

AGNES DE CASTRO

By

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Freeeditorial 

AGNES DE CASTRO

INTRODUCTION.

THE 'sweet sentimental tragedy' of *Agnes de Castro* was founded by Mrs. Behn upon a work by Mlle S. B. de Brillac, *Agnès de Castro, nouvelle portugaise* (1688), and various subsequent editions. In the same year (1688) as Mrs. Behn's *Agnes de Castro; or, The Force of Generous Blood* was published there appeared 'Two New Novels, i. *The Art of Making Love.* ii. *The Fatal Beauty of Agnes de Castro. Taken out of the History of Portugal. Translated from the French by P. B. G. For R. Bentley*' (12mo). Each has a separate title page. Bellon's version does not differ materially from Mrs. Behn, but she far exceeds him in spirit and niceness of style.

So much legend has surrounded the romantic history of the beautiful Ines de Castro that it is impossible fully to elucidate every detail of her life. Born in the early years of the fourteenth century, she was the daughter of Pedro Fernández de Castro, major domo to Alphonso XI of Castille. She accompanied her relative, Dona Constança Manuel, daughter to the Duke of Peñafiel, to the court of Alphonso IV of Portugal when this lady was to wed the Infante Don Pedro. Here Ines excited the fondest love in Pedro's heart, and the passion was reciprocated. She bore him several children, and there can be no doubt that Dona Constança was madly jealous of her husband's amour with her fair friend. 13 November, 1345, Constança died, and Pedro immediately married his mistress at Braganza in the presence of the Bishop of Guarda. Their nuptials were kept secret, and the old King kept pressing his son to take a wife. Before long his spies found out the reason of the Infante's constant refusals; and, beside himself with rage, he watched an opportunity whilst Pedro, on a great hunting expedition, was absent from Coimbra where they resided, and had Ines cruelly assassinated 7 January, 1355. The grief of Pedro was terrible, he plunged the country into civil war, and it was only by the tenderest solicitations of his mother and the authority of several holy monks and bishops that he was restrained from taking a terrible revenge upon his father. Alphonso died, his power curtailed, his end unhappy, May, 1357.

A very literature has grown up around the lovely Ines, and many more than a hundred items of interest could be enumerated. The best authority is J. de Araujo, whose monumental *Bibliographia Inesiana* was published in 1897. Mrs. Behn's novel was immensely popular and is included, with some unnecessary moral observations as preface, in Mrs. Griffith's *A Collection of Novels* (1777), Vol. III, which has a plate illustrating the tale. It was turned into French by

*Marie-Geneviève-Charlotte Tiroux d' Arconville (1720-1805), wife of a councillor of the Parliament, an aimable blue-stocking who devoted her life wholly to literature, and translated freely from English. This work is to be found in *Romans (les deux premiers . . . tirés des Lettres Persanes . . . par M. Littleton et le dernier . . . d'un Recueil de Romans . . . de Madame Behn) traduits de l'Anglois, (Amsterdam, 1761.)* It occurs again in *Mélanges de Littérature (12mo, 1775, etc.), Vol. VI.**

A tragedy, *Agnes de Castro*, written by that philosophical lady, Catherine Trotter (afterwards Cockburn), at the early age of sixteen, and produced at the Theatre Royal, 1696, with Powell, Verbruggen, Mrs. Rogers in the principal parts, is directly founded upon Mrs. Behn. It is a mediocre play, and the same can even more truly be said of Mallet's cold *Elvira (1763)*. This was acted, however, with fair success thirteen times. Garrick played Don Pedro, his last original part, and Mrs. Cibber *Elvira*. Such dull exercises as C. Symmons, *Inez, a tragedy (1796)*, and *Igniez de Castro*, a tragedy in verse, intended for *Hoad's Magazine* call for no comment.

There is a French play by Lamotte on the subject of *Inez de Castro*, which was first produced 6 April, 1723. Voltaire found the first four acts execrable and laughed consumedly. The fifth was so tender and true that he melted into tears. In Italian we have, from the pen of Bertolotti, *Inez de Castro*, tragedia, Milano, 1826.

In Spanish and Portuguese there are, of course, innumerable poems, treatises, tragedies, studies, romances. Lope de Vega wrote *Dona Inez de Castro*, and the beautiful episode of Camoens is deservedly famous. Antonio Ferreira's splendid tragedy is well known. First published in *Comedias Famosas dos Doctores de Sa de Miranda (4to, 1622)*, it can also be read in *Poemas Lusitanos (2 Vols., 8vo, Lisbon, 1771)*. Domingo dos Reis Quita wrote a drama, *Igniez de Castro*, a translation of which, by Benjamin Thompson, was published in 1800. There is also a play *Dona Igniez de Castro*, by Nicolas Luiz, which was Englished by John Adamson, whose version was printed at Newcastle, 1808.

Mr. Arundell Esdaile in his *Bibliography of Fiction (printed before 1740)* erroneously identifies this amusing little piece with Mrs. Behn's *The Lover's Watch*. It is, however, quite another thing, dealing with a pseudo-Turkish language of love.

i.e., Peter Bellon, Gent. Bellon was an assiduous hackney writer and translator of the day. He has also left one comedy, *The Mock Duellist; or, The French Valet (4to, 1675)*.

THE HISTORY OF AGNES de CASTRO

THO' Love, all soft and flattering, promises nothing but Pleasures; yet its Consequences are often sad and fatal. It is not enough to be in love, to be happy; since Fortune, who is capricious, and takes delight to trouble the Repose of the most elevated and virtuous, has very little respect for passionate and tender Hearts, when she designs to produce strange Adventures.

Many Examples of past Ages render this Maxim certain; but the Reign of Don Alphonso the IVth, King of Portugal, furnishes us with one, the most extraordinary that History can produce.

He was the Son of that Don Denis, who was so successful in all his Undertakings, that it was said of him, that he was capable of performing whatever he design'd, (and of Isabella, a Princess of eminent Virtue) who when he came to inherit a flourishing and tranquil State, endeavour'd to establish Peace and Plenty in abundance in his Kingdom.

And to advance this his Design, he agreed on a Marriage between his Son Don Pedro (then about eight Years of Age) and Bianca, Daughter of Don Pedro, King of Castile; and whom the young Prince married when he arriv'd to his sixteenth Year.

Bianca brought nothing to Coimbra but Infirmities and very few Charms. Don Pedro, who was full of Sweetness and Generosity, lived nevertheless very well with her; but those Distempers of the Princess degenerating into the Palsy, she made it her request to retire, and at her Intercession the Pope broke the Marriage, and the melancholy Princess conceal'd her Languishment in a solitary Retreat: And Don Pedro, for whom they had provided another Match, married Constantia Manuel, Daughter of Don John Manuel, a Prince of the Blood of Castile, and famous for the Enmity he had to his King.

Constantia was promised to the King of Castile; but the King not keeping his word, they made no Difficulty of bestowing her on a young Prince, who was one Day to reign over a number of fine Provinces. He was but five and twenty years of Age, and the Man of all Spain that had the best Fashion and Grace: and with the most advantageous Qualities of the Body he possess those of the Soul, and shewed himself worthy in all things of the Crown that was destin'd for him.

The Princess Constantia had Beauty, Wit, and Generosity, in as great a measure as 'twas possible for a Woman to be possess with; her Merit alone ought to have attach'd Don Pedro, eternally to her; and certainly he had for her an Esteem, mix'd with so great a Respect, as might very well pass for

Love with those that were not of a nice and curious Observation: but alas! his real Care was reserved for another Beauty.

Constantia brought into the World, the first Year after her Marriage, a Son, who was called Don Louis: but it scarce saw the Light, and dy'd almost as soon as born. The loss of this little Prince sensibly touched her, but the Coldness she observ'd in the Prince her Husband, went yet nearer her Heart; for she had given her self absolutely up to her Duty, and had made her Tenderness for him her only Concern: But puissant Glory, which ty'd her so entirely to the Interest of the Prince of Portugal, open'd her Eyes upon his Actions, where she observ'd nothing in his Caresses and Civilities that was natural, or could satisfy her delicate Heart.

At first she fancy'd her self deceiv'd, but time having confirmed her in what she fear'd, she sighed in secret; yet had that Consideration for the Prince, as not to let him see her Disorder: and which nevertheless she could not conceal from Agnes de Castro, who lived with her, rather as a Companion, than a Maid of Honour, and whom her Friendship made her infinitely distinguish from the rest.

This Maid, so dear to the Princess, very well merited the Preference her Mistress gave her; she was beautiful to excess, wise, discreet, witty, and had more Tenderness for Constantia than she had for her self, having quitted her Family, which was illustrious, to give her self wholly to the Service of the Princess, and to follow her into Portugal. It was into the Bosom of this Maid, that the Princess unladed her first Moans; and the charming Agnes forgot nothing that might give ease to her afflicted Heart.

Nor was Constantia the only Person who complained of Don Pedro: Before his Divorce from Bianca, he had expressed some Care and Tenderness for Elvira Gonzales, Sister to Don Alvaro Gonzales, Favourite to the King of Portugal; and this Amusement in the young Years of the Prince, had made a deep Impression on Elvira, who flatter'd her Ambition with the Infirmities of Bianca. She saw, with a secret Rage, Constantia take her place, who was possess'd with such Charms, that quite divested her of all Hopes.

Her Jealousy left her not idle, she examined all the Actions of the Prince, and easily discover'd the little Regard he had for the Princess; but this brought him not back to her. And it was upon very good grounds that she suspected him to be in love with some other Person, and possess'd with a new Passion; and which she promised herself, she would destroy as soon as she could find it out. She had a Spirit altogether proper for bold and hazardous Enterprizes; and the Credit of her Brother gave her so much Vanity, as all the Indifference of the Prince was not capable of humbling.

