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J. J. O'Keefe
THE

REVOLUTIONS

OF

PORTUGAL.

Written in *French* by the

Abbot *DE VERTOT*,

OF THE

ROYAL ACADEMY

OF

INSCRIPTIONS.

Done into *English* from the last *French* Edition.

O think what anxious Moments pass between
The Birth of Plots, and their last fatal Periods!
Oh! 'tis a dreadful Interval of Time,
Fill'd up with Horror all, and big with Death!
Destruction hangs on ev'ry Word we speak,
On ev'ry Thought, till the concluding Stroke
Determines all, and closes our Design.



ADDISON'S CATO.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. TAYLOR in Pater-noster-row; and C. RIVINGTON in
St. Paul's Church-yard. 1724.

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TO HIS GRACE

P H I L I P

Duke of *Wharton*.

May it please your Grace;



Am not ignorant of the Censure I lay myself open to, in offering so incorrect a Work to a Person of Your Grace's Judgment; and could not have had Assurance to do it, if I was unacquainted with Your Grace's Goodness. As this is not the first time of this
Excel-

Excellent Author's appearing in *English*, my Undertaking must expose me to abundance of Cavil and Criticism; and I see myself reduced to the Necessity of applying to a Patron who is able to protect me. Our modern Dedications are meer Daub and Flattery; but 'tis for those who deserve no better: Your Grace cannot be flatter'd; every body that knows the Duke of WHARTON will say, there is no praising him, as there is no loving him, more than he deserves. But like other great Minds, Your Grace may be blind to your own Merit, and imagine I am complimenting, or doing something worse, whilst I am only giving your just Character; for which reason, however fond I am of so noble a Theme, I shall decline attempting it. Only this I must beg leave to say, Your Grace
can't

can't be enough admir'd for the Universal Learning which you are Master of, for your judgement in discerning, your Indulgence in excusing, for the great Stedfastness of your Soul, for your Contempt of Power and Grandeur, your Love for your Country, your Passion for Liberty, and (which is the best Characteristick) your Desire of doing Good to Mankind. I can hardly leave so agreeable a Subject, but I cannot say more than all the World knows already.

Your Grace's illustrious Father has left a Name behind Him as glorious as any Person of the Age: it is unnecessary to enter into the Particulars of his Character; to mention his Name, is the greatest Panegyrick: Immediately to succeed that Great Man, must have been extremely to the Disadvantage
of

of any other Person, but it is far from being so to Your Grace; it makes your Virtues but the more conspicuous, and convinces us the Nation is not without one Man worthy of being his Successor.

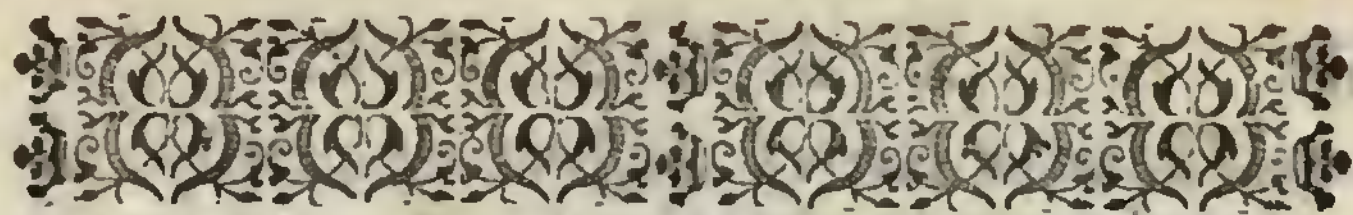
I have nothing more to trouble Your Grace with, than only to wish you the Honours you so well deserve, and to beg you would excuse my presuming to honour my-self with the Title of,

May it please your Grace,


Your Grace's most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

Gabriel Rouffillon.



P R E F A C E.

 *Mongst the Historians of the present Age, none has more justly deserved, neither has any acquired a greater Reputation than the Abbot de Vertot; not only by this Piece, but also by the Revolutions of Sweden and of Rome, which he has since published.*

*This small History he has extracted from the * Writings of several French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian Authors, as well as from the Testimony of many Persons, who were in Lisbon at the time of the Revolution. And I believe that it will be no difficult matter to persuade the Reader, that this little Volume is written with much more Politeness and Fidelity than any which has been published on this Subject.*

And indeed there could be no Man fitter to undertake the Work than Mons. de Vertot; not only as he was Master of an excellent Style, and had all the Opportunities imaginable of informing himself of the Truth, but also as he

* Jo. Marianæ Histor. Hispania illustrata. Hist. de Turquet. Reusendius de Antiq. Monarchia Lusitana. Connestag. Philippus Rex Lusitanæ. Histoire de Portugal, par Monsieur de la Neufvil. Lusitan. Vindic. Caëtan Passar de Bello Lusita. Portugal-Restaurado de Menezes. Siry Mem. Recond. Mercure Francois. Troubles de Portugal. Mem. d'Ablon.

could

could have no Interest in speaking partially of either the one or the other Party ; and therefore might say much more justly than Salust, De Conjuracione, quam virissime potero, paucis absolvam ; eoque magis, quod mihi a Spe, Metu, Partibus Reipublicæ Animus liber est.

Would I undertake to prove the Impartiality of my Author, I could easily do it from several little Circumstances of his History. Does he not tell us, that the Inquisition is oftner a Terror to honest Men than to Rogues ? Does he not paint the Archbishop of Braga in all the Colours of a Traitor ? And I am fully persuaded, that if a Churchman will own and discover the Frailties, or rather the Enormities of those of his own Cloth, he will tell the Truth in any thing else, and is worthy of being believed.

There are several Passages in the following Sheets, which really deserve our Attention ; we shall see a Nation involved in Woe and Ruin, and all their Miseries proceeding from the Bigotry and Superstition of their Monarch, whose Zeal hurries him to inevitable Destruction, and whose Piety makes him sacrifice the Lives of 13000 Christians, without so much as having the Satisfaction of converting one obstinate Infidel.

Such was the Fate of the rash Don Sebastian, who seemed born to be the Blessing of his People, and the Terror of his Foes ; who
would

would have made a just, a wise, a truly pious Monarch, had not his Education been entrusted to a Jesuit. Nor is he the only unfortunate Prince, who, governed by intriguing and insinuating Churchmen, have proved the Ruin of their Kingdom, and in the end lost both their Crown and Life.

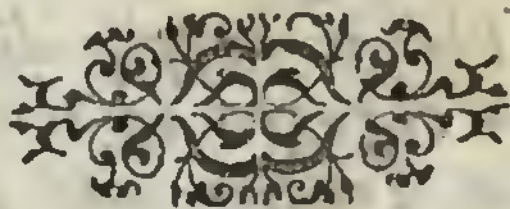
We shall see a People, who, no longer able to bear a heavy Yoke, resolve to shake it off, and venture their Lives and their Fortunes for their Liberty: A Conspiracy prevail (if an Intent to revolt from an usurping Tyrant may be called a Conspiracy) in which so many Persons, whose Age, Quality, and Interest were very different, are engaged; and by the Courage and publick Spirit of a few, a happy and glorious Revolution brought about.

But scarce is the new King settled upon his Throne, and endeavouring to confirm his Authority abroad, when a horrid Conspiracy is forming against him at home: We shall see a Prelate at the Head of the Traitors, who, tho a bigotted Churchman, makes no scruple of borrowing the Assistance of the most professed Enemies of the Church to deliver her out of Danger, and to assassinate his lawful King: but the whole Plot is happily discovered, and those who were engaged in it meet with the just Reward of Treason and Rebellion, the Block and Gallows. Nor is it the first time that our own Nation has seen an Archbishop do-
ing

ing King and Country all the Harm he could.

After the Death of her Husband, we see a Queen of an extraordinary Genius, and uncommon Courage, taking the Regency upon her; and tho at first oppressed with a Load of Misfortunes, rises against them all, and in the end triumphs over her Enemies.

Under the next Reign we see the Kingdom almost invaded by the antient Usurper, and saved only by the Skill of a wise and brave General, who had much ado to keep the Foes out, whilst the People were divided at home, and loudly complained of the Riots and Debaucheries of their Monarch, and the tyrannick Conduct of his Minister. But we find how impossible a thing it is, that so violent a Government should last long; his Brother, a Prince whose Virtues were as famous, as the other's Vices were odious, to preserve the Crown in their Family, is forced to depose him, and take the Government upon himself: Ita Imperium semper ad optimum quemque ab minus bono transfertur.





T H E
 R E V O L U T I O N
 O F
 P O R T U G A L.

PORTUGAL is part of that vast Tract of Land, known by the Name of *Iberia* or *Spain*, most of whose Provinces are call'd Kingdoms. It is bounded on the West by the Ocean, on the East by *Castile*. Its Length is about a hundred and ten Leagues, and its Breadth in the very broadest part does not exceed fifty. The Soil is fruitful, the Air wholesome; and tho' under such a Climate we might expect excessive Heats, yet here

we always find them allay'd with cooling Breezes or refreshing Rains. It's Crown is Hereditary, the King's Power Despotick, nor is the grand Inquisition the most useles means of preserving this absolute Authority. The *Portuguese* are by Nature proud and haughty, very zealous, but rather superstitious than religious; the most natural Events will amongst them pass for Miracles, and they are firmly persuaded that Heaven is always contriving something or other for their Good.

Who the first Inhabitants of this Country were, is not known, their own Historians indeed tell us that they are sprung from *Tubal*; for my part, I believe them descended from the *Romans* and *Carthaginians*, who long contended for those Provinces, and who were both at sundry times in actual possession of them. About the beginning of the fifth Century, the *Sweeds*, the *Vandals*, and all those other barbarous Nations, generally known by the Name of *Goths*, over-run the Empire; and, amongst other Places, made them themselves Masters of the Province of *Spain*. *Portugal* was then made a Kingdom, and was sometimes govern'd by its own Prince, at other times it was reckon'd part of the Dominions of the King of *Castile*.

712.

About the beginning of the eighth Century, during the Reign of *Roderick*, the last King of the *Goths*, the *Moors*, or rather the *Arabians*, *Valid Almanzor* being their Caliph, entered *Spain*. They were received and assisted by *Julian*, an *Italian* Nobleman, who made the Conquest of those Places easy, which might otherwise have proved difficult, not

not out of any Affection to the *Arabians*, but from a Desire of revenging himself on *Roderick*, who had debauched his Daughter.

The *Arabians* soon made themselves Masters of all the Country between the Streights of *Gibraltar* and the *Pyrenees*, excepting the Mountains of *Asturia*; where the Christians, commanded by Prince *Pelagus*, fled, who 717. founded the Kingdom *Oviedo* or *Leon*.

Portugal, with the rest of *Spain*, became subject to the Infidels. In each respective Province, Governors were appointed, who after the Death of *Almanzor* revolted from his Successor, made themselves independant of any other Power, and took the Title of Sovereign Princes.

They were driven out of *Portugal* about the beginning of the twelfth Century, by *Henry* Count of *Burgundy*, Son to *Robert* King of *France*. This Prince, full of the same Zeal which excited so many others to engage in a holy War, went into *Spain* on purpose to attack the Infidels; and such Courage, such Conduct did he show, that *Alphonso* VI. King of *Castile* and *Leon*, made him General of his Army: and afterwards, that he might for ever engage so brave a Soldier, he married him to one of his Daughters, named *Teresia*, and gave him all those Places from which he had driven the *Moors*. The Count, by new Conquests, extended his Dominions and founded the Kingdom of *Portugal*, but never gave himself the Royal Title.

Alphonso, his Son, did not only inherit his Father's Dominions, but his Virtues also; and not content with what the Count his Father had

1139.

left him, he vigorously carried on the War, and increas'd his Territories. Having obtained a signal Victory over the *Arabians*, his Soldiers unanimously proclaimed him King; which Title his Successors have ever since born.

And now this Family had sway'd the Scepter of *Portugal* for almost the space of five hundred Years, when Don *Sebastian* came to the Crown; he was the posthumous Son of Don *John*, who died some time before his Father, Don *John* III. Son of the renowned King *Emanuel*.

1557.

Don *Sebastian* was not above three Years of Age when the old King died; his Grandmother *Catharine*, of the House of *Austria*, Daughter to *Philip* I. King of *Castile*, and Sister to the Emperor *Charles* V. was made Regent of *Portugal* during his Minority. Don *Alexis de Menezes*, a Nobleman noted for his singular Piety, was appointed Governour to the young King, and Don *Lewis de Camara*, a Jesuit, was named for his Tutor.

Governour

From such Teachers as these, what might not be expected? They filled his Mind with Sentiments of Honour, and his Soul with Devotion. But, (which may at first appear strange or impossible) these Notions were too often, and too strongly inculcated in him.

Menezes was always telling the young Prince what Victories his Predecessors had obtain'd over the *Moors* in the *Indies*, and in almost every part of *Africa*. On the other hand, the Jesuit was perpetually teaching him, that the Crown of Kings was the im-

mediate

mediate Gift of *God*, and that therefore the chiefest Duty of a Prince was to propagate the Holy Gospel, and to have the Word of the *Lord* preached to those Nations, who had never heard of the Name of *Christ*.

These different Ideas of Honour and Religion made a deep impression on the Heart of Don *Sebastian*, who was naturally pious. Scarce, therefore, had he taken the Government of *Portugal* upon himself, but he thought of transporting an Army into *Africa*; and to that end he often conferr'd with his Officers, but oftener with his Missionaries and other Ecclesiasticks.

A Civil War breaking out about this time in *Morocco* seem'd very much to favour his Design. The Occasion was this: *Muley Mahomet* had caus'd himself to be proclaim'd King of *Morocco* after the Death of *Abdalla*, his Father; *Muley Moluc*, *Abdalla's* Brother, oppos'd him, objecting that he had ascended the Throne contrary to the Law of the Cherifs, by which it is ordained, That the Crown shall devolve to the King's Brethren, if he has any, and his Sons be excluded the Succession. This occasion'd a bloody War between the Uncle and the Nephew; but *Muley Moluc*, who was as brave a Soldier as he was a wise Commander, defeated *Mahomet's* Army in three pitch'd Battles, and drove him out of *Africa*.

The exil'd Prince fled for Refuge to the Court of *Portugal*, and finding Access to Don *Sebastian*, told him, that notwithstanding his Misfortunes, there were still a considerable Number of his Subjects, who were loyal in
 B 3 their

/e
 their Hearts, and wanted only an Opportunity of declaring themselves in his favour. That, besides this, he was very well assured that *Moluc* was afflicted with a lingering Disease, which prey'd upon his Vitals; that *Hamet*, *Moluc's* Brother, was not belov'd by the People; that therefore if *Don Sebastian* would but send him with a small Army into *Africa*, so many of his Subjects would come over to him, that he did not in the least question but that he should soon re-establish himself in his Father's Dominions: which, if he did recover by these means, the Kingdom should become tributary to the Crown of *Portugal*; nay, that he would much rather have *Don Sebastian* himself fill the Throne of *Morocco*, then see it in possession of the present Usurper.

Don *Sebastian*, who was ever entertaining himself with the Ideas of future Conquests, thought this Opportunity of planting the Christian Religion in *Morocco* was not to be neglected; and therefore promis'd the *Moorish* King not only his Assistance, but rashly engaged himself in the Expedition, giving out that he intended to command the Army in Person. The wisest of his Councillors in vain endeavour'd to dissuade him from the dangerous Design. His Zeal, his Courage, and inconsiderate Rashness, the common Fault of Youth, as well as some Flatterers, the Bane of Royalty, and Destruction of Princes, all prompted him to continue fixed in his Resolution, and persuaded him that he need ed only appear in *Africa* to overcome, and that his Conquests would be both easy and

glorious

glorious. To this end he embarked with an Army of Thirteen Thousand Men, with which he was to drive a powerful Prince out of his own Dominions.

18000?

Moluc had timely notice given him of the *Portuguese* Expedition, and of their landing in *Africa*; he had put himself at the head of Forty Thousand Horsemen, all disciplin'd Soldiers, and who were not so much to be dreaded for their Number and Courage, as they were for the Conduct of their General. His Infantry he did not at all value himself upon, not having above Ten Thousand Regular Men; there was indeed a vast Number of the Militia, and others of the People who came pouring down to his Assistance, but these he justly look'd upon as Men who were rather come to plunder than to fight, and who would at any time side with the Conqueror.

Several Skirmishes were fought, but *Moluc's* Officers had private Orders still to fly before the Foe, hoping thereby to make the *Portuguese* leave the Shore, where they had intrench'd themselves. This Stratagem had its desir'd Effect; for *Don Sebastian*, observing that the *Moors* still fled before him, order'd his Army to leave their Intrenchments, and marched against the Foe as to a certain Victory. *Moluc* made his Army retire, as if he did not dare to fight a decisive Battle; nay, sent Messengers to *Don Sebastian*, who pretended they were order'd to treat of Peace. The King of *Portugal* immediately concluded, that his Adversary was doubtful of the Success of the War, and that 'twould be an easier matter to overcome *Moluc's* Army, than

to join them; he therefore indefatigably pursued them. But the *Moor* had no sooner drawn him far enough from the Shore, and made it impossible for him to retire to his Fleet, but he halted, faced the *Portuguese*, and put his Army in Battalia; the Horse making a half Circle, with intent, as soon as they engaged, to surround the Enemy on every side. *Moluc* made *Hamet*, his Brother and Successor, Commander in chief of the Cavalry; but as he doubted his Courage, he came up to him a little before the Engagement, told him that he must either conquer or die, and that should he prove Coward enough to turn his back upon the Foe, he would strangle him with his own hand.

The reason why *Moluc* did not command the Army himself, was, that he was sensible of the Increase of his lingering Disease, and found that in all probability this Day would be his last, and therefore resolved to make it the most glorious of his Life. He put his Army, as I said before, in Battalia himself, and gave all the necessary Orders with as much Presence of Mind, as if he had enjoy'd the greatest Health. He went farther than this; for foreseeing what a sudden Damp the News of his Death might cast upon the Courage of his Soldiers, he order'd the Officers that were about him, that if during the Heat of the Battle he should die, they should carefully conceal it, and that even after his Death, his *Aides de Camp* should come up to his Litter, as if to receive fresh Orders. After this he was carried from Rank to Rank, where he exhorted his Soldiers to fight bravely for the
Defence

Defence of their Religion and their Country.

But now the Combat began, and the great Artillery being discharg'd, the Armies join'd. The *Portuguese* Infantry soon routed the *Moorish* Foot-Soldiers, who, as was before mention'd, were raw and undisciplin'd: the Duke d' *Aviedo* engaged with a Party of Horse so happily, that they gave ground, and retir'd to the very Center of the Army, where the King was. Enraged at so unexpected a Sight, notwithstanding what his Officers could say or do, he threw himself out of his Litter; Sword in hand he clear'd himself a Passage, rallied his flying Soldiers, and led them back himself to the Engagement. But this Action quite exhausting his remaining Strength and Spirits, he fainted; his Officers put him into his Litter, where he just recover'd Strength enough to put his Finger upon his Mouth once more, to enjoin Secrecy, then died before they could convey him back to his Tent. His Commands were obey'd, and the News of his Death conceal'd.

Hitherto the Christians seem'd to have the Advantage, but the *Moorish* Horse advancing at last, hemmed in *Sebastians* whole Army, and attacked them on every side. The Cavalry was drove back upon their Infantry, whom they trampled under foot, and spread every where amongst their own Soldiers Disorder, Fear, and Confusion. The Infidels seized upon this Advantage, and Sword in hand fell upon the conquered Troops; a dreadful Slaughter ensued, some on their knees begged for quarter, others thought to
save

save themselves by flight, but being surrounded by their Foes, met their Fate in another place. The rash Don *Sebastian* himself was slain, but whether he fell amidst the Horror and Confusion of the Battle, not being known by the *Moors*, or whether he was resolved not to survive the Loss of so many of his Subjects, whom he had led on to a Field of Slaughter, is doubtful. *Muley Mahomet* got off, but passing the River *Mucazen*, was drowned. Thus perished, in one fatal Day, three Heroick Princes.

Aug. 4.
1578.

The Cardinal, Don *Henry*, great Uncle to Don *Sebastian*, succeeded him; he was Brother to *John III.* the late King's Grandfather, and Son to *Emanuel*. During his Reign, his pretended Heirs made all the Interest they could in the Court of *Portugal*, being well assured that the present King, who was weak and sickly, and sixty-seven Years old, could not be long-liv'd; nor could he marry, and leave Children behind him, for he was a Cardinal, and in Priests Orders. The Succession was claimed by *Philip II.* King of *Spain*; *Catherine* of *Portugal*, espoused to Don *James*, Duke of *Braganza*; by the Duke of *Savoy*; the Duke of *Parma*; and by *Antonio*, Grand Prior of *Croft*: They all published their respective Manifesto's, in which every one declared their Pretensions to the Crown.

2/10

Philip was Son to the Infanta *Isabella*, eldest Daughter of King *Emanuel*. The Dutchess of *Braganza* was Grandaughter to the same King *Emanuel*, by *Edward* his second Son. The Duke of *Savoy's* Mother was the Princess *Beatrix*, a younger Sister of the Empress

Isa-

Isabella. The Duke of *Parma* was Son to *Mary* of *Portugal*, the second Daughter of Prince *Edward*, and Sister to the Dutchess of *Braganza*. Don *Lewis*, Duke of *Beja*, was second Son to King *Emanuel* by *Violenta* the finest Lady of that Age, whom he had debauched, but whom the Grand Prior pretended to have been privately married to that Prince. *Catherine de medicis*, amongst the rest, made her Claim, as being descended from *Alphonso* III. King of *Portugal* and *Maud* Countess of *Bolonia*. The *Pope* too put in his Claim; he would have it, that after the Reign of the *Cardinal*, *Portugal* must be look'd upon as a fat Living in his Gift, and to which, like many a modern Patron, he would willingly have presented himself.

But notwithstanding all their Pretensions, it plainly appeared that the Succession belonged either to *Philip* King of *Spain*, or to the Dutchess of *Braganza*, a Lady of an extraordinary Merit, and beloved by the whole Nation. The Duke, her spouse, was descended, tho not in a direct Line, from the Royal Blood, and she her-self was sprung from Prince *Edward*; whereas the King of *Spain* was Son to *Edward's* Sister: besides, by the Fundamental Laws of the Kingdom, all Strangers were excluded the Succession. This *Philip* owned, since thereby the Pretensions of *Savoy* and *Parma* vanished; but he would by no means acknowledge himself a Stranger in *Portugal*, which he said had often been part of the Dominions of the King of *Castile*. Each had their several Parties at Court, and the *Cardinal* King was daily pressed

press'd to decide the Difference; but always evaded it; he could not bear to hear of his Successors, and would willingly have liv'd to have buryed all his pretended Heirs: however, his Reign lasted but 17 Months, and by his Death *Portugal* became the unhappy Theatre of Civil Wars.

