and all these fine Qualities have only helped to advance the misfortunes I have plung'd him into. How fatal was the Conquest of Arilla to him, it was there I saw him Victoriously Charming; he saw me, and loved me; I fancied that Victory would ever have attend-ed him, he did not think, I was to be so fatal to him; into what an abyss of mischiefs has this interview precipitated us? While Almeida made all these Reflexions, the Count de Souza, sensibly concerned at the Kings loss, was thinking with a great deal of prudence and care of the means of repairing, or at least, hindring its fatal Consequences; he raised the Siege of Alarache, to

go Rescue the *Portugals* that were beaten; he reassured the Governours of those places *Portugal* had in *Africa*; he augmented the Garrisons with all the Troops he could put into, the City; he gave out, that *Don Sebastian* was not dead, and the Christians assured he was only taken Prisoner. He promised the Colonels and Officers, who had escaped this Defeat, that the Kings Ransom should be shortly Treated for, and that he would recompence at his return the fidelity of those, who should have rendred him service during his absence. He run over all the Coasts as far as *Tangier*, to gather up the Remnants of the *Portugal* Army, which that Defeat had dispersed. He was acquainted by those, who had escaped from the Battel, that above three thousand Christians were killed upon the place, that above six thousand *Portuguezes* were taken Prisoners, and above

four thousand wounded; that all the Foreign Officers had lost their lives; that entire Families of People of Quality were extinguished there, that the Bishops of *Porto* and *Coimbra*, were likewise dead, that *Don Lewis* was killed, that the Dukes *de Braganza* and *d'Avero* had lost their lives; that the Duke *de Barcellos*, and *Anthony* Son of *Don Lewis* were Prisoners, and that *Don Henry* was dead.

Souza having still a strong Passion for *Eugenia*, and having never been able to forbear looking upon *Don Henry's* happiness but with Envy, was overjoy'd at first, when he heard his Rival was dead, but his Reason correcting immediately the first motions of his Passion, he deplored *Don Henry's* misfortune. He was extreamly concerned at the grief this piece of News would cause in *Eugenia*, and was more sensible of the loss the State had by this accident, than of the particular

particular

particular advantage of his death might be of to him in the sequel. But he could not forbear entertaining some hopes, and fancied that it ever *Eugenia*, could be capable of a second engagement, all he had done for her, would move her to some acknowledgement; in the impatience he was to see her again, he suddenly Embarked all the *Portugals*, who had escaped from the Battel; he thought of securing *Almeida*, and still respecting her the King had loved, and had committed to his care, he asked her what place she would chuse for her retreat, that he might Conduct her to it, even to the hazard of his life.

Almeida without Brother, King, Lover, Relations, Friends and Succours; odious to all the Nations, who had interessed themselves in that Quarrel, knew not to what place to carry her misfortunes. Of all the Train she had brought into

Portugal, she had only left a *Vene-*
tian Maid, who came into her Ser-
 vice a little before *Mahumet* was
 drove out of his Dominions. This
 young Person had been taken at
 Sea by the *Moorish* Pirates some
 time after that *Almeida* was re-
 turned from *Spain*; she was given
 to that Princess, because she had
 a thousand fine Qualities, that di-
 stinguished her from other Slaves,
 and her Relations had not yet
 been able to Ransome her, by
 reason of the troubles that were in
 that Kingdom, which caused *Al-*
meida to wander into several pla-
 ces. The Princess had taken an
 affection for her, and treated her
 with a great deal of kindness. This
 Slave seeing her in so great a per-
 plexity, told her, that in acknow-
 ledgment of the favours she had re-
 ceived, she offered her a Retreat
 at *Venice*, that the *Bailo* of that
 Republick was her Relation, and
 she was sure, if she would become a
 Christian,

Christian; as she had promised *Don Sebastian* she would, her Family would willingly grant her a Refuge that would not be altogether unworthy of her. *Almeida* willingly accepted the proffer, *Souza* caused her to be conducted to *Venice*, and then made Sail towards *Lisbon*.

The whole Kingdom was in an extream Consternation. The People knew not if *Don Sebastian* was dead or alive: All the World lamented his misfortunes, and nobody knew his fate. Those who were well intentioned, maintained he was still alive, and a Prisoner in *Africa*: The Seditious said, that though that were true, they could not relieve him from Captivity, because War had drained the Revenues, and they could not find Money enough in the Kingdom for his Ransome. Others caused a report to run, how he was dead: The People would have a King;

the best Politicians, and those that were most honest, doubted of all, and said nothing. There was nothing seen but Relations, which seemed all to confirm the News of the Kings Death. Spain had several places upon the Confines of *Africa*, that bordered *Portugal*: Those who were Governours of them stopped all the Pacquets that were sent into *Portugal*. There were daily seen new Lists of the dead; the whole Kingdom was in Mourning; each City in Tears; all Families regretted the loss of a Father, a Husband, a Son, or a Brother; oftentimes one alone deplored all these Persons together; and the Council was at length constrained to appease the Murmurs of the People, to cause Cardinal *Henry* to come out of the *Abby* of *Calcobassa*, to which place he was retired, and to proclaim him Governour General of the Kingdom, in the absence of *Don Sebastian* his Successour to the Crown.

Eugenia using all her endeavours to have certain News of her Husband, was assured after several very exact enquiries, that he had lost his life in that Battel. The grief she was in surpassed that of all other Widows; her Affliction was not confounded in the Publick Desolation; she made it be distinguished by its excess. *Souza* was no sooner arriv'd, than he would render the Devoirs that Decency exacts on such occasions: He was told she was returned into a Religious House, where she admitted of no Visits: He had promised to himself so much pleasure in seeing *Eugenia* again, and disengaged from *Don Henry*, that he could not without an extrêam trouble, find himself disappointed of that happiness. The Abbess of that Convent was his Aunt: He went to beg she would obtain of *Eugenia*, that he might see her for a moment; but this Widow prescribed her self too severe Rules

to consent to that interview, which she fancied would injure the fidelity she owed the Memory of her Husband, and she still so firmly opposed the measures that *Souza* took to discourse her, that he was afraid, he should be wanting in the respect he owed her, if he still endeavoured to procure himself that satisfaction.

While all *Portugal* was in Tears, *Africa* echoed with shouts of joy for so great a Victory. *Hamet, Molucs* Brother, was proclaimed King: He made an Entry into *Fez*, he brought thither in triumph *Mahumets* Body, with a great number of Prisoners. After which he bethought himself to acquire the favour of the King of *Spain*. He had means in his hands, that were sure to obtain it: Several *Spaniards* were among his Prisoners; he was Master of *Don Sebastian*, whose fate no Body knew. *Philip* stood in need of him: These two Kings
sent

sent Ambassadors to one another: The King of *Spain* gave to the Value of a hundred thousand Ducates in Jewels to the King of *Fez*; who likewise restored to *Philip*, without any Ransome, all the *Spaniards* that had been taken Prisoners in that War. The report of *Don Sebastian's* death was renewed every where. New Circumstances of it were made Publick: It was said, that he had not been met withal amongst the Prisoners, and that having sought for him amongst the dead, a naked Man had been found, whose Body resembled his, and was known to be so by some *Portugal* Prisoners. *Hamet* delivered this Corps into the *Spanish* Governours hands of *Ceuta*. He likewise restored to *Philip* the Duke of *Barcellos* without Ransome; and the Council thought fit at length to proclaim at *Lisbon*, that *Don Sebastian* was dead, and to perform the Publick Ceremo-

nies, that those People are used to practise on such occasions, for the appeasing the murmurs and the disorders, that were caused by the Doubtful Fate of that unhappy King.

Cardinal *Henry* was Crowned King of *Portugal*. At first great hopes were conceived from his age and his probity; but besides that the Virtues of one Condition are oftentimes Vices in another, the change of our Fortune almost always changes the disposition of our Mind. *Henry* became Haughty, Revengeful and Jealous. Few of the late Kings Courtiers kept in favour under this new Reign. He Persecuted all those who had shared in the pleasures of *Don Sebastian*; he revenged himself on all, who had not shewn him respect enough, and had only applyed themselves to the Kings Person. The Dutchess of *Braganza* was the only one of the Antient Court, whose

whose Credit was augmented under *Henry*. He had for her a great inclination; her Complaisance, her Eagernesses, and the Affectionate Air she made appear to those she had a mind to please, had engaged *Henry*. She came to *Lisbon* upon the first report of the loss of the Battel, to know News of her Son; and Husband; she deplored the loss of the one's Liberty, and the Life of the other; and King *Henry* used all his endeavours to divert her Grief. *Violanta* was not beloved by this Cardinal, but as he had measures to keep with her, by reason of the Pretensions of *Don Anthony* her Son, he did not shew her any hatred: She was gone into Mourning for the Death of *Don Lewis*; the better part of the Court had been to Condole with her upon her loss. *Henry* had not seen her, because he had not consented to *Don Lewis* his Marrying her, for fear of being constrained

constrained to acknowledge *Don Lewis* for the Legitimate Successour of the Crown. The Count *de Souza* was more in Favour than he had ever been: *Henry* knew his Prudence, esteemed his Merit, and often followed his Counsels in the Government of the State: *Don Lewis* had ever shared in the pleasures of *Don Sebastian*, and had ever applied himself only to the Person of that King. The hatred that *Henry* bore him for that reason, did not die with him; he was resolved to make his Widow sensible of the effects of it: He brought Suits at Law against her, that were capable of ruining her, and maintained that the better part of her Husbands Estate had been alienated from the Crown, and ought to be reunited to it. *Eugenia* had plunged her self into such an affliction, that she neither thought of State nor of Life, and believed she ought not to manage any of those things,

things, after having lost what she loved. Her Relations were not favourites enough at Court to undertake her defence. *Souza* Employed all his Credit to preserve to her the Estate they would have deprived her of, and did it with Success. *Henry* Sacrificed his Resentment to the Prayers of this Count, and took pity of *Eugenia*. But as the Count *de Souza* durst not hazard seeing her, since she had sent him Word, that he would disoblige her, if he seemed to have that Design; he contented himself with desiring one of that Widows Relations to acquaint her on the part of *Henry*, that he restored to her all her Estate, without declaring to this Relation, that *Henry* had only granted this Act of Grace to *Eugenia* upon his solicitation; but the noise thereof was already spread through all the City; which *Eugenia* was informed of at the same time, they acquainted her with
 this

this News; she appeared as little sensible of the Services of *Souza*, as the kindneses of *Henry*, so full was her Soul of Grief, and so unconcerned was she for things of this World.

The King of *Spain* having had Advice, that *Don Sebastian's* death had been Proclaimed in *Portugal*, and Cardinal *Henry* made King, resolved to joyn the powerful Motives of Religion and Justice to the secret Practices he entertained in all parts, for the maintaining the Pretensions he had upon that Crown. Conscience in *Spain* is an Actress, that has ever a Principal Part in all things, and had the greatest share in this Intrigue. *Philip* caused the most Learned and Famous Casuists to be Consulted, and Civil Layers of his Kingdom, and they unanimously declared, that *Don Sebastian* being dead, he might Seize on the Kindom of *Portugal* to the prejudice of *Henry* :
 Lut

But whether *Philip* having other Wars to maintain, feared that the *Portuguezes* would by force of Arms defend the Crown, they had newly placed upon *Henry's* head, or was afraid this War would give those People new remembrances of *Don Sebastian*, whom without any difficulty they had believed to be dead, because they saw a Prince of their Country Succeed him, and of whose death they should not so easily persuade themselves, if a stranger should Seize on the Throne; the King of *Spain* found the ways of Artifice, more sure than those of open Force, and thought it convenient to let *Henry* Reign, for the little time he had to live, rather than disgust those People by too much Precipitation.

As soon as the Duke of *Barcellos* was got out of *Hamets* Prisons, he passed the *Straits* to go into *Portugal*, and promised himself to
satisfie

satisfie in a little time, the tender impatience of *Leonora*, who had so long sigh'd for his return. But *Philip*, fearing this Duke might occasion new obstacles to the *Spaniards* Pretensions, by reason of the Right the Quality of the Dutchess of *Braganza's* Heir gave him to that Crown, resolv'd to retard as much as he could his Arrival. He employ'd all manner of Artifices to hinder the Duke from going to *Lisbon*: And as he knew that he was to pass by *Saint Lucar*, he sent Orders to the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, who was Governour of that place, to detain him in that City as long as was possible for him. Some New Diversion was daily invented to cause him to stay, and he ever found something New and Magnificent to invite a delay. Several Pretexts had already been found out to stop him, when the Duke not being able to resist any longer

longer *Leonora's* impatience, who desired him incessantly by tender and pressing Letters to return to *Lisbon*, resolved at length to depart from *Saint Lucar*, and made known with much firmness to the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, that he was resolved to depart the next day. This Governour still endeavoured to persuade him; but seeing the Duke was obstinate to be gone, he caused all his Equipage to be seized on with absolute Authority, and told the Duke of *Barcellos* as gently as was possible for him, that being Governour of that place for the King of *Spain*, he could not suffer him to go away without Order from his Master; that he would write to him about it the next day, and that as soon as he received an answer, all the ways should be open to him. The Duke surprized at this procedure, gave notice thereof to the Dutchess his Mother. She complained of
that

that Violence to *Henry*: He assured her, he would sollicit her Sons Liberty with all the ardour he was capable of, and received this occasion of obliging the Dutchess, with so much joy, and so much eagerness, that she no longer doubted, that what she had suspected of him was real.