The Prince languished, and concealed the Cause with so much Care, that 'twas impossible for any to find it out. No publick Pleasures were agreeable to him, and all Conversations were tedious; and it was Solitude alone that was able to give him any ease.

This Change surprized all the World. The King, who loved his Son very tenderly, earnestly pressed him to know the Reason of his Melancholy; but the Prince made no answer, but only this, That it was the effect of his Temper.

But Time ran on, and the Princess was brought to bed of a second Son, who liv'd, and was called Fernando. Don Pedro forc'd himself a little to take part in the publick Joy, so that they believ'd his Humour was changing; but this Appearance of a Calm endur'd not long, and he fell back again into his black Melancholy.

The artful Elvira was incessantly agitated in searching out the Knowledge of this Secret. Chance wrought for her; and, as she was walking, full of Indignation and Anger, in the Garden of the Palace of Coimbra, she found the Prince of Portugal sleeping in an obscure Grotto.

Her Fury could not contain it self at the sight of this loved Object, she roll'd her Eyes upon him, and perceived in spite of Sleep, that some Tears escaped his Eyes; the Flame which burnt yet in her Heart, soon grew soft and tender there. But oh! she heard him sigh, and after that utter these words, Yes, Divine Agnes, I will sooner die than let you know it. Constantia shall have nothing to reprovach me with. Elvira was enraged at this Discourse, which represented to her immediately, the same moment, Agnes de Castro with all her Charms; and not at all doubting, but it was she who possess'd the Heart of Don Pedro, she found in her Soul more Hatred for this fair Rival, than Tenderness for him.

The Grotto was not a fit Place to make Reflections in, or to form Designs. Perhaps her first Transports would have made her waken him, if she had not perceived a Paper lying under his Hand, which she softly seiz'd on; and that she might not be surprized in the reading it, she went out of the Garden with as much haste as confusion.

When she was retired to her Apartment, she open'd the Paper, trembling, and found in it these Verses, writ by the Hand of Don Pedro; and which, in appearance, he had newly then compos'd.

In vain, Oh! Sacred Honour, you debate

The mighty Business in my Heart;

Love! Charming Love! rules all my Fate;

*Interest and Glory claim no part,
The God, sure of his Victory, triumphs there,
And will have nothing in his Empire share.
In vain, Oh! Sacred Duty, you oppose;
In vain, your Nuptial Tye you plead:
Those forc'd Devoirs LOVE^E overthrows,
And breaks the Vows he never made.
Fixing his fatal Arrows every where,
I burn and languish in a soft Despair.
Fair Princess, you to whom my Faith is due;
Pardon the Destiny that drags me on:
'Tis not my fault, my Heart's untrue,
I am compell'd to be undone.
My Life is yours, I gave it with my Hand,
But my Fidelity I can't command.*

Elvira did not only know the Writing of Don Pedro, but she knew also that he could write Verses. And seeing the sad Part which Constantia had in these which were now fallen into her hands, she made no scruple of resolving to let the Princess see 'em: but that she might not be suspected, she took care not to appear in this Business her self; and since it was not enough for Constantia to know that the Prince did not love her, but that she must know also that he was a Slave to Agnes de Castro, Elvira caused these few Verses to be written in an unknown Hand, under those writ by the Prince.

*Sleep betrayed th' unhappy Lover,
While Tears were streaming from his Eyes;
His heedless Tongue without disguise,
The Secret did discover:
The Language of his Heart declare,
That Agnes' Image triumphs there.*

Elvira regarded neither *Exactness* nor *Grace* in these *Lines*: And if they had but the effect she design'd, she wished no more.

Her *Impatience* could not wait till the next day to expose them: she therefore went immediately to the *Lodgings* of the *Princess*, who was then walking in the *Garden* of the *Palace*; and passing without resistance, even to her *Cabinet*, she put the *Paper* into a *Book*, in which the *Princess* used to read, and went out again unseen, and satisfy'd with her good *Fortune*.

As soon as *Constantia* was return'd, she enter'd into her *Cabinet*, and saw the *Book* open, and the *Verses* lying in it, which were to cost her so dear: She soon knew the *Hand* of the *Prince* which was so familiar to her; and besides the *Information* of what she had always fear'd, she understood it was *Agnes de Castro* (whose *Friendship* alone was able to comfort her in her *Misfortunes*) who was the fatal *Cause* of it: she read over the *Paper* an hundred times, desiring to give her *Eyes* and *Reason* the *Lye*; but finding but too plainly she was not deceiv'd, she found her *Soul* possess'd with more *Grief* than *Anger*: when she consider'd, as much in love as the *Prince* was, he had kept his *Torment* secret. After having made her moan, without condemning him, the *Tenderness* she had for him, made her shed a *Torrent* of *Tears*, and inspir'd her with a *Resolution* of concealing her *Resentment*.

She would certainly have done it by a *Virtue* extraordinary, if the *Prince*, who missing his *Verses* when he waked, and fearing they might fall into indiscreet *Hands*, had not enter'd the *Palace*, all troubled with his *Loss*; and hastily going into *Constantia's* *Apartment*, saw her fair *Eyes* all wet with *Tears*, and at the same instant cast his own on the unhappy *Verses* that had escaped from his *Soul*, and now lay before the *Princess*.

He immediately turned pale at this sight, and appear'd so mov'd, that the generous *Princess* felt more *Pain* than he did: *Madam*, said he, (infinitely alarm'd) from whom had you that *Paper*? It cannot come but from the *Hand* of some *Person*, answer'd *Constantia*, who is an *Enemy* both to your *Repose* and mine. It is the *Work*, *Sir*, of your own *Hand*; and doubtless the *Sentiment* of your *Heart*. But be not surpriz'd, and do not fear; for if my *Tenderness* should make it pass for a *Crime* in you, the same *Tenderness* which nothing is able to alter, shall hinder me from complaining.'

The *Moderation* and *Calmness* of *Constantia*, served only to render the *Prince* more ashamed and confus'd. How generous are you, *Madam*, (pursu'd he) and how unfortunate am I! Some *Tears* accompany'd his *Words*, and the *Princess*, who lov'd him with extreme *Ardour*, was so sensibly touch'd, that it was a good while before she could utter a word. *Constantia* then broke silence, and shewing him what *Elvira* had caus'd to be written: You are betray'd, *Sir*, (added she)

you have been heard speak, and your Secret is known. It was at this very moment that all the Forces of the Prince abandon'd him; and his Condition was really worthy Compassion: He could not pardon himself the involuntary Crime he had committed, in exposing of the lovely and the innocent Agnes. And tho' he was convinced of the Virtue and Goodness of Constantia, the Apprehensions that he had, that this modest and prudent Maid might suffer by his Conduct, carry'd him beyond all Consideration.

The Princess, who heedfully survey'd him, saw so many Marks of Despair in his Face and Eyes, that she was afraid of the Consequences; and holding out her Hand, in a very obliging manner to him, she said, 'I promise you, Sir, I will never more complain of you, and that Agnes shall always be very dear to me; you shall never hear me make you any Reproaches: And since I cannot possess your Heart, I will content myself with endeavouring to render myself worthy of it.' Don Pedro, more confus'd and dejected than before he had been, bent one of his Knees at the feet of Constantia, and with respect kiss'd that fair kind Hand she had given him, and perhaps forgot Agnes for a moment.

But Love soon put a stop to all the little Advances of Hymen; the fatal Star that presidid over the Destiny of Don Pedro had not yet vented its Malignity; and one moment's sight of Agnes gave new Force to his Passion.

The Wishes and Desires of this charming Maid had no part in this Victory; her Eyes were just, tho' penetrating, and they searched not in those of the Prince, what they had a desire to discover to her.

As she was never far from Constantia, Don Pedro was no sooner gone out of the Closet, but Agnes enter'd; and finding the Princess all pale and languishing in her Chair, she doubted not but there was some sufficient Cause for her Affliction: she put herself in the same Posture the Prince had been in before, and expressing an Inquietude, full of Concern; 'Madam, said she, by all your Goodness, conceal not from me the Cause of your Trouble. Alas, Agnes, reply'd the Princess, what would you know? And what should I tell you? The Prince, the Prince, my dearest Maid, is in love; the Hand that he gave me, was not a Present of his Heart; and for the Advantage of this Alliance, I must become the Victim of it—What! the Prince in Love! (reply'd Agnes, with an Astonishment mix'd with Indignation) What Beauty can dispute the Empire over a Heart so much your due? Alas, Madam, all the Respect I owe him, cannot hinder me from murmuring against him. Accuse him of nothing, (interrupted Constantia) he does what he can; and I am more oblig'd to him for desiring to be faithful, than if I possess his real Tenderness. It is not enough to fight, but to overcome; and the Prince does more in the Condition wherein he is, than I ought reasonably to hope for: In fine, he is my Husband, and an agreeable one; to whom nothing is wanting, but what I cannot inspire; that is,

a Passion which would have made me but too happy. Ah! Madam, (*cry'd out Agnes, transported with her Tenderness for the Princess*) he is a blind and stupid Prince, who knows not the precious Advantages he possesses. He must surely know something, (*reply'd the Princess modestly.*) But, Madam, (*reply'd Agnes*) Is there any thing, not only in Portugal, but in all Spain, that can compare with you? And without considering the charming Qualities of your Person, can we enough admire those of your Soul? My dear Agnes, (*interrupted Constantia, sighing*) she who robs me of my Husband's Heart, has but too many Charms to plead his Excuse; since it is thou, Child, whom Fortune makes use of, to give me the killing Blow. Yes, Agnes, the Prince loves thee; and the Merit I know thou art possess'd of, puts bounds to my Complaints, without suffering me to have the least Resentment.'