1580.

By his last Will he had order'd, that a Junta, or Assembly of the States, should be call'd, to settle the Succession; but King *Philip*, not caring to wait for their Decision, sent a powerful Army into *Portugal*, commanded by the Duke of *Alba*, which ended the Dispute, and put *Philip* in possession of that Kingdom.

We cannot find that the Duke of *Braganza* us'd any Endeavours to assert his Right by force of Arms. The Grand Prior indeed did all he could to oppose the *Castilians*; the Mob had proclaimed him King, and he took the Title upon him, as if it had been given by the States of *Portugal*: and his Friends rais'd some Forces for him, but they were soon cut in pieces by the Duke of *Alba*, than whom *Spain* could not have chosen a better General. As much as the *Portuguese* hate the *Castilians*, yet could they not keep them out, being disunited among themselves, and having no General, nor any Regular Troops on foot. Most of the Towns, for fear of being plundered, capitulated, and made each their several Treaty; so that in a short time *Philip* was acknowledg'd their lawful Sovereign by the whole Nation, as being next Heir Male to his great Uncle, the late King: of such wondrous use is open Force to support a bad Cause!

1581.

After

After him reign'd his Son and Grandson, *Philip* III. and IV. who us'd the *Portuguese* not like Subjects, but like a conquer'd People; and the Kingdom of *Portugal* saw itself dwindle into a Province of *Spain*, and so weaken'd, that there was no hope left of recovering their Liberty: Their Noblemen durst not appear in an Equipage suitable to their Birth, for fear of making the *Spanish* Minsters jealous of their Greatness or Riches; the Gentry were confin'd to their Country-Seats, and the People oppress'd with Taxes.

The Duke of *Olivarez*, who was then first Minister to *Philip* IV. King of *Spain*, was firmly perswaded, that all means were to be us'd to exhaust this new Conquest; he was sensible of the natural Antipathy of the *Portuguese* and *Castilians*, and thought that the former could never calmly behold their chief Posts fill'd with Strangers, or at best with *Portuguese* of a *Plebeian* Extraction, who had nothing else to recommend 'em but their Zeal for the Service of *Spain*. He thought, therefore, that the surest way of establishing King *Philip's* Power, was to remove the Nobility of *Portugal* from all Places of Trust, and so to impoverish the People, that they should never be capable of attempting to shake of the *Spanish* Yoke. Besides this, he employ'd the *Portuguese* Youth in foreign Wars, resolving to drain the Kingdom of all those who were capable of bearing Arms.

As politick as this Conduct of *Olivarez* might appear, yet did he miss his aim; for carrying his Cruelty to too high a pitch, at a time when the Court of *Spain* was in distress,
and

and seeming rather to plunder an Enemy's Country, than levying Taxes from the *Portuguese*, who daily saw their Miseries encrease, and be the consequence of their Attempt what it would, they could never fare worse, unanimously resolv'd to free themselves from the intolerable Tyranny of *Spain*.

1640.

Margaret of *Savoy*, Dutcheſs of *Mantua*, was then in *Portugal*, where ſhe had the Title of Vice-Queen, but was very far from having the Power. *Miguel Vaſconcellos*, a *Portugueſe* by Birth, but attach'd to the *Spaniſh* Intereſt, had the Name of Secretary of State, but was indeed an absolute and independant Miniſter, and diſpatch'd, without the knowledge of the Vice-Queen, all the ſecret Buſineſs; his Orders he receiv'd directly from *d' Olivarez*, whoſe Creature he was, and who found him abſolutely neceſſary for extorting vaſt Sums of Money from the *Portugueſe*. He was ſo deeply learn'd in the Art of Intriguing, that he could perpetually make the Nobility jealous of one another, then would he foment their Diviſions, and encrease their Animofities, whereby the *Spaniſh* Government became every day more abſolute; for the Duke was aſſur'd, that whiſt the *Grande*s were engag'd in private Quarrels, they would never think of the Common Cauſe.

The Duke of *Braganza* was the only man in all *Portugal*, of whom the *Spaniards* were now jealous. His Humour was agreeable, and the chief thing he conſulted was his Eaſe. He was a Man rather of ſound Senſe, than quick Wit. He could eaſily make himſelf

self Master of any Business to which he apply'd his Mind, but then he never car'd much for the Trouble on't. Don *Theodocius*, Duke of *Braganza*, his Father, was of a fiery and passionate Temper, and had taken care to infuse in his Son's Mind an Hereditary Aversion to the *Spaniards*, who had usurp'd a Crown, that of Right belong'd to him; to swell his Mind with the Ambition of repossessing himself of a Throne, which his Ancestors had been unjustly depriv'd of; and to fill his Soul with all the Courage that would be necessary for the carrying on of so great a Design.

Nor was this Prince's Care wholly lost; Don *John* had imbib'd as much of the Sentiments of his Father as were consistent with so mild and easy a Temper. He abhorr'd the *Spaniards*, yet was not at all uneasy at his Incapacity of revenging himself. He entertain'd Hopes of ascending the Throne of *Portugal*, yet did he not shew the least Impatience, as Duke *Theodosius*, his Father, had done, but contented himself with a distant Prospect of a Crown; nor would for an Uncertainty venture the Quiet of his Life, and a Fortune which was already greater than what was well consistent with the Condition of a Subject. Had he been precisely what Duke *Theodosius* wish'd him, he had never been fit for the great Design; for *d'Olvarez* had him observ'd so strictly, that had his easy and pleasant manner of Living proceeded from any other Cause but a natural Inclination, it had certainly been discovered, and the discovery had proved fatal both to his
Life

Life and Fortune: at least the Court of *Spain* would never have suffered him to live in so splendid a manner in the very Heart of his Country.

Had he been the most refin'd Politician, he could never have lived in a manner less capable of giving Suspicion. His Birth, his Riches, his Title to the Crown, were not criminal in themselves, but became so by the Law of Policy. This he was very sensible of, and therefore chose this way of Living, prompted to it as well by Nature as by Reason. It would have been a Crime to be formidable, he must therefore take care not to appear so: At *Villa-Viciosa*, the Seat of the Dukes of *Braganza*, nothing was thought of but Hunting-Matches, and other Rural Diversions; the Brightness of his Parts could not in the least make the *Spaniards* apprehend any bold Undertaking, but the Solidity of his Understanding made the *Portuguese* promise themselves the Enjoyment of a mild and easy King, provided they would undertake to raise him to the Throne. But an Accident soon after happened, which very much alarmed *Olivarez*.

Some new Taxes being laid upon the People of *Evora*, which they were not able to pay, reduced them to Despair; upon which they rose in a tumultuous manner, loudly exclaiming against the *Spanish* Tyranny, and declaring themselves in favour of the House of *Braganza*. Then, but too late, the Court of *Spain* began to be sensible of their Error, in leaving so rich and powerfull a Prince in the Heart of a Kingdom so lately subdued,
and

and to whose Crown he had such Legal Pretensions:

This made the Council of *Spain* immediately determine, that it was necessary to secure the Duke of *Braganza*, or at best not to let him make any longer stay in *Portugal*. To this end they named him Governour of *Milan*, which Government he refus'd, alledging the Weakness of his Constitution for an Excuse: besides, he said he was wholly unacquainted with the Affairs of *Italy*, and by consequence not capable of acquitting himself in so weighty a Post.

THE Duke *d' Olivarez* seemed to approve of the Excuse, and therefore began to think of some new Expedient to draw him to Court. The King's marching at the Head of his Army to the Frontiers of *Arragon*, to suppress the rebelling *Catalonians*, was a very good Pretence; he wrote to the Duke of *Braganza*, "to come at the Head of the Portuguese Nobility to serve the King in an Expedition, which could not but be glorious, since his Majesty commanded it in Person." The Duke, who had no great Relish for any Favour conferr'd by the Court of *Spain*, excused himself, upon Pretence that his Birth would oblige him to be at a much greater Expence than what he was at present able to support.

This second Refusal alarm'd *d' Olivarez*. Notwithstanding Don *John's* easy Temper, he began to be afraid that the *Evorians* had made an Impression upon his Thoughts, by reminding him of his Right to the Throne.

It was dangerous to leave him any longer in his Country, and equally dangerous to hurry him out of it by force; so great a Love had the *Portuguese* ever bore to the House of *Braganza*, so great a Respect did they bear to this Duke in particular. He must therefore treacherously be drawn into *Spain*, nor could any properer means be thought of, for compassing this end, than by shewing him all the seeming Tokens of an unfeigned Friendship.

France and *Spain* were at that time engag'd in War, and the *French* Fleet had been seen off the Coasts of *Portugal*. This gave the *Spanish* Minister a fair opportunity of accomplishing his Ends; for it was necessary to have an Army on foot, under the Command of some brave General, to hinder the *French* from making a Descent, or landing any where in *Portugal*. The Commission was sent to the Duke of *Braganza*, with an absolute Authority over all the Towns and Garisons, as well as a Power over the maritime Forces; in short, so unlimited was the Command given him, that the Minister seem'd blindly to have deliver'd all *Portugal* into his Power: but this was only the better to colour his Design. Don *Lopez Ozorio*, the *Spanish* Admiral; had private Orders sent him, that as soon as Don *John* should visit any of the Ports, he should put in, as if drove by stress of Weather; then artfully invite the General aboard, immediately hoist sail, and with all possible Expedition bring him into *Spain*. But propitious Fortune seem'd to have taken him into her Protection; a violent Storm arose, which dispers'd the *Spanish* Fleet, part of which

which suffer'd Shipwreck, and the rest were so shatter'd, that they could not make *Portugal*.

This ill Success did not in the least discourage *Olivarez*, or make him drop his Project; he attributed the Escape of the Duke of *Braganza* to meer Chance: he wrote him a Letter, full of Expressions of Friendship, and as if he had with him shar'd the Government of the whole Kingdom, wherein he deplor'd the Loss of the Fleet, and told him, that the King now expected that he would carefully review all the Ports and their respective Fortifications; seeing that the Fleet, which was to defend the Coasts of *Portugal* from the Insults of the *French*, had miserably perish'd. And that his Villany might not be suspected, he return'd him Forty Thousand Ducats to defray his Expences, and to raise more Troops, in case there should be a Necessity of them. At the same time he sent private Orders to all the Governours of Forts and Citadels, (the greatest part whereof were *Spaniards*) that if they should find a favourable Occasion of securing the Duke of *Braganza*, they should do it, and forthwith convey him into *Spain*.

This intire Confidence, which was repos'd in him, alarmed the Duke; he plainly saw that there was Treachery intended, and therefore thought it just to return the Treachery. He wrote an Answer to *Olivarez*, wherein he told him, that with Joy he accepted the Honour which the King had conferred upon him, in naming him his General, and promised so to discharge the important

Trust, as to deserve the Continuation of his Majesty's Favour.

But now the Duke began to have a nearer Prospect of the Throne; nor did he neglect this Opportunity of putting some of his Friends into Places of Trust, that they might be the more able to serve him upon Occasion; he also employed part of the *Spanish* Money in making new Creatures, and confirming those in his Interest whom he had already made. And as he partly mistrusted the *Spaniards* Design, he never visited any Fort, but he was surrounded by such a Number of Friends, that it was impossible for the Governours to execute their Orders.

Mean while the Court of *Spain* loudly murmured at the Trust which was reposed in Don *John*, they were ignorant of the Prime Ministers Aim, and therefore some did not stick to tell the King, that his near Alliance to the House of *Braganza* made him overlook his Masters Interest; seeing that it was the highest Imprudence to put so absolute an Authority into the Hands of one who had such Pretensions to the Crown, and to entrust the Army to the Command of one, who in all probability might make the Soldiers turn their Arms against their lawful Sovereign. But the more they complained, the better was the King pleased, being perswaded that the Plot was artfully laid, since no one could unravel the dark Design. Thus *Braganza* not only had the Liberty, but was obliged to visit all *Portugal*, and by that means laid the Foundation of his future Fortune. The Eyes of the Many where every where drawn by

by his magnificent Equipage, all that came to him, he mildly, and with unequalled Goodness heard; the Soldiers were not suffered to commit the least Disorders, and he laid hold of all Opportunities of praising the Conduct of the Officers, and by frequent Recompences bestowed upon them, won their Hearts. The Nobility were charmed with his free Deportment, he received every one of them in the most obliging Manner, and paid each the Respect due to his Quality. In short, such was his Carriage, that the People began to think there could be no greater Happiness for them upon Earth, than the Restoration of the Prince to the Throne of his Ancestors.

Mean while his Party omitted nothing that they thought might contribute to the establishing of his Reputation. Amongst others, *Pinto Ribeiro*, Comptrollor of his Household, particularly distinguished himself, and was the first who formed an exact Scheme for the Advancement of his Master. There was no Man more experienced in Business, who at the same time was so careful, diligent, and watchful: he was firm to the Interest of the Duke, not doubting but that if he could raise him to the Throne, he should raise himself to some considerable Post. His Master had often privately assured him, that he would willingly lay hold of any fair Opportunity for his Restoration, yet would not rashly declare himself, as a Man who had nothing to lose; that notwithstanding he might endeavour to gain the Minds of the People, and to make new Creatures, yet he must do it with

with that Caution, that it might appear his own Work, and done without the Consent and Knowledge of the Duke.

Pinto had spar'd no Pains in discovering who were, and the Number of, the Disaffected, which he daily endeavour'd to encrease; he rail'd against the present Government sometimes with Heat, at other times with Caution, always accommodating himself to the Humour of the Company which he was in: tho' indeed so great was the Hatred which the *Portuguese* bore the *Spaniards*, that there was no Need of Reserve in complaining of them. He would often remind the Nobility what honourable Employments their Forefathers had born, when *Portugal* was govern'd by its own Kings. Then would he mention the Summons which had so much exasperated the Nobility, and by which they were commanded to attend the King in *Catalonia*. *Pinto* us'd to complain of this Hardship as of a Kind of Banishment, from which they would scarce find it possible to return; that the Pride of the *Spaniards*, who would command them, was insufferable, and the Expence they should be at intolerable; that this was only a plausible Pretence to drain *Portugal* of its bravest Men, that in all their Expeditions they might be assur'd of being expos'd where the greatest Danger was, but that they must never hope to share the least Part of the Glory.

When he was amongst the Merchants and other Citizens, he would bewail the Misery of his Country, which was ruin'd by the Injustice of the *Spaniard*, who had transferr'd
the

the Trade, which *Portugal* carried on with the *Indies*, to *Cadiz*. Then would he remind them of the Felicity which the *Dutch* and *Catalonians* enjoy'd, who had shaken off the *Spanish* Yoke. As for the Clergy, he did not in the least question but that he should engage 'em in his Interest, and exasperate em most irreconcilably against the *Castilians*; he told them, that the Immunities and Privileges of the Church were violated, their Orders contemn'd and neglected, and that all the best Preferments and fattest Livings were possessed by foreign Incumbents.

When he was with those, of whose Disaffection he was already convinc'd, he would take Care to turn his Discourse to his Master, and talk of his Manner of Living. He would often complain, that that Prince shew'd too little Affection for the Good of his Country, and Concern for his own Interest; and that at a time when it was in his Power to assert his Title to the Crown, he should seem so regardless of his own Right, and lead so idle a Life. Finding that these Insinuations made an Impression upon the People, he went still farther: To those who were publick-spirited, he represented what a glorious thing it would be for them to lay the Foundations of a Revolution, and to deserve the Name of *Deliverers of their Country*. Those who had been injur'd and ill-treated by the *Spaniards*, he would excite to the Desire of Revenge; and the Ambitious he flatter'd with a Prospect of the Grandeurs and Preferments they might expect from the new King, would they once raise him to the Throne.

Throne. In short, he manag'd every thing with so much Art, that being privately assur'd of the unshaken Affection of many to his Master, he procur'd a Meeting of a considerable Number of the Nobility, with the Archbishop of *Lisbon* at the head of them.

This Prelate was of the House of *Acugna*, one of the best Families of all *Portugal*; he was a Man of Learning, and an excellent Politician, belov'd by the People, but hated by the *Spaniards*, and whom he had also just Cause to hate, since they had made *Don Sebastian Maltos de Norognia*, Archbishop of *Braga*, President of the Chamber of *Opaco*, whom they had all along preferr'd to him, and to whom they had given a great share in the Administration of Affairs.

Another of the most considerable Members of this Assembly, was *Don Miguel d' Almeida*, a venerable old Man, and who deserved, and had the Esteem of every body; he was very publick-spirited, and was not so much grieved at his own private Misfortunes, as at those of his Country, whose Inhabitants were become the Slaves of an usurping Tyrant. In these Sentiments he had been educated, and to these with undaunted Courage and Resolution he still adhered; nor could the Entreaties of his Relations, nor the repeated Advices of his Friends, ever make him go to Court, or cringe to the *Spanish* Ministers. This Carriage of his had made them jealous of him. This therefore was the Man whom *Pinto* first cast his Eyes upon, being well assur'd that he might safely entrust him with the Secret; besides which, no one could be
more

more useful in carrying on their Design, his Interest with the Nobility being so great, that he could easily bring over a considerable Number of them to his Party.

There were, besides these two, at this first Meeting, Don *Antonio d' Almada*, an intimate Friend of the Archbishop's, with Don *Lewis*, his Son; Don *Lewis d' Acugna*, Nephew to that Prelate, and who had married Don *Antonio d' Almada's* Daughter; *Mello* Lord Ranger, Don *George* his Brother; *Pedro Mendoza*; Don *Rodrigo de Saa*, Lord-Chamberlain: with several other Officers of the Household, whose Places were nothing now but empty Titles, since *Portugal* had lost her own natural Kings.

The Archbishop, who was naturally a good Rhetorician, broke the Ice in this Assembly; he made an eloquent Speech, in which he set forth the many Grievances *Portugal* had laboured under since it had been subject to the Domination of *Spain*. He reminded them of the Number of Nobility which *Philip II.* had butchered to secure his Conquest; nor had he been more favourable to the Church, witness the famous Brief of *Conostagio* Absolution, which he had obtained from the Pope for the Murder of Two Thousand Priests, or others of Religious Orders, whom he had barbarously put to Death, on no other Account but to secure his Usurpation: And since that unhappy time the *Spaniards* had not changed their inhuman Policy. How many had fallen for no other Crime but their unshaken Love to their Country! That none of those who were there present could call their Lives

OF

or their Estates their own: That the Nobility were slighted and removed from all Places of Trust, Profit, or Power: That the Church was fill'd with a scandalous Clergy, since *Vasconcellos* had dispos'd of all the Livings, and to which he had preferr'd his own Creatures only: That the People were oppress'd with excessive Taxes, whilst the Earth remain'd untill'd for want of Hands, their Labourers being all sent away by Force, for Soldiers to *Catalonia*: That this last Summons for the Nobility to attend the King was only a specious Pretence to force them out of their own Country, lest their Prefence might prove an Obstacle to some cruel Design, which was doubtless on foot: That the mildest Fate they could hope for was a tedious, if not a perpetual Banishment; and that whilst they were ill-treated by the *Castilians* abroad, Strangers should enjoy their Estates, and new Colonies take Possession of their Habitations. He concluded by assuring them, that so great were the Miseries of his Country, that he would rather chuse to die ten thousand Deaths, than be obliged to see the Increase of them; nor would he now entertain one thought of Life, did he not hope that so many Persons of Quality were not met together in vain.

This Discourse had its desir'd Effect, by reminding every one of the many Evils which they had suffer'd. Each seem'd earnest to give some Instance of *Vasconcellos's* Cruelty. The Estates of some had been unjustly confiscated, whilst others had hereditary Places and Governments taken from them; some

some had been long confin'd in Prisons thro the Jealousy of the *Spanish* Ministers, and many bewailed a Father, a Brother, or a Friend, either detained at *Madrid*, or sent into *Catalonia* as Hostages of the Fidelity of their unhappy Countrymen. In short, there was not one of those who were engaged in this Publick Cause, but what had some private Quarrel to revenge: but nothing provoked them more than the *Catalonian* Expedition; they plainly saw, that it was not so much the Want of their Assistance, as the Desire of ruining them, which made the *Spanish* Minister oblige them to that tedious and expensive Voyage. These Considerations, joined to their own private Animosities, made them unanimously resolve to venture Life and Fortune, rather than any longer to bear the heavy Yoke: but the Form of Government, which they ought to chuse, caused a Division amongst them. Part of the Assembly were for making themselves a Republick, as *Holland* had lately done; others were for a Monarchy, but could not agree upon the choice of a King: some proposed the Duke of *Braganza*, some the Marquis de *Villareal*, and others the Duke de *Aviedo*, (all three Princes of the Royal Blood of *Portugal*;) according as their different Inclinations or Interests byass'd them. But the Archbishop, who was wholly devoted to the House of *Braganza*, assuming the Authority of his Character, set forth with great Strength of Reason, That the Choice of a Government was not in their Power; that the Oath of Allegiance, which they had taken to the King

Aviedo

of

of *Spain*, could not in conscience be broken unless it was with a design to restore their rightful Sovereign to the Throne of his Fathers, which every one knew to be the Duke of *Braganza*; that they must therefore resolve to proclaim him King, or for ever to continue under the Tyranny of the *Spanish* Usurper. After this, he made 'em consider the Power and Riches of this Prince, as well as the great Number of his Vassals, on whom depended almost a third Part of the Kingdom. He shewed 'em it was impossible for em to drive the *Spaniards* out of *Portugal*, unless he was at their head: that the only Way to engage him, would be by making him an Offer of the Crown, which they would be under a Necessity of doing, altho he was not the first Prince of the Royal Blood. Then began he to reckon all those excellent Qualities with which he was endowed, as his Wisdom, his Prudence; but above all, his affable Behaviour, and inimitable Goodness. In short, his Words prevailed so well upon every one, that they unanimously declared him their King, and promised that they would spare no Pains, no Endeavours to engage him to enter into their Measures: after which, having agreed upon the time and place of a second Meeting, to concert the Ways and Means of bringing this happy Revolution about, the Assembly broke up.

Pinto, observing how well the minds of the People were disposed in Favour of his Master, wrote privately to him, to acquaint him with the Success of the first Meeting, and advised him to come, as if by Chance, to *Lisbon*, that
by

by his Presence he might encourage the Conspirators, and at the same time get some Opportunity of conferring with them. This Man spent his whole time in negotiating this grand Affair, yet did it so artfully, that no one could suspect his having any farther Interest in it, than his Concern for the publick Welfare. He seemingly doubted whether his Master would ever enter into their Measures, objecting his natural Aversion to any Undertaking which was hazardous and required Application: then would he start some Difficulties, which were of no other Use but to destroy all Suspicion of his having any Understanding with his Master, and were so far from being weighty enough to discourage them, that they rather served to excite their Ardour.