This Dutchess had already remarked how the other Virtue the Cardinal had ever made profession of, suffered it self to be insensibly seduced by Pleasures, which attend a Crown. She was extremely Complaisant to him; she seemed young; was still Beautiful, and having a Design upon the Crown of *Portugal*, she was willing to procure *Henry's* suffrage, and used all her endeavours to insinuate her self into that Kings Favour. Old Men as well as Children are usually won by those who flatter them: Cardinal *Henry* took great delight in the Complaisances

plaisances of that Dutcheſs, and fancying that Sixty ſeven Years, with a long Practice of all Virtues, were a ſure Preservative againſt Love, he let his Eyes continually enjoy the Pleaſures of ſeeing that Dutcheſs, and abandoned himſelf entirely to the Charms that ſeduced him, without foreſeeing what it would come to. A Heart that never loved, is as much a Novice at Sixty years old, as in the tenderſt youth; and the frequent Converſations of a Beautiful Perſon; have the Art of taming the moſt Savage Virtue; that of *Henry* became ſuſceptible by little and little: The Dutcheſs perceived his Love ſooner than he himſelf, ſhe ſaw it bud with joy, and applauded her ſelf in ſecret for that Conqueſt, that might be of ſuch advantage to her Deſigns. As ſoon as the King knew, that the inclination he had for the Dutcheſs, was love attended with all its diſquiets, he

he was extremely concerned; he would have called his reason to his Rescue; but love had drove it away; 'twas too far off to understand him, or to return, and all he could do against that Passion, was to shut it up in his Heart, to conceal it with care from the Eyes of all the Court, and to declare nothing of it to her who caused it. He had the pleasure of seeing the Dutchess, and she was ever Complaisant. She seemed to know nothing of his Passion, but what he was willing to acquaint her with. He insensibly explained to her all he was sensible of after this manner. And as the kindness of Old Men is not so furious as ordinary love, and that 'tis rather a sweet folly than a strong Passion, the violence he used upon himself, did not put him in too much pain, and he enjoy'd with tranquility enough, the Pleasure of being near what one loves.

Souza's Passion was not so Calm, what respect soever he had for *Eugenia's* Orders, it was not without an extream constraint, that he obeyed them: He ardently desired to see her; could not forbear making frequent Visits to his Aunt, and the other Friends he had in that Convent; took delight in being under the same Roof with his Mistress: They talked of her often to him, and the violence he used upon himself to conceal his love from all the World, did not hinder him from taking a great deal of Pleasure in those Conversations: He had a Sister whom he tenderly loved: She desired him one day to accompany her to her Aunts, whom she had a mind to Visit, which he consented to with joy. When they came to the Convent, they were told, that the Abbess was in a Parlour with *Eugenia*, who could not refuse seeing one of her Relations, who was
 lately

lately arrived at *Lisbon*: *Souza* was full of joy at the News, and was going hastily into the Parlour; but the fear of displeasing her he loved immediately with-held him, and made him think sometime upon that Design. He let the Abbess know, that her Niece asked to see her; and as there was no mention made of *Souza*, *Eugenia* stayed without thinking he was to come with his Sister; he perceived she was vexed and surprized to see him: The grief of having displeas'd *Eugenia*, and the Lustre of her Beauty, which seem'd to be augmented since her Widowhood, caus'd so much trouble in that Lover, that *Eugenia* could not forbear having some pity, though at the first sight of him, she resolv'd to withdraw: The disorder, love, respect, and repentance that the Count made appear in his Eyes, and the remembrance of all he had done for her, staid her for some moments,

moments, and after having thought upon what was her Devoir in that Rencounter, she judged it more convenient to remain, than make it believed by her retreat, that she took a particular care to avoid *Souza*. The Conversation was general; the Count durst not speak of his Passion otherwise than by tender looks, which a respectful fear sometimes curbed, and which *Eugenia's* severity often refused to understand. This Interview perplexing her, she quickly found a pretext to withdraw: The Abbess being called away by some Duties of her profession, retired presently after: This Visit was somewhat short, and *Souza* parted from thence more charmed with *Eugenia* than he had ever been.

This Widow was afterwards something concerned she had staid in a Compauny where *Souza* was present, and reproaching her self sometimes for having seen a Man,
 who

who had loved her in her Husband's life time. The Abbess having already observed, that her Nephew had a great Passion for *Eugenia*, discoursed her often about *Souza*, and sometimes told her, that Young and Beautiful as she was she could not remain long a Widow, that the Affairs of her Family would oblige her to Marry again some one, whose Credit and Prudence might support her Interest, that she saw in the Count *de Souza* all that could render her happy, and that if she found she had the least inclination for him, she ought to consent to their Marriage. But *Eugenia* possessed with the Memory of her Husband, could not suffer any other *Idea*. The Niceness of her Virtue fancied it Criminal to give Ear to such propositions: She repulsed them with all the firmness that the Civility she owed the Abbess, and the esteem she had for the Count

de Souza could permit her, and made them so well know, that such Discourses were not pleasing to her, as they ceased to be importunate.

The Pleasure Cardinal *Henry* enjoy'd with the Dutchess of *Braganza* did not last long. *Anthony*, who was then in *Africa*, and had cunningly concealed his Quality from all the *Moors*, found the means of escaping, and returned to *Lisbon*, but was but coldly received by King *Henry*. All the Court immediately asked him News of *Don Sebastian*; but as he had been amongst the Common Prisoners, was one of the first that had freed himself from Slavery, and the Fate of this King had ever been kept very secret in *Africa*, he could say nothing particular thereof. He saw the Dutchess, she charmed him, and he fancied she might be useful to him in regard of the Pretensions he had to

the Crown: He thought, if she joyned the right she had to that Kingdom to his, they should carry it from all others. He paid respects to the Dutchess, which met with a favourable reception; she consider'd his Pretensions in the same Design as he had done hers. Great Intrigues were formed between them; and though she kept great measures with *Henry*, he conceived so strong a Jealousie of that Union, that he made his Complaint to the Dutchess, and fell in a rage against *Anthony*. The one without disowning his Passion, promised the King to Renounce it in his Favour, and the other denied she had any Correspondence with that Prince.

Every thing Alarmed this Jealous King: *Anthony* durst not be in any place where the Dutchess went; and as forbidding to see one another, does furnish those who have any disposition to love, with the occasion of making secret assignations

nations which ever advances the aims of a Passion: *Anthony* who could not see the Dutchess in Publick, saw her in Private; he desired secret Rendezvouzes of her, which she was not able to refuse him. They had mutual Interests that concerned the State; *Policie* served Love in that occasion, as Love serves *Policie* in others. The Dutchess aimed at a Crown: *Anthony* employ'd all his cares to make himself King. He was very much beloved by the People, he gained the Suffrages of the Principal Inhabitants of the City, who went to desire *Henry* to name a Successour to the Throne, and to consider in that Nomination the Rights of *Anthony* and the Voice of the People, who declared themselves in his favour. This Harangue frightened *Henry*; he had conceived a mortal hatred to his Nephew, since he had fancied him his Rival. He resolved to deprive him at one

Cast of the Kingdom, and of the Dutchess, by Marrying that Princess. He coloured this Design with the necessity of giving a Successour to the Throne, for the preventing those Wars the pretenders to that Crown, threatned the State withal. He Communicated this Design to the Dutchess of *Braganza*: He flattered her Ambition; she consented to it, notwithstanding the inclination she had for *Anthony*. This pretext did lure the simple; but there were two great obstacles to this Marriage. *Henry* was a Priest, and sixty years old. Kings never want able Men, who remove the Scruples and Difficulties that are contrary to their Designs. The Physicians told him, he was capable of getting Successours. Some Casuists assured him, that he might easily obtain a Dispensation from the Pope for a Match so necessary to the State; and *Edward of Castel Bianco* was nominated Ambassadour

to his Holiness, for the obtaining that Dispensation.

The King of *Spain* having Advice thereof, was very much alarmed. His Partizans talked publicly, that *Henry* was incapable of Marriage, and he could never have any Children, but such as were imposed upon him. *Philip* caused the Pope to be desired he would not grant that Dispensation, and sent to *Lisbon* a certain *Jacobin*, called *Ferrand du Castilio*, a very subtil Divine and Cunning Monk, who by the free and good Reception the Fathers of his Order had at Court, insinuated himself cunningly into *Henry's* Favour, without making known to any one soever, that he came from the Court of *Spain*, and without acquainting any body with the occasion of his Journey; he laboured under the Cloak of his Monkish Habbit, and under the appearence of Piety, to effect and bring to pass the Designs

of *Philip*. He coloured all his Practices with a great Zeal for the Church; and devoutly represented to *Henry*, that his Marrying would utterly destroy the Catholick Religion; that the Heresies which then Reigned, would be more Spirited by that Action; that the Hereticks, who pretend that Marriage is not incompatible with the Service of our Altars; would cite him amongst all Christian People, as an Example that would autherise their belief, and would Scandalise the *Romanists*; and that it would be much better to lose all the Kingdoms of the World, than to make the least breach in the Catholick Faith.

But what care soever the Pretenders to the Crown of *Portugal* had taken since the Defeat in *Africa*, to persuade the People that *Don Sebastian* was dead, they had not been able to establish that belief so well amongst them, but there
 always

always ran some report in that Kingdom, how this King was still alive. They learnt from time to time, some News of his Captivity: One of the Principal Inhabitants of the Isles of *Tercera*, who had accompanied that unfortunate Prince in his Voyage, and had escaped out of the *Moors*' Prisons, had so well persuaded it to the People of those Islands, that they ever made mention of *Don Sebastian*, as of a King who was living, in the Publick Prayers. He went to *Lisbon* himself to warrant this News, and to assure it to all the Court; but Cardinal *Henry* would give no Credit to it, and fancied this rumour was only a New Artifice for the putting by his Marriage. This Man was treated as an Imposture; his Person was secured without any noise, and secretly dispatched into the other World: *Almeida* being still at *Venice*, heard all these rumours, and as she de-

fired with more Passion than any other, that they were real, she gave easier Credit to them than any Body else, and by Letters desired those Friends she had left at *Lisbon*, to Contrive some means of Delivering *Don Sebastian*. But all that came from that *African Princess* was odious to the *Portuguezes*, and this News was so ill entertained at Court, that the most disinterested Politicians stifled it in its Birth.

Anthony was yet more alarmed at *Henry's* Projects, than the King of *Spain* was, he redoubled his Efforts to become King of *Portugal*, and to render himself worthy of the *Dutchess of Braganza*. He continually endeavoured to acquire new Partizans; he sent to Solicite the Magistrates of all the Cities; he made known to the People, that it was for them to choose a King, because the *Salick Law* being received in that Kingdom, the
 Crown

Crown wanting Heirs Males in a direct Line, the Election belonged to them, and that *John I*, one of their Kings, on such another occasion, had been chosen by the People. He supported the *Malecontents*, flattered the Bold, and seduced the Weak: But his Love was yet more troublesome than his Ambition; he loved the Dutchess as much as the Throne, and was no more sure of the Possession of the one than of the Love of the other. When he had learnt that she consented to the Match which *Henry* Projected, he went to her privately, and told her, after having entertained her with the Progresses he made upon the Peoples Minds: *Heaven is my Witness, Madam, that I less esteem the Conquest of a Kingdom than that of your Heart, and if I did not believe that the Throne would one day advance me up to you, I should never think of raising my self up to it; I know you*

are worthy of a Crown, I also know you cannot fail of it; but I know not whether you had not rather choose to receive it from the Hands of Henry than from mine; and if preferring a certain Possession before doubtful Hopes, you are not more inclined to that King, as old and decrepit as he is, than to a young Prince, who loves you to adoration: But Madam, without particularizing the difficulties that oppose the Match you have consented to——Sir, interrupted the Dutchess, those would be useless, I know all that is contrary to this Union on the Kings part, and am willing to acquaint you with all those that opposes it on mine; I do not find that Henry is lovely; you have all that is requisite to please, I would prefer you with delight before that King, and in fine, I should love you, if I believed my Heart; but Prince, better regulated Motions are to be Consulted for our Union, Love must be silent, and Reason ought alone to speak,

Speak when we aim at a Crown: My endeavours are to reign; and tho I am not vain enough to abandon myself to that fancy, I am so ambitious as not to neglect any thing that may place me upon the Throne. Ah! Madam, answered Anthony after a Passionate manner, when we are sensible of Love, Ambition has not that Power over our Actions, and for my part, I call Heaven to Witness, I hardly ever dream of Reigning, but I think incessantly of you. That is not the way to please me, reply'd she, the Affairs of the Kingdom are much more pressing than those of our Love. When you have employ'd your thoughts with advantage upon the Throne, you will have time to think agreeably of me: Procure, Sir, your self a Crown, and leave the Care to me of making you be beloved: If I am not as sensible as you, I am at least more sincere, and am willing to avow to you, that with a Crown you would please me more than the King; but

that

that the King will please me more than you as long as you are not Crowned. As to the rest, if you believe these Sentiments too severe for your love, think that 'tis not to be very indifferent to hear you in private and without anger, and to declare my self in favour of your uncertain Cabals and doubtful hopes, against the sincere and sure Offers which the King makes me of his Crown. But, Madam, answered Anthony, you have continual favours for Henry. This is all I can do for you Prince, reply'd she, I will not openly fall out with the King, (nor would you Counsel me to do so) I have neither Forces nor Friends to offer you, we have both of us some Pretensions to the Crown, I am willing to joyn mine to yours: Endeavour on your side, while I shall Act on mine, and be persuaded, that if I could be Mistriss of the Kingdom, without sharing it with Henry, I would share it with you.