The delicate Agnes little expected to hear what the Princess told her: Thunder would have less surpriz'd, and less oppress'd her. She remain'd a long time without speaking; but at last, fixing her Looks all frightful on Constantia, 'What say you, Madam? (*cry'd she*) And what Thoughts have you of me? What, that I should betray you? And coming hither only full of Ardor to be the Repose of your Life, do I bring a fatal Poison to afflict it? What Detestation must I have for the Beauty they find in me, without aspiring to make it appear? And how ought I to curse the unfortunate Day, on which I first saw the Prince?—But, Madam, it cannot be me whom Heaven has chosen to torment you, and to destroy all your Tranquillity: No, it cannot be so much my Enemy, to put me to so great a Tryal. And if I were that odious Person, there is no Punishment, to which I would not condemn my self. It is Elvira, Madam, the Prince loves, and loved before his Marriage with you, and also before his Divorce from Bianca; and somebody has made an indiscreet Report to you of this Intrigue of his Youth: But, Madam, what was in the time of Bianca, is nothing to you. It is certain that Don Pedro loves you, (*answer'd the Princess*) and I have Vanity enough to believe, that, none besides your self could have disputed his Heart with me: But the Secret is discover'd, and Don Pedro has not disown'd it. What, (*interrupted Agnes, more surpriz'd than ever*) is it then from himself you have learned his Weakness?' The Princess then shew'd her the Verses, and there was never any Despair like to hers.

While they were both thus sadly employ'd, both sighing, and both weeping, the impatient Elvira, who was willing to learn the Effect of her Malice, returned to the Apartment of the Princess, where she freely enter'd; even to the Cabinet where these unhappy Persons were: who all afflicted and troubled as they were, blushed at her approach, whose Company they did not desire: She had the Pleasure to see Constantia hide from her the Paper which had been the Cause of all their Trouble, and which the Princess had never seen, but for her Spite

and Revenge; and to observe also in the Eyes of the Princess, and those of Agnes, an immoderate Grief: She staid in the Cabinet as long as it was necessary to be assur'd, that she had succeeded in her Design; but the Princess, who did not desire such a Witness of the Disorder in which she then was, pray'd to be left alone. *Elvira* then went out of the Cabinet, and *Agnes de Castro* withdrew at the same time.

It was in her own Chamber, that *Agnes* examining more freely this Adventure, found it as cruel as Death. She loved *Constantia* sincerely, and had not till then any thing more than an Esteem, mixt with Admiration, for the Prince of Portugal; which indeed, none could refuse to so many fine Qualities. And looking on her self as the most unfortunate of her Sex, as being the Cause of all the Sufferings of the Princess, to whom she was oblig'd for the greatest Bounties, she spent the whole Night in Tears and Complaints, sufficient to have reveng'd *Constantia* for all the Grievs she made her suffer.

The Prince, on his side, was in no great Tranquillity; the Generosity of his Princess increas'd his Remorse, without diminishing his Love: he fear'd, and with reason, that those who were the occasion of *Constantia's* seeing those Verses, should discover his Passion to the King, from whom he hoped for no Indulgence: and he would most willingly have given his Life, to have been free from this Extremity.

In the mean time the afflicted Princess languished in a most deplorable Sadness; she found nothing in those who were the Cause of her Misfortunes, but things fitter to move her Tenderness than her Anger: It was in vain that Jealousy strove to combat the Inclination she had to love her fair Rival; nor was there any occasion of making the Prince less dear to her: and she felt neither Hatred, nor so much as Indifference for innocent *Agnes*.

While these three disconsolate Persons abandon'd themselves to their Melancholy, *Elvira*, not to leave her Vengeance imperfect, study'd in what manner she might bring it to the height of its Effects. Her Brother, on whom she depended, shew'd her a great deal of Friendship, and judging rightly that the Love of *Don Pedro* to *Agnes de Castro* would not be approved by the King, she acquainted *Don Alvaro* her Brother with it, who was not ignorant of the Passion the Prince had once protested to have for his Sister. He found himself very much interested in this News, from a second Passion he had for *Agnes*; which the Business of his Fortune had hitherto hindred him from discovering: and he expected a great many Favours from the King, that might render the Effort of his Heart the more considerable.

He hid not from his Sister this one thing, which he found difficult to conceal; so that she was now possess'd with a double Grief, to find Agnes Sovereign of all the Hearts to which she had a pretension.

Don Alvaro was one of those ambitious Men, that are fierce without Moderation, and proud without Generosity; of a melancholy, cloudy Humour, of a cruel Inclination, and to effect his Ends, found nothing difficult or unlawful. Naturally he lov'd not the Prince, who, on all accounts, ought to have held the first Rank in the Heart of the King, which should have set bounds to the Favour of Don Alvaro; who when he knew the Prince was his Rival, his Jealousy increas'd his Hate of him: and he conjur'd Elvira to employ all her Care, to oppose an Engagement that could not but be destructive to them both; she promised him, and he not very well satisfy'd, rely'd on her Address.

Don Alvaro, who had too lively a Representation within himself, of the Beauties and Grace of the Prince of Portugal, thought of nothing, but how to combat his Merits, he himself not being handsome, or well made: His Fashion was as disagreeable as his Humour, and Don Pedro had all the Advantages that one Man may possibly have over another. In fine, all that Don Alvaro wanted, adorn'd the Prince: but as he was the Husband of Constantia, and depended upon an absolute Father, and that Don Alvaro was free, and Master of a good Fortune, he thought himself more assur'd of Agnes, and fixed his Hopes on that Thought.

He knew very well, that the Passion of Don Pedro could not but inspire a violent Anger in the Soul of the King. Industrious in doing ill, his first Business was to carry this unwelcome News to him. After he had given time to his Grief, and had compos'd himself to his Desire, he then besought the King to interest himself in his amorous Affair, and to be the Protector of his Person.

Tho' Don Alvaro had no other Merit to recommend him to the King, than a continual and blind Obedience to all his Commands; yet he had favour'd him with several Testimonies of his vast Bounty: and considering the Height to which the King's Liberality had rais'd him, there were few Ladies that would have refused his Alliance. The King assured him of the Continuation of his Friendship and Favour, and promised him, if he had any Authority, he would give him the charming Agnes.

Don Alvaro, perfectly skilful in managing his Master, answer'd the King's last Bounties with a profound Submission. He had yet never told Agnes what he felt for her; but he thought now he might make a publick Declaration of it, and sought all means to do it.

The Gallantry which Coimbra seem'd to have forgotten, began now to be awakened. The King to please Don Alvaro, under pretence of diverting

Constantia, order'd some publick Sports, and commanded that every thing should be magnificent.

Since the Adventure of the Verses, *Don Pedro* endeavour'd to lay a constraint on himself, and to appear less troubled; but in his heart he suffer'd always alike: and it was not but with great uneasiness he prepar'd himself for the Tournament. And since he could not appear with the Colours of *Agnes*, he took those of his Wife, without Device, or any great Magnificence.

Don Pedro adorn'd himself with the Liveries of *Agnes de Castro*; and this fair Maid, who had yet found no Consolation from what the Princess had told her, had this new cause of being displeas'd.

Don Pedro appear'd in the List, with an admirable Grace; and *Don Alvaro*, who looked on this Day as his own, appear'd there all shining with Gold, mix'd with Stones of Blue, which were the Colours of *Agnes*; and there were embroider'd all over his Equipage, flaming Hearts of Gold on blue Velvet, and Nets for the Snares of Love, with abundance of double A's; his Device was a Love coming out of a Cloud, with these Verses written underneath:

Love from a Cloud breaks like the God of Day,
And to the World his Glories does display;
To gaze on charming Eyes, and make 'em know,
What to soft Hearts, and to his Power they owe.

The Pride of *Don Alvaro* was soon humbled at the feet of the Prince of Portugal, who threw him against the Ground, with twenty others, and carry'd alone the Glory of the Day. There was in the Evening a noble Assembly at *Constantia's*, where *Agnes* would not have been, unless expressly commanded by the Princess. She appear'd there all negligent and careless in her Dress, but yet she appear'd all beautiful and charming. She saw, with disdain, her Name, and her Colours, worn by *Don Alvaro*, at a publick Triumph; and if her Heart was capable of any tender Motions, it was not for such a Man as he for whom her Delicacy destin'd them: She look'd on him with a Contempt, which did not hinder him from pressing so near, that there was a necessity for her to hear what he had to declare to her.

She treated him not uncivilly, but her Coldness would have rebated the Courage of any but *Alvaro*. Madam, said he, (when he could be heard of none but herself) I have hitherto concealed the Passion you have inspired me with, fearing it should displease you; but it has committed a Violence on my Respect; and I could no longer conceal it from you. I never reflected on your Actions

(answer'd Agnes with all the Indifference of which she was capable) and if you think you offend me, you are in the wrong to make me perceive it. This Coldness is but an ill Omen for me (reply'd Don Alvaro) and if you have not found me out to be your Lover to-day, I fear you will never approve my Passion.'

'Oh! what a time have you chosen to make it appear to me? (pursued Agnes.) Is it so great an Honour for me, that you must take such care to shew it to the World? And do you think that I am so desirous of Glory, that I must aspire to it by your Actions? If I must, you have very ill maintain'd it in the Tournament; and if it be that Vanity that you depend upon, you will make no great progress on a Soul that is not fond of Shame. If you were possess'd of all the Advantages, which the Prince has this day carried away, you yet ought to consider what you are going about; and it is not a Maid like me, who is touched with Enterprizes, without respect or permission.'