Upon the Advice given by *Pinto*, the Duke left *Villaviciosa*, and came to *Almada*, a Castle near *Lisbon*, on Pretence of visiting it as he had done the other Fortifications of that Kingdom. His Equipage was so magnificent, and he had with him such a Number of the Nobility and Gentry, as well as of Officers, that he looked more like a King going to take Possession of a Kingdom, than like the Governor of a Province, who was viewing the Places and Forts under his Jurisdiction: he was so near *Lisbon*, that he was under an Obligation of going to pay his Devoirs to the Vice-Queen. As soon as he enter'd the Palace-Yard, he found the Avenues crowded with infinite Numbers of People, who pressed forward to see him pass along; and all the Nobility came to wait upon him, and to accom-

accompany him to the Vice-Queen's. It was a general Holiday throughout the City, and so great was the Joy of the People, that there seem'd only a Herald wanting to proclaim him King, or Resolution enough in himself to put the Crown upon his Head.

But the Duke was too prudent to trust to the uncertain Sallies of an inconstant People. He knew what a vast Difference there was between their vain Shouts, and that Steddiness which is necessary to support so great an Enterprize. Therefore, after having paid his Respects to the Vice-Queen, and taken leave of her, he return'd to *Almada*, without so much as going to *Braganza-House*, or passing thro the City, lest he should encrease the Jealousy of the *Spaniards*, who already seem'd very uneasy at the Affection which the People had so unanimously express'd for the Duke.

Pinto took Care to make his Friends observe the unnecessary Caution which his Master us'd, and that therefore they ought not to neglect this Opportunity, which his Stay at *Almada* afforded them, to wait upon that Prince, and to persuade, nay, as tho it were to force him to accept the Crown. The Conspirators thought the Counsel good, and deputed him to the Duke to obtain an Audience. He granted them one, but upon Condition there should come three of the Conspirators only, not thinking it safe to explain himself before a greater Number.

Miguel d' Almeida, *Antonio d' Almada*, and *Pedro Mendoza*, were the three Persons pitch'd upon; who coming by night to the Prince's, and

and being introduc'd into his Chamber, *d' Al-*
mado, who was their Spokesman, represented
 in few Words the present unhappy State of
Portugal, whose Natives, of what Quality or
 Condition soever, had suffered so much from
 the unjust and cruel *Castilians*: That the
 Duke himself was as much, if not more ex-
 pos'd than any other to their Treachery;
 that he was too discerning not to perceive
 that *d' Olivarez's* Aim was his Ruin, and that
 there was no other Place of Refuge but the
 Throne; for the restoring him to which, he
 had Orders to offer him the Services of a
 considerable Number of People of the first
 Quality, who would willingly expose their
 Lives, and sacrifice their Fortunes for his
 Sake, and to revenge themselves upon the op-
 pressing *Spaniards*.

He afterwards told them, that the Times
 of *Charles V.* and *Philip II.* were no more,
 when *Spain* held the Ballance of *Europe* in her
 hand, and gave the neighbouring Nations
 Laws: That this Monarchy, which had been
 once so formidable, could scarce now pre-
 serve its antient Territories; that the *French*
 and *Dutch* not only wag'd War against them,
 but often overcame 'em; that *Catalonia* itself
 employ'd the greatest Part of their Forces;
 that they scarce had an Army on foot, the
 Treasury was exhausted, and that the King-
 dom was governed by a weak Prince, who
 was himself sway'd by a Minister, abhorred by
 the whole Nation.

He then observed what foreign Protection
 and Alliances they might depend on, and be
assured of; most of the Princes of Europe
were

* Car-
dinal
Richlieu

were profess'd Enemies to the House of *Austria*; the Encouragement *Holland* and *Catalonia* had met with sufficiently shew'd what might be expected from that able * Statesman, whose mighty Genius seem'd wholly bent upon the Destruction of the *Spanish* King; that the Sea was now open, and he might have free Communication with whom he pleas'd; that there were scarce any *Spanish* Garrisons left in *Portugal*, they having been drawn out to serve in *Catalonia*; that there could never be a more favourable Opportunity of asserting his Right and Title to the Crown, of securing his Life, his Fortune, and his Liberty, which were at Stake, and of delivering his Country from Slavery and Oppression.

We may easily imagine, that there was nothing in this Speech which could displease the Duke of *Braganza*; however, unwilling to let them see his Heart, he answer'd the Deputies in such a Manner, as could neither lessen, or encrease their Hopes. He told them, that he was but too sensible of the Miseries to which *Portugal* was reduc'd by the *Castilians*, nor could he think himself secure from their Treachery; that he very much commended the Zeal which they shew'd for the Welfare of their Country, and was in an especial Manner oblig'd to them for the Affection which they bore him in particular; that notwithstanding what they had represented, he fear'd that Matters were not ripe for so dangerous an Enterprize, whose Consequence, should they not bring it to a happy Period, would prove so fatal to them all.

Having

Having returned this Answer; (for a more positive one he would not return) he caress'd the Deputies, and thanked them in so obliging a manner, that they left him, well satisfi'd that their Message was gratefully received; but at the same time perswaded, that the Prince would be no farther concerned in their Design; than giving his Consent to the Execution of it; as soon as their Plot should be ripe.

After their Departure, the Duke conferred with *Pinto* about the new Measures which they must take, and then returned to *Villavieja*; but not with that inward Satisfaction of Mind which he had hitherto enjoyed, but with a Restlessness of Thought, the too common Companion of Princes.

As soon as he arriv'd; he communicated those Propositions, which had been made him, to the Dutches his Wife. She was of a *Castilian* Family, Sister to the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, a Grandee of *Spain*, and Governor of *Andalusia*. During her Childhood; her Mind was great and heroick, and as she grew up, became passionately fond of Honour and Glory. The Duke, her Father; who perceiv'd this natural Inclination of hers; took Care to cultivate it betimes, and gave the Care of her Education to Persons who would swell her Breast with † Ambition, and

† Ad hæc politicas Artes, bonos & malos Regiminis Dolos, Dominationis Arcana, humani Latibula ingenii, non modo intelligere Mulier, sed & pertractare quoque ac provehere, tam Natura quam Disciplina mirificè instructa fuit. *Caesari. Passar. de Bello Lusitan.*

represent it as the chiefest Virtue of Princes. She apply'd herself betimes to the Study of the different Tempers and Inclinations of Mankind, and would by the Looks of a Person judge of his Heart; so that the most dissembling Courtier could scarce hide his Thoughts from her discerning Eye. She neither wanted Courage to undertake, nor Conduct to carry on the most difficult things, provided their End was glorious and honourable. Her Actions were free and easy, and at the same time noble and majestick; her Air at once inspir'd Love, and commanded Respect. She took the *Portuguese* Air with so much ease, that it seem'd natural to her. She made it her chief Study to deserve the Love and Esteem of her Husband; nor could the Austerity of her Life, a solid Devotion, and a perfect Complaisance to all his Actions, fail of doing it. She neglected all those Pleasures, which Persons of her Age and Quality usually relish; and the greatest part of her time was employ'd in Studies, which might adorn her mind, and improve her Understanding.

H The Duke thought himself compleatly happy in the Possession of so accomplish'd a Lady; his Love could scarce be parallel'd, and his Confidence in her was entire: He never undertook any thing without her Advice, nor would he engage himself any farther in a Matter of such Consequence, without first consulting with her. He therefore shew'd her the Scheme of the Revolution, the Names of the Conspirators, and acquainted her with what had pass'd as well in the
 Assembly.

Assembly held at *Lisbon*, as in the Conference he had had with them at *Almada*, and the Warmth which every one had shown upon this Occasion. He told her, That the Expedition of *Catalonia* had so incensed the Nobility, that they were all resolved to revolt, rather than to leave their native Country; he dreaded, that if he should refuse to lead them on, they would forsake him, and chuse themselves another Leader. Yet he confess'd, that the Greatness of the Danger made him dread the Event; that whilst he viewed the Throne at a distance, the flattering Idea of Royalty was most agreeable to his Mind, but that now having a nearer Prospect of it, and of the intervening Obstacles, he was startled; nor could he calmly behold those Dangers into which he must inevitably plunge himself and his whole Family, in case of a Discovery: That the People, on whom they must chiefly depend for the Success, were inconstant, and disheartened by the least Difficulty: That the Number of Nobility and Gentry which he had on his side, was not sufficient, unless supported by the *Grandeos* of the Kingdom; who doubtless, jealous of his Fortune, would oppose it, as not being able to submit to the Government of one, whom they had all along look'd upon as their Equal. That these Considerations, as well as the little Dependance he could make on foreign Assistance, overrul'd his Ambition, and made him forget the Hopes of reigning. But the Dutchess, whose Soul was truly great, and Ambition her ruling Passion, immediately declar'd her-

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self in favour of the Conspiracy. She ask'd
 the Duke, "Whether in case the *Portuguese*,
 " accepting his Denial, should resolve to
 " make themselves a Republick, he would side
 " with them, or with the King of *Spain*?"
 " With his Countrymen undoubtedly, *he re-*
 " *ply'd*; for whose Liberty he would willing-
 " ly venture his Life." " And why can you
 " not do for your own Sake, *answer'd she*,
 " what you would do as a Member of the
 " Commonwealth? The Throne belongs to
 " you, and should you perish in attempting
 " to recover it, your Fate would be glorious,
 " and rather to be envy'd than pity'd." Af-
 ter this she urg'd " his undoubted |Right to
 " the Crown; that *Portugal* was reduc'd to
 " such a miserable State by the *Castilians*,
 " that it was inconsistent with the Honour
 " of a Person of his Quality to be an idle
 " Looker-on; that his Children would re-
 " proach, and their Posterity curse his Me-
 " mory, for neglecting so fair an Opportu-
 " nity of restoring them what they ought in
 " justice to have had." Then she repre-
 sented the Difference between a Sovereign
 and a Subject, and the Pleasure of ruling,
 instead of obeying in a servile manner. She
 made him sensible, that it would be no such
 difficult Matter to re-possess himself of the
 Crown; that tho he could not hope for fo-
 reign Assistance, yet were the *Portuguese* of
 themselves able to drive the *Spaniards* out of
 their Country, especially at such a favoura-
 ble Juncture as this. In short, so great was
 her persuasive Art, that she prevail'd upon
 the Duke to accept the Offer made him, but

at the same time confess'd his Prudence, in letting the Number of the Conspirators encrease before he join'd with them; nor would she advise him to appear openly in it, till the Plot was ripe.

Mean while the Court of *Spain* grew very jealous of him. Those extraordinary Marks of Joy, which the *Lisbonites* had shewn at his coming thither, had very much alarm'd *d'Olivarez*. It was also whisper'd about, that there were nightly Meetings and secret Assemblies held at *Lisbon*: So impossible it is, that a Business of such a Consequence should be wholly conceal'd.

Upon this several Councils were held at *Madrid*, in which it was resolv'd, that the only way to prevent the *Portuguese* from revolting was by taking from them their Leader, in favour of whom it was suppos'd they intended to revolt. Wherefore *d'Olivarez* immediately dispatch'd a Courier to the Duke of *Braganza*, to acquaint him that the King desired to be informed, by his own mouth, of the Strength of every Fort and Citadel, the Condition of the Sea-Ports, and what Garisons were placed in each of them: To this he added, that his Friends at Court were overjoyed at the Thoughts of seeing him so soon, and that every one of them were preparing to receive him with the Respect due to his Quality and Deserts.

This News thunder-struck the unhappy Prince; he was well assured, that since so many Pretences were made use of to get him into *Spain*, his Destruction was resolv'd on, and nothing less than his Life could satisfy

them. They had left off Caresses and Invi-
tations, and had now sent positive Orders,
which either must be obeyed, or probably
open Force would be made use of. He con-
cluded, that he was betrayed. Such is the
Fear of those, whose Thoughts are taken up
with great Designs, and who always imagine
that the inquisitive World is prying into their
Actions, and observing all their Steps. Thus
did the Duke, whose Conduct had been al-
ways greater than his Courage, dread that
he had plunged himself into inevitable De-
struction.

But to gain time enough to give the Con-
spirators Notice of his Danger, by the Ad-
vice of the Dutchess, he sent a Gentleman,
whose Capacity and Fidelity he was before
assured of, to the Court of *Madrid*, to assure
the *Spanish* Minister, that he would suddenly
wait on the King; but had at the same time
given him private Orders to find out all the
Pretences imaginable for the delaying his
Journey, hoping in the mean time to bring
the Conspiracy to Ripeness, and thereby to
shelter himself from the impending Storm.

As soon as this Gentleman arrived at *Ma-
drid*, he assur'd the King and the Duke *d'O-
livarez*, that his Master follow'd him. To
make his Story the more plausible, he took a
large House, which he furnish'd very sump-
tuously, then hir'd a considerable Number of
Servants, to whom he before-hand gave Li-
veries. In short, he spar'd no Cost to per-
suade the *Spaniards* that his Master would be
in a very little time at Court, and that he in-
tended

tended to appear with an Equipage suitable to his Birth.

Some Days after he pretended to have receiv'd Advice that his Master was faln sick. When this Pretence was grown Itale, he presented a Memorial to *d'Olivarez*, in which he desir'd that his Master's Precedence in the Court might be adjusted. He did not in the least question but that this would gain a considerable time, hoping that the Grandees, by maintaining their Rights, would oppose his Claims. But these Delays beginning to be suspected, the first Minister had the thing soon decided, and always in favour of the Duke of *Braganza*; so earnestly did he desire to see him once out of *Portugal*, and to have him safe at *Madrid*.

The Conspirators no sooner heard of the Orders which the Duke had receiv'd, but fearing that he might obey them, deputed *Mendoza* to know what he intended to do, and to engage him firmly, if possible, to their Party. This Gentleman was chosen preferably to any other, because he was Governor of a Town near *Villa-vieja*; so that he could hide the real Intent of his Journey from the *Spaniards*, under the specious Pretence of Business. He did not dare to go directly to the Prince's House, but took an Opportunity of meeting him in a Forest one Morning as he was hunting; they retir'd together into the thickest part of the Wood, where *Mendoza* shew'd him what Danger he expos'd himself to, by going to a Place where all were his Enemies: That by this inconsiderate Action the Hopes of the Nobility,

lity, as well as of the People, were utterly destroy'd: That a sufficient Number of Gentlemen, who were as able to serve him, as they were willing to do it, or to sacrifice their Lives for his Sake, only waited for his Consent to declare themselves in his favour: That now was the very Crisis of his Fate, and that he must this instant resolve to be *Cesar* or nothing: That the Business would admit of no longer Delay, lest the Secret being divulg'd, their Designs should prove abortive. The Duke, convinc'd of the Truth of what was said to him, told him that he was of his Mind, and that he might assure his Friends, that as soon as their Plot should be ripe, he would put himself at the Head of them.

This Conference ended, *Mendoza* immediately return'd home, for fear of being suspected, and wrote to some of the Conspirators that he had been hunting; "We had almost, continued he, lost our Game in the Pursuit, but at last the Day prov'd a Day of good Sport." Some few Days after *Mendoza* return'd to *Lisbon*, and acquainted *Pinto* that his Master wanted him, who set out as soon as they had together drawn out a shorter Scheme to proceed upon. Coming to *Villaverde*, the first thing he acquainted the Duke with, was the Difference which had lately happen'd at the Court of *Lisbon*, the Vice-Queen loudly complaining of the haughty Pride and Insolence of *Vasconcellos*; nor could she any longer bear that all Business should be transacted by him, whilst she enjoy'd an empty Title, without any the least Authority.

What

What made her Complaints the juster, was, that she was really a deserving Princess, and capable of discharging the Trust which was committed to her Secretary. But it was the Greatness of her Genius, and her other extraordinary Deserts, which made the Court of *Spain* unwilling to let her have a greater Share in the Government. *Pinto* observ'd that this Difference could never have happened in a better time, seeing that the Ministers of *Spain* being taken up with this Business, would not be at leisure to pry into his Actions, or to observe the Steps he should take.

The Duke of *Braganza*, since *Mendoza's* Departure, was fallen into his wonted Irresolution, and the nearer the Business came to a Crisis, the more he dreaded the Event: *Pinto* made use of all his Rhetorick to excite his Master's Courage, and to draw him into his former Resolution. Nay, to his Persuasions he added Threatnings; he told him, in spite of himself, the Conspirators would proclaim him King, and what Dangers must he run then, when the Crown should be fix'd upon his Head, at a time when, only for want of necessary Preparation, he was not capable of preserving it. The Dutchess join'd with this faithful Servant, and convinc'd the Duke of the Baseness of preferring Life to Honour: he, charmed with her Courage, yet asham'd to see it greater than his own, yielded to their Persuasions.

Mean while, the Gentleman whom he had sent to *Madrid*, wrote daily to let him know, that he could no longer defer his Journey on
any

any Pretence whatsoever, and that *Olivarez* refused to hear the Excuses which he would have made. The Duke, to gain a little longer time, ordered the Gentleman to acquaint the the *Spanish* Minister, that he had long since been at *Madrid*, had he had Money enough to defray the Expence of his Journey, and to appear at Court in a manner suitable to his Quality: That as soon as he could receive a sufficient Sum, he would immediately set out.

This Business dispatch'd, he consulted with the *Dutchess* and *Pinto* about the properest Means of executing their Design: Several were proposed, but at last this was agreed upon, That the Plot must break out at *Lisbon*, whose Example might have a good Effect upon the other Towns and Cities of the Kingdom: That the same Day wherein he was proclaimed King in the Metropolis, he should be also proclaimed in every Place which was under his Dependance; nay, in every Borough and Village, of which any of the Conspirators were the leading Men, they should raise the People, so that one half of the Kingdom being up, the other of course would fall into their Measures, and the few remaining *Spaniards* would not know on which side to turn their Arms. His own Regiment he should quarter in *Elvas*, whose Governor was wholly in his Interest. That as for the manner of their making themselves Masters of *Lisbon*, Time and Opportunity would be their best Counsellors; however, the Duke's Opinion was, that they should seize the Palace in the first place, so that by securing the Vice-Queen, and

and the *Spaniards* of Note, they would be like so many Hostages in their Hands, for the Behaviour of the Governor and Garison of the Citadel, who otherwise might very much annoy 'em when they were Masters of the Town. After this, the Duke having assur'd *Pinto*, that notwithstanding any Change of Fortune, he should still have the same place in his Affection; he sent him to *Lisbon* with two Letters of Trust, one for *Almeida*, the other for *Mendoza*; wherein he conjured 'em to continue faithful to their Promises, and resolutely and courageously to finish what they had begun.

As soon as he arriv'd at *Lisbon*, he deliver'd his Letters to *Almeida* and *Mendoza*, who instantly sent for *Lemos* and *Corco*, whom *Pinto* had long since engaged in the Interest of his Master. These were two rich Citizens, who had gone thro all the Offices of the City, and had the People of it very much at their Command; as they still carryed on their Trade, there were a vast Number of poor People daily employed by 'em, and whose Hatred to the *Spaniards* they had still taken Care to encrease, by insinuating that there were new Taxes to be laid upon several things. at the beginning of the next Year. When they observed any one of a fiery Temper, they would take Care to discharge him, on Pretence that the *Castilians* had utterly ruined their Trade, and that they were no longer able to employ them; but their Aim was to reduce them to Poverty and Want, insomuch that Necessity should oblige them to revolt: but still would they extend their
Charity

Charity towards them, that they might always have them at their Service. Besides this, they had engaged some of the ablest Merchants and Tradesmen in every part of *Lisbon*, and promised, that if the Conspirators would give them warning over night of the Hour they intended to rise, punctually at that time they would have half the City up in Arms.

Pinto, being thus sure of the Citizens, turned his Thoughts to the other Conspirators: He advised them to be ready for the Execution of their Plot upon the first Notice given them; that mean while he would have them pretend they had some private Quarrel, and engage their Friends to assist them; for many, he observed, were not fit to be entrusted with so important a Secret, and others could not in cold Blood behold the Dangers they must go thro, and yet both be very serviceable when Matters were ripe, and only their Swords wanted.

Dec. 1.
1640.

Finding every body firm in their Resolutions, and impatient to revenge themselves upon the *Spaniards*, he conferred with *Almeida Mendoza*, *Almada*, and *Mello*, who fix'd upon Saturday, the first of *December*, for the great, the important Day: Notice was immediately given to the Duke of *Braganza*, that he might cause himself to be proclaim'd King the same Day in the Province of *Alentejo*, most part of which belonged to him. After which they agreed upon meeting once more before the time.

On the Twenty-fifth of *November*, according to their Agreement, they met at
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Braganza-House, where mustering their Forces, they found that they could depend upon about One Hundred and Fifty Gentlemen, (most of them Heads of Families) with their Servants and Tenants, and about Two Hundred substantial Citizens, who could bring with them a considerable Number of inferior Workmen.

Vasconcellos's Death was unanimously resolv'd on, as a just Victim, and which would be grateful to the People. Some urg'd, that the Archbishop of *Braga* deserv'd the same Fate, especially considering the Strength of his Genius, and the Greatness of his Courage; for it was not to be suppos'd that he would be an idle Looker-on, but would probably be more dangerous than the Secretary himself could be, by raising all the *Spaniards* who were in *Lisbon*, with their Creatures; and that whilst they were busy in making themselves Masters of the Palace, he, at the Head of his People, might fling himself into the Citadel, or come to the Assistance of the Vice-Queen, to whose Service he was entirely devoted; and that at such a time as this, Pity was unseasonable, and Mercy dangerous.

These Considerations made the greatest part of the Assembly consent to the Prelates Death; and he had shared *Vasconcellos's* Fate, had not * *Don Miguel d'Almeida* interposed. He represented to the Conspirators, that the Death of a Man of the Prelates Character

* *Macedo* tells us, that it was *Don Antonio d'Almada*.
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and Station would make them odious to the People; that it would infallibly draw the Hatred of the Clergy, and of the Inquisition in particular, (a People who at this Juncture were to be dreaded) upon the Duke of *Braganza*, to whom they would not only give the Names of Tyrant and Usurper, but whom they would also excommunicate; that the Prince himself would be forely grieved to have the Day stained with so cruel an Action; that he himself would engage to watch him so closely on that Day, that he should not have an Opportunity of doing any thing which might be prejudicial to the common Cause. In short, he urged so many things in his behalf, that the Prelate's Life was granted, the Assembly not being able to deny any thing to so worthy an Advocate.