These

These last Wards filled *Anthony* full of joy: He made a thousand Passionate acknowledgments to the Dutcheſs, they both agreed at parting to uſe their Efforts for the procuring Father *Ferrand* to be of their Cabal: *Anthony* perceiving, that oppoſing as he did *Henry's* Marriage, he would not be contrary to their Union, and the Dutcheſs, believing, that being *Anthony's* Friend, as he had declared himſelf he was, he would ſometimes facilitate their interview.

This Good Father, who did not ſo much fear the Marriage of the Dutcheſs with *Anthony*, as with *Henry*, conſented to favour the Paſſion of thoſe two Lovers. After having exacted from them an authentick Declaration of the purity of their intentions, believing he ſhould ever have means and time enough to deſtroy the tender Commerce he thought fit to entertain, if it ſhould once happen to
be

be contrary to his Masters Designs, this Religious acquitted himself worthily of that Commission *Anthony* not thinking *Father Ferrand* to be a Pensioner of *Spain*, and daily receiving a thousand good Offices from him, declared to him part of his Projects, which the zealous *Father*, immediately gave notice to of *Philip*. He was very diligent, and rendred himself necessary to the *Dutchess*, insomuch as she only concealed to him her most secret Designs.

An occasion that offered of serving her, augmented the Confidence she had in him. The King of *Spain* was in no haste to answer the Letters that *Henry* had writ to him concerning the Liberty of the Duke of *Barcellos*. He was still detained at *St. Lucars*; the *Dutchess* his Mother was extreamly vexed, the People murmured, and the *Jacobin* seeing that this Detention might have ill Consequences,

quences, wrote secretly to *Philip*, and at the same time promised the Dutchess, that the Duke of *Medina*, whose particular Friend he said he was, would doubtless give Liberty to her Son, upon his desire: And indeed the Duke of *Barcellos* went presently after from *St. Lucars*. 'Twas given out, that the Duke of *Medina* out of too much precaution had detained him without any Order from Court. Father *Ferrand* seemed to be principal Agent in that Affair. The Dutchess was full of acknowledgments, and the King of *Spain* by very obliging Letters, desired this young Duke to pass into *Spain*, and come and divert himself at that Court, pretending to be very desirous of seeing him. But the Duke of *Barcellos* distrusted the *Spaniards* Carrels, and thought not fitting to undertake that Journey. The Dutchess his Mother not being willing, he should engage himself further with

Leonora,

Leonora, sent him word, that it was as unsafe for him to be at *Lisbon*, as at *St. Lucar*, ordered him to retire to *Villa Visola*, where he would be Master, and have nothing to fear. What Instances soever *Leonora* had made to this Duke, he was forced to obey; War, Ambition, Absence and Pleasures had almost effaced her out of his Heart; and times and the cares of his Fortune, quite disengaged him from that Passion which had never been very violent.

After *Eugenia* had passed some Months in the Monastery she was retired into, the Counsels of her Relations, the Prayers of her Friends, and the necessity of her Affairs obliged her to return to *Lisbon*. All the Court Ladies made her their Visits. The Dutchess of *Braganza*, was of this number; she made her some obliging reproaches upon the difficulties there was to see her, where she
was

was in that Convent. You would hardly consent to see your Relations, said that Dutcheſs to her ſmiling, and of all the Men in the World, the Count of Souza had only the happineſs of Diſcourſing you there. Tho Eugenia had nothing to reproach her ſelf for that interview, ſhe was however out of Countenance and Confused at this Diſcourſe; ſhe was afraid, they would ſuſpect her of having ſome intrigue with a Man who had loved her ſo long a time, and defended her ſelf as well as ſhe could from this Reproach. But the Dutcheſs having obſerved her Diſorder and Bluſhing, fancyed there was ſome intelligence betwixt thoſe two Perſons. Lewis of Granada who formerly juſtified Souza, acquainted the King, that he was in love with Eugenia: The Dutcheſs had been told it, and as Gallant Women are ever glad to make it believed, that the moſt ſevere are ingaged in ſome
 Intrigue

Intrigue of Galantry, this Dutchess continued maliciously that Railery, and reported every where, that *Eugenia* had a long time had a kindness for *Souza*.

This Widow was extreamly Jealous of her Honour; she was extreamly vexed at *Souza* for having brought upon her that Disgrace, tho she very well knew it was not his fault. She resolved never to see him more, and let him know every time he came to Visit her, that she was indisposed, and could not see any Body. *Souza* knew not by what Crime he had merited all these Cruelties: He was sure, he had never failed in his Respect to *Eugenia*, and had ever Sacrificed all things to her: he perceived, that she could not be ignorant of what he had done for her, and knew too well the severity of her Virtue, to dare to undertake to write to her. She had left off seeing the Abbess of the Convent
 she

she had made her retreat to, because she was ever talking to her in favour of him. The Relations of that Widow knowing what the Count had done for her, and seeing the Credit he had at Court, were desirous she should consent to Marry him; the Sister of *Don Henry* her Husband, and for whom she had ever had a great inclination, was a great Friend of *Souza's* Sister. They both went to see her, and *Souza* declared to her his love, and his despair. He desired her to know what *Eugenia* could accuse him of, and to procure him a moment of Discourse with her. And this Friend promised *Souza* and his Sister to employ all the Power she had over her, to their satisfaction.

The End of the Third Part.

The first thing I saw when I
came to was a dark, narrow
in front of me. The light
of the fire was dim, and the
ground was cold and hard.
I tried to move, but my legs
were stiff and I could not
stand. I lay there for some
time, trying to get my bearings.
The air was thick with smoke,
and I could hear the sound
of water dripping from the
ceiling. I was alone, and I
did not know where I was.
I tried to call out, but my
voice was hoarse and I
could not hear myself. I
was in a state of panic, and
I did not know what to do.
I tried to get up, but I
could not. I was trapped, and
I was alone. I was in a
state of despair, and I did
not know how long I would
last.

The End of the Third Part

Don Sebastian
K I N G
O F
Portugal.

An Historical Novel.

P A R T IV.

Done out of *French* by
Mr. *FERRAND SPENCE*.

L O N D O N,
Printed for R. Bentley and S. Mag-
nes, in *Russel-street* in *Covent-*
garden, 1683.

Don Sebastian

KING

of Portugal

and of the Algarves

and of the Islands

of the Azores

and of the Cape Verde

Islands

Don Sebastian,

K I N G

O F

P O R T U G A L.

IN the mean time, the Pope made no great haste to grant *Henry* the Dispensation that his Ambassadour demanded of him. The Cabals of *Spain* were stronger than the Solicitations of *Castel Bianco*. The People grew impatient, and feared the Wars, which the Pretenders to the Crown threatned *Portugal* with after the Death of *Henry*. *Anthony* in all places excited the murmurs; he had gained

gained the Peoples Favour, and the suffrages of the Court. *Philip* had notice of all that passed: He ordered *Father Ferrand* to seek out the means of stopping his Progresses; which the Father had Infallible ones to do, and resolved to procure his being Banished from *Lisbon*. *Henry* was but too much disposed to hate him; the Cabals he raised every where, and the love he had for the Dutchess, were such Crimes, in respect of that King, as could not fail of drawing down his vengeance; but *Father Ferrand* was not willing to be the Informer, this was too contrary to the good and devout Character he affected; he would not involve the Dutchess in this Affair, he had particular Considerations for her: The Friendship and Confidence of those two Lovers were necessary to him; wherefore he so behaved himself as to keep them both his Friends. *Leonora* was vexed at
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the Dutchess, being she had hindered her Son from coming to *Lisbon*, and fancied, that she alone was the cause of this change: The peeks that Love causes between persons of that Sex, become irreconcilable averfions. Father *Ferrand* had some acquaintance with *Leonora*, from the time he solicted the Liberty of the Duke of *Barcellos*: She had made several Visits to this good Father, to learn News of her Lover, and he had discovered the hatred she had for the Dutchess, when he acquainted her, that the Duke of *Barcellos* had Order to go to *Villa Visola*.

Chance had put into the *Jaccolis* hands a Letter that *Anthony* wrote to the Dutchess, in which he let her know, that he had learnt, that his Holiness would spin out the business of the Dispensation so long a time, that *Henry* should be dead before an answer would be given to it; that she was

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too good to suffer the persecutions of so useless an Amour, as was that of the Old Cardinal, and too Cruel if she did not declare her self in favour of a Prince, who would infallibly put the Crown upon her head. This Letter said enough against the Duke, and too little against the Dutchess, to accuse her of a Formal Intrigue. There needed no more than to shew it the King. Father *Ferrand* shewed it *Leonora*, as if he had found it by chance. She desired the Father to give her that Letter: He obstinately denied it, till he had made her promise, she would never declare from whom she had it; and after having given it her, he desired her not to make any noise with it, but to shew it the King with as much caution and moderation as was possible, if the good of the State obliged her so to do. As soon as she had this Letter, she bethought her self of the means to shew it to

Henry,

Henry, and made choice of *Phæbus Monis*, who was *Vereador* of *Lisbon*, and had great access to the King, and was entirely devoted to *Leonora*, having been one of *Christopher de Tavora* her Fathers Officers. She sent for him, and told him, that it was important for the good of the State, and for his particular Interests, that the King were acquainted with a Letter, which was come to her Hands: And after having shew'd it him, she begged him to let *Henry* see it, and told him, that she found it in the *Jacobin's* Church, which was the very place where the Dutchess had let it fall. *Monis* executed this Commission very punctually: The King saw that Letter, and was in an extrem fury against *Anthony*: He Banished him from Court, and sent him to his Priory of *Crato*. But notwithstanding all the measures the King took to hinder the Interviews of these two Lovers, *Antho-*

ny did not fail to take his leave of the Dutchess, through the industry of the *Jacobin*; they took measures to write to one another, and it was this good Father, who received and convey'd the Letters from and to either party, he was their dearest Confident, and best Friend. They fancied they could not choose a more faithful Correspondent in their Commerce; they imagined, that they would sooner open the Pacquets of all the Court, than those that were addressed to the Religious, who have ever had in *Spain* and *Portugal*, particular Priviledges and Prerogatives

Eugenia's Sister-in-law, often Discouraged her about Count *de Souza* as she had promised him to do, and desired her with so much earnestness to permit the Count to come and see her, that notwithstanding the repugnance her Scruples gave her to that Visit, she consented to it, yet upon Condition, that it should

should be in presence of that mutual Friend; she immediately sent Word to the Count *de Souza* to come to *Eugenia's*: How great was the joy of this Lover, who had sighed so long a time for this happiness! He run thither with eagerness, but how great was the trouble, when after having Saluted that Beautiful Widow, he saw more severity in her looks than she had ever shown him; he likewise fancied he saw there some anger, and was extremely surpriz'd, when *Eugenia's* Sister being willing to withdraw a little to give them the Liberty of entertaining one another, she staying her, told her, *Is it to abandon me, Sister, that you have engaged me to this Interview? And the violence I did to my self for your sake, does it not deserve you should be as good as your Word to me? I am very unhappy, Madam,* answered the Count full of grief and respect, *that the sight of me is so great a con-*

straint to you: The love I have so long had for you, the endeavours I have used, and the care I have taken to conceal it even from your Eyes, ought not they to have appeased your Anger? You have not so well concealed your Passion, said Eugenia, but that all the Court has known it, it has even since some few days caused reports to run, that are injurious to my Reputation; and notwithstanding all the pressing Solicitations of my Sister, I should not at present have consented to see you, if I had not had the Design of begging you to stifle that Passion, and to avoid carefully for the future the occasions of seeing me, far from seeking them as you do? Ah! Madam, cried the Count, could you put me to a more cruel Torture? Have you forgotten my past respects? Do you complain of my present Carriage? And do you think 'tis in my power to forbear loving you in the future? My Lord, reply'd she, I remember with an ex-
tream

tream acknowledgment, all you have
 done for me; I should even see at pre-
 sent your affection without displeasure,
 and should with joy persuade my self,
 that you would ever love me: But I
 love my Honour, and will follow my
 Devoir. If I approved your Passion,
 it would be believed, that I suffered
 it in my Husbands Life time. It
 has been already but too much talked
 of, and I will not give ground for
 those Calumnies. I loved Don Hen-
 ry, and he loved me; I deplore his
 death; I thought ever to cherish his
 Memory, and never elsewhere en-
 gage a Heart that I have given him.
 Does not Death break all manner of
 Engagements, Madam, reply'd Sou-
 za? Don Henry's Ashes, do they ex-
 act any fidelity from you? You have
 ever lived after such a manner, that
 the most bespattering Persons could not
 suspect your Conducts: All the World
 does but too well know, what an ex-
 cess of kindness you had for Don
 Henry. 'Tis well enough known,

what a veneration I have ever had for you; and if you would render me happy, those Reproaches which you are so much afraid of, and which have only been the light suspicion of a Malicious Person, would be dissipated by our Union. The Count endeavoured by these reasons and all others his Wit and Passion could inspire him with, to render *Eugenia* more favourable to his Passion, and less sensible of the Memory of *Don Henry*; but the austerity of her Virtue made her inflexible: And her Sister-in-law, who knew the Credit, Passion and Desert of *Souza*, had all the trouble imaginable to obtain from her Sister, that the Count might see her sometimes; and *Eugenia* would not consent to it, till he had promised he would see her but seldom, not speak to her of love, nor make any Propositions of Marriage as long as her Mourning lasted. *Souza* obeyed

ed her, he saw her very rarely, and said not a Word to her of his Passion. But Love knows how to make it self understood without the help of Words, and Discourses: the fullest of kindness are not those that are the most persuasive: Tho his Visits were very regular, his Assiduities, his Cares, and all his Actions spoke in favour of a Passion, that his Mouth durst not Explain. *Eugenia*, who had refused to understand the ordinary Language of Love, hearkned to these Interpreters, without being displeas'd, and was very glad that the severity of her Devoir was deceiv'd by these little Artifices, and that the Carriage of so respectful a Lover stifled all manner of reproaches.