The Favourite of the King was too proud to hear Agnes, without Indignation: but as he was willing to conceal it, and not offend her, he made not his Resentment appear; and considering the Observation she made on the Triumphs of Don Pedro, (which increased his Jealousies) 'If I have not overcome at the Tournament, reply'd he, I am not the less in love for being vanquish'd, nor less capable of Success on occasion.'

They were interrupted here, but from that day, Don Alvaro, who had open'd the first Difficulties, kept no more his wonted Distance, but perpetually persecuted Agnes; yet, tho' he were protected by the King, that inspir'd in her never the more Consideration for him. Don Pedro was always ignorant by what means the Verses he had lost in the Garden, fell into the hands of Constantia. As the Princess appeared to him indulgent, he was only concern'd for Agnes; and the love of Don Alvaro, which was then so well known, increas'd the Pain: and had he been possess'd of the Authority, he would not have suffer'd her to have been expos'd to the Persecutions of so unworthy a Rival. He was also afraid of the King's being advertised of his Passion, but he thought not at all of Elvira, nor apprehended any Malice from her Resentment.

While she burnt with a Desire of destroying Agnes, against whom she vented all her Venom, she was never weary of making new Reports to her Brother, assuring him, that tho' they could not prove that Agnes made any returns to the Tenderness of the Prince, yet that was the Cause of Constantia's Grief: And, that if this Princess should die of it, Don Pedro might marry Agnes. In fine, she so incens'd the jealous Don Alvaro's Jealousy, that he could not hinder himself from running immediately to the King, with the discovery of all he knew, and all he guest, and who, he had the pleasure to find, was infinitely inrag'd at the News. My dear Alvaro, said the King, you shall instantly

marry this dangerous Beauty: And let Possession assure your Repose and mine. If I have protected you on other Occasions, judge what a Service of so great an Importance for me, would make me undertake; and without any reserve, the Forces of this State are in your power, and almost any thing that I can give shall be assured you, so you render your self Master of the Destiny of Agnes.'

Don Alvaro pleas'd, and vain with his Master's Bounty, made use of all the Authority he gave him: He passionately lov'd Agnes, and would not, on the sudden, make use of Violence; but resolv'd with himself to employ all possible Means to win her fairly; yet if that fail'd, to have recourse to force, if she continued always insensible.

While Agnes de Castro (importun'd by his Assiduities, despairing at the Grief of Constantia, and perhaps made tender by those she had caus'd in the Prince of Portugal) took a Resolution worthy of her Virtue; yet, amiable as Don Pedro was, she found nothing in him, but his being Husband to Constantia, that was dear to her: And, far from encouraging the Power she had got over his Heart, she thought of nothing but of removing from Coimbra. The Passion of Don Alvaro, which she had no inclination to favour, served her as a Pretext; and press'd with the fear of causing, in the end, a cruel Divorce between the Prince and his Princess, she went to find Constantia, with a trouble, which all her Care was not able to hide from her.

The Princess easily found it out; and their common Misfortunes having not chang'd their Friendship—'What ails you, Agnes?' (said the Princess to her, in a soft Tone, and with her ordinary Sweetness) And what new Misfortune causes that sadness in thy Looks? Madam (reply'd Agnes, shedding a Rivulet of Tears) the Obligations and Ties I have to you, put me upon a cruel Tryal; I had bounded the Felicity of my Life in hope of passing it near your Highness, yet I must carry to some other part of the World this unlucky Face of mine, which renders me nothing but ill Offices: And it is to obtain that Liberty, that I am come to throw my self at your feet; looking upon you as my Sovereign.'

Constantia was so surpriz'd and touch'd with the Proposition of Agnes, that she lost her Speech for some moments; Tears, which were sincere, express'd her first Sentiments: And after having shed abundance, to give a new mark of her Tenderness to the fair afflicted Agnes, she with a sad and melancholy Look, fix'd her Eyes upon her, and holding out her Hand to her, in a most obliging manner, sighing, cry'd—'You will then, my dear Agnes, leave me; and expose me to the Grievs of seeing you no more? Alas, Madam, (interrupted this lovely Maid) hide from the unhappy Agnes a Bounty which does but increase her Misfortunes: It is not I, Madam, that would leave you; it is my Duty, and my Reason that orders my Fate. And those Days which I shall pass far from you, promise me nothing to oblige me to this Design, if I did not see my self

absolutely forc'd to it. I am not ignorant of what passes at Coimbra; and I shall be an Accomplice of the Injustice there committed, if I should stay there any longer.—Ah, I know your Virtue, (cry'd Constantia) and you may remain here in all safety, while I am your Protectress; and let what will happen, I will accuse you of nothing. There's no answering for what's to come, (reply'd Agnes, sadly) and I shall be sufficiently guilty, if my Presence cause Sentiments, which cannot be innocent. Besides, Madam, the Importunities of Don Alvaro are insupportable to me; and tho' I find nothing but Aversion to him, since the King protects his Insolence, and he's in a condition of undertaking any thing, my Flight is absolutely necessary. But, Madam, tho' he has nothing but what seems odious to me; I call Heaven to witness, that if I could cure the Prince by marrying Don Alvaro, I would not consider of it a moment; and finding in my Punishment the Consolation of sacrificing my self to my Princess, I would support it without murmuring. But if I were the Wife of Don Alvaro, Don Pedro would always look upon me with the same Eyes: So that I find nothing more reasonable for me, than to hide my self in some Corner of the World; where, tho' I shall most certainly live without Pleasure, yet I shall preserve the Repose of my dearest Mistress. All the Reason you find in this Design, (answered the Princess) cannot oblige me to approve of your Absence: Will it restore me the Heart of Don Pedro? And will he not fly away with you? His Grief is mine, and my Life is ty'd to his; do not make him despair then, if you love me. I know you, I tell you so once more; and let your Power be ever so great over the Heart of the Prince, I will not suffer you to abandon us.'

Tho' Agnes thought she had perfectly known Constantia, yet she did not expect to find so intire a Virtue in her, which made her think her self more happy, and the Prince more criminal. 'Oh, Wisdom! Oh, Bounty without Example! (cry'd she) Why is it, that the cruel Destinies do not give you all you deserve? You are the disposer of my Actions, (continued she in kissing the Hand of Constantia) I'll do nothing but what you'll have me: But consider, and weigh well the Reasons that ought to counsel you in the Measures you oblige me to take.'

Don Pedro, who had not seen the Princess all that day, came in then, and finding 'em both extremely troubled, with a fierce Impatience, demanded the Cause: 'Sir, answered Constantia, Agnes too wise, and too scrupulous, fears the Effects of her Beauty, and will live no longer at Coimbra; and it was on this Subject, (which cannot be agreeable to me) that she ask'd my Advice.' The Prince grew pale at this Discourse, and snatching the Words from her Mouth (with more concern than possess either of them) cry'd with a Voice very feeble, 'Agnes cannot fail if she follow your Counsel, Madam: and I leave you full liberty to give it her.' He then immediately went out, and the Princess, whose

Heart he perfectly possess, not being able to hide her Displeasure, said, 'My dear Agnes, if my Satisfaction did not only depend on your Conversation, I should desire it of you, for Don Pedro's sake; it is the only Advantage that his unfortunate Love can hope: And would not the World have reason to call me barbarous, if I contribute to deprive him of that?' But the sight of me will prove a Poison to him—(reply'd Agnes) And what should I do, my Princess, if after the Reserve he has hitherto kept, his Mouth should add anything to the Torments I have already felt, by speaking to me of his Flame? You would hear him sure, without causing him to despair, (reply'd Constantia) and I should put this Obligation to the account of the rest you have done. Would you then have me expect those Events which I fear, Madam? (reply'd Agnes) Well—I will obey, but just Heaven (pursued she) if they prove fatal, do not punish an innocent Heart for it.' Thus this Conversation ended. Agnes withdrew into her Chamber, but it was not to be more at ease.

What Don Pedro had learn'd of the Design of Agnes, caus'd a cruel Agitation in his Soul; he wished he had never loved her, and desir'd a thousand times to die: But it was not for him to make Vows against a thing which Fate had design'd him; and whatever Resolutions he made, to bear the Absence of Agnes, his Tenderness had not force enough to consent to it.

After having, for a long time, combated with himself, he determin'd to do what was impossible for him to let Agnes do. His Courage reproach'd him with the Idleness, in which he past the most youthful and vigorous part of his Days: and making it appear to the King, that his Allies, and even the Prince Don John Emanuel, his Father-in-law, had concerns in the World which demanded his Presence on the Frontiers, he easily obtain'd Liberty to make this Journey, to which the Princess would put no Obstacle.

Agnes saw him part without any Concern, but it was not upon the account of any Aversion she had to him. Don Alvaro began then to make his Importunity an open Persecution; he forgot nothing that might touch the insensible Agnes, and made use, a long time, only of the Arms of Love: But seeing that this Submission and Respect was to no purpose, he form'd strange Designs.

As the King had a deference for all his Counsels, it was not difficult to inspire him with what he had a mind to: He complain'd of the ungrateful Agnes, and forgot nothing that might make him perceive that she was not cruel to him on his account, but from the too much Sensibility she had for the Prince. The King, who was extreme angry at this, reiterated all the Promises he had made him.