Nothing now remained but to regulate the Order of the March and Attack, which was agreed upon in this manner; They should divide into four Companies, which should enter the Palace by four different Ways; so that all the Avenues to it being stopt, the *Spaniards* might have no Communication with, or be able to assist one another: That Don *Miguel a' Almeida*, with his, should fall on the *German* Guard, at the Entrance of the Palace: That *Mello* Lord Ranger, his Brother, and Don *Estevan d'Acugna*, should attack the Guard, which was always set at a Place called the *Firt*: That the Lord-Chamberlain *Emanuel Saa*, *Teillo de Menezes*, and *Pinto*, should enter *Vasconcellos's* Apartment, whom they must immediately dispatch: That Don *Antonio d'Almada's*, *Mendoza*, Don *Carlos No-*
rogna,

rogna, and *Antonio Salsaigni*, should seize the Vice-Queen, and the *Spaniards* which were with her, to serve for Hostages, in case of Need. Mean while, some of the Gentlemen, with a few of the most reputable Citizens, should proclaim Don *John*, Duke of *Braganza*, King of *Portugal* throughout the City; and that the People being raised by their Acclamations, they should make use of them to assist, wherever they found any Opposition. After this they resolved to meet on the first of *December* in the morning, some at *Almeida's* some at *Almada's*, and the rest at *Mendoza's* House, where every Man should be furnished with necessary Arms.

While these things were transacting at *Lisbon*, and that the Duke's Friends were using all their Endeavours for his Re-establishment, he received an Express from *Olivarez*, (who grew very jealous of his-Conduct) with positive Orders to come immediately to *Madrid*; and that he might have nothing to colour his Delay, he remitted him a Bill upon the Royal Treasury for Ten Thousand Ducats.

The Commands laid upon him were so plain and positive, that the Duke could not put off his Journey without justly encreasing his Suspicion. He plainly foresaw, that if he did not obey those Orders, the Court of *Madrid* would take some such Measures as might prove fatal to him, and wholly destroy their Projection; he would not therefore refuse to obey, but made part of his Household immediately set out, and take the *Madrid* Road. In the Presence of the Courier he gave several Orders relating to the Conduct
of

of those he left his Deputy-Governors, and in all Respects behaved himself like a Man who was going a long Journey. He dispatched a Gentleman to the Vice-Queen, to give her Notice of his Departure, and wrote to *Olivarez*, that he would be at *Madrid* in eight Days time at farthest; and that he might engage the Courier to report all these things, he made him a considerable Present, under Pretence of rewarding him for his expeditious Haste, in bringing him Letters from the King, and his first Ministers. At the same time he let the Conspirators know what new Orders he had receiv'd from Court, that they might see the Danger of deferring the Execution of their Design; but they were scarce in a Capacity of assisting him, an Accident having happen'd, which had almost broken all their Measures.

There was at *Lisbon* a Nobleman, who on all Occasions had shewn an immortal Hatred to the *Spanish* Government; he never call'd them any thing but Tyrants and Ufurpers, and would openly rail at their unjust Proceedings, but nothing angered him more than the Expedition of *Catalonia: d' Almada*, having taken care to fall often into his Company, thought there was not a truer-hearted *Portuguese* in the whole Kingdom, and that no one would more strenuously labour for their Liberty. But oh Heaven! how great was his Surprize! when having taken him aside, and discovered the whole Conspiracy to him, this base, this cowardly Wretch, whose whole Courage was plac'd in his Tongue, refused to Have any hand in the Business, or to en-
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gâge himself with the Conspirators, pretending that their Plot had no solid Foundation: Bold and adventrous where no Danger was, but fearful and daunted as soon as it appear'd.

“ Have you, *said he to Almada*, Forces enough
 “ to undertake so great a thing? Where is
 “ your Army to oppose the Troops of *Spain*,
 “ who upon the first News of the Revolt
 “ will enter the Kingdom? What Grandees
 “ have you at your Head? Can they furnish
 “ you with Money sufficient to defray the
 “ Expence of a civil War? I fear, *conti-*
 “ *nued he*, that instead of revenging your-
 “ selves on the *Spaniards*, and freeing *Portu-*
 “ *gal* from Slavery, you will utterly ruin it,
 “ by giving the *Spaniards* a specious Pretence
 “ for doing what they have been so long
 “ endeavouring at.”

D' Almada, who expected nothing less than such an Answer, and being very much troubled at his having entrusted the Secret to a Man, who in all probability would betray it, without replying drew his Sword, and coming up to the other, his Eyes sparkling with Rage; “ Base Wretch, *said he*, by thy de-
 “ ceitful Words thou hast drawn a Secret
 “ from me, with which thou must take my
 “ Life, or by the Loss of thine atone for thy
 “ Treachery.” The other, who had always thought it safest to avoid the nearest Danger, at the sight of *d' Almada's* naked Sword, promised to do any thing. He offer'd to sign the Conspiracy, and found weighty Reasons to destroy his former Objections; he swore that he would bury the Secret in his Heart, and endeavour'd all he could to persuade

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Almada,

Almada, that it was neither Want of Courage, or Hatred to the *Spaniards*, which had at first made him averſe to what he had propos'd.

Notwithstanding his Oaths and Promiſes, *d' Almada* could not be throughly ſatisfy'd of this Man's Fidelity; he took Care, without loſing ſight of him, to let the others know what had happen'd. A general Conſternation immediately ſpread itſelf amongſt them, and they fear'd, that the Proſpect of the Danger which he muſt ſhare, or the Hope of a Reward, would make this Wretch betray them. Upon this they reſolved to defer the Execution of their Project, and forced *Pinto* to write to his Maſter, to put off his being proclaimed in his Country, till he ſhould hear further from them. But *Pinto*, who knew how dangerous it was to defer ſuch a thing, tho' but for a Day, at the ſame time ſent him another Letter, in which he deſir'd him to take no Notice of his firſt, ſeeing that it was only the Effect of a panick Fear, which had ſeized the Conſpirators, and which would be over long before the Expreſs arrived.

Nor was this crafty Man at all deceived; for the next Day finding every thing ſtill and quiet, and the Perſon who cauſed the Alarm making freſh Promiſes of Secrecy, they concluded that either he had armed his Mind with a generous Reſolution of aſſiſting them, or was afraid of impeaching ſo many Perſons of Quality; and therefore they determined to proceed to Execution on the appointed Day. But another Adventure happened, which diſquieted them as much as the former.

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There were always in the Palace several of the Conspirators, walking up and down like Courtiers out of Place, whose Business it was to observe what was done within; but on the Evening of the last of *November*, they came in a Fright to their Companions, to tell them that *Vasconcellos* (by whose Death they were to begin the mighty Work) was just gone on board a Yacht, and had cross'd the *Tagus*. Who but Conspirators would have taken Notice of so indifferent a thing? For a thousand Reasons, in which they were not concerned, might have made him go on the other side of the Water; but they immediately concluded, that this artful Statesman, who had always his Spies abroad, had discover'd their Plot, and was about to bring into *Lisbon* those Soldiers which were quarter'd in the Villages on the other side of the River. Death, in its most ghastly Shape, appear'd to them; and they fancy'd that they already felt the cruellest Torments which could be inflicted. Some were resolving to fly into *Africa*, others into *England*; and all of them spent the first part of the Night in the greatest Disquiet imaginable, between the Hopes of Life and Fear of Death. But about the middle of the Night their Apprehensions vanish'd; for some who had been sauntering about the Port, to endeavour to discover the Secretary's Design, came and brought them the welcome News, that *Vasconcellos* had been only diverting himself upon the Water; and that he was return'd, with the Musick playing before him. A sudden Joy succeeded to their Grief, and about an Hour after, being

inform'd that every thing was quiet in the Palace, and every body bury'd in a profound Sleep, they return'd home to enjoy a little Rest, that they might be fitter for the Morning's Work.

It was very late, or rather very early, when they parted, and within some few Hours of their appointed time, and yet an Accident happen'd within those few Hours, which had almost betray'd them; so dangerous and uncertain are Enterprizes of this Nature, whilst there are Men, whom Hopes of Gain, or Fear of Punishment, can work upon to betray their Fellows. Don *George Mello*, Brother to the Lord *Ranger*, lodg'd at a Relation's House, in the furthest Suburbs of *Lisbon*. This Gentleman thought, that now the time was come in which the Conspiracy would break out, and there was no Necessity of hiding it any longer from this Relation, whom he had Reason to believe was his Friend, as also one that might be serviceable to them, and who otherwise would for ever reproach him with having distrusted him as one not true to the Interest of his Country. Wherefore as soon as he came home, he went into his Chamber, and there reveal'd the Secret, desiring him to join in the Enterprize with so many Persons of Quality, and to behave himself as a *Portuguese* ought to do upon such an Occasion. The other, surpriz'd at the Strangeness of this News, affected a seeming Joy for the approaching Liberty of his Country, thank'd *Mello* for the Confidence he repos'd in him, and assur'd him, that he accounted himself happy in having an

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Opportunity of exposing his Life in so just and glorious a Cause.

Upon this *Mello* retir'd to his Chamber, to lay himself down to sleep, but scarce was he got thither, when he began seriously to reflect upon what he had been doing, and could not but think himself guilty of a very inconsiderate Action, in putting the Lives of so many Persons of Quality in the Power of one, of whose Principles he was not overwell assur'd; then began he to fancy, that he had observ'd something of Fear in the Countenance of the Person, at the time when he was advising him to share the Danger of the Undertaking.

Full of these Reflections, he could not lay him down to rest, but was walking in great Disorder about his Chamber, when he thought he over-heard a kind of whispering Noise. Opening his Window softly, to see if any body was in the Street, he could perceive a Servant holding his Relation's Horse, and himself ready to mount. Enrag'd at this, he snatch'd his Sword, and hastening down stairs, seiz'd his Kinsman, and ask'd him whither he was going at this unseasonable time. The other would have forg'd an Excuse, and was hammering out a Lye, but *Mello* holding his Point to his Breast, threaten'd to kill him, if he did not immediately go in again; then order'd he the Keys of the House to be brought him, and having fasten'd all the Doors himself, he retir'd with his Kinsman, nor would he lose sight of him till it was time to go to the Rendezvous, to which he carried him.

But now the Morning dawn'd, that was to decide whether the Duke of *Braganza* should be the King and Deliverer of his Country, or be accounted a Rebel and Traitor.

Betimes in the Morning the Conspirators met at the appointed Places, where they were to be furnish'd with Arms. They all appear'd with so much Resolution and Courage, that they rather seem'd marching to a certain victory, than to an uncertain Enterprize. But what is very much to be admir'd at, is, that amongst such a Number of Nobility, Gentry, Citizens, nay Priests, not one should falsify his Word, or break his Promise, tho' their Interests in the Event were very different; but they all seem'd as impatient for the important Moment, as if each there had been the Contriver of the Scheme, or at the Head of the Enterprize; or rather, as if the Crown was to have been the Reward of each individual Man's Labour. Several Ladies also made themselves famous on that Day: But the noble Behaviour of *Donna Philippa de Villenes* ought never to be forgotten, who with her own Hands arm'd both her Sons; and giving them their Swords, "Go, my Children, *said she*, put an End to
 " a Tyrant's Power, revenge yourselves on
 " your Enemies, free your Country, and be
 " assur'd, that if Success does not crown
 " your Undertaking, your Mother never will
 " live to see the cruel Fate of so many brave
 " and deserving Patriots."

Every one being arm'd, they made the best of their Way towards the Palace, most of
 them

them in Litters, that they might conceal their Number and their Arms. There they divided into four Companies, and waited with Impatience till the Palace-Clock struck Eight; that, and the firing of a Pistol, being the appointed Signal. Never did time seem so long; they fear'd that their being at that Place so early, and in such a Number, might make the Secretary jealous of their Design: but at last the long-expected Hour struck, and *Pinto* firing a Pistol, they rush'd forward to execute their bold Design.

Don *Miguel d' Almeida*, with those that accompany'd him, fell upon the *German* Guard, who were so far from expecting any Attack, that they were sitting very carelessly, few of them having their Arms in hand; so that they were cut to pieces, without scarce making any Resistance.

The Lord *Ranger*, with his Brother *Mello*, and Don *Estevan d' Acugna*, fell on the *Spaniards* who kept Guard at a Place before the Palace, call'd the *Fort*. These Nobles, follow'd by most of the Citizens who were engag'd in the Conspiracy, fell upon the *Castilians* Sword in hand, and fought most resolutely: but no one behaved himself more bravely than one of the City Priests: this reverend Man, with a Crucifix in one hand, and a Sword in the other, appeared at the Head of his Party, and encouraged the People, both by his Words and his Example, to cut their Enemies in pieces. The *Spaniards*, aw'd at the sight of so religious an Object, neither durst offend him, nor defend themselves, but fled before him. In short after
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some small Resistance, the Officer of the Guard, willing to save his own Life, was forc'd to cry out with the rest, *Long live the Duke of Braganza, King of Portugal!*

Pinto having forc'd his Way into the Palace, march'd at the Head of those, who were to enter *Vasconcellos's* Apartment, so undauntedly, and with so little Concern, that meeting with an Acquaintance, who, surpriz'd and frighted, ask'd him, whither he was going with such a Number of arm'd Men, and what they design'd to do: "Nothing, said he smiling, but change our Master, rid you of a Tyrant, and give *Portugal* their rightful King."

Entering the Secretary's Apartment, the first Person they met with was the * *Civil Corregidor*; who, thinking that the Noise he heard proceeded from some private Quarrel, would have interpos'd his Authority, but hearing a Cry of *Long live the Duke of Braganza, &c.* thought he was in Honour oblig'd to cry out *Long live the King of Spain, and Portugal*: but he lost his Life for his ill-tim'd Loyalty, one of the Conspirators immediately shooting him thro' the Head.

Antonio Correa, first Clerk of the Secretary's Office, ran out to know the Occasion of this Tumult. This was the Man who was employ'd in oppressing the People, and who, after the Example of his Master, treated the Nobility of the Kingdom with Scorn and Contempt; therefore as soon as he appear'd,

* *The Judge in Capital Cases.*

Don *Antonio de Menezes* plung'd his Sword into his Bosom: But the Blow not ending either his Life or Pride, and thinking that they had mistaken him, he turned towards *Menezes*, his Eyes sparkling with Rage and Indignation, and, in a passionate Manner, cryed out, *Villain! darest thou strike me?* But *Menezes*, without answering, redoubled his Blows; and the other, having received four or five Stabs, fell down: However, none of the Wounds proved mortal, and he escaped at that time, to lose his Life afterwards in an ignominious Manner, by the Hands of the common Hangman.

This Business had stop'd the Conspirators, but as soon as *Correa* fell, they all rush'd forwards towards *Vasconcellos's* Apartment. There was with him, at that time, Don *Garcez Palleia*, a Captain of Foot; who seeing so many armed Men, immediately concluded, that their Design was to butcher the Secretary. And altho' he was under no Manner of Obligation to that Minister, yet he thought himself in Honour oblig'd to lend him what Assistance he could; wherefore standing at the Door, with his Sword in hand, he barred that Passage: but one of the Conspirators running him thro' the Arm, and several, who were unwilling to give him fair play, pressing forward, he was glad to make his Escape, by leaping out of a Window.

Upon this all the Company, that was with *Pinto*, entered the Chamber at once, and fought *Vasconcellos*; they overturned the Bed
and

and Tables, broke open the Trunks, and every one was desirous of giving him the first Blow; yet, spite of their Endeavour, they could not find him, and they began to fear that he had made his Escape: but at last an old Maid-Servant being threaten'd with Death, unless she would tell where her Master was; and seeing the uplifted Swords, pointed to a Press which was made within the Wall, and in which they found the Secretary buried under a heap of Papers.

So great was his Fear of Death, which he saw surrounding him on every side, that it prevented his Speech. Don *Roderigo de Saa*, Lord Chamberlain, was the Man who killed him, by shooting him through the Head with a Pistol; after which, several of the Conspirators stabb'd him, then threw him out of the Window, crying, *Liberty! Liberty! The Tyrant is dead! Long live Don John King of Portugal!*

The Noise, which all this had made, had drawn a vast Number of People to the Palace-Court, who seeing the Secretary's Body thrown out, shouted in a most joyful Manner; then rushing upon the Carcase, they mangled it, every one being eager to give him a Stab, thinking that, thro his sides, they wounded Tyranny.

Thus perished *Miguel Vasconcellos*, a Portuguese by Birth, but by Inclination a Spaniard, and an Enemy to his Country. He had an excellent Genius for Business, was crafty, politick, nor could any Man apply himself closer to it than he did. He was always inventing

venting new ways of extorting Money from the People, was unmerciful, inexorable, and cruel, without the least Regard to Friend or Relation; so fix'd, that after he had taken a Resolution, no one could byass his Temper; and so harden'd, that he never knew what the Stings of Conscience were. He had a Soul that was not capable of relishing any Pleasure, but that of hoarding up Money; so that he left vast Sums behind him, part of which the People plunder'd, being willing to repay themselves, in some Measure, that which had been extorted from them.

Pinto, without loss of time, march'd directly to join the other Conspirators, who were to make themselves Masters of the Palace, and to seize the Vice-Queen; he found that the Business was already done, and that Success had every where crown'd their Undertakings. Those who were appointed for that Expedition, came directly up to her Chamber, and the furious Mob, who followed them, threatening to set her Apartment on fire, if the Door was not immediately opened; the Vice-Queen, thinking by her Presence to pacify the Nobility, and awe the People, came out, attended by her Maids of Honour, and the Archbishop of *Braga*; and addressing herself to the chief Conspirators, "I own, Gentlemen, *said she*,
" that the Secretary justly deserved your
" Hatred and Indignation; his Cruelty and
" his haughty Insolence were intolerable,
" nor can his Death be charged upon you as

“ a Crime, since you have only delivered
 “ yourselves from an oppressing Minister: But
 “ cannot his Blood satisfy you? Or what
 “ other Victim would you sacrifice to your
 “ Resentment? Think seriously, that altho’
 “ his illegal Conduct may excuse this Insur-
 “ rection, yet should you any longer conti-
 “ nue in Arms, Rebellion will be laid at
 “ your doors, and you will put it out of my
 “ Power to make your Peace with the
 “ King.”

Don *Antonio de Menezes* answer’d, and as-
 sured her, “ That so many Persons of Qua-
 “ lity had not taken up Arms to murder a
 “ Wretch, who ought to have lost his Life
 “ by the Hands of the common Hangman;
 “ but that their Design was to restore the
 “ Crown to the Duke of *Braganza*, to whom
 “ it lawfully belong’d, and which the King
 “ of *Spain* had unjustly usurp’d; and that
 “ they were all ready to sacrifice their Lives
 “ in so glorious a Cause. She was about
 to reply, and to interpose the King’s Au-
 thority; but *d’ Almeida*, who feared that
 such a Speech might have a dangerous Effect
 upon the People, or at least cool their Cou-
 rages, interrupted her, saying, “ That *Por-
 “ tugal* acknowledged no other King but the
 “ Duke of *Braganza*.” Upon which the Peo-
 ple shouted again, crying, *Long live Don
 John, King of Portugal!*

The Vice-Queen believing that her Pre-
 fence might be of service in the City, and
 have a good Effect upon the People every
 where, where the Conspirators were not pre-
 sent,

sent, was going in haste down Stairs, but Don *Carlos Norogna* stopped her, desiring that she would retire to her own Apartment, assuring her that she should be treated with as much Respect as if she still had the supreme Command in the Kingdom; but told her that it would be dangerous for so great a Princess to expose herself to the Insults of a furious People, who were jealous of their Liberties and enflamed with Thirst of Revenge. The Queen easily understood the meaning of his Words, and found that she was their Prisoner. Enraged at this, “And what can the People do to me?” cried she. “Nothing, Madam, replied *Norogna* in a passion, but fling your Highness out of the Window.”

The Archbishop of *Braga*, hearing this Answer, grew furious, and snatching a Sword from one of the Soldiers who stood next him, he flew towards *Norogna*, resolving to revenge the Vice-Queen, and had certainly met with Death, the just Reward of his Rashness, had not Don *Miguel d Almeida* laid hold of him, and embracing him, begged him to consider what Danger he exposed himself to, telling him that he was already hated enough by the Conspirators; nor had he found it an easy Task to obtain a Promise of them that they would spare his Life, why then would he urge them by an Action, which would not only be unprofitable to his Cause, but which also so highly misbecame his Character. The Prelate, convinced of the Truth of what his Friend said, was obliged to dissemble his Anger;

Anger; however, he hoped that he should meet with some favourable Opportunity of revenging himself on *Norogna*, and doing something for the service of *Spain*, to whose Interest he was entirely devoted.

The rest of the *Spaniards* who were in the Palace were made Prisoners by the other Conspirators: Amongst these were the Marquis of *Puebla*, Major-Domo to the Vice-Queen, and elder Brother to the Marquis de *Leganez*; Don *Didaco Cardenas*, Lieutenant-General of the Cavalry; Don *Ferdinand de Castro*, Comptroller of the Navy-Office; the Marquis de *Baynetto*, an *Italian*, Gentleman-Usher to the Vice-Queen; with some Sea-Officers, who lay on Shore, and whose Ships were in the Harbour. All this was done as regularly and as quietly, as if they had been taken up by an Order from the King of *Spain*, no body stirring to their Assistance, and they not being able to defend themselves, most of them having been seized in their Beds.

This done, Don *Antonio de Salsaigni*, follow'd by a Crowd of Friends, and an innumerable Multitude of People, went up into the Hall; where the Court of Justice was then sitting; and in an elegant Speech laid before them the present Happiness of *Portugal*, who had restored their own lawful King; he told them, that Tyranny was now no more, and that the Laws, which had been long slighted and neglected, should henceforward take their regular Course. This Speech was applauded by the whole Court, and they changed the Title of
their

their Decrees, which they no longer made in the Name of the King of *Spain*, but in the Name of Don *John*, King of *Portugal*.

Whilst *Salsaigni* was thus persuading the high Court of Justice to adhere to the Duke of *Braganza's* Interest, Don *Gaston Coutinho*, was taking out of Prison those who had been thrown into it by the Cruelty of the *Spanish* Ministers. These unhappy Wretches, who had all along been persuaded, that they should end their Lives in their dismal Dungeons, unless taken out to be led to a cruel Death; seeing themselves now at Liberry, and their Country in a fair way of being freed, and resolving to suffer any thing, rather than to return to their dark Prisons, form'd a Body no less formidable than that of the Conspirators, and who were as fully resolv'd to set the Duke of *Braganza* on the Throne.

But in the midst of this general Joy, *Pinto*, with the rest of the Leaders, were under great Apprehensions: The *Spaniards* were yet Masters of the Citadel, from whence they could easily burn and destroy the Town; besides which, the Port was open to the *Spanish* Fleet: therefore thinking that they had done nothing till they had taken that Place, they went up to the Vice-Queen, and desir'd her to sign a Warrant to the Governour, by Virtue of which he should be oblig'd to give them Possession of the Citadel.