Henry's Love being something reassured by the removal of *Anthony*, he employ'd himself entirely to the Pretensions that the Dutchess had to the Throne, against

the Cabals of all aspiring Candidates to that Crown: He made known to the Deputies of the States, that he would favour that Dutchess in all that should be possible; he Solicited the Clergy for her; he Prayed the Nobility; Flattered the Commons; promised some, threatned others, and at length made so many Cabals for the Dutchess, that part of the States declared themselves already in Favour of her Pretensions. The King of *Spain* caused forty thousand Men to March to the Frontiers of *Portugal*, to joyn Force to the Reasons and Artifices he had already employ'd. And that nothing might be neglected, he sent two Persons of great knowledge to *Lisbon*, in the Quality of Ambassadors, that they might make known the Right of his Pretensions to the King and the States of *Portugal*, with Order however not to make any Act, by which they should

should acknowledge the Jurisdiction of *Henry*. All these Agents made no progress with him in their Negotiation: His heart had preingaged his Mind in favour of the Dutchess; they in vain made Presents and Promises to Persons of Quality, and to the People for procuring their Suffrages: The Voice of a King how feeble soever, has more power than the strongest Cabals, and what is most difficult to other Men, is ever easie to Lovers.

None but the *Jacobin* was capable of warding the blow that threatned the Pretensions of the King of *Spain*. The Dutchess put that entire Confidence in him, as that she gave him the Letters she wrote to *Anthony*, for the Conveying them to him: And as she one day told this Good Father, she would send him one the next morning for that Prince, he acquainted *Leonora* with it the same day, that she might cause that Letter to be taken from the Man; who

who used to bring them him: *Leonora* seeking all occasions of injuring the Dutchess, went to find out *Monis*, and told him, that she knew an infallible means of augmenting his Credit with *Henry*, by rendring him a Signal Service; that he needed only to Way-lay one of the Dutchess of *Braganza's* Servants, and take from him by force or consent a Letter he was to carry the next morning to the *Jacobin*; and that if he let the King see it, it would procure him a Recompence above his hopes. *Monis* was one of those Ambitious Men, who desiring to advance themselves at Court, employ'd all manner of means to get into Favour. He accepted the proposition with joy, and found it no difficult task to get that Letter out of the Mans hands, when he spoke to him in the Kings Name. It was very kind, and made appear Correspondence enough with *Anthony*, to reduce

reduce the King into utter despair. This Letter made a great noise at Court: Father *Ferrand* saw that the Sequels of it could not be safe for him. And as People of that Profession are ever ready to change place, without much noise and Equipage, he departed the same day to return into *Spain*: And all those who were acquainted with this precipitated departure, fancied the King not taking in good part the Advices that this Good Father gave him upon his Marriage, had Commanded him to retire.

Henry being become desperate with what he had learnt of the Dutchess, went to her House in the violence of his Transport, and told her all that Choller can inspire a Jealous Husband with. She endeavoured at first to persuade him, that her Enemies had forg'd that Letter for the preventing the Effect of his kindnesses. She would then, not being able to deny her
 own

own Hand Writing, make *Henry* believe, that she had been put upon by surprize to write that Letter, and had been perswaded it was necessary to her Interests. But the King not relishing any of her Excuses, and still loading her with reproaches, she told him very haughtily, that he could not complain of her with Justice, that not having made him any promise, he had no right to ask her any thing; and that if she had had any Complaisance for him, he ought to be obliged to her for it, and not pretend it was an engagement in her. He would have represented to her, all the Cares he had taken to cause her to be preferred before the other Pretenders to the Crown; he vow'd to her the Ardour of his Passion, and the Design he had taken of Marrying her; but she would not suffer him to talk long upon that Subject. *I know you would Marry me,* answer'd she him very firmly, *I likewise dis-*

posed my self to give you my Hand; but you also know if love had begun that Union on your side, Policy endeavoured to Compleat it on mine, and you have too much Understanding and Experience to believe that a Blind Love made me seek for this Marriage: If I have any Inclination for Anthony, I have yet much more for my Grandeur and my Devoir: If you would have made me Queen, I would have Married you, and never have seen him. If he could have Crowned me, I would have given him my Hand, and never listned to your sighs: I have considered, that the thoughts of my Grandeur requires I should manage both; I thought I might without deceiving you, and without doing myself an injury, have some Complaisance for your Highness, and I fancied, my Devoir would permit me to have some inclination for a Prince, who shewed a great deal of love for me. Your thoughts deceived you, answered Henry haughtily,

haughtily, *the Bastard of a Prince, is but a meer Gentleman, Madam, and it is to want Discretion and Respect, to place Anthony in your Heart under that Quality in parallel with me. I never make Comparison,* reply'd the Dutches to him, nettled at this Discourse, *Anthony hath his Merit, you have yours, and I know how to do Justice to both. Mine shall not be so favourable to that Rebel, as yours,* answered the King, going away in a rage, *and time will make appear, how much you are mistaken in your Projects.*

Cardinal Henry retir'd in the cruellest vexation he had ever been; he shut himself up for two hours in his Closet, without suffering any body to see him: *How unhappy am I,* said he, *that I have not been able to defend my heart against the Dutches of Braganza? Her pretended Affection only aimed at seducing me, and my Age and Experience have not*
been

been able to defend me against her
 Artifices; I fancied she had some in-
 clination for me; and I knew not,
 that she was only sensible to Ambiti-
 on, and that a Man of my years, was
 not likely to enflame any Woman
 with love: Why had I the Capricious
 Design of Marrying? What is be-
 come of the severe Virtue I ever
 made profession of? I formerly served
 for an example to all the Kingdom,
 and am at present the Subject of its
 Laughter: How fatal is my Throne
 to me! it costs me my Repose, Inno-
 cence and Liberty. What Crimes
 have not Ambition and Love made
 me already Commit? I have depriv-
 ed some of their Estates, Banished
 others; I persecute my Nephew with
 Cruelty; I frustrate the Rights of all
 those who pretend to the Crown, and
 all this in favour of an ungrateful
 Woman, who despises me, and Sacri-
 fices me to a Rival. I must aban-
 done that Perfidious Woman, see her
 no more, and recall into my heart
 the

the Virtue that I have Banished thence: Alas! it rendred me happy and peaceable, and I am at present the most unfortunate of all Men. It was by these and such other like Reflexions, that *Henry* endeavoured to Exhale his Grief, and Cure his Love; he ceased seeing the *Dutchess*, and no longer favoured her Pretensions. He resolved to give to the Right of the King of *Spain* the Suffrages and Cares he had done to the Pretensions of the *Dutchess* of *Braganza*. He proposed to the States, to Name *Philip* for his Successour; but as the *Portuguezes* have ever been Enemies to the Government of *Spain*, that Proposition was not kindly received, and the King of *Spain* continued to send Forces upon the Frontiers of *Portugal*. These Warlike Preparations alarmed all the Neighbouring Princes: The Pope being willing to take advantage of that occasion, to become Arbitrator of

of

of the Christian Princes, caused his Mediation to be offered to *Philip* for the pacifying mutters, and reconciling those differences. But the King of *Spain*, who would appear as Submissive to the Pope as he was Fixed to his Interests, did not refuse his Offers, he made his acknowledgments to the *Nuncio*; he likewise accepted them in General terms; he was too much a Politician openly to refuse that Mediation; but not being willing to give New Examples to Christian Princes of acknowledging the Apostolick See for the Judge of Kingdoms, he spun things out to length, without giving any Positive answer to his Holinesses *Nuncio*; and when he could no longer excuse making Reply, he told him, that the Justice of his Pretensions were so well grounded, and so manifest, that there was no occasion for a Mediator in that Affair; that *Henry* was too well intentioned to-

wards

wards him, and the States of *Portugal* did sufficiently acknowledge his Right: However, that if any Change happened in Affairs, and it grew necessary to choose an Arbitratour of that Difference, he would not fail to have recourse to the Holy Father, as to the Refuge and Judge of all true Christians, and to make use in that occasion of his Holinesses Zeal.

During all these Negotiations, *Henry* whom Age and Truobles had very much weakned, fell Sick, and died about four days after, almost in the Arms of the Dutchess of *Braganza*, who was reconciled to him, but had however employ'd all her Address in vain to persuade him to make her Succeed in the Kingdom of *Portugal* by his Will. They had not yet had time to think of the Funerals of this Cardinal, when four Deputies from the Isles of *Terceras*, came to Court to Inform that *Don Sebastian* was
newly

newly Landed in their Island, and was lodged in the Convent of the *Cordeliers*: That he was Royally Served, and that those Religious had borrowed the most precious Moveables they could find in that Country, and a great quantity of Plate for his use. These News excited New Troubles amongst the People, and new Alarms in the Minds of the Pretenders. *Souza* was sent into those Islands with two Deputies from the Governours of *Lisbon*, to verify all these things; and the Count had the joy before his departure, to learn from the Mouth of *Eugenia* her self, that he should find her less severe at his return, and she would permit him to propose their Marriage to her Relations. He departed with these hopes, his Voyage was not long; he learnt as soon as he was arriv'd at the Isles of *Terceras*, that *Don Sebastian* was gone from thence

incognito

incognito the Night before; that he would not suffer any one to attend him, nor make known to what place he designed to go. The *Envoys* who were with *Souza*, asked those Religious, who had entertained the King, if they had heard no talk of *Don Henry*? They assured them, that he was killed in Battel. The *Envoys* returned to *Lisbon*, after having to no purpose made exact enquiry after the King: They assured *Eugenia* and all her Relations of *Don Henry's* death: That Widow was out of Mourning: Her Relations and her Friends knowing the Merit and Birth of *Souza*, pressed her with so much earnestness to conclude that Match, that she suffered her self to be vanquished by the Counts Constancy, and the desires of all his acquaintance. This Marriage was accomplished with great satisfaction on both parts. And nothing had been comparable to the Count of *Souza's* happiness, if its continuance had been equal to its Charms.

Anthony

Anthony made still new efforts to mount the Throne, and to Marry the Dutchess, and his love enflamed his Ambition. He was Elected for the Defendour of the Publick Liberty in some Cities; he caused himself to be Proclaimed King in others, and having drawn together some few Troops, he Marched towards *Lisbon*, where they would have refused to let him in. But the Dutchess of *Braganza* and her Friends, augmenting the disorder that the approach of those Forces caused in the City, *Anthony* entred it without much resistance, and caused himself to be Proclaimed King by main Force. The Duke of *Alva*, who Commanded the King of *Spains* Forces, being entred *Portugal*, seized all the Cities he met with in his passage: The Pope hearing of the Consternation the *Portuguezes* were reduced to, set Cardinal *Alexander Riano* as his Legate to *Philip*. This King

King having notice thereof, concluded, that besides the great authority which the Title of Peacemaker of Christendom would bring to the Apostolick See, the Pope would make a Vassal of him who should be Crowned by his Arbitrage. He resolved to take Possession of the Kingdom of *Portugal*, before the Popes Legate could arrive in *Spain*: He sent to the Duke of *Alva* to advance his Conquests with all possible Expedition: Gave Order, that in all places in his Dominions, through which the Legate was to pass, they should detain him there as long as they could, he pretended to be Sick, and sent word to the Legate, when near *Badageos*, that his indisposition had delayed the Entry he ought to make him, and he desired him to wait some time longer. The Legate desired his leave to come to him *incognito*, which he could not deny,

deny; but he handsomely declined the Popes Mediation, and told his Legate, that Affairs were too far advanced by Arms, that very few Cities remained for him to Conquer in *Portugal*, and all Kings would repute as weakness the regard he should have for his Holiness. After this Civil refusal the Legate would have had his Audience of leave to have gone into *Portugal*, in pursuance of his Orders from the Holy See: But *Philip*, fearing that *Anthony* and the Dutcheffs of *Braganza*, whom the Pope seemed to favour, might draw some advantage from the Legates presence, would not consent to his departure before he had made his Entry in Form.