The King had not yet spoken to Agnes in favour of Don Alvaro; and not doubting but his Approbation would surmount all Obstacles, he took an occasion

to entertain her with it: And removing some distance from those who might hear him, 'I thought Don Alvaro had Merit enough (said he to her) to have obtained a little share in your Esteem; and I could not imagine there would have been any necessity of my solliciting it for him: I know you are very charming, but he has nothing that renders him unworthy of you; and when you shall reflect on the Choice my Friendship has made of him from among all the great Men of my Court, you will do him at the same time Justice. His Fortune is none of the meanest, since he has me for his Protector: He is nobly born, a Man of Honour and Courage: he adores you, and it seems to me that all these Reasons are sufficient to vanquish your Pride.'

The Heart of Agnes was so little disposed to give it self to Don Alvaro, that all the King of Portugal had said had no effect on her in his favour. 'If Don Alvaro, Sir, (answered she) were without Merit, he possesses Advantages enough in the Bounty your Majesty is pleased to honour him with, to make him Master of all things, it is not that I find any Defect in him that I answer not his Desires: But, Sir, by what obstinate Power would you that I should love, if Heaven has not given me a Soul that is tender? And why should you pretend that I should submit to him, when nothing is dearer to me than my liberty? You are not so free, nor so insensible, as you say, (answer'd the King, blushing with Anger;) and if your Heart were exempt from all sorts of Affection, he might expect a more reasonable Return than what he finds. But imprudent Maid, conducted by an ill Fate, (added he in fury) what Pretensions have you to Don Pedro? Hitherto I have hid the Chagrin, which his Weakness, and yours give me; but it was not the less violent for being hid. And since you oblige me to break out, I must tell you, that if my Son were not already married to Constantia, he should never be your Husband; renounce then those vain Ideas, which will cure him, and justify you.'

The courageous Agnes was scarce Mistress of the first Transports, at a Discourse so full of Contempt; but calling her Virtue to the aid of her Anger, she recover'd herself by the assistance of Reason. And considering the Outrage she receiv'd, not as coming from a great King, but a Man blinded and possess'd by Don Alvaro, she thought him not worthy of her Resentment; her fair Eyes animated themselves with so shining a vivacity, they answer'd for the purity of her Sentiments; and fixing them steadfastly on the King, 'If the Prince Don Pedro have Weaknesses, (reply'd she, with an Air disdainful) he never communicated 'em to me; and I am certain, I never contributed wilfully to 'em: But to let you see how little I regard your Defiance, and to put my Glory in safety, I will live far from you, and all that belongs to you: Yes, Sir, I will quit Coimbra with pleasure; and for this Man, who is so dear to you, (answer'd she with a noble Pride and Fierceness, of which the King felt all the force) for

this Favourite, so worthy to possess the most tender Affections of a great Prince, I assure you, that into whatever part of the World Fortune conducts me, I will not carry away the least Remembrance of him.' At these words she made a profound Reverence, and made such haste from his Presence, that he could not oppose her going if he would.

The King was now more strongly convinc'd than ever, that she favour'd the Passion of Don Pedro, and immediately went to Constantia, to inspire her with the same Thought; but she was not capable of receiving such Impressions, and following her own natural Inclinations, she generously defended the Virtue of his Actions. The King, angry to see her so well intentioned to her Rival, whom he would have had her hated, reproach'd her with the sweetness of her Temper, and went thence to mix his Anger with Don Alvaro's Rage, who was totally confounded when he saw the Negotiation of his Master had taken no effect. The haughty Maid braves me then, Sir, said he to the King, and despises the Honour which your Bounty offer'd her! Why cannot I resist so fatal a Passion? But I must love her, in spite of my self; and if this Flame consume me, I can find no way to extinguish it. What can I further do for you, replied the King? Alas, Sir, answered Don Alvaro, I must do by force, what I cannot otherwise hope from the proud and cruel Agnes. Well then, added the King, since it is not fit for me to authorize publicly a Violence in the midst of my Kingdom, chuse those of my Subjects whom you think most capable of serving you, and take away by force the Beauty that charms you; and if she do not yield to your Love, put that Power you are Master of in execution, to oblige her to marry you.

Don Alvaro, ravish'd with this Proposition, which at the same time flatter'd both his Love and his Anger, cast himself at the Feet of the King, and renewed his Acknowledgments by fresh Protestations, and thought of nothing but employing his unjust Authority against Agnes.

Don Pedro had been about three Months absent, when Alvaro undertook what the King counsel'd him to; tho' the Moderation was known to him, yet he feared his Presence, and would not attend the return of a Rival, with whom he would avoid all Disputes.

One Night, when the said Agnes, full of her ordinary Inquietudes, in vain expected the God of Sleep, she heard a Noise, and after saw some Men unknown enter her Chamber, whose Measures being well consulted, they carried her out of the Palace, and putting her in a close Coach, forced her out of Coimbra, without being hinder'd by any Obstacle. She knew not of whom to complain, nor whom to suspect: Don Alvaro seem'd too puissant to seek his Satisfaction this way; and she accus'd not the Prince of this attempt, of whom she had so favourable an Opinion: whatever she could think or say, she could

not hinder her ill Fortune: They hurried her on with diligence, and before it was Day, were a considerable way off from the Town.

As soon as Day began to break, she surveyed those that encompassed her, without so much as knowing one of them; and seeing that her Cries and Prayers were all in vain with these dear Ravishers, she satisfied her self with imploring the Protection of Heaven, and abandon'd herself to its Conduct.

While she sat thus overwhelmed with Grief, uncertain of her Destiny, she saw a Body of Horse advance towards the Troop which conducted her: the Ravishers did not shun them, thinking it to be Don Alvarez: but when he approached more near, they found it was the Prince of Portugal who was at the head of 'em, and who, without foreseeing the occasion that would offer it self of serving Agnes, was returning to Coimbra full of her Idea, after having performed what he ought in this Expedition.

Agnes, who did not expect him, changed now her Opinion, and thought that it was the Prince that had caused her to be stolen away. 'Oh, Sir! (said she to him, having still the same Thought) is it you that have torn me from the Princess? And could so cruel a Blow come from a Hand that is so dear to her? What will you do with an unfortunate Creature, who desires nothing but Death? And why will you obscure the Glory of your Life, by an Artifice unworthy of you?' This Language astonish'd the Prince no less than the sight of Agnes had done; he found by what she had said, that she was taken away by force; and immediately passing to the height of Rage, he made her understand by one only Look, that he was not the base Author of her trouble. 'I tear you from Constantia, whose only Pleasure you are!' replied he: 'What Opinion have you of Don Pedro? No, Madam, tho' you see me here, I am altogether innocent of the Violence that has been done you; and there is nothing I will refuse to hinder it.' He then turned himself to behold the Ravishers, but his Presence had already scatter'd 'em, he order'd some of his Men to pursue 'em, and to seize some of 'em, that he might know what Authority it was that set 'em at work.

During this, Agnes was no less confus'd than before; she admir'd the Conduct of her Destiny, that brought the Prince at a time when he was so necessary to her. Her Inclinations to do him justice, soon repair'd the Offence her Suspicions had caus'd; she was glad to have escap'd a Misfortune, which appear'd certain to her: but this was not a sincere Joy, when she consider'd that her Lover was her Deliverer, and a Lover worthy of all her Acknowledgments, but who owed his Heart to the most amiable Princess in the World.

While the Prince's Men were pursuing the Ravishers of Agnes, he was left almost alone with her; and tho' he had always resolv'd to shun being so, yet his

Constancy was not proof against so fair an Occasion: Madam, said he to her, is it possible that Men born amongst those that obey us, should be capable of offending you? I never thought my self destin'd to revenge such an Offence; but since Heaven has permitted you to receive it, I will either perish or make them repent it.' 'Sir, replied Agnes, more concern'd at this Discourse than at the Enterprize of Don Alvaro, those who are wanting in their respect to the Princess and you, are not obliged to have any for me. I do not in the least doubt that Don Alvaro was the undertaker of this Enterprize; and I judg'd what I ought to fear from him, by what his Importunities have already made me suffer. He is sure of the King's Protection, and he will make him an Accomplice in his Crime: but, Sir, Heaven conducted you hither happily for me, and I am indebted to you for the liberty I have of serving the Princess yet longer.' 'You will do for Constantia, replied the Prince, what 'tis impossible not to do for you; your Goodness attaches you to her, and my Destiny engages me to you for ever.'

The modest Agnes, who fear'd this Discourse as much as the Misfortune she had newly shunned, answer'd nothing but by down-cast Eyes; and the Prince, who knew the trouble she was in, left her to go to speak to his Men, who brought back one of those that belong'd to Don Alvaro, by whose Confession he found the truth: He pardon'd him, thinking not fit to punish him, who obey'd a Man whom the Weakness of his Father had render'd powerful.

Afterwards they conducted Agnes back to Coimbra, where her Adventure began to make a great Noise: the Princess was ready to die with Despair, and at first thought it was only a continuation of the design this fair Maid had of retiring; but some Women that served her having told the Princess, that she was carried away by Violence, Constantia made her Complaint to the King, who regarded her not at all.

'Madam, said he to her, let this fatal Plague remove it self, who takes from you the Heart of your Husband; and without afflicting your self for her absence, bless Heaven and me for it.'

The generous Princess took Agnes's part with a great deal of Courage, and was then disputing her defence with the King, when Don Pedro arrived at Coimbra.

The first Object that met the Prince's Eyes was Don Alvaro, who was passing thro' one of the Courts of the Palace, amidst a Croud of Courtiers, whom his Favour with the King drew after him. This sight made Don Pedro rage; but that of the Princess and Agnes caus'd in Alvaro another sort of Emotion: He easily divin'd, that it was Don Pedro, who had taken her from his Men, and, if his Fury had acted what it would, it might have produc'd very sad effects.