She, far from granting what they asked, upbraided them as Rebels and Traitors, and with

with Indignation asked them, Whether they had a mind to make her an Accomplice? But *d'Almada*, who knew how dangerous it was to leave the Enemies any longer in that Fort, and being provoked at the Vice-Queen's Denial, his Eyes sparkling with Rage, swore violently, that if she did not sign the Warrant, he would forthwith put every one of the *Spaniards* to death, whom they had taken in the Palace.

The poor Princess, frightened with these Threats, and unwilling to be the Occasion of the Death of so many Persons of Quality, was obliged to comply, thinking at the same time that the Governor knew his Duty too well, to obey an Order, which he might be assured was signed by Compulsion; but she was very much mistaken in her Conjecture, for *Don Lewis del Campo*, the *Spanish* Governor, was a Man of no Resolution at all, and seeing the Conspirators coming armed towards the Citadel, and all the People of the Town following them, who threatened to cut him and his Garison in pieces, unless he immediately surrendered, was glad to see the Warrant, and have so fair an Excuse for his Cowardice; wherefore he immediately obeyed the Order, and gave up the Fort.

Proud of having dispatched their Business so happily, the Conspirators forthwith deputed *Mendoza* and the Lord *Ranger* to the Duke of *Braganza*, to acquaint him with their Success, and assure him, that nothing was now wanting but the Presence of their King, to compleat the Happiness of his Subjects.

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Notwithstanding their Message, his Presence was not equally coveted by every body. The Grandees of the Kingdom could not see him rais'd to the Throne, without being inwardly jealous of his Fortune; and those of the Nobility, who were not let into the Secret, refused as yet to declare themselves; nay, some went so far as to assure the People, that the Duke would never approve of so rash an Action, and whose consequence might be so fatal to them all. Those, who were in the *Spanish* Interest, were in a strange Consternation, and did not dare so much as stir abroad, lest they should be sacrificed by the People, whose Rage was not yet appeas'd: In short, every body seem'd at an uncertainty, and waited impatiently for the Resolutions of the Duke of *Braganza*.

But his Friends, who were better acquainted with his Intentions, still persued what they had so happily began, and assembled in the Palace, to give the necessary Orders. The Archbishop was unanimously chosen President of the Council, and Lord-Lieutenant of *Portugal* till the King's Arrival. He would at first have refus'd the Office, declaring that his Opinion was, that they had more Need of a good General at their Head, than of a Man of his Character. However, being pressed by the Assembly to accept the Place, he consented to it, on condition that he might have the Archbishop of *Braga* for his Collegue; who, he said, was well acquainted with the Business, and might be

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very serviceable to him during the King's Absence.

This cunning Prelate chose his Brother Archbishop sooner than any other Man, well knowing that if he did accept it, he made himself an Accomplice in what he called Rebellion, and would be accounted criminal by the *Spanish* Minister: Besides which, he would have only had the Title of one of the Lord-Lieutenants, without any Share of the Power. But if, on the other hand, he refus'd it, he should for ever put him out of the King's Favour, and make him odious to all the People, who henceforwards would look on him as an open and professed Enemy to his Country.

The Archbishop of *Braga* was very sensible of the Snare which was laid for him, but as he was wholly devoted to the Vice-Queen, and firm to the *Spanish* Interest, he refused having any thing to do with the Administration; so that the whole Burden of the publick Affairs fell upon the Archbishop of *Lisbon*: to ease him of part of which, they gave him for Assistants Don *Miguel d'Almeida*, Pedro *Mendoza*, and Don *Antonio d'Almeida*.

One of the first Orders which the new Governour gave, was to seize upon the three *Spanish* Gallions which were then in the Harbour; upon which they armed a few Barks, and in them went most part of the *Lisbon* Youth, so desirous were they of shewing their Affection to the King: but the Gallions were taken without Resistance, the
Officers,

Officers, and the greatest Part of the Ships Crew, having been seized in the Morning ashore.

That very Evening Couriers were dispatched to every Province, to exhort the People to give Thanks for the Recovery of their Liberties, and the Restoration of the Duke of *Braganza*; with Orders at the same time to all Governours of Towns, and other Magistrates, to have him proclaimed King of *Portugal*, and to take all the *Spaniards*, in their respective Districts, into Custody.

And now they began to prepare every thing at *Lisbon* for the Reception of the new King, and the Archbishop sent word to the late Vice-Queen, that she would very much oblige them, in leaving the Palace where she was, for he thought the King would want her Apartment, and that he had prepared every thing for her Reception at the Palace of *Xabregas*, which was at the farther End of the Town. This Princess received the Order with a scornful Look, and, without answering a Word, obeyed it. She went thro the Street, but without the usual Train of Courtiers and Crowd of People; there was only the Archbishop of *Braga* with her, who still gave her manifest Tokens of his Respect, even now when he exposed his Life by so doing.

Mean while the Duke of *Braganza* continued in the cruel State of Uncertainty, sometimes flattering himself with the most pleasing Ideas which a lively Hope can form, and sometimes under the most dismal Appre-

ensions which frightened Fancy can suggest. The Distance between *Villa-viciosa* and *Lisbon* being thirty Leagues, he could not know what passed in his behalf so soon as he could have wished. All that he knew was, that on this Day his Life and Fortune were at stake. He had at first resolved to have himself proclaimed at the same time in all the Towns which were under his Dependance; but his mind changed, and he determined to wait for the News of what had passed at *Lisbon*, before he undertook any thing. There still remained the Kingdom of *Algarva*, and the Citadel of *Elvas*, to which he could retire, in case his Party at *Lisbon* should fail; nay, he thought he could clear himself of having any hand in the Conspiracy, especially at a time when the *Spaniards* would be glad to believe him innocent.

He had planted several Couriers on the Road to *Lisbon*, and thereby expected to have an Account of what had passed betimes; but he had waited with Impatience all the Day, and the greatest part of the Night, without hearing any thing, and the next Morning was already near at hand, when *Mello* and *Mendoza*, who had rode post from *Lisbon*, arrived. They threw themselves at the Dukes feet, by which Action, as well as by the Joy which appeared in their Faces, the Success of their Undertaking might be better read, than it was possible for them to express.

They were about to give him an exact Account of every thing, but the Duke, without hearing a Word of what they had to tell him,

him, conducted them to the Dutchess's Apartment. The two Noblemen saluted her with the same Respect, as if she had actually been upon the Throne; they assured her of the good Wishes and Fidelity of her Subjects: and to shew her that they acknowledged her their Queen, they now gave her the Title of *Majesty*, whereas the Kings and Queens of *Portugal* had hitherto been always called their *Highnesses*.

We may easily judge of what passed in the Heart of this Royal Pair, if we consider the Fears and Agitations which they were before in, and to what Grandeur they were now raised. Nothing but Shouts of Joy were heard throughout the Palace, the happy News soon spread, and the same Morning the King was proclaimed in all those Places, where it should have been done the Day before; *Mello* and *Alphonso* also had him proclaimed at *Elvas*. The People came in Crouds to pay their Homage to the new King; which, tho in a confused manner, was no less agreeable to him, than what he afterwards received in all the formal Pomp of Ceremony.

The King immediately set out for *Lisbon*, with the same Equipage which had been prepared for his setting out for *Madrid*. He was accompanied by the Marquis *de Ferreira*, a Relation of his; the Count *de Vimioso*; and several other Persons of Quality, who were come to wait upon him to the Capital.

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The Queen he left at *Villa-viciosa*, knowing that her Presence was necessary there, to keep the Provinces in awe. Every where, upon the Roads to *Lisbon*, they met with infinite Numbers of People, who crouded forwards to see the King: who had the Satisfaction every where of hearing the People blessing him, and cursing the *Spaniards*. All the Nobility, with the whole Court, and the

Decem. 6. Magistrates of the City, met him at a great Distance from *Lisbon*, and he entered the Town amidst the Acclamations of a joyful People.

That Evening there were Illuminations every where, and Fireworks in every publick Place; each Citizen in particular had a Bonfire before his door, which made a *Spaniard* say, "The Duke of *Braganza* was a happy Prince, who had got a whole Kingdom for a Bonfire." Nor was it long indeed before he was Master of the whole Kingdom, every Town followed the Example of their Capital, and seemed as if they had a Plot ripe for Execution. Fresh Couriers every Day arrived, who brought News of Towns, and sometimes of whole Provinces, which had driven the *Castilians* out, and proclaimed the Duke of *Braganza*. Nor were many of the *Spanish* Governours more resolute than the Commander of the Citadel of *Lisbon*; and whether they wanted Soldiers, Ammunition, or Courage, is uncertain, but most of them surrendered, without so much as giving the *Portuguese* the trouble of firing a Gun. In short, they fled the Kingdom like

like so many Criminals who had broke out of Prison; each Man dreaded *Vasconcellos's* Fate, and trembled at the sight of an incens'd Multitude: nor was there a *Spaniard* left in the whole Kingdom, but those who were taken into Custody and all this in less than a Fort-night's time.

Don *Ferdinand de la Cueva*, Commander of the Citadel of *St. Juan*, at the Mouth of the *Tagus*, was the only Man who offered to make any Resistance, and to preserve the Place for the King his Master. The Garison was wholly composed of *Spaniards*, the Officers brave, and resolved to hold it out to the last; and therefore, as soon as the *Portuguese* approached them, made a vigorous Defence. They were obliged to besiege it in form; to that end they brought Cannon from *Lisbon*, and opened the Trenches before it, which they carryed as far as the Counter-scarp, spite of the Besieged's continual Fire, and their frequent Sallies. But the King, who knew that treating with the Commander would be not only the safest, but the shortest way, made him such advantageous Proposals, that the Governour could not resist the Temptation; but dazled with the Prospect of the vast Sum which was offered, besides a Commandry of the *Order of Christ*, and pretending that his Garison was not strong enough to hold out a Siege, surrendered upon Terms, spite of the chief Officers, who refused to sign the Capitulation.

This done, the King thought it best not to defer his Coronation, that he might there-
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by confirm his Royalty, and consecrate his Majesty. The Ceremony was performed on the Fifteenth of *December* with all the Magnificence imaginable; the Duke *d' Aveiro* the Marquiss *de Villareal*, the Duke *de Carmino*, his Son, the Count *de Monsano*, and all the other Grandees of the Kingdom, being present. The Archbishop of *Lisbon*, at the head of all the Clergy of his Diocese, and accompanied by several other Bishops, met him at the Door of the Cathedral; there he was solemnly acknowledged by the States of the Kingdom their Rightful and Lawful King: after which every one of them took the Oath of Allegiance.

Some few Days after the Coronation, the Queen arrived at *Lisbon* with a sumptuous Equipage and numerous Retinue. All the Court went out of Town to meet her, and she already had with her all the Officers of her Household. The King himself met her at some Distance from the Town. This Prince omitted nothing which might make her Entry appear magnificent, and convince the People that he believed she had very much contributed to the placing the Crown upon his Head. Every one observed, that notwithstanding her Fortune was altered, yet was not the Queen in the least changed, but behaved herself as majestically, as if she had been born to, and was educated for the Possession of a Throne.

SUCH was the Success of this great Enterprize, as happily finished, as it was prudently begun; which may be reckoned a
sort

fort of Miracle, considering the vast Number of Persons, and the different Quality and Inclinations of those who were let into the Secret: Nor can it be accounted for, but from the natural Hatred which the *Portuguese* had to a *Spanish* Government; a Hatred! which took its first Rise from the frequent Wars which these neighbouring Nations waged against one another, ever since they had been Monarchies; as well as from their being both concern'd in the Discovery of the *Indies*, and the frequent Debates which they had concerning their Commerce; these at last grew into an inveterate Hatred, which was now encreased by the Tyranny of *Spain*.

The News of the Revolution soon reach'd the Court of *Spain*. *D'Olivarez* was almost driven to Despair at the hearing it; he saw his own Project miscarry, and Ruin threatening his Country, which might have been easily prevented, but could not now be remedy'd. Nor had *Spain* any Need of acquiring new Enemies, the *French* and *Dutch* Troops already employed their utmost Forces, with much ado they resisted their combined Strength; and the Revolt of *Catalonia*, he feared, might invite other Provinces to do the like.

There was no one now in the Court of *Madrid* ignorant of the News, but the King himself; every one thought that he ought to be informed of it, yet no one dared undertake the ungrateful Task, for fear of incurring the Minister's Displeasure, whose implacable Temper they knew too well, to hope that

that he would ever forgive an Offence of this nature. At last the Duke, seeing that the Story was too well known to be any longer concealed from the King, and fearing that some of his Enemies, either to ingratiate or revenge themselves, should tell it in such a Manner, that the whole Fault would seem to fall upon him, he resolved to be himself the Messenger, and coming up to the King, with a serene Look, and a Face on which a dissembled Joy sat confess'd, "I wish your Majesty joy, *said he*, of a noble Dutchy, and a fine Estate, which are lately fallen to you." "How *Olivarez!* answered the King; what do you mean?" "Mean! *replied the Minister*; why the Duke of *Braganza* is run mad, the Mob have proclaimed him King of *Portugal*, and he has accepted the Title; so that now all he has is confiscated, and you have a good Pretence to rid yourself of the whole Family: Hence forwards you may reign King of *Portugal*, nor fear that any one will dispute your Title to that Kingdom.

As weak a Prince as *Philip* was, he easily comprehended the meaning of these words; but as he could no longer see but thro his Minister's Eyes, he only told him, That he must take Care betimes to put an end to a Rebellion, whose Consequence might otherwise prove dangerous.

Mean while the King of *Portugal* took all the necessary Measures to confirm his new Authority. As soon as he came to *Lisbon*, he named Governors for every Town of
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Portugal, as much distinguished for their Fidelity to him, as for their Experience and approved Valour; who immediately, with what Soldiers they could get together, went to take Possession of their Command, and to put the Place in a posture of Defence. At the same time recruiting Commissions were given out; and the Solemnity of his Coronation being over, he called together the States of the Kingdom: in which, to prevent all the Doubts and Scruples which might rise in the Minds of the People, his Pretensions to the Crown were examined; and by a solemn Decree of the States he was acknowledged Right and Lawful King, as being descended from Prince *Edward*, Son to King *Emanuel*; whereas the King of *Spain* was only descended from a Daughter of the same King *Emanuel*, who also by the Fundamental Laws of *Portugal* was excluded the Succession, having espoused a foreign Prince.

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In this Assembly the King declared, that he would content himself with his own Estate, and that the usual Royal Revenue should be applyed to the defraying of the extraordinary Expences, and paying the Debts of the Kingdom. And the better to ingratiate himself with the People, he took off all the Taxes which the oppressing *Spaniards* had laid upon them.

To all the considerable Offices and Employments he promoted those of the Conspirators, whose Birth and Capacity might give them just Pretensions to it, and who had shewn the greatest Desire of raising him to the

the Throne. In this Promotion no Notice was taken of *Pinto*; the King did not think his Royalty sufficiently confirmed, to venture at raising one of his Servants, and whose Extraction was but mean. However, the Prince was not in the least unmindful of his Service, and without having the Title of a Minister of State, he had the Authority of one; so great was his Influence over his Master, and such entire Confidence did he repose in him.

Having given all the necessary Orders within the Kingdom, he resolved to assure himself of some foreign Assistance in case of Necessity, as well by making strict Alliances with all the Enemies of *Spain*, as by raising them new ones. To this end he endeavoured to persuade the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, Governour of *Andalusia*, and his Brother-in-law, to follow his Example, shake off the *Spanish* Yoke, and make himself an independent Prince. The Marquis *Daiamonti*, a *Spanish* Nobleman, and related to the Queen of *Portugal*, was to negotiate this Business, the Success of which will be seen in the Sequel of this History.

The King of *Portugal* made a League offensive and defensive with the *Dutch*; *France* promised him its Protection, and he sent Ambassadors to all the Courts of *Europe*, that his Title might be acknowledged by their Princes. But the King of *Spain* was so destitute of Men, *Catalonia* employing all his Forces, that he did very little all that Campaign for
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the Recovery of *Portugal*, and even what he did undertake met with no Success.

Some little time after this, News was brought that *Goa*, and all those other Places which belonged to *Portugal*, whether in the *Indies*, *Africa*, or in *Peru*, had followed the Example of their *European* Masters, and revolted from the *Spaniards*. Thus was the King flattered with the Prospect of a happy Reign, and rejoiced to see Peace and Tranquility preserved within his Kingdom, whilst his Arms met with Success abroad; little suspecting the Danger which threatened his Life and Crown, both which he had almost lost by a cursed Conspiracy, which was formed even in the midst of that Prince's Court.

The Archbishop of *Braga*, as has before been observed, was wholly devoted to the King of *Spain*, during whose Reign in *Portugal* he had had a great Share in the Ministry. He now plainly saw, that he must never hope for any Preferment, unless the *Spanish* Government could be again introduced into that Kingdom; besides, he feared that the new King, who out of a tender Regard to his Character had not had him put into Prison with the other *Spaniards*, might alter his Mind, and seeing his Authority once confirmed, and dreading no longer the Danger of incensing the People, or provoking the Inquisition, might make him share the Fate of those, whose Courage or Politicks 'twas thought might prove prejudicial to the new King's Government, and who had all been depriv'd

prived of their Liberty. But the chief Motive, which induced him to undertake something for their Cause, was his Affection to the late Vice-Queen: with Impatience he beheld that Princess under Confinement, especially in a Place where he thought it was her Right to rule; and his Rage was violently increased by the Orders which were given her Gaurds to admit neither the Prelate, nor any other Person of Quality, the King having been informed that she endeavoured to infuse Sentiments of Rebellion into all those *Portuguese* who went to visit her; and therefore thought fit to deprive her of that Liberty, which she so palpably abused. As just and as necessary as this Proceeding was, the Archbishop called it cruel and tyrannick; and as he had some Notions of Gratitude, believed himself under an Obligation of doing something for the Liberty of a Princess, who had done so much for him. The Remembrance of her past Kindness enflamed his Soul with Anger, and made him resolve to embrace any Opportunity whatsoever of revenging himself on her Enemies, and delivering her out of their Hands. But as he plainly saw it would be impossible either to surprize or corrupt her Guards, he could not think of any surer way than going directly to the Fountain-head, and by the Death of the King to restore her Liberty and Authority both at once.

Being fully confirmed in this Resolution, he began to think of the speediest Means of putting it in Execution, well knowing that he should not long enjoy the Place of President

dent of the Palace, which was not as yet taken from him. He plainly saw that it was in vain to follow the King's Measures, by endeavouring to win the People, and make them join with him; their Hatred to the *Spaniards* being too deeply rooted in their Hearts. The Nobility; he was assured, wou'd not assist him, since by their means the Crown was placed upon the Duke of *Braganza's* Head: he could therefore only depend upon the *Grandees*, who with envy beheld one, that had been their Equal, upon the Throne. The first thing he did, was to assure himself of *Olivarez's* Protection and Assistance: after which, he began to work upon the Marquis of *Villareal*; to whom he represented, that the new King was timorous and diffident, for which reason he sought all Opportunities of ruining his Family, lest he should leave a Subject who was capable of disputing the Crown with his Successor: That he and the Duke *d'Aveiro*, who were both of the Royal Blood, were not thought worthy of any Office or Employment; whilst all Places of Trust were filled by a company of factious and seditious People: That with indignation the People saw how little he was valued, and were very much troubled to think that a Person of his Quality and Capacity must spend his time at a Country-Seat, and in an inglorious Ease: That one of his Birth and Estate was too great to be the Subject of so petty a Prince as the King of *Portugal*: That he had lost a Master in the King
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of *Spain*, who only was capable of bestowing such Employments on him as he deserved, by reason of the many Kingdoms of which he was Sovereign, and over which he must establish Governours.

Seeing that this Discourse made an Impression on the Mind of the Marquis, he went so far as to assure him, that he had Orders from the King of *Spain* to promise him the Viceroyalty of *Portugal*, as a Reward of his Loyalty, in case he would assist him in his Design of recovering that Kingdom.

Notwithstanding what the Archbishop promised, the thing was very far from his Heart; his chief Aim being to restore the Dutchess of *Mantua* to her Liberty and former Authority: for the compassing of which, he thought it very lawful to promise what he never intended to perform; and he knew that ambitious Motives were the likeliest to engage the Marquis *de Villareal*, upon whom his fair Speeches had at last such an Effect, that he yielded to his Persuasions, and promised that he, with his Son the Duke of *Camino*, would be at the Head of the Enterprize.

This Prelate being thus assured of these two Princes, made it his next Business to engage the Grand Inquisitor, who was his intimate Friend, and than whom no one could be more necessary in carrying on their great Design; seeing that by his means he should also prevail upon all the Officers belonging to the Inquisition, a People more to be dreaded by honest Men than Rogues, and
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who bear a great Sway amongst the *Portuguese*. He endeavour'd at first to alarm his Conscience, by reminding him of the Oath of Allegiance which he had taken to the King of *Spain*, and which he ought not to break in Favour of an usurping Tyrant; but finding the Inquisitor a true Churchman, over whom Interest had a greater Sway than Conscience, he told him that he must join in the Plot, if he hop'd to keep his Place much longer, for that the new King made it his Business to give all the Employments to Persons whose Fidelity he could depend upon.

After this, he spent several Months in encreasing the Number of Conspirators, the chief of which were the Commissary *de la Crusada*; the Count *d' Armamar*, Nephew to the Archbishop; the Count *de Ballerai*s; Don *Augustin Emanuel*; *Antonio Correa*, that Clerk of *Vasconcellos*, to whom *Menezes* had given divers Stabs on the first Day of the Revolution; *Laurento Pidez Carvabe*, Keeper of the Royal Treasury; with several others, who were the Creatures of the *Spanish* Ministers, to whom they ow'd their Fortunes and their Places, and which they could not hope to keep long, unless by once more introducing the *Spanish* Government.

There were also a vast number of *Jews* who were concern'd in the Plot, and who had long liv'd at *Lisbon* in an outward Profession of the Christian Faith. These had lately offer'd the King a vast Sum of Money, if he would free them from the Persecution of the Inquisitors, and let them have their

Synagogues at *Lisbon*; but the Prince rejected their Offer, and deny'd their Petition. This had thrown the chief of them into a great Consternation, for appearing at the Head of the Petitioners, they had made themselves known, and thereby expos'd themselves to all the Torments which the Inquisition could invent.