In these Publick Calamities, no body was happy but the Count *de Souza*; and yet it may be said, that the Zeal he had for the State hindered him from relishing perfectly the delights of his Marriage. He

was not born for the Pleasures of Love, and as he was one day talking amorously with *Eugenia*, he was told that a Merchant who came from *Africa*, asked to speak with him; *Souza* troubled at this News, without knowing any reason; all *Eugenia's* Blood was frozen, without being able to tell why, and the Merchant being brought in told *Eugenia*, that he had lately seen *Don Henry*: She fainted away at that Name. *Souza*, in an extream Surprize, answered the Merchant, *that what he said was false, that Don Henry was killed in the Battel of Don Sebastian, and that all the News they had received from Africa, had but too well confirmed his death. All the World believed it, my Lord, answered the Merchant, because Don Henry was not seen amongst the other Captives, and Hamet for important and secret Designs, caused Persons of the greatest Consideration,*

who

who had been taken in that War, to be drawn out from amongst the Common Prisoners, and concealed apart in unknown Places. The Africans set on foot the rumours of their Deaths among the Portugual Prisoners: Don Henry was of this number, and as these secret Prisoners have at present something more Liberty, he found the means of seeing me the day before my departure, and desired me to go find out Eugenia at Lisbon, and desire her from him, to use her endeavours to free him out of so long a Captivity. Souza asked the Merchant why Don Henry did not write: The Merchant answered, because he wanted the means of doing it, and was only able to say to him four Words. The Count not knowing what Credit to give to the Words of this Merchant, seeing on the one side great appearance of Truth, and wishing on the other that it were all False, found an expedient to get out of

that uncertainty; and after having taken care to recover *Eugenia* out of her Swoon, and given Order to her Maids to get her to Bed; he led that Merchant into a Gallery of his House, where *Don Henry's* Picture hung amongst several other Pieces which that Gallery was Adorned with. *I shall not believe you*, said *Souza* to him, *except you discover amongst these Pieces, the Pourtrait of Don Henry, whom you say, you lately spoke to: The Merchant would have at first exempted himself from that Tryal, and told Souza, that the Troubles Don Henry had suffered in his Captivity, might have so changed him, that he did not resemble what he was formerly: However having cast his Eyes upon his Picture, he knew him again immediately, and cryed: Ah! my Lord, there's Don Henry's Portrait, and his misfortunes have not changed his Features.*

These

These words quite ruined *Souza*; he had till that moment questioned his unhappiness; but when he saw this Merchant knew that Portrait to be *Don Henry's* Picture, he had no hopes left him. He was penetrated with all the grief that a Lover can be sensible of, when his beloved Object is forced from him, and he deprived of the delights of a perfect Love: *Eugenia's* Beauties, and the Pleasures he had enjoy'd with her came crowding into his Mind. The *Idea* of so many Charms raising the value of the happiness he had possessed, made him know the greatness of the loss he was going to have, and made his grief excessively stinging. This Blow, and those first Reflexions rendered him at first motionless; then walking apace some moments in that Gallery, he told the Merchant, after being something recovered from his disorder, *That he saw a great many*



Difficulties in what he now informed him of, that he would send into Africa to know the Truth of that Affair, and desired him on his side to make use of the Correspondence he had in that Country for the procuring more certain proofs of Don Henry's being still alive. The Merchant promised to use his utmost endeavours to procure those Informations ; and Souza returned to Eugenia, whom they had put to Bed, and who did not remember the News that had so much surprized her, and occasioned so long a Swoon. What ailes you, My Lord, said she to him, seeing him oppressed with grief, must my fainting needs make you so very sad ? or has some accident happened to you, that we have reason to deplore ? Ah ! Madam, answered Souza, overcome with Grief, and letting himself fall into a Chair that was near him, have you forgotten Don Henry——No, no, I remember it very well, he is still

alive,

alive, and you are my Husband Eugenia could not resist the anguish that this Reflexion opprest her with; she fell again into a Swoon; Souza was not in a condition to relieve her, and her Women had all the pains imaginable to recover her out of it. Madam, said he to her, when she had recovered the use of her Senses, and he had sent all those out who were in the Chamber, you must not abandon your self to Grief; perhaps this News is not true, the Merchant who brought it us, could give no proofs of it, and you know that a thousand such false reports ran abroad of all those who perished in that Battel. No, no, reply'd she, Don Henry is living, he is living, he is my Husband, and I am Married to you. Her tears and her sighs hindred her for some moments, and repeating from time to time, Don Henry is living, and I am Married again; Don Henry is living and you are my Husband;

she abandoned her self to such a
 Despair as deprived her of her rea-
 son. She thought it Criminal to
 look upon *Souza*; she durst not
 pronounce his Name; she could
 not think without horreur of the
 Engagements they had made.
*How unhappy am I, or rather, how
 guilty, my Lord, spare me the Con-
 fusion of seeing you, said she to Souza,
 begon from hence, never see me more,
 I can no longer suffer your Presence.*
 She had hardly finished these
 Words, than that she would have re-
 called them: What she was to *Souza*,
 what he had done for her, returned
 into her thoughts, and fearing she
 had failed in the respect she owed
 so good a Husband, she would
 have repaired that fault by some
 kindness, but the remembrance of
Don Henry reproached her imme-
 diately with that tender motion,
 as if it had been the greatest of
 Crimes. *Yes, Madam, I must leave
 you,* said *Souza* to her, being some-
 thing

thing recovered from his amazement, *the delights of love are no part of my fate. It is not the will of Heaven that I find my happiness here below; I should have believed it perfect might I have been beloved by you, and tho my grief be never so great, I must renounce it for ever. Do but form to your self all the horrors that this separation gives me, Madam? My Lord, I feell their violence as much as you do,* answered *Eugenia, who could not forbear melting into tears. Your love is very different from mine,* reply'd he, *and I have occasion for more Constancy than you; regulate yours according to mine; let us both endeavour to free Don Henry, who is no less to be pitied than we: He will comfort you for the loss of me, and nothing can comfort me for yours.*

While *Eugenia* and *Souza* deplored their particular misfortunes, the *Portuguezes* lamented the Publick distresses. The *Spanish* Army was

all about *Lisbon*: *Anthony* was fled under a Disguised habit, and the Dutchess of *Braganza* was retired to *Villa Bohen*. *Philip* went to her thither in Person; he promised her great advantages for her Son, if she would retire to *Villa Visola*, and recall some Forces she had furnished *Anthony* withal. That Dutchess having lost all hopes of Reigning, and fearing to be involved in *Anthonies* Ruine, and yet not being willing to abandon that Prince quite to his misfortunes, retired to *Visola*, upon condition of leaving her Forces with *Anthony*, who fled into *France*, after having made some useles Efforts against *Philip*, who shortly after entred *Lisbon*, was saluted King of *Portugal*; and they stifled with great care, the News which the Inhabitants of the *Terceras* spread abroad of *Dor. Sebastian's* being alive.

The *Spaniards* were in a peaceable possession of the Kingdom of
Portugal:

Portugal: Almeida led a private and solitary life at *Venice*, and would not hearken to the vows of any Lover since she had lost *Don Sebastian*: She often deplored the misfortunes she was the cause of, and as she was one day all alone in her Chamber, thinking of the several accidents of her life, she was told, that a *Portugal* Gentleman asked to speak with her. She caused him to come in; but how great was her surprize at the sight of that *Portuguese*? she gave a great shriek, and retired in a fright. *How Princess*, said the *Portugal* to her, does *Don Sebastian* make you afraid? *Al Heavens*, is it you, said she, turning languishingly towards that Stranger, is it your Shade that comes to comfort me, or renew my Griefs? I am no Shade my Princess, interrupted he, and I come once more to offer you a Life, which you shall ever be Mistress of. Almeida having recovered the use of her Senses,

ses, told the Maids that came to
 helper, that she would be alone;
 and when they were withdrawn,
May, I assure myself, said she trem-
bling, that I see Don Sebastian once
again, and his Death that I so much
bewailed, and the News of which has
for so long a time been spread through
all the World, should it not be real?
No, reply'd she immediately, Don
Sebastian died in my Quarrel, Eu-
rope and Africa knew it, I am but too
certain it is so, and I cannot give
tears enough to his death: Impostor;
leave me to deplore what you cannot
restore me. No, my Princess, an-
swered he, casting himself at her
Knees, and kissing her Hand a
thousand times, that she had not the
force to take away; I am no Im-
postor, I am that Don Sebastian;
who am come to dry up the Tears
you honour his loss with, and who
redemands the affection that you
have promised him. If you do not
know again my Shape, my Voice, and
 the.

the Features of my Face; at least remember my Love, 'tis not at all changed, and you have too many testimonies to be mistaken. Ah! Pardon, reply'd Almeida, after having well examined him, I know you again by that Love that was so fatal to you: How many Tears have I shed for your loss, Sir, and how often have I wished to die? But tell me for Heavens sake, by what miracle you could save your Life and your Liberty, from the fury of the Moors. Recover from your fright, my Princess, said the King to her, and when you shall have taken some repose, I will relate to you all that has happened to me, since I left you in charge with Souza. My fright is vanished, Sir, reply'd she, and offering him a Chair, and I impatiently long to know your adventures. Since you will not put off this recital till a more Convenient time, said Don Sebastian to her, and taking a Seat, I will give you an account

of

of the misfortunes that happened to me since my absence from you.

' You have learnt without
 ' doubt, how basely all those, who
 ' were ranged under my Standard,
 ' to fight on the day of Battel, a-
 ' bandoned me, when Fire was set
 ' on our Amunition: I found my
 ' self alone in the midst of the
 ' *Moors*, who attacqued me on all
 ' sides: I fought a long time against
 ' a great number, and I resolved
 ' rather to lose my life, than be ta-
 ' ken Prisoner; but the Wound I
 ' had received in my Right-shoul-
 ' der, being unbound in the heat
 ' of the Fight, the Blood I lost thro
 ' that Wound, so weakned my
 ' Arm, that I could no longer lift
 ' it up to defend my self: I fought
 ' with my Left Arm, till that
 ' wearied with so many Efforts, I
 ' fell almost without life, amongst
 ' the Bodies of the Enemies I had
 ' Slain. Some Troopers of the
 ' Regiment.

‘ Regiment of *Mulei Magdelec*, a
 ‘ Prince of the Blood Royal of *Me-*
 ‘ *rocco*, having seen me fall, sur-
 ‘ rounded me, to strip me of my
 ‘ Cloaths; and as the first, who ap-
 ‘ proached me, was in my reach, I
 ‘ run my Sword through his Bo-
 ‘ dy, and made him fall dead by
 ‘ me: The others irritated at their
 ‘ Companions death, would not
 ‘ have left me long alive, if they
 ‘ had not found it more advanta-
 ‘ geous to make me their Priso-
 ‘ ner, than deprive me of life.
 ‘ They drew me from that place
 ‘ into a little Wood near *Tamista*;
 ‘ that violence, and the fatigues I
 ‘ had suffered, making me faint a-
 ‘ way, they could not recover me
 ‘ in a long time. I had laid aside
 ‘ in the danger I ran, the marks
 ‘ that might have discovered my
 ‘ Quality. But my Armour made
 ‘ those People judge I was a consi-
 ‘ derable Person; some of them
 ‘ fell to Disputing with their Com-
 ‘ panions

‘ panions the gain they might pre-
 ‘ tend to from this Prize; others
 ‘ pretended to have the better share
 ‘ in it, because they had first laid
 ‘ hands on me; and not being able
 ‘ to agree about their shares, several
 ‘ of them resolved to kill me, when
 ‘ *Abdeliza*, *Magdelec’s* Sister, who
 ‘ being informed, that her Brother
 ‘ was dead, whom she tenderly lo-
 ‘ ved, came all in tears at the Head
 ‘ of thirty Troopers, in the place
 ‘ where we were, and demanded
 ‘ of the Men that held me, whom
 ‘ she saw to be of her Brothers Re-
 ‘ giment, what was become of
 ‘ him: They assured her, that he
 ‘ had not been so much as wound-
 ‘ ed, and his Lieutenant being
 ‘ killed by a Musquet Bullet, and
 ‘ falling down at his Feet, it was
 ‘ believed, that it had been *Magde-*
 ‘ *lec*, who had been killed by that
 ‘ shot. *Abdeliza* cast her Eyes upon
 ‘ me, the state I was in, raised her
 ‘ pity

'pity, and after having learnt by
 'some other particulars, that her
 'Brother was living, she asked
 'those Troopers who I was, if I
 'was still alive, and why they mis-
 'used, with so much Cruelty, a
 'Man who could not defend himself.
 'They told her, to animate her to
 'my ruine, that I had kill'd above
 'twenty of their Companions ;
 'that I was only in a Swoon : But
 'this Discourse, far from inspiring
 'her with any hatred to me, as
 'those *Barbarians* had promised
 'themselves, she had an admirati-
 'on and an esteem for my Cou-
 'rage, and Commanded them to
 'treat me more gently. She Exa-
 'mined me more strictly : Kings
 'ever wear certain Characters up-
 'on their Faces, that make them
 'distinguished from other Men :
 'she knew I was no Common Per-
 'son, and the pity she took of my
 'Fate, being joyned to the esteem
 'she had already conceived for
 'me,

' me, gave birth in her Heart to
 ' some tender Motions, that in-
 ' teressed her in my misfortunes.
 ' She perceived that I lost all my
 ' Blood, and Commanded they
 ' should bind up my wounds, and
 ' I received help, by her Order, even
 ' from those who would have de-
 ' prived me of life.