'Don Alvaro, said the Prince to him, is it thus you make use of the Authority which the King my Father hath given you? Have you receiv'd Employments and Power from him, for no other end but to do these base Actions, and to commit Rapes on Ladies? Are you ignorant how the Princess interests her self in all that concerns this Maid? And do you not know the tender and affectionate Esteem she has for her.' No, replied Don Alvaro, (with an Insolence that had like to have put the Prince past all patience) *'I am not ignorant of it, nor of the Interest your Heart takes in her.'* *'Base and treacherous as thou art, replied the Prince, neither the Favour which thou hast so much abused, nor the Insolence which makes thee speak this, should hinder me from punishing thee, wert thou worthy of my Sword; but there are other ways to humble thy Pride, and 'tis not fit for such an Arm as mine to seek so base an Employment to punish such a Slave as thou art.'*

Don Pedro went away at these Words, and left Alvaro in a Rage, which is not to be express'd; despairing to see himself defeated in an Enterprize he thought so sure; and at the Contempt the Prince shewed him, he promis'd himself to sacrifice all to his Revenge.

Tho' the King lov'd his Son, he was so prepossessed against his Passion, that he could not pardon him what he had done, and condemn'd him as much for this last act of Justice, in delivering Agnes, as if it had been the greatest of Crimes.

Elvira, whom the sweetness of Hope flatter'd some moments, saw the return of Agnes with a sensible Displeasure, which suffer'd her to think of nothing but irritating her Brother.

In fine, the Prince saw the King, but instead of being receiv'd by him with a Joy due to the success of his Journey, he appear'd all sullen and out of humour. After having paid him his first Respects, and given him an exact account of what he had done, he spoke to him about the Violence committed against the Person of Agnes de Castro, and complain'd to him of it in the Name of the Princess, and of his own: 'You ought to be silent in this Affair, replied the King; and the Motive which makes you speak is so shameful for you, that I sigh and blush at it. What is it to you, if this Maid, whose Presence is troublesome to me, be removed hence, since 'tis I that desire it?' 'But, Sir, interrupted the Prince, what necessity is there of employing Force, Artifice, and the Night, when the least of your Orders had been sufficient? Agnes would willingly have obey'd you; and if she continue at Coimbra, it is perhaps against her Will. but be it as it will, Sir, Constantia is offended, and if were not for fear of displeasing you, (the only thing that retains me) the Ravisher should not have gone unpunished.' *'How happy are you, replied the King, smiling with disdain, in making use of the Name of Constantia to uphold*

the Interest of your Heart! You think I am ignorant of it, and that this unhappy Princess looks on the Injury you do her with Indifference. Never speak to me more of Agnes, (with a Tone very severe.) Content your self, that I pardon what's past, and think maturely of the Considerations I have for Don Alvaro, when you would design any thing against him.' 'Yes, Sir, replied the Prince with fierceness, I will speak to you no more of Agnes; but Constantia and I will never suffer, that she should be any more expos'd to the Insolence of your Favourite.' The King had like to have broke out into a Rage at this Discourse: but he had yet a rest of Prudence left that hinder'd him. 'Retire (said he to Don Pedro) and go make Reflections on what my Power can do, and what you owe me.'

During this Conversation, Agnes was receiving from the Princess, and from all the Ladies of the Court, great Expressions of Joy and Friendship: Constantia saw again her Husband, with a great deal of satisfaction: and far from being sorry at what he had lately done for Agnes, she privately return'd him thanks for it, and still was the same towards him, notwithstanding all the Jealousy which was endeavour'd to be inspir'd in her.

Don Alvaro, who found in his Sister a Maliciousness worthy of his trust, did not conceal his Fury from her. After she had made vain attempts to moderate it, in blotting Agnes out of his Heart, seeing that his Disease was incurable, she made him understand, that so long as Constantia should not be jealous, there were no hopes: That if Agnes should once be suspected by her, she would not fail of abandoning her, and that then it would be easy to get Satisfaction, the Prince being now so proud of Constantia's Indulgency. In giving this Advice to her Brother, she promis'd to serve him effectually; and having no need of any body but her self to perform ill things, she recommended Don Alvaro to manage well the King.

Four Years were pass'd in that melancholy Station, and the Princess, besides her first dead Child, and Ferdinand, who was still living, had brought two Daughters into the World.

Some days after Don Pedro's return, Elvira, who was most dextrous in the Art of well-governing any wicked Design, did gain one of the Servants who belong'd to Constantia's Chamber. She first spoke her fair, then overwhelm'd her with Presents and Gifts; and finding in her as ill a Disposition as in her self, she readily resolv'd to employ her.

After she was sure of her, she compos'd a Letter, which was after writ over again in an unknown Hand, which she deposited in that Maid's Hands, that she might deliver to Constantia with the first Opportunity, telling her, that Agnes had drop'd it. This was the Substance of it.

I Employ not my own Hand to write to you, for Reasons that I shall acquaint you with. How happy am I to have overcome all your Scruples! And what Happiness shall I find in the Progress of our Intrigue! The whole Course of my Life shall continually represent to you the Sincerity of my Affections; pray think on the secret Conversation that I require of you: I dare not speak to you in publick, therefore let me conjure you here, by all that I have suffer'd, to come to-night to the Place appointed, and speak to me no more of Constantia; for she must be content with my Esteem, since my Heart can be only yours.

The unfaithful Portuguese serv'd Elvira exactly to her Desires; and the very next day seeing Agnes go out from the Princess, she carry'd Constantia the Letter; which she took, and found there what she was far from imagining: Tenderness never produc'd an Effect more full of grief, than what it made her suffer. 'Alas! they are both culpable, (said she, sighing) and in spite of the Defence my Heart would make for 'em, my Reason condemns 'em. Unhappy Princess, the sad subject of the Capriciousness of Fortune! Why dost not thou die, since thou hast not a Heart of Honour to revenge it self? O Don Pedro! why did you give me your Hand, without your Heart? And thou, fair, and ungrateful! wert thou born to be the Misfortune of my Life, and perhaps the only cause of my Death?' After having given some Moments to the Violence of her Grief, she called the Maid, who brought her the Letter, commanding her to speak of it to no body, and to suffer no one to enter into her Chamber.

She consider'd then of that Prince with more liberty, whose Soul she was not able to touch with the least Tenderness; and of the cruel Fair One that had betray'd her. Yet, even while her Soul was upon the Rack, she was willing to excuse 'em, and ready to do all she could for Don Pedro; at least, she made a firm Resolution, not to complain of him.

Elvira was not long without being inform'd of what had pass'd, nor of the Melancholy of the Princess, from whom she hop'd all she desir'd.

Agnes, far from foreseeing this Tempest, return'd to Constantia; and hearing of her Indisposition, pass'd the rest of the Day at her Chamber-door, that she might from time to time learn news of her Health. for she was not suffer'd to come in, at which Agnes was both surpriz'd and troubled. The Prince had the same Destiny, and was astonish'd at an Order which ought to have excepted him.

The next day Constantia appear'd, but so alter'd, that 'twas not difficult to imagine what she had suffer'd. Agnes was the most impatient to approach her, and the Princess could not forbear weeping, They were both silent for some time, and Constantia attributed this silence of Agnes to some Remorse which she felt: and this unhappy Maid being able to hold no longer; 'Is it possible,

Madam, (said she) that two Days should have taken from me all the Goodness you had for me? What have I done? And for what do you punish me?' The Princess regarded her with a languishing Look, and return'd her no Answer but Sighs. Agnes, offended with this reserve, went out with very great Dissatisfaction and Anger; which contributed to her being thought criminal. The Prince came in immediately after, and found Constantia more disorder'd than usual, and conjur'd her in a most obliging manner to take care of her Health: The greatest good for me (said she) is not the Continuation of my Life; I should have more care of it if I loved you less: but— She could not proceed, and the Prince, excessively afflicted at her trouble, sigh'd sadly, without making her any answer, which redoubled her Grief. Spite then began to mix it self; and all things persuading the Princess that they made a Sacrifice of her, she would enter into no Explanation with her Husband, but suffered him to go away without saying any thing to him.

Nothing is more capable of troubling our Reason, and consuming our Health, than secret Notions of Jealousy in Solitude.

Constantia, who us'd to open her Heart freely to Agnes, now believing she had deceiv'd her, abandon'd her self so absolutely to Grief, that she was ready to sink under it; she immediately fell sick with the violence of it, and all the Court was concern'd at this Misfortune: Don Pedro was truly afflicted at it, but Agnes more than all the World beside. Constantia's Coldness towards her, made her continually sigh; and her Distemper created merely by fancy, caus'd her to reflect on every thing that offer'd it self to her Memory: so that at last she began even to fear her self, and to reproach her self for what the Princess suffer'd.

But the Distemper began to be such, that they fear'd Constantia's Death, and she her self began to feel the Approaches of it. This Thought did not at all disquiet her: she look'd on Death as the only relief from all her Torments; and regarded the Despair of all that approach'd her without the least concern.

The King, who lov'd her tenderly, and who knew her Virtue, was infinitely mov'd at the Extremity she was in. And Don Alvaro, who lost not the least Occasion of making him understand that it was Jealousy which was the cause of Constantia's Distemper, did but too much incense him against Criminals, worthy of Compassion. The King was not of a Temper to conceal his Anger long: 'You give fine Examples, (said he to the Prince) and such as will render your Memory illustrious! The Death of Constantia (of which you are only to be accus'd) is the unhappy Fruit of your guilty Passion. Fear Heaven after this: and behold your self as a Monster that does not deserve to see the Light. If the Interest you have in my Blood did not plead for you, what ought you not to fear from my just Resentment? But what must not imprudent Agnes, to whom

nothing ties me, expect from my hands? If *Constantia* dies, she, who has the Boldness, in my Court, to cherish a foolish Flame by vain Hopes, and make us lose the most amiable Princess, whom thou art not worthy to possess, shall feel the Effects of her Indiscretion.'