With these the Archbishop took care to get acquainted, and taking Advantage of the Confusion they were in, promis'd them his Protection, which was not to be despis'd, since he had such an Influence over the Grand Inquisitor; but insinuated at the same Time, that they were in danger of being banish'd *Portugal* by the King, who affected very much to be thought a true and pious Catholick: And at the same Time promis'd in the Name of the King of *Spain*, that if they would be instrumental to his Restoration, they should have Liberty of Conscience, and Leave openly to profess their Religion.

So violent was the Passion of the Archbishop, that he was not asham'd to make use of the profess'd Enemies of *Jesus Christ*, to drive a *Christian* Prince from a Throne, which rightfully belong'd to him; and this was perhaps the first Time that ever the Inquisition and Synagogue went hand in hand together.

Several Schemes were propos'd, but at last this, which was drawn by the Archbishop, approv'd of by the first Minister of *Spain*, was agreed upon; That the *Jews* should set fire to the four Corners of the Palace

lace on the 5th of *August*, and at the same Time to several Houses both in the City and Suburbs, that the People might every where be employ'd in extinguishing the Fire; that the Conspirators should all fly to the Palace under pretence of assisting, and that amidst the Horrour and Confusion which this vast Conflagration would cause, some of them should assassinate the King; that the Duke *de Camino* should seize the Queen and her Children, who might be as serviceable to them in regaining the Citadel, as the Dutches of *Mantua* had been to their Enemies; that at the same time there should be Fireworks ready to be play'd off, to set the *Portuguese* Fleet on fire; that the Archbishop, with the Grand Inquisitor and all his Officers, should march thro' the Town, to keep the People in awe, and prevent their coming to the Assistance of the King, so much do they dread the Power of the Inquisition; and that the Marquis *de Villareal* should take the Administration upon him, till they had receiv'd Orders from the Court of *Spain*.

But as they had not the least Reason to hope that the People would second them, they thought it necessary to make sure of some Troops, and to that end wrote to *Olivarez* to send a Fleet towards the Coasts of *Portugal*, which should be ready to enter the Port of *Lisbon* at the time when the Conspiracy should break out; and that there should be some Forces on foot on the Frontiers of the Kingdom, which should be in a readiness to act against any Place, which would

not willingly surrender to the King of Spain.

But the most difficult Part of their Labour was to keep an exact Correspondence with the *Spanish* Minister: for since the King had been inform'd that the *Dutchess* of *Mantua* had sent Letters to *Madrid*, there was such a strict Guard kept upon the Frontiers of the Kingdom, that no one could go into *Castile* without the King's own Passport; nor did they dare attempt to corrupt the Guards, lest they should reveal what had been offer'd them.

But at last, seeing themselves under an absolute Necessity of acquainting the *Spanish* Minister with their Design, without which all their Measures would infallibly be broken; they cast their Eyes upon a rich Merchant of *Lisbon*, who was Treasurer of the Custom-house, and who, by reason of his great Trade, had the King's immediate leave to send Letters into *Castile* at any time. This Man's Name was *Bacze*; he outwardly profess'd the Christian Religion, but was suppos'd to be a conceal'd Observer of the *Jewish* Law. To him they offer'd vast Sums of Money for his Assistance; which, together with the Persuasions of the *Jews* who were engag'd in the Conspiracy, prevail'd upon him so far, that he promis'd to take care that their Letters should be deliver'd to the Duke *d'Olivarez*.

To this end he enclos'd the Pacquet directed to the Marquis *Daiamonti*, Governour of the first Town on the Frontiers of Spain,

Spain, believing his Letters safe, when once out of the Dominions of *Portugal*.

The Marquiss, who was nearly related to the Queen, and was at that time negotiating a Business for the King of *Portugal*, was very much surpriz'd to see Letters seal'd with the Great Seal of the Inquisition, and directed to the first Minister of *Spain*; and beginning to fear that his own Business was discover'd, and Notice of it hereby given to *Olivarez*, he open'd them, and found that they contain'd the Scheme of a Conspiracy against the Royal Family, and which was speedily to be put in execution.

Startled at the Contents, he dispatch'd a Courier to the Court of *Portugal*, with the intercepted Letters. It is impossible to express the Surprise of the King, when he saw that three Princes, who were so nearly related to him, with the Archbishop, and several Grandees of the Kingdom, were contriving how to take away his Life, and give his Crown to a Stranger.

He immediately communicated their intended Treason to his Privy-Council, who after a small Deliberation came to a Resolution, which some few days afterwards was executed. The fifth of *October* was the Day appointed by the Conspirators, and the Time Eleven at Night. That very Morning about Ten of the Clock, all the Soldiers who were quarter'd in the neighbouring Villages, march'd into *Lisbon*, it having been given out that they were then to be review'd in the Court of the Palace. The King at the same

time gave Notes with his own Hand to several Officers and others of his Court, which were seal'd up, with positive Orders not to open them till Twelve, and then punctually to execute the Contents.

A little before Noon the Archbishop and the Marquis *de Villarael* were sent for to the Palace about some Business, and coming into the King's Apartment, were arrested without the least Noise, or any Body's knowing it; and at the same time one of the Captains of the Guard made the Duke *de Camino* a Prisoner. Those who had receiv'd the seal'd Notes having open'd them, found Orders to arrest such a Man, whom they should convey to such a Prison, and not lose sight of him till farther Orders. In short, Matters were manag'd so prudently, that in less than an Hour's Time the Forty-seven Conspirators were seiz'd, without so much as giving any one of them Time enough to escape, or even the least Suspicion that their Plot was discover'd.

The News of their intended Barbarity reaching the Ears of the People, they came flocking towards the Palace, and in a tumultuous manner demanded the Prisoners, that they might tear them piece-meal.

Tho' the King was well pleas'd with the Affection and Loyalty of his Subjects, yet was he a little troubled to see how easily they could be gather'd together, and what Mischief they were at such a Time able to do. Wherefore having thank'd them for the Care which they took of him, and having promis'd that the Traitors should be punish'd according

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ing to Law, he order'd the Magistrates to disperse them.

But as he knew that the most violent Passions of an incens'd People will soon grow cool, and perhaps dwindle into Compassion, when they no longer should consider the Criminals as the worst of Villains, who would have destroy'd their King and Country, but as unhappy Wretches, who must shortly suffer an ignominious Death; he took Care to publish, that the Conspirators Intent was to assassinate him and all the Royal Family, to set the whole Town on fire, and those who escaped the raging Flames, would have fallen by the Sword of the Rebels: That *Spain* being resolv'd to have nothing more to fear from the *Portuguese*, would have sent all their Citizens into *America*, to toil like Slaves, and be bury'd alive in those Mines, were so many had already perish'd and to people the City of *Lisbon* with a Colony of *Castilians*.

After this the King order'd the Traitors to be brought to their Tryal, and to this end he appointed Judges, which he took out of the supreme Court of Judicature, and to whom he added two Grandees of the Kingdom, upon account of the Archbishop of *Braga*, the Marquis *de Villareal*, and the Duke *de Camino*.

The King put their Letter, which they had sent to *Olivarez*, into the Hands of those who were appointed to prosecute them; but with Orders not to make use of them, if they could by any other Means prove them guilty of High Treason, lest the Court of *Spain* should

thereby discover the Correspondence, which he held with the Marquis *Daiamonti*; but there was no necessity of producing them to discover the Truth; for *Baeze*, who was the first that was brought to the Bar, contradicted himself in almost every Question which was ask'd him, and being put to the Torture, his Courage fail'd him, he confess'd his Crime, and discover'd the whole Plan of the Conspiracy. He own'd that their Design was to kill the King, that the Office of the Inquisition was now full of Arms, and that they waited only for *Olivarez's* Answer to execute their Design.

Most of the other Conspirators were put to the Torture, and their Deposition entirely agreed with *Baeza's*. The Archbishop, the Grand Inquisitor, the Marquis *de Villareal*, and the Duke *de Camino*, being unwilling to suffer the Torments of the Question, confess'd their Crime. These two last were condemn'd to be beheaded, the rest of the Lay-Traitors to be hang'd, drawn and quarter'd, and the Sentence of the Ecclesiasticks was refer'd to the King himself. Upon this the King immediately assembled his Council, and told them, that the consequence of putting so many Persons of Quality to death, altho' they were criminal, might be fatal: That the chief Conspirators were of the first Families of the Kingdom, whose Relations would be for ever his conceal'd Enemies, and that the Desire of revenging their Death would be the unhappy Source of new Plots: That the Consequence of the Death of Count
d' Egmont

d' Egmont in *Flanders*, and of the *Guises* in *France*, had prov'd fatal: That if he pardon'd some of them, and chang'd the Sentence of the others into a Punishment less severe than Death, he should for ever win theirs, their Friends, and their Kindreds Hearts, and bind them to his Service by the Ties of Gratitude: but yet, That notwithstanding he himself was inclin'd to Mercy, he had assembled his Council to know their Opinions, and to follow that which should seem the most reasonable, and the most just.

The Marquis *de Ferreira* was the first who spoke, and was for having them executed without delay: He represented, That in such Cases as these Justice only ought to be consulted, and that Mercy was most dangerous: That Pardon would seem not so much the Effect of the Goodness, as Weakness of the Prince, or the Fear of their threatenng powerful Friends: That if these should go unpunish'd, it would bring the Government into Contempt, and encourage their Relations to deliver them out of Prison, or perhaps to carry Matters farther: That now, at his Accession to the Crown, he ought, by an Example of Severity, to deter others from ever attempting the like. He urg'd farther, That they were Traitors not only to the King, but also to the State, whose present Constitution they had endeavour'd to subvert: That he ought rather to hearken to the Justice which he ow'd his People, and punish these Criminals,
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than to his own Inclination of forgiving them, especially at a Time when his Preservation and the publick Safety were inseparable.

The whole Council being of the same Opinion, the King yielded, and the next Day Sentence was executed. The Archbishop of *Lisbon* being willing to save one of his Friends, came to the Queen, and sollicitated her for a Pardon, with all the Assurance of a Man, who thought that nothing could be deny'd him, and that his former Services might claim a much greater Favour. But the Queen, who was convinc'd of the Justice and absolute Necessity of their suffering the Law, and how much a Distinction of this Nature would incense the Friends and Relations of the rest, answer'd the Archbishop in few Words, but with such a Tone, as made him see it would be in vain to urge his Request any farther; "My Lord, the only Favour I can now grant you, is to forget that you ever ask'd me this."

The King unwilling to disoblige the Clergy, and especially the Court of *Rome*, who had not as yet acknowledg'd him King, or receiv'd his Ambassadors, would not suffer the Archbishop of *Braga*, or the Grand Inquisitor, to be executed, but condemn'd them to a perpetual Imprisonment; where the Archbishop shortly after died of a violent Fever, a Disease often fatal to State-Prisoners, who for some politick Reason must not be led to open Execution.

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Nothing could be equal to the Surprize of *Olivarez*, when this News was brought him; he could not imagine by what Means the King of *Portugal* had discover'd their Design, nor would it ever have been known, had not an Accident happen'd, which made him see that it was the Marquis *Daiamonti*, who had unravel'd the dark Design, and acquainted the King with it.

This Prince still kept a very good Correspondence with the Enemies of *Spain*; his Ports were open to the Fleets of *France* and *Holland*; he had a Resident at *Barcelona*, and encourag'd the revolting *Catalonians*; In short, he did all he could to weaken *Spain*. not only by encreasing the Rage of its Foes, but also by endeavouring to raise up new ones. To to this end, he had already inclin'd the Duke *de Medina Sidonia*, his Brother-in-law, to rebel; whom the Marquis *Daiamonti*, a *Castilian*, and their mutual Confidant, at length entirely seduced. This Nobleman was, as has been before observ'd, nearly related to the Queen of *Portugal*, and the Duke of *Medina*: He was Governour of a Place at the Mouth of the *Guadiano*, and just on the Frontiers of *Portugal*, which made it easy for him to keep a good Correspondence with that Court; nor did he question, but that by being serviceable to two such powerful Families, he should easily make his own Fortune. He was valiant, enterprizing, hated the first Minister, and at the same Time did not in the least value his Life; a Quality so very necessary

fary to those who embark themselves in any dangerous Design.

He wrote privately to the Duke to congratulate him upon the Discovery of the Archbishop's Plot, and the Preservation of the Life of the Queen his Sister, and all the Royal Family; he at the same Time observ'd how grateful it must be to him to see the Crown of *Portugal* one Day adorn the Head of his Nephews, which made that Kingdom a sure Refuge for him in Time of Distress; which perhaps might be too near at hand, since he could never reckon himself safe while *Olivarez* was at the Head of Affairs, whose only aim was to ruin all the Grandees; nor was it to be suppos'd that the crafty Statesman would long leave him Governour of so large a Province, and in the Neighbourhood of *Portugal*: That he would advise him seriously to reflect on these Things, and let him know his Resolutions; to which end he should send him a Person in whom he could confide, and to whom they both might safely trust their Secret.

The Duke was naturally proud and ambitious, and with Envy had beheld his Brother-in-law raising himself to the Throne; nor would he, on his side, willingly neglect any Opportunity of doing the like. Believing by what the Marquis said, that he had some very advantageous Proposal of this kind to make him, he sent *Lewis de Castile*, his Confidant, *Daiamonti*, who seeing his Credentials, at once open'd his Mind, and bid him remember with what ease the Duke of *Bra-*
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ganza had made himself Master of the Crown of *Portugal*; nor could there ever be a more favourable Time for the Duke of *Medina Sidonia* to do the like, and make himself independent of the Crown of *Spain*.

After this he represented the Weakness of that Kingdom, which was exhausted by the Wars which the *French* and *Dutch* had continually waged against them: That *Catalonia* now employ'd all its Forces, nor would the King know how to help himself, should *Andalusia* rise in Arms against him, and the War be thus carry'd into the very Heart of the Kingdom: That the People would certainly side with him, being always fond of a new Government; besides which, they had reason enough to complain of the old one, which had so oppress'd them with Taxes, and extorted such vast Sums from them: That the Duke of *Medina* was as well beloved by the *Andalusians*, as the Duke of *Braganza* was at the time of the Revolution by the *Portuguese*: That the only thing which now remain'd to be done, was to gain all those, who, under him, were Governours of Towns and Forts. without entrusting them with the Secret, which might be done; and to fill all Places of Trust with his surest Friends: That as soon as the Galloons, which were expected from the *Indies*, arriv'd, he should seize them, and the Riches which were on board would defray the Expences of this Enterprize: That the King of *Portugal*, with his Allies, should have a Fleet ready to enter *Cadiz*, and there land a sufficient Number of Forces, to subdue those
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who would unseasonably shew their Loyalty to *Spain*.

Lewis de Castile being return'd to his Master, gave him a faithful Account of all that had pass'd between him and the Marquis. The Duke, dazzled with the Prospect of a Crown, resolv'd to hazard every Thing, rather than fail of obtaining one. He was chief Commander there both by Sea and Land, as Captain-General of the Ocean, and Governour of the Province, in which he also had a very large Estate, and several Towns under his own immediate Jurisdiction. This seem'd very much to facilitate his Design, and made him believe, that it was in his Power to put a Crown upon his Head whenever he pleas'd.

Upon this he sent *Lewis de Castile* back to the Marquis, that they might together agree upon the properest Measures of accomplishing their Project, and especially of engaging the Crown of *Portugal* to lend them all the Assistance it possible could. Mean while, he himself was disposing every Thing for the intended Revolution; he put his own Creatures in all those Places where their Assistance would be most serviceable to him; he frequently would pity the Soldiers, who were not paid as they ought to be, and the People, who were over-burden'd with excessive Taxes.

The Marquis *Daiamonti* was well pleas'd to see the Duke in that Deposition he had long wish'd to see him in; he wanted to acquaint the King of *Portugal* with it, but was unwilling

unwilling to trust to Letters, and fear'd he could not send a Messenger so privately, but that the Court of *Spain* might discover it, and have just cause to mistrust his Fidelity: However, at last he cast his Eyes upon a crafty and intriguing Monk, who for love of Money, or hope of Preferment, would undertake any Thing; he was call'd Father *Nicholas de Valasco*, of the Order of St. *Francis*. No one could be fitter for his Purpose, since in the Countries where the Inquisition is, this Habit is so much respected, that no one would dare to pry into his Actions, and observe his Steps.

As soon as he had receiv'd his Instructions, he came to *Castro-Marino*, the first Town on the Frontiers of *Portugal*, pretended to ransom some *Castilian* Prisoners which were detain'd in *Portugal*. The King, who had Notice given him of it, by a Letter from the Marquis *Daiamonti*, was desir'd to seize him, and bring him to Court: This was accordingly done; he was arrested as a Spy, loaded with Chains, and brought to *Lisbon* as a State-Criminal, whom the Ministry themselves would examine; where he was immediately cast into Prison, and seemingly watch'd very strictly: Some Time after he was set at liberty, since upon Examination it appear'd, that his only Intent was to ransom some *Castilian* Prisoners; and partly, to make him amends for his former ill Usage, he was permitted to come to Court, to treat with the proper Officer about it.

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The King saw him himself several times; and promis'd him, that as a Reward of his Industry and faithful Service, he would give him a Bishoprick. The Monk, flatter'd with the Hopes of the Mitre, would never stir from the Palace; he made his Court to the Queen, and was always waiting upon the Ministers: He wanted to be let into all the State-Intrigues, and did all he could to shew what Credit he had at Court; and thus, without directly revealing his Secret, he betray'd it by his Pride and Inconsiderateness. It plainly appear'd, that the Severity of his Prison was only a Blind, and the Examination of the Ministry a pretence to introduce him into Court. Many and various were the Conjectures which were made about his real Business there; but at last a *Castilian*, who was Prisoner at *Lisbon*, discover'd the whole Intrigue.

This *Castilian*, nam'd *Sancho*, was a Creature of the Duke of *Medina Sidonia's*, and, before the late Revolution, Pay-master of the *Spanish* Army in *Portugal*. He, with the rest of his Countrymen who were taken up at that time, groan'd in Confinement, nor had they any Prospect of Liberty; but hearing of this Monk, and being inform'd of his Country, his extravagant Conduct, his Credit at Court, and several other Circumstances which made it plain that he was there employ'd in some secret Business; he thought he had now an Opportunity of obtaining his Liberty, and with this Hope he wrote the Monk a long Letter, full of Expressions fit

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to sooth his Vanity; in it he complain'd, that the King of *Portugal* detain'd him in Prison, (which the other *Castilians*) who was a Servant and Creature of the Duke his Brother-in-law: And to confirm it, he sent him several Letters, wrote to him by that Prince himself some little time before the Revolution, in which he treated him as one in whom he repos'd an entire Confidence.

The *Franciscan* answer'd *Sancho's* Letter, and assur'd him, that nothing could recommend him more to him, than his belonging to the Duke of *Medina*; that he would use all his endeavour to procure him his Liberty, but in the mean time he must take care not so much as to open his Mouth about it. The *Spaniard* waited some Days for the Effect of his Promise, and at last sent him a second Epistle, in which he represented, that seven Months were expir'd since he was cast into Prison; that the *Spanish* Minister seem'd to have quite forgotten him, since he neither talk'd of ransoming or exchanging him; and that therefore he had no Hopes of Liberty left, but what were built upon the Charity and Interest of the Reverend Father.

The Monk, who thought he should very much oblige the Duke of *Medina*, by procuring *Sancho* his Freedom, begg'd it of the King, and obtain'd it. He went to the Prison himself, to fetch him out of it, and offer'd to have him included in a Passport, which was to be given to some of the Dutchess of *Mantua's* Servants, who were then returning to *Madrid*. But the crafty

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Castilian answer'd him, that *Madrid* was a Place to which he could never more return; that he must not pretend to appear at Court, unless he desir'd to be thrown into Prison again, seeing that *Olivarez* was so severe and unjust, that he would expect his Accounts to be made up, altho' in the late Revolution he had been stript not only of his Money, but had had his Books also taken from him: To this he added, that he desir'd nothing more than to be near the Duke of *Medina*, his Patron, who was both able and willing, he did not question, to advance him.

The *Franciscan* wanting somebody whom he could trust his Secret to, and by whom he might give the Marquis *Daiamonti* a strict Account of his Negotiation, cast his Eyes upon the *Castilian*, who seem'd very much attach'd to the Interest of the Duke of *Medina*. To this end he detain'd the *Spainard* some time, pretended that he could not as yet procure him a Passport, tho' his Intent was to observe him, and see whether or not he was a Person fit to be entrusted. Their being frequently together begat an intimate Acquaintance, which they both mutually desir'd; the Monk, that he might engage the *Spainard* to serve him; and the *Spainard*, that he might make himself Master of the Monk's Secret.

This Holy Man, like the rest of his Brethren, puff'd up with Vanity, could not forbear one Day telling his Friend, that he would not long see him in that Garb in which he was, that he had a Bishoprick pro-

promis'd him, and that he did not despair of obtaining the *Roman Purple*. *Sancho*, to make him prattle the faster, pretended that he did not believe a Word of what he said. The Fryar laugh'd at his Incredulity: "And I suppose, continued he, you would not believe me neither, if I should tell you, that the Duke of *Medina* will shortly be a King." The other, to get the Secret quite out of him, urg'd the Impossibility of it; upon which the Monk told him the whole Story: That *Andalusia* must in a little time acknowledge the Duke for their Sovereign: That the Marquis *Daiamonti*, who had also discover'd the *Spanish Plot* to the King of *Portugal*, was the chief Negotiator and Instrument of this intended Revolution: That he should shortly see strange Alterations in *Spain*, and that he had now an Opportunity of making his Fortune only by being seeret, and taking Care to deliver some Letters from him to the Duke and Marquiss.

Sancho, well pleas'd at the Discovery of this Secret, which he had long labour'd to get out of him, renew'd his Protestations of Fidelity and Secrecy, and his Offers of Service; and having taken *Valesco's* Letters, told him, that he should be proud of the Opportunity of serving the Prince, and hoped that he should be thought worthy of the Honour of bringing him an Answer. Upon this the *Castilian* set out for *Andalusia*, but was no sooner got into the *Spanish Territories*, than he took the *Madrid Road*; and as soon as he

arriv'd, went strait to the Minister's House, and sent him word that *Sancho*, Pay-master of the Army in *Portugal*, was just escap'd out of Prison, where he had been confin'd by the Usurper, and had some important Business to communicate to him.

It was a very hard Matter to gain Access to *Olivarez* who had his set Hours of granting Audience, and at which time he sent word the Pay-Master must return. Enrag'd at this Refusal, *Sancho* cry'd he must, he would speak to him; that his Business was no Trifle, but the Safety of the Kingdom depended on its being immediately reveal'd.