' When I recovered out of my
 ' Swoon, I was surpriz'd to meet
 ' with so charitable hands, which
 ' were zealous to give me ease, in-
 ' stead of Enemies, who before
 ' would have destroyed me; but
 ' my surprize became much grea-
 ' ter, when I saw in the midst of
 ' all those People, a Woman who set
 ' them at work, and who appeared
 ' by her Habit and Air, to be a
 ' Person of a high Rank. *Magde-*
 ' *lec* happened to come into the
 ' same place, as I was attentive to
 ' all these things. . . He had been
 ' told the disquiets and ardour
 ' with which his Sister sought for
 ' him.

' him. *Brother*, said she, after ha-
 ' ving Embraced him, and shew'n
 ' him the joy she had for his re-
 ' turn, *Brother, the state this wretch*
 ' *is in, has raised my Compassion: I*
 ' *beg you would grant me this Priso-*
 ' *ner, and I will take care to re-*
 ' *ward your Men for that loss.*
 ' *Magdelec* was called away by o-
 ' ther Cares, he did not stay to
 ' look upon me, and gave me
 ' to his Sister, who caused me to be
 ' carried to her Palace, and had a
 ' particular care of me during all
 ' the time I was constrained to
 ' keep my Bed. I got up as soon
 ' as I found I had a little Strength,
 ' I caused my self to be led to *Ab-*
 ' *deliza's* Apartment, and made
 ' her a thousand acknowledgments
 ' for her Favours. She answered
 ' me very obligingly, and told
 ' me, that the Noble and Great
 ' Air she had observed in my Per-
 ' son, had obliged her to Succour
 ' me; that she had conceived a
 ' great

' great esteem for me at first, and
 ' did not doubt, but in the se-
 ' quel, I would answer as I ought,
 ' so many good Sentiments. She
 ' spoke these words with a great
 ' deal of goodness, but with a
 ' certain Air of Haughtiness, that
 ' made me know she knew not
 ' who I was: I answered her with
 ' all possible Submission, to keep
 ' her in her Errour. She would
 ' know who I was ; I told her, that
 ' I was a Volunteer of an Illustrious
 ' Extraction, and I acted my part so
 ' well, notwithstanding all the
 ' Questions she asked me upon
 ' that point, that she did not at all
 ' suspect I was the King of *Portu-*
 ' *gal.*

' I quickly perceived, that the
 ' cares she took in my Favour,
 ' surpassed ordinary kindnesses, she
 ' did not long conceal from me her
 ' Sentiments. She believed her
 ' self to be of that Rank and Merit,
 ' as I should look upon her Passion
 ' as

' as an honour : She made me a
 ' sincere Confession of it, and pro-
 ' mised me a Considerable Fortune
 ' if I was not ungrateful to her
 ' kindneses. Pardon , dear Prin-
 ' cefs, *said* Don Sebastian *to* Almei-
 ' da, if I seem'd to have some
 ' kindness for her : The state I was
 ' in reduced to, and the desire I
 ' had of seeing you again, obliged
 ' me to that fiction: My Complai-
 ' sances abused her; I did out of
 ' policy, all that I could have done
 ' out of Love. *Ab! how afraid am*
I, Sir, interrupted *Almeida,* *you*
loved that Princess? I know her, she
is young, she is tender, she has Wit;
and though of the Colour of the Ne-
groes, her Face is not without Beau-
ties. Don Sebastian vowed he
 had never loved her, and remov'd
 her suspicions. ' What kindness is fo-
 ' ever, pursued he, that *Abdaliza*
 ' had for me, my Prison was not
 ' the less rigorous: That Princess
 ' did not believe that she had chain-
 ' ed

' ed me so fast as that she might re-
 ' ly upon the assurance of the Fet-
 ' ters she had given me, and the
 ' more Passion she had for me; the
 ' more afraid she was to lose me;
 ' and I was observed and kept so
 ' strict, that I could not give any
 ' notice of my Captivity.

' In the mean time I learnt that
 ' the *Portuguezes* sought for me e-
 ' very where, that they had asked
 ' leave of *Hamet* to search amongst
 ' the dead and wounded, to see
 ' if they could find me. *Hamet*
 ' likewise fearing some surprize
 ' on my part, and being desi-
 ' rous to be fully informed of my
 ' fate, made strict inquiries thro
 ' all the Army. Some reported I
 ' was Drowned in the River of
 ' *De. You* as I fled away; but
 ' he had seen me fight, and could
 ' not persuade himself, I could be
 ' capable of running. Some of 'em
 ' again said, that I must needs be
 ' unknown amongst the Common
 ' Prisoners;

Prisoners ; and others assured,
 that they had seen some Troop-
 ers seize me, and they must needs
 have taken away my life. *Abde-*
liza was at the King of *Morocco's*
 when these accounts were given:
 These last words filled her full of
 fear and joy ; she could have wish-
 ed her Prisoner was a King ; but
 she feared he should be taken from
 her under that Title. She had of-
 ten commended at Court, the Wit
 and Gracefulness of her Prisoner ;
 which sometimes made them railly
 her, and *Hamet* turning towards
 her : Do not you detain the King
 of *Portugal* in your Chains, Ma-
 dam, said he to her smiling, and
 is it not to that Quality you have
 given so high an esteem? *Abdeli-*
za blushed at this Discourse, and
 her Confusion confirmed the King
 in that Opinion. He was afraid
 I should escape him, and told that
 Princess, taking her by the hand :
 Let us go see that Illustrious Cap-
 tive,

' tive Madam, whom your esteem
 ' renders worthy of a Throne, if
 ' he be not already a King. *Ha-*
 ' *met* came to *Abdeliza's* Palace,
 ' I was brought before him, judge
 ' what a Confusion it was to such a
 ' heart as mine: I had never till
 ' then been sensible of the shame of
 ' my Captivity; I had only ap-
 ' peared before a Woman, who
 ' loved me, and knew me not; but
 ' when I saw *Hamet*, and that he
 ' knew me, Rage and Despair seiz-
 ' ed my Soul; and I spoke to him
 ' with so much Haughtiness, that
 ' he immediately Commanded, I
 ' should be loaded with Irons, and
 ' be dragged to the Tower of the
 ' Old Castle. 'Twas in vain that
 ' *Abdeliza* cast her self at his Feet,
 ' and shed tears; I was forced a-
 ' way from that Place, and put in-
 ' to that Tower, where no Body
 ' durst approach within a hundred
 ' Paces.

' *Hamet*

Hamet judged that the rumour which had been spread abroad of my death, might be of advantage to his Designs, so that he would not undeceive the People: And as he was followed but by very few Courtiers when he went to *Abdeliza's*, he fancied he might easily hinder what passed there from being known. He forbade all those who attended him; to speak of my being alive, upon pain of Death, and likewise flattered that Princess to oblige her to keep silence. However when a Month was near passed since the day of my Imprisonment, she had leave to see me. She came thither accompanied only by one of her Women, and told me, after having drawn me aside, How little sensible are you of my kindness, Sir, and how Cruel are you to your self, to have so obstinately concealed from me your Quality? You

should have been perhaps at present in Peace in your own Territories, and you are instead of that in cares and in troubles. I have ever been very sensible of your Favours, Madam, *said I*, and I was desirous to see their Effects continue, but was afraid that a Confession of what I was might have interrupted their Course: Pardon that fear, Madam, 'tis the sole Motion of my heart, that you were not Mistress of, and you see I endure a very severe Penance for it. She assured me, she would think of the means to deliver me: I prayed her to make it known in *Portugal* that I was alive; without daring to speak of you for fear of displeasing her: But these Advices were too contrary to her and *Hamet's* Designs, to employ her self for the making them known: She feared I should escape her, if I was delivered by any other than

her

her self. She came to see me as often as they would give her leave, and ever gave me some new hopes of recovering my Liberty.

Magdelcc perceived the love his Sister had for me; he spoke to her of it, and she did not deny it; as he tenderly loved her, and as that Passion was not unbecoming her, he endeavoured to second her Designs. He told *Hamet*, when he had learnt the Conquests the King of *Spain* made in my Territories, that he ought to oppose that growth of Power: That there was a great kindness between *Abdeliza* and me; that this Business might be of advantage to his State, and that if they could make me consent to Marry that Princess, the *Moorish* King would be sure of me by this Match, and might make use of my Right and Power against *Spain*, and place me at the Head of some Troops for

' the stopping his Projects. *Had-*
 ' *met* seemed to relish these reasons ;
 ' but he had secret Engagements
 ' with *Spain*, that hindered him
 ' from acting openly : Then *Mag-*
 ' *dalec*, who ardently desired to
 ' place his Sister upon a Throne,
 ' told her that the King Consented
 ' to their Projects ; that he would
 ' grant me both Liberty and For-
 ' ces, if I would Marry her, and
 ' that she needed only to make me
 ' those Propositions. She came to
 ' see me, and founded me upon the
 ' point. The Love I had for you,
 ' and the Faith I had promised you,
 ' my Princess, *pursued he, addressing*
 ' *himself to Almeida*, were too
 ' powerful over my Mind to ap-
 ' prove of such like Propositions :
 ' My Captivity and the Complai-
 ' sances I owed *Abdeliza*, did like-
 ' wise hinder me from denying
 ' them roughly ; and not thinking
 ' fit either to reject or receive 'em,
 ' I told her that a Match made in
 ' Chains

' Chains would become neither her
 ' nor me, and the Consequences
 ' of it could not be promising ;
 ' that she ought to be so well per-
 ' suaded of my acknowledgment ,
 ' as to believe I should never for-
 ' get her, though I were at Liber-
 ' ty ; and that if she could procure
 ' me that advantage, and my return
 ' into my Dominions, she should
 ' be absolute Mistress of my King-
 ' dom. She sometimes let her self
 ' be moved with these weak rea-
 ' son ; but Suspicion and Jealousie
 ' seizing her on a suddain, she re-
 ' proached me as ungrateful and
 ' perfidious; that I had never loved
 ' her, and that the tenderest Motions
 ' of my heart were for her who
 ' had caused me so many misfor-
 ' tunes: Go perish then, Cruel Man,
 ' said she, at parting, in the slavery
 ' you refuse to be delivered out of.
 ' *Almeida* sighed at those words, and
 ' could no t forbear shedding tears at
 ' at that reflexion. Cease to bewaile
 G. 3; ' misfortunes,

' misfortunes, for which I am but
 ' too well rewarded, Madam, *said*
 ' Don Sebastian, *seeing her Tears tric-*
 ' *kle down her Face*, and let the since-
 ' rity of my Relation procure me
 ' Pardon for the trouble my indis-
 ' cretion has newly given you.