Don Pedro knew very well, that *Constantia* was not ignorant of his Sentiments for *Agnes*; but he knew also with what Moderation she receiv'd it. He was very sensible of the King's Reproaches; but as his Fault was not voluntary, and that a commanding Power, a fatal Star, had forc'd him to love in spite of himself, he appear'd afflicted and confus'd: 'You condemn me, Sir, (answer'd he) without having well examin'd me; and if my Intentions were known to you; perhaps you would not find me so criminal: I would take the Princess for my Judge, whom you say I sacrifice, if she were in a condition to be consulted. If I am guilty of any Weakness, her Justice never reproach'd me for it; and my Tongue never inform'd *Agnes* of it. But suppose I have committed any Fault, why would you punish an innocent Lady, who perhaps condemns me for it as much as you? Ah, Villain! (interrupted the King) she has but too much favour'd you. You would not have lov'd thus long, had she not made you some Returns. Sir, (reply'd the Prince, pierced with Grief for the Outrage that was committed against *Agnes*) you offend a Virtue, than which nothing can be purer; and those Expressions which break from your Choler, are not worthy of you. *Agnes* never granted me any Favours; I never asked any of her; and I protest to Heaven, I never thought of any thing contrary to the Duty I owe *Constantia*.'

As they thus argued, one of the Princess's Women came all in Tears to acquaint *Don Pedro*, that the Princess was in the last Extremities of Life: 'Go see thy fatal Work, (said the King) and expect from a too-long patient Father the Usage thou deservest.'

The Prince ran to *Constantia*, whom he found dying, and *Agnes* in a swoon, in the Arms of some of the Ladies. What caus'd this double Calamity, was, that *Agnes*, who could suffer no longer the Indifferency of the Princess, had conjur'd her to tell her what was her Crime, and either to take her Life from her, or restore her to her Friendship.

Constantia, who found she must die, could no longer keep her secret Affliction from *Agnes*; and after some Words, which were a Preparation to the sad Explanation, she shew'd her that fatal Billet, which *Elvira* had caus'd to be written: 'Ah, Madam! (cry'd out the fair *Agnes*, after having read it) Ah, Madam! how many cruel Inquietudes had you spared me had you open'd your Heart to me with your wonted Bounty! 'Tis easy to see that this Letter is counterfeit, and that I have Enemies without Compassion. Could you believe the Prince so imprudent, to make use of any other Hand but his own, on an

occasion like this? And do you believe me so simple to keep about me this Testimony of my Shame, with so little Precaution? You are neither betray'd by your Husband nor me; I attest Heaven, and those Efforts I have made to leave Coimbra. Alas, my dear Princess, how little have you known her, whom you have so much honoured? Do not believe that when I have justify'd my self, I will have any more Communication with the World: No, no; there will be no Retreat far enough from hence for me. I will take care to hide this unlucky Face, where it shall be sure to do no more harm.'

The Princess touched at this Discourse, and the Tears of Agnes, press'd her hand, which she held in hers; and fixing Looks upon her capable of moving Pity in the most insensible Souls, 'If I have committed any Offence, my dear Agnes, (answer'd she) Death, which I expect in a moment, shall revenge it. I ought also to protest to you, That I have not ceas'd loving you, and that I believe every thing you have said, giving you back my most tender Affections.'

'Twas at this time that the Grief, which equally oppress'd 'em, put the Princess into such an Extremity, that they sent for the Prince. He came, and found himself almost without Life or Motion at this sight. And what secret Motive soever might call him to the aid of Agnes, 'twas to Constantia he ran. The Princess, who finding her last Moments drawing on, by a cold Sweat that cover'd her all over; and finding she had no more business with Life, and causing those Persons she most suspected to retire, 'Sir, (said she to Don Pedro) if I abandon Life without regret, it is not without Trouble that I part with you. But, Prince, we must vanquish when we come to die; and I will forget my self wholly, to think of nothing but of you. I have no Reproaches to make against you, knowing that 'tis Inclination that disposes Hearts, and not Reason. Agnes is beautiful enough to inspire the most ardent Passion, and virtuous enough to deserve the first Fortunes in the World. I ask her, once more, pardon for the Injustice I have done her, and recommend her to you, as a Person most dear to me. Promise me, my dear Prince, before I expire, to give her my Place in your Throne: it cannot be better fill'd: you cannot chuse a Princess more perfect for your People, nor a better Mother for our little Children. And you my dear and faithful Agnes (pursu'd she) listen not to a Virtue too scrupulous, that may make any opposition to the Prince of Portugal: Refuse him not a Heart of which he is worthy; and give him that Friendship which you had for me, with that which is due to his Merit. Take care of my little Fernando, and the two young Princesses: let them find me in you, and speak to them sometimes of me. Adieu, live both of you happy, and receive my last Embraces.'

The afflicted Agnes, who had recover'd a little her Forces, lost them again a second time; Her Weakness was follow'd with Convulsions so vehement, that

they were afraid of her Life; but *Don Pedro* never removed from *Constantia*. 'What, Madam (said he) you will leave me then; and you think 'tis for my Good. Alas, *Constantia*! if my Heart has committed an Outrage against you, your Virtue has sufficiently revenged you on me in spite of you. Can you think me so barbarous?'—As he was going on, he saw Death shut the Eyes of the most generous Princess for ever; and he was within a very little of following her.

But what Loads of Grief did this bring upon *Agnes*, when she found in that Interval, wherein Life and Death were struggling in her Soul, that *Constantia* was newly expir'd! She would then have taken away her own Life, and have let her Despair fully appear.

At the noise of the Death of the Princess, the Town and the Palace were all in Tears. *Elvira*, who saw then *Don Pedro* free to engage himself, repented of having contributed to the Death of *Constantia*; and thinking her self the Cause of it, promis'd in her Griets never to pardon herself.

She had need of being guarded several days together; during which time she fail'd not incessantly to weep. And the Prince gave all those days to deepest Mourning. But when the first Emotions were past, those of his Love made him feel that he was still the same.

He was a long time without seeing *Agnes*; but this Absence of his served only to make her appear the more charming when he did see her.

Don Alvaro, who was afraid of the Liberty of the Prince, made new Efforts to move *Agnes de Castro*, who was now become insensible to every thing but Grief. *Elvira*, who was willing to make the best of the Design she had begun, consulted all her Womens Arts, and the Delicacy of her Wit, to revive the Flames with which the Prince once burnt for her. But his Constancy was bounded, and it was *Agnes* alone that was to reign over his Heart. She had taken a firm Resolution, since the Death of *Constantia*, to pass the rest of her Days in a solitary Retreat. In spite of the precaution she took to hide this Design, the Prince was informed of it, and did all he was able to dispose his Constancy and Fortitude to it. He thought himself stronger than he really was; but after he had well consulted his Heart, he found but too well how necessary the Presence of *Agnes* was to him. 'Madam (said he to her one day, with a Heart big, and his Eyes in Tears) which Action of my Life has made you determine my Death? Tho' I never told you how much I loved you, yet I am persuaded you are not ignorant of it. I was constrained to be silent during some Years for your sake, for *Constantia*'s, and my own; but 'tis not possible for me to put this force upon my Heart for ever. I must once at least tell you how it languishes. Receive then the Assurances of a Passion, full of Respect and

Ardour, with an offer of my Fortune, which I wish not better, but for your advantage.'

Agnes answer'd not immediately to these words, but with abundance of Tears; which having wiped away, and beholding Don Pedro with an air which made him easily comprehend she did not agree with his Desires; 'If I were capable of the Weakness with which you'd inspire me, you'd be obliged to punish me for it: What! (said she) Constantia is scarce bury'd, and you would have me offend her! No, my Prince (added she with more Softness) no, no, she whom you have heap'd so many Favours on, will not call down the Anger of Heaven, and the Contempt of Men upon her, by an Action so perfidious. Be not obstinate then in a Design in which I will never shew you Favour. You owe to Constantia, after her Death, a Fidelity that may justify you: and I, to repair the Ills I have made her suffer ought to shun all converse with you.' 'Go, Madam (reply'd the Prince, growing pale) go, and expect the News of my Death; in that part of the World, whither your Cruelty shall lead you, the News shall follow close after; you shall quickly hear of it: and I will go seek it in those Wars which reign among my Neighbours.'

These Words made the fair Agnes de Castro perceive that her Innocency was not so great as she imagined, and that her Heart interested it self in the Preservation of Don Pedro: 'You ought, Sir, to preserve your Life (reply'd Agnes) for the sake of the little Prince and Princesses, which Constantia has left you. Would you abandon their Youth (continued she, with a tender Tone) to the Cruelty of Don Alvaro? Live! Sir, live! and let the unhappy Agnes be the only Sacrifice.' 'Alas, cruel Maid! (interrupted Don Pedro) Why do you command me to live, if I cannot live with you? Is it an effect of your Hatred?' 'No, Sir, (reply'd Agnes) I do not hate you; and I wish to God that I could be able to defend my self against the Weakness with which I find my self possess'd. Oblige me to say no more, Sir: you see my Blushes, interpret them as you please: but consider yet, that the less Aversion I find I have to you, the more culpable I am; and that I ought no more to see, or speak to you. In fine, Sir, if you oppose my Retreat, I declare to you, that Don Alvaro, as odious as he is to me, shall serve for a Defence against you; and that I will sooner consent to marry a Man I abhor, than to favour a Passion that cost Constantia her Life.' 'Well then, Agnes (reply'd the Prince, with Looks all languishing and dying) follow the Motions which barbarous Virtue inspires you with; take these Measures you judge necessary against an unfortunate Lover, and enjoy the Glory of having cruelly refused me.'