This being told *Olivarez*, he order'd him to be admitted: *Sancho* enter'd the Room, and threw himself at his Feet, crying the Kingdom was sav'd from the Ruin which threaten'd it, since he had gain'd Admittance to one, in whose Power it was to prevent it; then told the whole Story of the Duke of *Medina's* Intent, encourag'd in it by the King of *Portugal*, and perswaded to it by the Marquis *Daiamonti*, his Design of seizing upon the Galloons, and of making the Soldiers of *Andalusia* turn their Arms against their King: To justify all which, he deliver'd those Letters given him by the *Franciscan* for the Duke and Marquis, and which contain'd the Scheme of the Conspiracy.

Olivarez was so surpriz'd at the Strangeness of this News, that he could not for some time utter a word, but at last recovering himself, he prais'd *Sancho* for his Loyalty,
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and told him that he deserv'd a double Reward, not only as he had reveal'd the Plot, but also as he had been afraid to discover it even to the nearest Relation of the chief Conspirator. Then order'd he the *Spaniard* to be conducted into a private Apartment, and be debarr'd the Liberty of speaking to any one.

Mean while the Minister went into the King's Apartment, and told him all that *Sancho* had Related, and shew'd him the Letters which he had deliver'd him.

Never was Prince in a great Consternation than *Philip* was, long had he observ'd and dreaded the haughty Carriage of the *Gusmans*; and as the Loss of *Portugal*, which he thought was owing to the Dutcheſs of *Braganza*, was still fresh in his Memory, he could not forbear telling *Olivarez* in a reproachful manner, that all the Misfortunes which the *Spaniards* had lately suffer'd, they were beholden to his Family for. This Prince wanted neither Wit or Judgment, but he was so addicted to Pleasure, that he would never apply himself to any thing that carry'd the face of Business, but would rather have lost half his Dominions, than be oblig'd to quit his indolent and effeminate manner of Living: Wherefore having vented his Passion in this Reproach, he gave the *Franciscan's* Letters back to *Olivarez*, without so much as opening them; ordering him to have them examin'd by a Committee, compos'd of three Members of his Privy-Council, who should make their Report to him.

This was all that *Olivarez* desir'd, for now he could give the Business what Turn he pleas'd. He chose three of his own Creatures for the Commissioners, into whose Hands the Letters were put, and by whom *Sancho* was examin'd several times; all their Aim was to acquit the Duke of *Medina*, to which end *Olivarez* himself came to *Sancho*, and affecting an eſſible Behaviour, and an extraordinary Kindneſs for the Man; “How, my dear *Sancho*, ſaid he, ſhall we contrive to acquit the Duke of *Medina* of a Crime, which is testify'd only by the Letters of an unknown Monk, and who probably was bribed by the Duke's Enemies to lay this to his Charge; for certain it is, that never Governour of *Andaluſia* diſcharg'd his Duty better, both towards the King and his Province.”

Sancho, who was fully perſuaded of the Truth of his Diſpoſition, and fear'd that any of the Criminals ſhould be acquitted, leſt he ſhould loſe his hoped-for Reward, ſtill maintain'd, that he was well aſſur'd that there was an horrid Conſpiracy form'd againſt the Government in favour of the Duke, who was alſo at the head of it; that the Marquiſs *Daiamonti* was the Contriver of the Plot; and that he himſelf had read ſeveral of their Letters, which were ſhewn him by the *Franciſcan*, and was certain: that if *Olivarez* did not prevent it in time, all *Andaluſia* would be up in Arms, to make their Governour their Monarch.

Olivarez,

Olivarez, very unwilling that this Business should be too narrowly search'd into, took an opportunity of telling the King that the Monk's Letters had been decypher'd and examin'd, and that he really believ'd him to be some Wretch who had been bribed to calumniate the Duke; for there was no Letter of his produc'd, nor did *Sancho* make any formal Deposition against him. However, as it was impossible to be too cautious in such a case as this, his Opinion was, that the Duke must be artfully drawn to Court, for if he had any such Design on foot, it was not safe to arrest him in *Andalusia*; that some Forces must be sent to *Cadiz* under a new Governour; that the Marquis *Daiamonti* must be taken up the same time, and if they were found guilty, his Majesty might deliver them over to the Severity of the Law.

This haughty Minister's Will was not only generally a Law to the Subjects of *Spain*, but was always one to the King; who told him, that he should manage this Business as he thought fit, for he left it entirely to him. Upon this, *Olivarez* sent his Nephew, *Don Lewis d'Haro*, to the Duke of *Medina*, to tell him what had been depos'd against him, and with Orders, that guilty or not guilty, he should immediately come to Court, which if he did, his Pardon should be granted; but that if he defer'd his Journey, it would no longer be in his power to procure it.

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This Message thunder-struck the Duke of *Medina*, and he saw himself under a necessity of obeying, or immediately flying into *Portugal*: but then considering how ignominious it was to spend his Days in Indolence, and live a banish'd Man, especially in a Country where there was no Employment worthy of him, and at the same time knowing how great *Olivarez's* Power was; he resolv'd to trust him; and set out for *Madrid*, and with such diligence did he pursue his Journey, that the King was immediately inclin'd to believe him innocent, or to forgive him, should he be found guilty.

Whilst *Don Lewis d'Haro* was employ'd in this Business, a Messenger was sent to take up the Marquis *Diamonti*; and the Duke of *Ciudadreal* march'd into *Cadiz* at the head of 5000 Men.

As soon as the Duke of *Medina* arriv'd at *Madrid*, he went and alighted at *Olivarez's* House, to whom he confess'd the Conspiracy, shew'd him the Scheme by which they were to proceed, but cast all the Odium of it upon the Marquis. *Olivarez* that instant introduc'd him into the King's Closet, where he threw himself at his Majesty's Feet, and with Tears confess'd his Crime, and begg'd his Pardon. *Philip*, who was of a soft and compassionate Nature, mix'd his Tears with the Duke's, and easily forgave him. But as it would have been very imprudent to have expos'd him to the same Temptation a second time, he was order'd to stay at Court;

part

part of his Estate was also confiscated, the King being sensible, that had he not been too rich, and too powerful, he would never have made an Attempt of this kind: And a Governour and a Garrison were plac'd in *Saint Lucar de Barameda*, the Town in which the Dukes of *Medina Sidonia* generally resided.

Olivarez, to persuade the King that his Relation's Repentance was sincere, advis'd him to send a formal Challenge to the Duke of *Braganza*; which he refus'd at first, objecting that both Divine and Human Laws forbad Duels. But *Olivarez* persisting in his Resolution of having one sent, *Medina* reply'd, that he could not in Conscience come to this Extremity with his Brother-in-law, unless the King would obtain a Bull from the Pope, which should secure him from the Censure of the Church, which always excommunicated Duellists.

Olivarez answer'd him, that this was not a time for Scruples of Conscience, but that he must now think of satisfying both the King and People of the Sincerity of his Repentance; that in short it was no Matter whether he would fight or not, provided he would not disown a Challenge, which he would publish in his Name. The Duke who now plainly saw that *Olivarez's* Intent was only to amuse the People, consented to it, and the Minister drew up one himself. Several of them were sent into *Portugal*, as well as into most Courts of *Europe*. A Copy of it may probably not be displeasing to the Reader,

Reader, who will be surpriz'd to see a Challenge, which by its Length, Formality, and Stile, would better have become a Knight-Errant of old, than such a Prince as the Duke of *Medina Sodonía* was.



Don

Don *GASPAR ALON-*
CO Perez de Gusman,
 Duke of *Medina Sido-*
nia, Marquifs, Earl, and
 Baron of *Saint Lucar*
de Barameda, Captain
 General of the Ocean,
 of the Coasts of *An-*
dalusia, and of the
 Armies of *Portugal*,
 Gentleman of the Bed-
 Chamber to his Ca-
 tholick Majesty ;

Whom God Preserve.



HEREAS nothing has
 been more conspicuous to
 the whole World, than the
 treasonable Practices of John
 late Duke of Braganza ; Be also
 his

his damnable Intentions known, of seducing and tainting with Disloyalty the faithful Family of the Gusmans, which ever has been, and for the future ever shall be most true and loyal to the King their Master, in whose Service so many of them have shed their Blood. This Usurper has endeavour'd to insinuate into the Minds of Foreign Princes, as well as of his own Rebel Portuguese, that I would aid and assist him, and enter into his Measures; hoping thereby to keep up the Spirits of those who have join'd with him, and to put me out of favour with the King my Master, (whom God preserve) thinking that by these Means he should alienate my Duty and Affection from my Master, and then I should consent to his cursed Designs, without that Repugnance which

which he has found in me. And the better to accomplish his Design, he has made use of a Monk, who was sent by the Town of Daiamonti to Castro-Marino in Portugal, to treat about the Ransome of a Prisoner, which Monk being carried to Lisbon, was suborn'd, and persuaded to give out that I was engag'd in the Conspiracy, and that I would permit any Foreign Army to land in Andalusia, to favour their Designs; and to give the better colour to his Story, he shew'd some forg'd Letters, and which he pretended to have receiv'd from me.

All this was done with a Design to persuade several Princes to send him some Forces, and would to God they had, that I might have shewn my Loyalty, by destroying them and their Ships;

Ships; which will easily appear to have been my Intent, by the Orders which I left on all the Coasts.

These things have been a sore Affliction to me; but what grieves me still more, is, that his Wife should be my Sister, whose Blood I would gladly shed, since by Rebellion tainted and corrupted, that I might give an evident Proof of my Loyalty to my King, and efface all those Suspicions, which these Rumours may have imprinted in the Minds of the People.

*For these Reasons therefore I challenge the said John late Duke of Braganza, as being a Traitor both to God and his King, and invite him to meet me in Person, and in single Combat try our Fortune, with or without Seconds, and arm'd in
what*

what manner he please; the Place shall be near Valentia d' Alcantra, which is on the Frontiers both of Castile and Portugal, and where I will wait for him fourscore Days, from the first of October to the nineteenth of December of this present Year. The twenty last Days ^{1641.} I will wait for him in Person, and on the time which he shall appoint I will enter the Lists; which time, though it be long, I give him, not only that he the said Tyrant, but also that all Europe, nay, that the whole World may know it. To this end, I will send Ten Chevaliers a League within Portugal; as also, he shall send Ten a League within Castile, as Hostages, and on that Day I will shew him the Heinousness and Baseness of his Crime.

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But if, he the said John late Duke of Braganza, should fail meeting me, to give me Gentleman-like Satisfaction, and thereby deprive me of the Opportunity of shewing my Loyalty to the King my Master, and the natural Hatred which our Family has to Traitors; I offer (with Submission to his Catholick Majesty, whom God preserve) my good Town of St. Lucar de Barameda, which always has been the Seat of the Dukes of Medina Sidonia, to any Man who shall kill him. To which end, I beg of his Catholick Majesty, that I may not have any longer the Command of the Army which is to march against him, being so transported with Rage, that I should not be Master of that Sedateness and Conduct, which are so necessary to

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a General; but that his Majesty would give me leave to be only at the Head of a Thousand of my own People, on whose Courage, as well as my own, I may rely, that in case the said Usurper should not accept my Challenge, we may bring him dead or alive to his said Majesty. And that I may not be thought to be wanting in my Duty to my King, I offer one of my best Towns to the first Governour, or other Officer, belonging to the Usurper, who will surrender any Place to the King my Master; never thinking that I can do enough for his Service, since to him, and to his glorious Ancestors, I owe all that I enjoy.

Given at Toledo the 29th of September,
1641.



ACCORDING to his Promise, the Duke of *Medina* appear'd in the Lists, follow'd by Don *John de Garray*, Lieutenant-General of the *Spanish Cavalry*; there the Duke of *Braganza*, was summon'd in a formal manner: But that Prince was too prudent to play a part in this Farce; or had the Thing been of a more serious Nature, a Sovereign was not to venture his Life against a Subject of his Enemy.

Whilst *Olivarez* amus'd the People in this manner, he was also taking care to turn the Resentment of the King and People upon the Marquis *Daiamonti*, whom he intended to prove the only guilty Person; to this end he flatter'd him with the Hopes of a Pardon and that, as well as the Duke of *Medina*, he should taste the Bounties of a merciful Prince, provided he would be open in his Confession; but that Kings, like God, whose Images they were, never forgave any, but those whose heartily and sincerely repented them of their Crimes.

The Marquis trusting to this Promise, which the Duke of *Medina's* Example gave him no room to doubt of, sign'd a Paper which *d'Olivarez* brought him, and which he immediately put into the Hands of those who were to try him. Upon this Confession of his he was indicted, and condemn'd to be beheaded. When the Judge pass'd Sentence, he

he heard it, without the least concern, or so much as murmuring at *Olivarez* or the Duke. That same Night he supp'd as heartily as usual, and when they came to lead him to Execution the next Morning, he was still asleep. He ascended the Block without speaking one Word, whilst a Contempt of Death might be read in his Looks, and died with a Courage and Resolution worthy of a better Cause. Such was the end of a Conspiracy, from which the King of *Spain* escaped merely by Accident, or rather by a Decree of Providence, which cannot connive at Crimes of this Nature, and will seldom suffer Treachery to prevail.

The King of *Portugal* seeing this Project miscarry resolv'd to maintain himself on the Throne no longer by such clandestine Means, but upon Force, and the Assistance of his Allies. *France* seem'd particularly to take the House of *Braganza* under its Protection, as being the most antient Branch of their own Royal Family.

The foreign War so employ'd the *Spanish* Forces, that the *Portuguese* had always the advantage over them, and they drove them still farther from their Frontiers. The King might easily at that time have enter'd into the very Center of *Castile*, had he had a good General, and disciplin'd Soldiers; but his Army was chiefly compos'd of Militia, fitter to make sudden Incurfions into the Enemy's Country, than to bear the Fatigue of a regular Campaign. Another thing that hinder'd his making a greater Progress with his

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Army,

Army, was, that he had not Money enough to pay them, and consequently not Forces enough on foot; for as at his coming to the Crown, he had taken off all Taxes from the People, that they might the better relish his Government, and had only his own Estate to defray the Expences of the War; nor would he ever venter to lay new Taxes upon them. But this Want of his was partly recompens'd by the Necessity of *Spain*, who at that Time had no better Generals than the *Portuguese*, and whose Treasures, towards the latter end of *Philip* the Fourth's Reign, were exhausted.

On the sixth of *November*, 1656. died this Prince; in all the Encomiums and Panegyrics made upon him by the *Portuguese*, he is celebrated for his Piety and Moderation. Foreign Historians upbraid him with Cowardice, and report, that he always distrusted both himself and others; that it was a difficult point, especially for the *Grande*s, to get Access to him; and that he was free with no one but his Antient Domestick Servants, especially with one that was always in Company with his Confessor. In short, from what we can gather of his Life, he was a Peaceable and Religious Prince, and endow'd with Qualities which would better have become a private Gentleman than a Monarch; so that we can attribute his being rais'd on the Throne only to the inveterate Hate which the *Portuguese* bore the *Castilians*, and to the Ambition, Courage, and Counsels of his Queen, whom by his last Will he nam'd

nam'd Regent of the Kingdom during his Son's Minority; not doubting but that one who could raise herself to a Throne, would not want Courage to preserve it for her Children. He left behind him two Sons and a Daughter; the elder of the Sons was Don *Alphonso*, of a peevish and melancholy Temper, who had quite lost the Use of one Side, and was at the time of his Father's Death near thirteen Years old: Don *Pedro*, the younger, was but eight: Donna *Catharina*, their Sister, was older than either of them, and was born before the Revolution.

Don *Alphonso* was immediately shewn to the People, and proclaim'd King, and the Queen took the Regency upon her. This Princess would willingly have signaliz'd herself by some glorious Action, but the Commanders of the *Portuguese* Army were fitter for Soldiers than Generals, and there was not an Officer amongst them, who was Engineer enough to know how to fortify a Place, or besiege a Town. Nor was there a Man in the Privy-Council, who could be look'd upon as a Statesman; most of them could indeed make fine Speeches and elaborate Discourses upon the Necessities of the State, and the Misfortunes in which it would probably fall, but never a one of them knew how to prevent or remedy them.

TO these Evils we must attribute the ill Success of her Arms before *Olvenza* and *Badajos*, where the *Spaniards* obliged them to

1657.

raise the Siege. Besides this, they had fallen out with the *Dutch* about the Trade to the *Indies*; and the *French*, after the *Pyrenean Treaty*, seem'd to have forgotten them.

The Queen finding herself without any regular Troops, without able Officers or good Counsellors, and without foreign Alliances, was obliged by her Courage, Capacity, and Application, to supply the Want of all these; she herself discharg'd the Duty of a Secretary of State, and took care to keep a good Correspondence with all the Courts of *Europe*, which might be serviceable to her: In short, had she never encounter'd all these Difficulties, she could not have reveal'd all those *hidden Vertues*, which shun the Day, and lie conceal'd in the smooth Seasons, and the Calms of Life.

By such Care and Deligence for a long time she sav'd *Portugal* from that Ruin which threaten'd it; but *Spain* now pouring all its Forces in upon her, she found herself unable to resist them, unless she could procure better Officers. To this end she cast her Eyes upon *Frederick Count of Schomberg*, whose Name and Valour were already sufficiently known. She would willingly have given him the chief Command of the Army, but was afraid at this Juncture of disobliging her Generalissimo; wherefore she order'd the Count *de Soure*, her Ambassador in *France*, to treat with the Count *de Schomberg* about his coming into *Portugal*, where he should have only the Title of Lieutenant-General; but in case of the Death or Resignation of the present Commander,

mander, he should be made Generalissimo of all her Forces.

The Count set out for *Lisbon* with four-score Officers, and above four hundred Horsemen, all Veterans, who perfectly understood the Discipline of an Army, and would upon occasion make good Leaders.

Before the Count went into *Portugal*, he made a Voyage into *England*, where he saw King *Charles* the Second, who was lately restor'd: He had private Orders from the Regent, to endeavour to discover whether King *Charles* might be brought to marry the Infanta of *Portugal*. The Count negotiated this Business with so much Address, that he made both the King and Chancellor *Hyde* desirous of this Alliance. The Queen extremely satisfy'd with what he had done, desir'd him to hasten into *Portugal*, and sent the Marquis *de Sande* to conclude the Business.

But the King of *Spain*, foreseeing what might be the consequence of this Match, did all he could to prevent it; he offer'd to give any Protestant Princess Three Millions for her Portion, provided the King would marry her; and by his Ambassador propos'd the Princesses of *Denmark*, *Saxony*, or *Orange*. But the Chancellor represented to the King how nearly it concern'd him to maintain the House of *Braganza* on the Throne, and not let *Philip* become Master of all *Spain* and the *Indies*. His Speech produc'd the desir'd Effect, and King *Charles* married the Infanta. Thus did a Protestant Statesman persuade

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his Sovereign to marry a Catholick Princess, whilst a Prince of the *Roman* Communion who valued himself in a particular manner upon the Title of the most Catholick King, offer'd him vast Sums of Money, to engage him to wed a Protestant.

Shortly after King *Charles*, by his Mediation, establish'd a Treaty of Commerce between the States of *Holland* and the Crown of *Portugal*; after which he sent a considerable Number of Troops into that Kingdom, commanded by the Earl of *Inchequin*: But having recall'd him, he order'd that the Forces should stay under the Command of *Schomberg*; so that the Count shortly saw himself at the Head of the chosen Forces of three Kingdoms. Not but that there was a *Portuguese*, Generalissimo, or at least one who had the Title, but the Count had all the Authority, which he made use of to establish an exact and regular Discipline amongst the *Portuguese*. He taught them the Order of Marching, Encamping, Besieging, and regularly Fortifying a Town; so that all those Places on the Frontiers of the Kingdom, which were before naked and defenceless, soon became capable of making a vigorous Defence.

The Regent Queen, proud of having met with such a General, carry'd the War vigorously on, and her Arms were almost every where crown'd with Success; never were the *Portuguese* Forces better disciplin'd, the People bless'd her Government, the Grandees continu'd in perfect Submission to it through Fear and Respect; but though Fortune fa-

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your'd her abroad, she met with domestick Cares and Troubles, which chang'd the Face of every thing.

Whilst the Regent was taking care to place the Crown with Surety on her Son's Head, he on the other Hand endeavour'd to make himself unworthy of it; by his irregular manner of Living; he was mean-spirited, melancholy, and cruel, could not bear the Authority of his Mother, and dispis'd the Advices of his Governours and Ministers; he always refus'd the Company of the Lords of his Houshold, and would divert himself with none but Negroes, Mulattoes, and all the Scum of the *Lisbonite* Youth; and spite of the Care of his Governours, he had got a little Court compos'd of such like People, whom he call'd his Bravoës, with whom he us'd to scour the Streets at Night, and insulted all those who unfortunatly fell into his way.

This Disorder of Mind had been first caus'd by a Palsy, which had afflicted him when about four Years of Age, and which had made fatal Impressions not only on his Limbs but also on his Brain. Whilst he was young, his Faults had been wink'd at by his Tutors, who thought that so infirm a Child could never bear the Fatigues of a severe Education, and hoped that Time would both strengthen his Body, and sweeten his Temper; but this Indulgence ruin'd him. 'Tis true, that by the Assistance of Remedies, and help of Time, his Constitution grew stronger, he could fence, ride, and bear any Fatigue; but his
Tem-

Temper never became better. His Passions encreasing with his Age, they soon prevail'd over his Reason, which was but weak, and he gave a loose to Licentiousness and Debauchery. He would bring common Prostitutes into the Palace, fetch them himself from the Stews, and very often spend whole Nights amongst them there.

The Queen, overwhelm'd with Greif, and fearing that the Irregularity of her Son would at once destroy the Labours of her whole Life, resolv'd several times within herself to have him confin'd, and make his Brother reign in his stead; but dreading the excite of a Civil War, which would have favour'd the *Spanish* Arms, she dropp'd the bold Design; sometimes she hoped the King might yet be reclaim'd, especially if he was depriv'd of the Company of *Conti*, a Merchant's Son, his first Favourite, and Companion of all his Debaucheries. To this end she had *Conti* privately seiz'd, and carry'd on board a Ship which was bound for *Brazil*, with Orders that he should never return to *Portugal* on pain of Death.

The King at first seem'd very much griev'd at the Loss of his Favourite, but comforting himself by little and little, he was at last pacify'd, and seem'd very much alter'd for the better, would hearken to Advice, and paid the Queen an unusual Respect, who was congratulated by the Ministry and the whole Court, upon the extraordinary Success of her Enterprize.

But

But this apparent Tranquility and Alteration of the King's, was only a Veil to cover a deep Design, and of which his Mother never thought him capable; so that this Princess, who could read in the very Hearts of the most dissembling Courtiers, was overreach'd by a half-witted Youth.