' Her vexation encreased the ri-
 ' gours of my Prison, *continued*
 ' Don Sebastian; the more she
 ' was enraged, the worse was I
 ' Treated: I was opprest with a
 ' thousand different troubles; I
 ' suffered all the ills of the severest
 ' Imprisonment; I had all the trou-
 ' ble and concern that a King who
 ' loves his People can be capable of,
 ' when he has caused the ruine of
 ' his State. But what lay more
 ' heavy upon my heart than all this,
 ' was the grief of being absent from
 ' you, and not to know what was
 ' become of you. I sometimes had
 ' a Design of giving some hopes to
 ' *Abdeliza*, that the rigours of my
 ' Prison might be abated, and ob-
 ' lige

'lige her to endeavour the pro-
 'curing my Liberty. But what
 'Resolution soever I had taken, I
 'could not constrain my self to
 'make her any promise, contrary
 'to the fidelity I had vow'd to you,
 'and all my endeavours did only
 'serve to make her the more re-
 'mark how constrained and forced
 'all my kindneses to her was.
 'Tho the refusals I had made of
 'Marrying *Abdeliza* had ever been
 'coloured with some reason, and
 'attended with kindneses; they
 'however brought her into despair.
 'She vow'd every time she left me,
 'she would never see me more, and
 'yet still returned. Sometimes she
 'would make me the bitterest Re-
 'proaches, and in an instant after
 'load me with Caresses; I some-
 'times flattered my self with be-
 'lieving, that in the different Moti-
 'ons which agitated her, had she
 'been absolute Mistress of my Fate,
 'she would have set me at Liber-
 'ty,

'ty, notwithstanding her vexation
 'and my refusals; which I was sure
 'of one day, when after having
 'made me the highest Reproaches as
 'her Custom was, she told me with
 'the most passionate Air imagina-
 'ble, *Well Cruel Man, be insens-*
 'ble of my Passion, since you are wil-
 'ling; but do not hinder me at least
 'from loving you, and do not oppose
 'my endeavours. Dost thou love thy
 'Prison better than thy Throne? Can-
 'not you make some attempts to second
 'my desires? Thy Kingdom and my
 'Kindnesses are not they worth thy
 'dissembling for some moments; pre-
 'tend to love me, promise to Marry
 'me; deceive me, I consent to it, pro-
 'vided thou deliverest thy self out of
 'Slavery, and flatterest but my Er-
 'ror. 'I own I was moved at
 'this Discourse, and her so tender-
 'ly desiring to be deceived would
 'have hindred me, though I could
 'have been capable of abusing her.
 'No, Princess, said I to her, the
 'pains

'pains you take in my favour,
 'and the Tenderneſs you have for
 'me, ought to be otherwiſe Re-
 'compens'd than by Fiction. I
 'cannot conſent to deceive any
 'Body, and leſs you than any one
 'ſoever; I have for you all the
 'tendereſt acknowledgment that a
 'heart can be capable of; I have
 'no repugnance for the Match
 'you propoſe to me; but I am
 'born free, and I have ſeen my
 'ſelf a King; I cannot ſuffer to
 'be conſtrained; and your forcing
 'me to love, is enough to make
 'me hate, ſet me at Liberty and
 'promiſe your ſelf all things from
 'my Acknowledgments. Well, Sir,
 '*answered ſhe*, I muſt endeavour
 'to ſatiſfie you; I muſt Solicite
 'your freedom, tho you flie from
 'me, and make me paſs the reſt
 'of my Days in the affliction of not
 'ſeeing you. Having ſaid theſe
 'words, ſhe left me, and gave me
 'reaſon to believe ſhe would do
 'all that was poſſible, to procure

' me my Liberty, without exacting
 ' any of the Conditions she had
 ' proposed to me. She came to
 ' tell me some days after, that she
 ' had made very pressing Solicita-
 ' tions for my Liberty; that the
 ' King had at length consented to
 ' my enlargement; and that he had
 ' only asked eight days to take
 ' measures in that Affair; that this
 ' time being expired, I should be
 ' no longer in so strict a Prison,
 ' and I might then write, and speak,
 ' and do all that was necessary for
 ' the procuring my Ransom. You
 ' shall be free as you desired, said
 ' she to me sighing, and you may
 ' leave me and forget me too, if
 ' you will, without fearing my re-
 ' proaches or my presence, which
 ' I have so often wearied you with-
 ' al. This News gave me all the
 ' joy I was capable of in my mis-
 ' fortunes: I kissed *Abdeliza's* hands
 ' a thousand times, and assured her
 ' I should never forget her Fa-
 ' vours: However, she told me
 ' languish-

' languishingly, you will aban-
 ' don and quit me with all the
 ' joy a heart can be capable of.
 ' You already feel the Motions
 ' of it, and cannot deny them.
 ' You never was so kind, nor I
 ' more Charm'd, and Transported
 ' with the delight of it; and yet,
 ' alas! you never gave me so many
 ' marks of your aversion. I easily
 ' perceived, I had seem'd too much
 ' pleas'd. I was sorry, and used
 ' my endeavours to persuade her,
 ' that this joy had no other Ob-
 ' ject than Liberty, and I was
 ' at first so transported with those
 ' hopes, that I was not able to
 ' consider the Consequences.. I re-
 ' assured her as well as I could. I
 ' wiped of the Tears which trickled
 ' from her Eyes. I desired her to
 ' send Letters into *Portugal* in my
 ' name, being they would neither
 ' give me leave to write, or suffer
 ' me to have either Paper or Pens,
 ' which she promised me to do, and
 ' did indeed write thither: But I
 ' have:

' have been since informed, that all
 ' the Letters were Intercepted, and
 ' no Passage was given to any
 ' News of me into my Dominions.

' You may judge with what im-
 ' patience I waited till the term was
 ' expired, when my Slavery was
 ' to end, and what a delight it was
 ' to me to fancy, I should return
 ' to you. But the eight days were
 ' not yet at an end when the Prin-
 ' cess came to me, and told me
 ' with a great deal of Grief, that
 ' her Brother enraged at my Refu-
 ' sals, had dissuaded the King from
 ' sending me back; that he had gi-
 ' ven him to understand, that I had
 ' rendred my self unworthy of that
 ' Favour, by despising to Alie my
 ' my self to his Blood; and that as
 ' long as he detain'd me in his Pri-
 ' sons, I should serve for an Ho-
 ' stage to him against the Enterpri-
 ' zes of the King of *Spain*, and
 ' against the Risings of the *Portu-
 gals*. These Reasons, said she to
 ' me, have been too hard for my
 ' Prayers

' Prayers, and the King has Com-
 ' manded me to tell you for the last
 ' time, that our Marriage was the
 ' only means that could restore you
 ' to your Liberty. Well, Madam,
 ' if there are no other means to
 ' become free, answered I her ha-
 ' stily, I must resolve to die in Sla-
 ' very. That is too much, reply'd
 ' she to me in a Transport, your
 ' obstinacy proceeds even to out-
 ' rage; do you think that what I
 ' say is only an Artifice of my Passi-
 ' on? Can you be ignorant of
 ' what I have done for you, Cruel
 ' Man as you are? If I had not
 ' lov'd you more than my self,
 ' would I have Solicited your en-
 ' largement? Who oblig'd me to do
 ' that violence to my self? I Re-
 ' proached her with the little love
 ' she had for me; that she should
 ' never make me consent to our
 ' Union by that constraint; that
 ' she ought to be well enough ac-
 ' quainted with the Delicacy of my
 ' Virtue

‘ Virtue in that point ; and that in
 ‘ fine, if I did not recover my Li-
 ‘ berty by her means, I should e-
 ‘ ver believe, she alone detained me
 ‘ in Prison, and this thought would
 ‘ quickly cause my Death. In
 ‘ short, I so moved and persuaded
 ‘ her, that she assured me at part-
 ‘ ing, she would lose her life, but
 ‘ she would procure my Liberty,
 ‘ and when she saw me again, it
 ‘ should be to bring me News of
 ‘ my Delivery.

‘ And indeed I was near fifteen
 ‘ days without seeing her, and was
 ‘ astonished, that one Evening very
 ‘ late she came into my Chamber,
 ‘ accompanied with the Keeper of
 ‘ the Tower I was in, and bid me
 ‘ softly be ready the next morning
 ‘ very early, and follow with Con-
 ‘ fidence the Person, who should
 ‘ shew me her Cyphers. I durst
 ‘ not return her thanks for fear of
 ‘ being heard by the Keeper, she
 ‘ withdrew, and I passed the Night
 ‘ in

'in such an uncertainty, that it
 'was as tiresome as my troubles,
 'not being able to persuade my
 'self, that *Abdeliza* would favour
 'my Escape. As soon as the day
 'began to appear a *Renegado* entred
 'my Chamber, and took off my
 'Irons, telling me, You are free,
 'Sir, if you will but follow me.
 'I promised to Reward Nobly
 'this good Office, and followed
 'him. We went down into the
 'Ditch of the Castle by Ladders
 'and Ropes which were prepared
 'for that purpose, and passing under
 'the Port-Cullis, we entred into a
 'little Sandy Sink, that the Sea
 'fills when the Tyde comes in, but
 'it having been two hours Ebb, it
 'had left dry. This Sink brought
 'us in less than a quarter of an hour
 'to a great Road, where we found
 'a Man waiting for us with two
 'Horses. I mounted one, and my
 'Guide another. We came in less
 'than two hours upon the Sea-
 'shore,

' shore, where I found with a great
 ' deal of Grief and amazement, *Ab-*
 ' *deliza* in a Christian Habit, gi-
 ' ving order for the fitting of a
 ' Ship, she had prepared for us.
 ' Well, Sir, said she accosting me,
 ' will you believe that I constrain
 ' you at present, and will you
 ' have as much aversion for *Abdeli-*
 ' *za* in a Christian Habit, as in the
 ' Dress of an *African*? Madam, I
 ' am so Confused, as I cannot make
 ' you an answer, reply'd I, let us
 ' think of getting from this Shore,
 ' and we will see afterwards what
 ' is to be done.

' I had hardly finished these
 ' Words, than *Magdalec* appeared
 ' upon the Sea shore at the Head
 ' of Sixty Troopers. *Abdeliza* cal-
 ' led out to hoist up Soils; but the
 ' Ship was still at Anchor, and
 ' not one of the Seamen durst offer
 ' to weigh it. Hearing *Magdalec's*
 ' Voice they went in their Boat
 ' to bring him him on Board.
 ' Some

' Some of them Seized *Abdeliza*,
 ' who would have cast her self in-
 ' to the Sea. Others fell upon me,
 ' without knowing me, and I was
 ' hurried back to Prison, without
 ' knowing what was become of
 ' that unfortunate Princess. What
 ' sad Reflexions was I loaded withal
 ' in that Place! The hopes I had
 ' of being suddenly at Liberty en-
 ' hanced the afflictions of my Pri-
 ' son: I fancied, that after so dan-
 ' gerous an attempt, I should ne-
 ' ver have again the opportunity
 ' to escape. They kept me ever in
 ' sight: I no longer saw *Abdeliza*;
 ' no one Comforted me in my
 ' misfortunes, and I had no hopes
 ' left of getting out. I sometimes
 ' feared, that the Crueltie of *Ha-*
 ' *met* might cause that Princess to
 ' to be put to Death; I repented
 ' my having so little Complaisance
 ' for her, I reproached my self in-
 ' cessantly for being the cause of
 ' her misfortune: All these thoughts
 ' put

' put me into mortal Agonies, and
 ' yet it was not these that were the
 ' most sensible, when I consider'd
 ' on the horreur of being separated
 ' from my Dear *Almeida*, when I
 ' thought of your Charms, when I
 ' made Reflexion on the Delights
 ' we enjoy'd at the beginning of
 ' our Love, when I figur'd to my
 ' self the mortal disquiets you would
 ' be in, hearing no Tydings of me;
 ' when I considered, that I could
 ' not learn any thing of you, and
 ' that you were perhaps dead of
 ' Grief, Despair seized my Soul,
 ' and made me lose my Reason.

' However, as in the greatest
 ' misfortunes there ever remains
 ' some glimpse of hopes, which
 ' seems only to support us for the
 ' prolonging our sufferings; I re-
 ' membered the kindnesses of *Abde-
 ' liza*, the power she had over her
 ' Brother, the Credit he had at the
 ' Court of *Morocco*, and told my
 ' self, that while she was living, I
 ' ought

' ought not despair of my safety.
 ' I one day ventured to ask my
 ' Keeper, what was become of that
 ' Princess: She is dead, said he to
 ' me surlily, and you'll undergo
 ' the same Fate very suddenly.
 ' Death will never fright me, an-
 ' swered I, if it only aims at me.
 ' But I should be extreamly griev'd
 ' if I had been the cause of her Ru-
 ' ine. Then you are never to be
 ' Comforted, reply'd he, she died
 ' for the Love of you. I Conjured
 ' this Keeper by all that I fancied
 ' had the most power over him, to
 ' make me a faithful recital of all
 ' had happened to *Abdeliza*. I
 ' could learn nothing, but what he
 ' had already told me, and he
 ' would no longer hear me, nor
 ' speak to me. I had an extream
 ' regret for her loss; I had all the
 ' Grief I could have been sensible of
 ' for her Death, if I had really lov'd
 ' her: Pity, Acknowledgment, my
 ' own Interest, and my Remorses
 ' met

' met all in my Mind to torment
 ' me, and never was Grief equal to
 ' that I groaned under in my Prison
 ' after this Information. About the
 ' same time I was told, that *Mag-*
 ' *delec* supposing I had Seduced his
 ' Sister; and justly irritated against
 ' her Enterprize would punish me
 ' by a very rigorous sort of Death.
 ' I prepared my self for all, that the
 ' Crueltie of those *Barbarians* could
 ' make me suffer, and Death seem'd
 ' to me, the mildest punishment
 ' that could happen to me. And in
 ' truth, I have been since acquaint-
 ' ed, that *Magdelec* employ'd all
 ' the Credit he had with the King,
 ' to put me to Death, and *Hamet*
 ' had even consented to Sign the
 ' Bill; but that his Counsel had not
 ' judg'd it for his Interest to take
 ' away my life, and the posture
 ' which the Affairs of *Portugal* and
 ' *Spain* were in, they fancied I
 ' should not be unuseful to the King
 ' of *Morocco*.

' I had been neer a Year in this
 ' despair, when they came and told
 ' me, that I had leave to return in-
 ' to *Portugal*: The King of *Spain*
 ' had made considerable preparati-
 ' ons for War; his Conquests in my
 ' Kingdom were very Successful and
 ' Great; there ran a Rumour every
 ' where, that he would carry the
 ' War into *Africa*; they likewise
 ' believed in that Country, that he
 ' had a Design of Besieging *Alara-*
 ' *che* and *Tangier*. *Hamet* alarmed
 ' at the News, repented he had
 ' helped to persuade the World I
 ' was dead. His Counsel resolv'd
 ' to let me at Liberty, to the in-
 ' tent, that my Person might re-
 ' duce the *Portugals* to their Duty,
 ' and interrupt the Course of the
 ' *Spaniards* Victories. I was not
 ' sensible of the joy that my delivery
 ' ought to give me; my hopes had
 ' been so often crost, and had been
 ' so often turned into Despair, that
 ' I durst not trust them. I saw
 ' wito ut

' without Emotion my Prison Doors
 ' opened; I followed my Leader
 ' without speaking; but seeing he
 ' led me to a Tower, of almost as
 ' difficult an access as that I had
 ' been Imprisoned in, I asked my
 ' Guide in a rage, if they only
 ' changed my Prison, and if they
 ' believed an alteration of sufferings
 ' would be a Comfort to me; he
 ' bid me follow him, without in-
 ' forming me whither I went; and
 ' when I was entred a Chamber
 ' neat enugh for a Prison, he left
 ' me alone, and returning, shut all
 ' the Doors. I had hardly been
 ' there a Quarter of an Hour, but I
 ' saw *Abdeliza* come out of a
 ' Neighbouring Chamber, leaning
 ' upon one of her Slaves, and was
 ' so changed and so dejected, that
 ' I fancied I rather saw her Ghost
 ' than her Person. *What! an En-*
chantment! cried I at the sight of
 her, and casting my self at her
 Feet, *Princess is it possible that I see*
you

you again? I am Comforted for all my misfortunes, seeing you are still alive, tho I had been told the contrary, and can declare to you how sensible I am of all you have done for me.

‘Sir, said she to me, raising me, and embracing me tenderly, I could have wished to have freed you out of Captivity even at the Expence of my life, I have suffered my Prison with patience, when I considered the occasion of it, and I have been more sensible of the rigours of yours than of all I have endured in mine. I Pardon my Brother, continued she, bathing my Face with her Tears, all that his anger could make me suffer, since he has granted me the happiness of seeing you once again. Go, begone, Sir, I will not retard your Joy nor your Liberty, you have been too long in our Prisons, and I ask you Pardon for all the Cruelties you have suffered there; Pardon them for
‘my

' my loves sake ; 'tis violence e-
 ' nough to renounce the happiness
 ' of seeing you, for you to make
 ' it that Sacrifice. Begone, Sir,
 ' said she to me, Embracing me, my
 ' Confinement is not so strict, but
 ' that I have given Orders for all
 ' which is necessary for your depar-
 ' ture : You will find at your going
 ' from hence a Slave , who will
 ' Conduct you to a Ship I have
 ' caused to be prepared for you,
 ' and will furnish you with all
 ' you have occasion for in the
 ' Voyage. This Slave is faithful to
 ' me, give him leave to follow you
 ' every where, that he may send
 ' me Tydings of you, and put you
 ' in Mind of me, if you should
 ' forget me. Adieu, Sir, I am
 ' loath to detain you any longer
 ' in Prison; the pleasure I have
 ' had costs you very dear. Adieu,
 ' repeated she several times, shed-
 ' ing a torrent of Tears; live hap-
 ' py, and remember me. After
 ' having

' having said these Words ſhe quit-
 ' ted me, leaning upon the Maid
 ' that attended her; I ſaw her fall
 ' into a Swoon a moment after up-
 ' the Cushions of her Chamber,
 ' that were neareſt to the Door: I
 ' would have run to have help'd
 ' her, but my Guide forc'd me
 ' from thence, and told me he had
 ' orders not to ſuffer me any longer
 ' in that place.

' Having much more pity of the
 ' Condition I left that poor Prin-
 ' ceſs in, than joy for having re-
 ' cover'd my Liberty, I enquired
 ' ſecretly at the Port, as ſoon as I
 ' was arriv'd there, of the Place
 ' you were retreated to: No one
 ' could tell me any thing certain,
 ' and ſome Marriners acquainted
 ' me, they had ſeen you in the Iſles
 ' of *Terceras*. I Embarqued in the
 ' Veſſel the Slave *Abdeliza* had gi-
 ' ven me had brought me to: We
 ' arriv'd at *Angra*, where the ru-
 ' mour

' inour of my return being arriv'd
 ' sooner than my self, I perceived
 ' a far off, being still at Sea, that
 ' all the People were at the Port
 ' to see us, Disembarque. I did not
 ' think it convenient to make
 ' known my arrival to all that Po-
 ' pulace, who are more Inconstant
 ' and Seditious in that Country
 ' than in any other place. I went
 ' into the long Boat, after having
 ' told the Captain of the Ship, that
 ' he should go a-shore with all his
 ' Equipage at an Island farther of,
 ' and not divulge my arrival; and
 ' I went in the Night to a Convent
 ' the *Cordeliers* have in that Island.
 ' I remained there eight days, cau-
 ' sing search to be made for you in
 ' all the Neighbouring Islands; but
 ' *Abdeliza's* Slave venturing to go
 ' out, was of a suddain environed
 ' by a Crowd of People, who
 ' asking him where I was, taking
 ' him for King *Mahumet*, and re-
 ' proaching him that he was the
 ' cause

' cause of all the Wars, they assassi-
 ' nated him Cruelly in that place.
 ' This Sedition made me know,
 ' there was no safety for me in
 ' those Ports; and hearing you
 ' were not there, I went from
 ' thence as unknown as I came
 ' thither. I Embarqued again in
 ' my Ship, and having at length
 ' learnt with a great deal of pain
 ' and care, that you were at *Ve-*
 ' *nice*, preferring the pleasure of
 ' seeing you, before the Care of
 ' my re-establishment, and longing
 ' with impatience to know what
 ' share I had in your heart, I come
 ' to render you all my love, and
 ' assure you, that I shall only en-
 ' deavour to get again upon the
 ' Throne for the placing you there
 ' with me. *Almeida* transported
 with joy, to see the Constancy
 and return of *Don Sebastian*, had
 all those Complaisances for him,
 that a tender and an acknowledg-
 ing heart can be capable of. They

Deliberated together about returning into his Kingdom, of making Cabals in *Portugal*, and procuring Troops for the re-entring it. He resolved to give notice of his return to the Ministers of his Kingdom, whom he had found the most Zealous, and sent into several places to demand Succours of the Princes who had been his Friends.

Don Henry was released out of Slavery by the Cares of *Eugenia* and *Seuza* in that time. Upon his return he learnt that *Eugenia* was Married again; and when he was arrived at *Lisbon*, not daring to enter his own House, nor ask to see his Wife, he went to lodge at one of his Friends, who acquainted him with all the particulars that could Justifie her, and give him some Consolation in this misfortune. She came to him as soon as she had learnt where he was; cast her self at his Feet, and watered

tered them with Floods of Tears. She told him all that her Affection and Innocence could Suggest in her Vindication. He was moved; but her delicacy could not rely upon all these reasons: She prayed him with all the earnestness imaginable, to permit her to pass the rest of her time in a Convent; and he could not refuse her so just a demand, notwithstanding all the kindnesses he had for her. The Count of *Souza*, who, since the News of *Don Henry's* being alive, had passed his days in the greatest Grief imaginable, and had abstained from seeing *Eugenia* since that time, disgusted with the World, and having no tie that could retain him, resolved to put himself into the Order of *S. Dominick*, and was shut up the rest of his days in the Convent of *Benefiges*, half a League from *Lisbon*, where he died in the Sweets of a Holy Life, as the Gravest Authors do assure, who have

written the History of *Portugal*.
 What Care soever *Don Sebastian* had taken to conceal his return, the rumour ran quickly at *Venice*, that a Stranger was arrived there, who had the Name and Resemblance of *Don Sebastian*. Even some *Portugals*, who were in that City having Examined his Shape, his Face, and his Voice, knew him for their King. The News of which being come to the Ears of the Republick, and the *Venetians* fearing a Quarrel with the *Spaniards*, thought themselves oblig'd to seize *Don Sebastian*, and give notice to the Court of *Spain* of all that passed amongst them upon that account. The *Spaniards* assured the Republick, that this *Don Sebastian* was an Impostour, and desired he might be proceeded against as such, Commissioners were deputed before whom he maintained with firmness, that he was *Don Sebastian*; that he had been detained till then in the Prisons

sons of *Africa*; and that he came to recover the Crown that was due to him by his Birth. The *Portuguezes*, who were in that City maintained his asseverations: *Almeida* ascertained he had told her things that only *Don Sebastian* could know. He shewed upon his Body very particular Marks that Nature had Imprinted there, and which he was observ'd to have when he was King of *Portugal*. He appealed to his Judges, the *Venetians* of great Consideration, who had been Ambassadors for the Republick in his Kingdom, and told them the most secret Affairs they had particularly treated of at that time with him. In fine, he so well represented all the Proofs, and all the Circumstances that might make him known to be the King, that *Don Sebastians* Judges could not do any thing more than Banish him from *Venice*. *Almeida* would have followed him, to help him to sup-

port his misfortunes; but he caused her to stay in that City, till he should have settled his Affairs. He made towards *Tuscany*, where he thought to meet with some Friends, and some favourable Witnesses who had been at the Battel.

The Great Duke of *Tuscany* promised to furnish him with some Troops. The Dutcheſs of *Parma* was his Cousin; he went to implore her Succours: She received him with all the Joy and all the Kindness that a Good Relation can be capable of; but she could neither grant him Forces nor Money: All the Favour she could do him, was to give him an Equipage becoming his Quality. He thought convenient to send to the *Cortes* or States of *Portugal*, to give them notice of the state he was in, and where he was. The Dutcheſs furnished him with People of great Experience in those kind of Negotiations. They went and acquainted the States of
Portugal

Portugal with the Fate of their King. This Deputation cauled great joy and surprize through all the Kingdom. They sent to *Don Sebastian*, six of the Principal Men of their Assemblies. They saw him; the respect which the Majesty of Kings occasions, seized them at first sight: *Don Henry* and *Phæbus Monis* were of the Number of these Envoy's, they could not mistake him, and Embracing his Knees, they conjured him to deliver them from the oppression of the *Spaniards*. The others for fear of being mistaken by too much resemblance, asked the King several Questions, which no one but *Don Sebastian* could reply to. They were likewise surpriz'd to see so much presence of Mind, and so much Memory in his Answers. These Envoys returned into *Portugal*, and reported, that it was the real *Don Sebastian* they had spoke to. The Partizans of *Spain*, whom all the Kingdom was full of, accused these

these Envoys of Imposture, and maintained that they had suffered themselves to be Suborned by an Impostour. Others demanded that *Don Sebastian* should come in Person himself to the Assembly of the States General, to be Examined there in all the Forms. He was ready to depart to be present there, but the Dutchess of *Parma*, and some of his Friends, who were about him, hindred him, telling him, that the States were only Composed of People Pentioners to the *Spaniards*, that the true *Portugals* were no longer Masters there, and that there was no safety for him.

As *Don Sebastian* was preparing to enter *Spain* at the head of some Forces, the *Spaniards* caused him to be Seized, to prevent his doing so, he was carried to *Naples*, and notwithstanding the Publick Ignominies they made him suffer, he always made appear the greatness of his Soul, and never bely'd his Character

racter in the least. They drew up his Proceſs a-new, they would have put him to death in the Forms; but notwithstanding all that the worſt of Envy was capable of inventing againſt him, the injuſtice of his Judges durſt not attempt the life of ſo great a King, and Condemned him to the Gallies for to appeaſe in ſome manner the rage of his Enemies. *Almeida* entred the Priſon juſt after the Sentence had been read to him. What a Deſolation for her and for him! The Grief of thoſe two Lovers is not to be expreſſed. But that Princeſs more lively reſenting that *Don Sebastian* had all thoſe outrages done to him, died in his Arms of Grief and Regret, for having reduced ſo Great a King into ſo deplorable a Condition. He was Shaved and carried to the Gallies. The moſt Tragical Hiſtorians durſt never offer to our Eyes, ſuch a ſpectacle, as to ſee Chain'd, in the miſt of a hundred Malefactorſ

R. E. —
 6354

Malefactors of the Scum of the People,
 a Formidable and Powerful King, whose
 Mind and Body were enriched with a
 thousand Beautiful Qualities, and to
 whom no other Crime can be imputed
 than his misfortunes.

In the mean time the *Portuguezes* be-
 ing impatient of the *Spanish* Yoke, and
 ever bestowing some sighs to the memory
 of *Don Sebastian*, leagued together, and
 openly demanded their King, but it was
 in vain; one rarely consents to restore
 a Crown, and Policy abhors that effe-
 minate Virtue. The *Spaniards* foresee-
 ing the ill Consequences of these Cabals
 and Leagues, and fearing that *Don Se-
 bastian*, whom they ever took for an Im-
 postour, might be still capable, notwith-
 standing the deplorable Condition he
 was reduced to, to deprive them of the
 Crown of *Portugal*, resolved to make
 sure of his Person. They took him from
 the Gallies, they caused him to be car-
 ried secretly into *Spain*, and Impriso-
 ned him in the Castle of Saint *Lucar*,
 where 'tis reported, this deplorable
 King was Poisoned in a short time after,
 and with so Tragical an End did
 Crown a Life that had been filled with
 so many Misfortunes

F I N I S.