The King had complain'd of *Conti's* Banishment to the Count *de Castel-Melhor*, a Portuguese Nobleman, of an illustrious Birth, subtle and insinuating, but fitter to manage a Court-Intrigue, than a Business of Importance. The Count thought that a fair Opportunity offer'd of supplying *Conti's* Place in the King's Favour; wherefore to ingratiate himself, he deplor'd the Exile's Misfortune, and promis'd to use his utmost Endeavours to have him recall'd. He told the Prince at the same time, that it was in his own Power to remedy this, or any Grievance of the like nature; that he was of Age, and had been so a great while; that he might as soon as he pleas'd, take the Supreme Command upon himself, then recall *Conti*, and let him triumph over the Queen, and all his other Enemies.

The King was pleas'd with this Advice, and determin'd to follow it; the Count was his sole Confident and Favourite: However, he desir'd the King that their Intimacy should still be a Secret, that the Queen might not suspect him: But it could not be long conceal'd from this Princess, who meeting him one day in the King's Train, caught him by the Arm, and staring him in the face
with

with that Majestick Air, which made every one tremble; "I am inform'd, Count, *said* " *she*, that the King is wholly govern'd by " your Counsels; take therefore good Care of " him, for if he does any thing to thwart " me, your Life shall answer it."

The Count, without answering, made a submissive Bow, and follow'd the King, who call'd him. As soon as he was alone with him, he gave him an account of what the Queen had said: "I suppose, *continued he*, " that I shall shortly share *Conti's* Fate, but " yet with Joy should I go to Banishment, " could I at the same time see my King " shake off the Authority of an imperious " Mother, who will let him enjoy the Title, " but never the Power of a Sovereign."

This artful Discourse threw the Prince into a violent Passion, and he would go immediately and take the Royal Authority from the Queen, by taking the Great Seal, which is the Mark of it; but the Count, who knew too well what the consequence of this would be, advis'd him to retire to *Alcantra*, and from thence to send Couriers to the Magistrates of *Lisbon*, and to all the Governours of Provinces, to let them know that he was of Age, and had taken the Government upon himself.

The King approv'd the Counsel, and having that Evening disguis'd himself, he left the Palace, follow'd only by the Count and a few Friends. That Night they arriv'd at *Alcantra*, from whence he sent Orders to the Secretaries of State, and to the *German* Guard,

Guard, to come to him; and at the same time dispatch'd Couriers to every Town of *Portugal*, to let them know that he was of Age, and by consequence the Regency of the Queen at an end.

Most of the Court set out for *Alcantra*, and the Queen saw herself in a manner forsaken; notwithstanding which, she resolv'd to lay down her Authority as became her: Wherefore she wrote to the King, to ask him the Reason why he took possession of the Throne like an Usurper, that had no Right to it; and added, that if he would return to *Lisbon*, she would lay down her Authority in presence of the Grandees and the Magistrates. The King accordingly return'd, and the Queen having summon'd the Grandees, Magistrates and others of the Nobility, to attend her, in presence of the Assembly took the Seals out of the Great Purse, and putting them into her Son's Hand, "Here are," said she, the Seals, which, together with the Regency, were entrusted to my Care by the Will of my late Sovereign Lord: I return them to your Majesty with all the Authority, which they are the Emblems of; I heartily pray God that you may make a good use of them, and that your Reign may be as prosperous as I can wish it." The King took the Seals, and gave them to the first Secretary of State; after which the Prince, and all the Grandees, kiss'd his Hand, and acknowledg'd him their Sovereign.

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The Queen Dowager had given out, that she intended in six Months time to retire into a Convent, but that six Months she would spend at Court, to see what Measures the young King would take. But the Favourite Count, who still dreaded that Princess, who knew her tow'ring Genius, and was sensible of the natural Sway which a Mother has over the Mind of her Son, persuaded the King to treat her most inhumanly, that by frequent Affronts he might oblige her to leave the Court much sooner than she intended. The Queen, who was of a haughty Temper, could not bear to be thus us'd, but immediately threw herself into a Convent; where, being fully satisfy'd of the Vanities of human Greatness, she spent the Remainder of her Time, which was scarce a Year, in preparing herself for another World, and died on the eighteenth of *February*, 1666. lamented by the whole Nation; for never was there a Princess of a more extraordinary Genius, or more amply endow'd with all the Virtues requisite to either the one or the other Sex. Whilst on the Throne, she shew'd a truly great and heroick Soul; when she quitted it for a religious Life, she seem'd entirely to have forgotten what Pomp and Grandeur were, and all her Ambition then was to deserve Heaven.

The King, who now saw himself fully at liberty, and no longer fear'd the prudent Queen's just Reproofs, gave a loose to his Passions; and indulg'd his pernicious Inclinations. He would scour the Streets at Night
with

with his Bravoes, and abuse every one he met with: Nor did the Watch fare better than their Neighbours. Never a Night did he ramble, but the next Morning tragical Histories were publish'd, of several who had been wounded or murder'd in the Streets; and People fled before him with greater Fear than they would before a hungry Lion, just broke loose from his Den.

The Count *de Castel-Melhor* was his first Minister; he was an intriguing, insinuating Courtier, but far from being an able Statesman; haughty in Prosperity, fawning and timorous in Adversity. In his Hands were the Reins of the Government, the King reserving no Authority to himself, but that of doing what Mischief he pleas'd unpunish'd; nor did the Count ever make it his Business to reclaim him, well knowing that the King's Follies and his Authority were inseparable.

The Spaniards flatter'd themselves with the Hopes of easily reducing *Portugal*, whilst it had such a Monarch as *Don Alphonso*. To this End they sent a strong Army against it, under the Command of *Don John of Austria*, natural Son to *Philip IV*. The King of *Portugal* sent *Schomberg* to oppose him, notwithstanding the Count *de Villa-Flor* had the Title of Generalissimo. And to the Count of *Schomberg's* Courage and Conduct it was that *Don Alphonso* ow'd the Preservation of his Crown: He beat the Spaniards several times, notwithstanding what *Villa-Flor* did; who, jealous of his Glory, endeavour'd all he could to
cross

cross his Measures, and had effectually done it, had not *Schomberg's* Interest been greater both at Court and in the Army, which joyfully obey'd the Commands of their brave Leader, who always led them to a certain Victory.

Castel-Melhor did all he could to persuade the People, that this happy Success was owing to him; though if the Truth had been search'd into, it would have appear'd that all he could justly boast of, was his being the first Man to whom the News was sent. By these Means the Minister's Credit encreas'd, and he actually enjoy'd the Sovereign Authority. The King was nothing but a Piece of Clock-work, whose Springs he could wind up, and put into what Motion he pleas'd. The Barbarity of his Temper he made use of, to ruin and destroy all those of whom he was jealous; amongst those were the greatest part of the late Queen's Ministry: So that there was a strange Alteration at Court, all Places were fill'd with the Count's Creatures; nor could any one hope for Favour, but those who took care to please the Favourite. *Melhor* went farther than this, for *Conti* being recall'd, he got him banish'd a second time; for no sooner was he landcd, but the King sent him an Express, to congratulate him upon his safe Arrival, and *Melhor*, by the same Express, sent him Orders not to come near the Court; such a Sway had this Minister over his Sovereign, that he durst not contradict his Orders, but for fear of displeasing him, was obliged to see

Conti

Conti in private. The Count had notice of it, and fearing that should their antient Intimacy be renew'd, there would be no place left for him in the King's Favour, had him accus'd of a Design upon the Prince's Life; and tho' there were no Witnesses found, no Proofs, no Probabilities of his Guilt, yet Sentence of Banishment was pass'd upon him.

The Count, no longer apprehensive of *Conti*, began to consider how he should secure his Interest at Court, in case of any Accident. To this end he endeavour'd to ingratiate himself with Don *Pedro*, the King's Brother, but a Prince of a quite different Character: His Soul was truly great, and his Inclinations noble; his Actions princely, and his manner of Living regular; the *Portuguese* admir'd, or rather ador'd him, for he had not his own Virtues only, but his Brother's Vices also, to set him out.

To this end, *Melhor* plac'd a Brother of his in the Prince's Household, and bad him do all he could to insinuate himself into his Master's Favour, as he had into the King's; hoping by these Means to govern both the Princes.

Don *Pedro* us'd him with all the Civility imaginable, and shew'd him more than common Respect; but as for giving him any place in his Favour, or Confidance, he could not; the whole was taken up. The late Queen having always look'd upon her younger Son as the Hopes and Support of her Family, she had taken care to put about him none but those, whose Wisdom, Learning, and Integrity

might entitle them to a Share of the Prince's Love; such were his Governours, and of such chiefly was his Household compos'd. These had taken Care to let the Prince know, that he need not despair of one Day wearing the Crown of *Portugal*, for that there was no great likelihood of his Brother's ever having any Children; but at the same time they told him, that there was nothing but *Melhor* was capable of doing, to keep him from inheriting the Crown, since he was well assur'd that he must never hope for any Share in the Ministry, when Don *Pedro* should ascend the Throne.

By degrees these different Views and Interests divided the Court into two Cabals; the Count indeed had the greatest Number on his side, there being more who love to swim with the Stream, than against it. But the ablest Statesmen, who plainly saw that so violent and arbitrary a Government could not last long, with all the Grandees, and the best of the Nobility, who would not cringe to such a Favourite as the King's was, were always about the Prince, to whom they paid their Respects as to the Heir apparent.

The Count being sensible that the Hope of the adverse Faction was founded upon the Infirmary of the King, determin'd to destroy it at once, by marrying him; and by his Advice a Match was propos'd and concluded between the King and *Mary-Elizabeth-Frances* of *Savoy*, Daughter to *Charles* Duke of *Nemours*, and *Elizabeth de Vendom*. *Cæsar d'Estrées*, a Relation of hers, Bishop
and

and Duke of *Laon*, and known all over *Europe* by the Name of the illustrious Cardinal *d'Estrées*, conducted her into *Portugal*; accompany'd with the Marquis *de Ruigni*, the *French* Ambassador, and several other Persons of Quality.

This Marriage was celebrated with all the Pomp and Magnificence imaginable. The whole Court admir'd the young Queen's extraordinary Beauty, but no one was more sensibly affected with it than the Prince. The King was the only Person who seem'd regardless of her Charms, and who by his Indifference soon convinc'd the whole Nation, that he had taken the Name of a Husband, but was not capable of discharging the Duty of one,

Count *Melhor* had at first flatter'd himself with the Hopes of governing a Queen as well as the King, but soon found that she had got too great a Spirit for such a Submission. Enrag'd at this, he resolv'd to lose no Opportunity of revenging himself, and all publick Desires were cross'd; her Recommendation certainly excluded any Person from the Place to which she recommended him. Shortly after, neither the Expences of her Household, nor her own Pensions were paid, under pretence that the War and other Necessities of the State had exhausted the Royal Treasury. And so insolent was this haughty Minister to every Body, to the Prince himself, but especially to the Queen, that she has been often seen coming

out of the King's Apartment bath'd in Tears.

Her Beauty, her Merits, her Misfortunes, and the Complaints of all the Ladies of the Court, and the Officers of the Queen's Household, whose Salaries were stopp'd, touch'd the Hearts of all those who had not an immediate Dependence on the Minister; and these form'd a third Party at Court, where nothing now was talk'd of but the Improbability of the Queen's having any Children, tho' she had not yet been married a Year.

What encreas'd every one's Suspicion, was the Report which was spread of a private Door, which by the King's Order was made in the Queen's Chamber, and open'd just against her Bed-side, and of which he himself kept the Key. The Queen was alarm'd at the Novelty of the Thing, and the Danger to which she saw her Honour expos'd, And many concluded, that this was an Artifice of *Melhor's*, who, notwithstanding the Infirmity of the King, was nevertheless resolv'd that the Queen should have Children.

The poor unfortunate Princess discover'd her Apprehensions to her Confessor, with Orders to impart them to the Prince's. These two Religious Men advis'd them to unite their Cabals, and go hand in hand together in a Matter so much the Concern of them both. The Count of *Schomberg* was easily draw into this Party, and the Prince took Care to make himself beloved by the
Ma-

Magistrates of the City, and all those who had any Influence over the People.

It would have been a very easy matter to have push'd the King from out his Throne, had he not had a Minister to support him, who was ambitious, could govern the King as he pleas'd, make him do any thing, and who would spare no Pains to preserve himself at the Head of Affairs; the only way therefore of compassing their Ends, was to remove this Man, which was at last brought about in this manner. One of his Friends was bribed to tell him, that the Prince had sworn he would sacrifice him, if he continued any longer at Court. The Count upon this Information doubled the Guards, arm'd all the Officers of the Household, and would have had the King go at the Head of them, and seize the Prince. But as furious as the King was in his Midnight-Revels and Debauches, he had not Courage enough to attempt any thing of this Nature, justly fearing that he should meet with no small Resistance. Wherefore he only wrote a Letter to the Prince, to order him to come to the Palace. He excus'd himself, objecting that he could not come whilst the Count was at Court, who had spread so many Stories to his disadvantage, and endeavour'd all he could to blast his Reputation; besides which, the Count was Master of the Palace and that therefore he fear'd he could not be in safety there. Several Letters pass'd between the King and Prince; the former offer'd, that *Melhor* should come, and on his

Knees beg his pardon. But this was not what the Prince wanted, and he openly refus'd to come to Court till *Melhor* was banish'd from it.

The News of this had put *Lisbon* into a strange Confusion, and a Civil War was just breaking out; but *Melhor* with grief perceiv'd that *Schomberg* favour'd the other Party, and that the Grandees of the Kingdom had all unanimously declar'd themselves in Favour of the Prince; who, assisted also by the Queen's Friends, grew too powerful for him. Nay, *Melhor's* very Relations, and those whom he had rais'd, forsook him, and told him, that if he must sink, he should sink alone. Wherefore disguising himself, he by Night escaped from the Palace, and retired to a Monastery seven Leagues from *Lisbon*; which he soon after left, to seek a sure Refuge in the Court of *Turin*.

Upon this the Prince immediately came to the Palace, to pay his Devoirs to the King; every thing fell under his Management, and he soon dispersed all the late Favourite's Creatures. The King, destitute of Counsel, lay at the Prince's Mercy, who had a Design upon, but durst not as yet touch his Crown, for fear of being thought an Usurper; but waited with Patience till it should be given him by Lawful Authority, that is, by a Decree of the States of the Kingdom.

But then it was in the King's Power only to call together this Assembly of the States, which he was often advis'd to do, there being

being an absolute Necessity of their Meeting, to remedy the present Grievances of the Nation.

The King was not so weak, but he plainly perceiv'd that this Advice was given him, with a Design to transfer the Royalty from himself to his Brother; wherefore he long refus'd it, but was at last so press'd to it both by his Council, and by different Petitions from several Parts of the Kingdom, that he call'd them together, and they were order'd to meet on the first of *January*; 1668.

The Prince having obtain'd this, which he look'd upon as a sure step to the Throne, gave the Queen notice, that it was time for her now to appear, and play her part. Upon which she immediately retired into a Convent, and wrote a Letter to the King, to tell him, that she thought herself in Conscience oblig'd to quit the Palace, since he was not capable of being her Husband; that he was very sensible that their Marriage was never consummated, and that therefore she begg'd that he would repay her her Portion, and give her leave to return to her Country, and amongst her own Relations.

Upon the Receipt of this Letter, the King in a great Rage flew towards the Convent, to fetch the Queen back to the Palace by force; but the Prince who foresaw the Effect of her Message, took Care to be at the Convent-Door, with all the Nobility, and told his Brother this was a Place too sacred to have any Violence us'd in it, and per-

suaded, or rather forc'd the King to return to the Palace, who all the way complain'd of being calumniated. and was for bringing half the Prostitutes of *Lisbon* to prove his Virility and swore that he would be reveng'd both on the Queen and the Prince.

But Don *Pedro* was not in the least frightened at his Menaces, knowing that the whole Power of the Kingdom was in his own Hands; and the next Morning (thinking it unsafe to delay the mighty Work any longer) order'd the Council to assemble, and follow'd by the Nobility, the Magistracy, and a whole Crowd of People, who wanted to see the Event of this Business, he went into the Palace to them; and after a short Debate, an Order was sent by the Prince to arrest the King, who shortly after this sign'd his own Abdication.

Nov. 23. 1667.

Notwithstanding this, the Prince would not take any other Title, but that of Regent; under which Name the States of the Kingdom took the Oath of Allegiance to him.

The next thing he did, was to secure a Peace with *Spain*; the King of *England* made himself their Mediator, and *Spain*, by a solemn Treaty, acknowledg'd the Crown of *Portugal* independent of the Crown of *Spain*.

Febr. 13. 1668.

But one thing was still wanting to compleat the Regent's Happiness: He loved his Sister-in-law; who, as soon as she was got into the Convent, had presented a Petition to the Chapter of the Cathedral of *Lisbon*,

Nov. 22. 1667.

to

to desire them, during the Vacancy of the Holy See, to declare her Marriage void; since, notwithstanding in fifteen Months Cohabitation with her Husband, it had not been consummated. The Chapter, without waiting for any farther Proof, immediately declar'd the Marriage void.

Mar. 24.
1668.

By these Means the Regent saw himself at liberty to marry his Sister-in-law; however, he was advis'd, for fear of scandalizing any one, to get a Dispensation from the See of Rome. Just at this time the Cardinal *de Vendome*, Legate à Latere, was order'd by the See to put on the Papal Dignity, that he might assist as Pope at the Christning of the Dauphin of France; from him was the Dispensation obtain'd, which Mr. *Verjus* arriv'd with in Portugal about the time that the Chapter pronounced their Sentence. All which Accidents falling out together, made some People imagine that they were premeditated. The Bishop of *Targa*, Coadjutor to the Archbishop of *Lisbon*, married them in virtue of this Brief, which was afterwards confirm'd by Pope *Innocent IX*.

March 2.
1668.

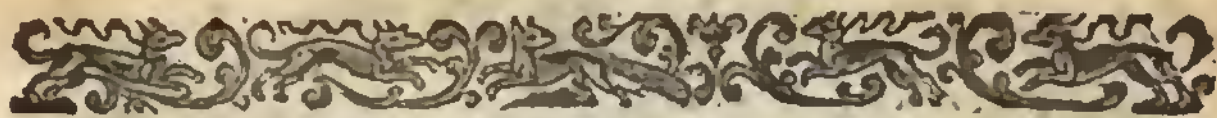
Dec. 10.
1668.

Don *Alphonso* was banish'd to the Isle of *Tercera*, which belongs to the Portuguese. This something displeas'd the People, who generally pity the Unfortunate, and who now cry'd out, that it was enough to rob him of his Wife and Crown, without driving him from his Country; but however, no one dar'd speak to the Regent about it. He continued in this Exile till the Year 1675, at which time the Regent recall'd him, being

ing inform'd that there were some discontented People contriving how to fetch him from *Tercera*. and reinstate him in the Throne. He died not far from *Lisbon*, 1683, and at his Death Don *Pedro* was proclaim'd King; a Title he would not, during his Brother's Life, accept, and the only thing of which he had not depriv'd that unfortunate Prince.

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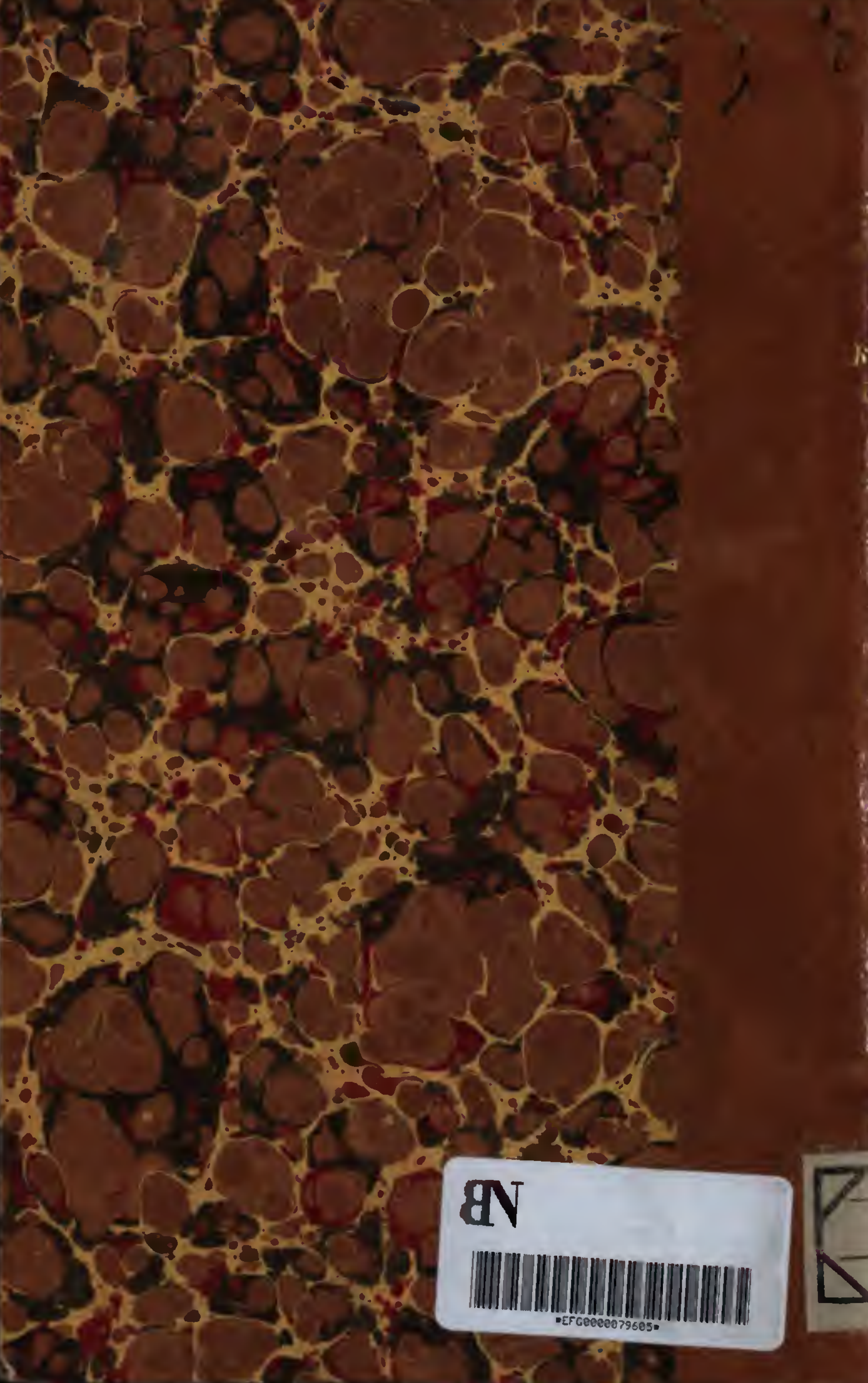
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