At these Words he went away; and troubled as Agnes was, she would not stay him: Her Courage combated with her Grief, and she thought now, more than ever, of departing.

'Twas difficult for her to go out of Coimbra; and not to defer what appear'd to her so necessary, she went immediately to the Apartment of the King, notwithstanding the Interest of Don Alvaro. The King received her with a Countenance severe, not being able to consent to what she demanded: *You shall not go hence, (said he) and if you are wise, you shall enjoy here with Don Alvaro both my Friendship and my Favour. I have taken another Resolution (answer'd Agnes) and the World has no part in it. You will accept Don Pedro (reply'd the King) his Fortune is sufficient to satisfy an ambitious Maid: but you will not succeed Constantia, who lov'd you so tenderly; and Spain has Princesses enough to fill up part of the Throne which I shall leave him. Sir, (reply'd Agnes, piqu'd at this Discourse,) if I had a Disposition to love, and a Design to marry, perhaps the Prince might be the only Person on whom I would fix it: And you know, if my Ancestors did not possess Crowns, yet they were worthy to wear 'em. But let it be how it will, I am resolv'd to depart, and to remain no longer a Slave in a Place to which I came free.*

This bold Answer, which shew'd the Character of Agnes, anger'd and astonished the King. You shall go when we think fit (reply'd he) and without being a Slave at Coimbra, you shall attend our order.

Agnes saw she must stay, and was so griev'd at it, that she kept her Chamber several days, without daring to inform herself of the Prince; and this Retirement spared her the Affliction of being visited by Don Alvaro.

During this, Don Pedro fell sick, and was in so great danger, that there was a general apprehension of his Death. Agnes did not in the least doubt, but it was an effect of his Discontent: she thought, at first, she had Strength and Resolution enough to see him die, rather than to favour him; but had she reflected a little, she had soon been convinc'd to the contrary. She found not in her Heart that cruel Constancy she thought there so well established: She felt Pains and Inquietude, shed Tears, made Wishes; and, in fine, discover'd that she lov'd.

'Twas impossible to see the Heir of the Crown, a Prince that deserved so well, even at the point of Death, without a general Affliction. The People who loved him, pass'd whole days at the Palace-gate to hear News of him: The Court was all over-whelm'd with Grief.

Don Alvaro knew very well how to conceal a malicious Joy, under an Appearance of Sadness. Elvira, full of Tenderness, and perhaps of Remorse, suffer'd also on her side. The King, altho' he condemn'd the Love of his Son, yet still had a Tenderness for him, and could not resolve to lose him. Agnes de Castro, who knew the Cause of his Distemper, expected the End of it with strange Anxieties: In fine, after a Month had pass'd away in Fears, they

began to have a little hopes of his Recovery. The Prince and Don Alvaro were the only Persons that were not glad of it: But Agnes rejoic'd enough for all the rest.

Don Pedro, seeing that he must live whether he wou'd or no, thought of nothing but passing his days in melancholy and discontent: As soon as he was in a condition to walk, he sought out the most solitary Places, and gain'd so much upon his own Weakness, to go every where, where Agnes was not; but her Idea followed him always, and his Memory, faithful to represent her to him with all her Charms, render'd her always dangerous.

One day, when they had carry'd him into the Garden, he sought out a Labyrinth which was at the farthest part of it, to hide his Melancholy, during some hours; there he found the sad Agnes, whom Grief, little different from his, had brought thither; the sight of her whom he expected not, made him tremble: She saw by his pale and meagre Face the remains of his Distemper; his Eyes full of Languishment troubled her, and tho' her Desire was so great to have fled from him, an unknown Power stopt her, and 'twas impossible for her to go.

After some Moments of Silence, which many Sighs interrupted, Don Pedro rais'd himself from the Place where his Weakness had forced him to sit; he made Agnes see, as he approach'd her, the sad Marks of his Sufferings: and not content with the Pity he saw in her Eyes, You have resolved my Death then, cruel Agnes, (said he) my desire was the same with yours; but Heaven has thought fit to reserve me for other Misfortunes, and I see you again, as unhappy, but more in love than ever.

There was no need of these Words to move Agnes to compassion, the Languishment of the Prince spoke enough; and the Heart of this fair Maid was but too much disposed to yield it self: She thought then that Constanzia ought to be satisfy'd; Love, which combated for Don Pedro, triumphed over Friendship, and found that happy Moment, for which the Prince of Portugal, had so long sighed.

Do not reproach me, for that which has cost me more than you, Sir, (replied she) and do not accuse a Heart, which is neither ingrateful nor barbarous: and I must tell you, that I love you. But now I have made you that Confession, what is it farther that you require of me? Don Pedro, who expected not a Change so favourable, felt a double Satisfaction; and falling at the Feet of Agnes, he express'd more by the Silence his Passion created, than he could have done by the most eloquent Words.

After having known all his good Fortune, he then consulted with the amiable Agnes, what was to be feared from the King; they concluded that the cruel

Billet, which so troubled the last days of Constantia, could come from none but Elvira and Don Alvaro. The Prince, who knew that his Father had searched already an Alliance for him, and was resolv'd on his Favourite's marrying Agnes, conjur'd her so tenderly to prevent these Persecutions, by consenting to a secret Marriage, that, after having a long time consider'd, she at last consented. I will do what you will have me (said she) tho' I presage nothing but fatal Events from it; all my Blood turns to Ice, when I think of this Marriage, and the Image of Constantia seems to hinder me from doing it.

The amorous Prince surmounted all her Scruples, and separated himself from Agnes, with a Satisfaction which soon redoubled his Forces; he saw her afterward with the Pleasure of a Mystery. And the Day of their Union being arrived, Don Gill, Bishop of Guarda, performed the Ceremony of the Marriage, in the Presence of several Witnesses, faithful to Don Pedro, who saw him Possessor of all the Charms of the fair Agnes.

She lived not the more peaceable for belonging to the Prince of Portugal; her Enemies, who continually persecuted her, left her not without Troubles: and the King, whom her Refusal inrag'd, laid his absolute Commands on her to marry Don Alvaro, with Threats to force her to it, if she continu'd rebellious.

The Prince took loudly her part; and this, join'd to the Refusal he made of marrying the Princess of Arragon, caus'd Suspicions of the Truth in the King his Father. He was seconded by those that were too much interested, not to unriddle this Secret. Don Alvaro and his Sister acted with so much care, gave so many Gifts, and made so many Promises, that they discover'd the secret Engagements of Don Pedro and Agnes.

The King wanted but little of breaking out into all the Rage and Fury so great a Disappointment could inspire him with, against the Princess. Don Alvaro, whose Love was changed into the most violent Hatred, appeas'd the first Transports of the King, by making him comprehend, that if they could break the Marriage of 'em, that would not be a sufficient Revenge; and so poison'd the Soul of the King, to consent to the Death of Agnes.

The barbarous Don Alvaro offered his Arm for this terrible Execution, and his Rage was Security for the Sacrifice.

The King, who thought the Glory of his Family disgraced by this Alliance, and his own in particular in the Procedure of his Son, gave full Power to this Murderer, to make the innocent Agnes a Victim to his Rage.

It was not easy to execute this horrid Design: Tho' the Prince saw Agnes but in secret, yet all his Cares were still awake for her, and he was marry'd to her above a Year, before Don Alvaro could find out an opportunity so long sought for.

The Prince diverted himself but little, and very rarely went far from Coimbra; but on a Day, an unfortunate Day, and marked out by Heaven for an unheard-of and horrid Assassination, he made a Party to hunt at a fine House, which the King of Portugal had near the City.

Agnes lov'd every thing that gave the Prince satisfaction; but a secret Trouble made her apprehend some Misfortune in this unhappy Journey. Sir; (said she to him, alarm'd, without knowing the Reason why) I tremble, seeing you today as it were designed the last of my Life: Preserve your self, my dear Prince; and tho' the Exercise you take be not very dangerous, beware of the least Hazards, and bring me back all that I trust with you. Don Pedro, who had never found her so handsome and so charming before, embraced her several times, and went out of the Palace with his Followers, with a Design not to return till the next Day.

He was no sooner gone, but the cruel Don Alvaro prepared himself for the Execution he had resolv'd on; he thought it of that importance, that it required more Hands than his own, and so chose for his Companions Don Lopez Pacheco, and Pedro Cuello, two Monsters like himself, whose Cruelty he was assur'd of by the Presents he had made 'em.

They waited the coming of the Night, and the lovely Agnes was in her first Sleep, which was the last of her Life, when these Assassins approach'd her Bed. Nothing made resistance to Don Alvaro, who could do every thing, and whom the blackest Furies introduced to Agnes; she waken'd, and opening her Curtains, saw, by the Candle burning in her Chamber, the Ponyard with which Don Alvaro was armed; he having his Face not cover'd, she easily knew him, and forgetting herself, to think of nothing but the Prince: Just Heaven (said she, lifting up her fine Eyes) if you will revenge Constantia, satisfy your self with my Blood only, and spare that of Don Pedro. The barbarous Man that heard her, gave her not time to say more; and finding he could never (by all he could do by Love) touch the Heart of the fair Agnes, he pierc'd it with his Ponyard: his Accomplices gave her several Wounds, tho' there was no necessity of so many to put an end to an innocent Life.

What a sad Spectacle was this for those who approach'd her Bed the next day! And what dismal News was this to the unfortunate Prince of Portugal! He returned to Coimbra at the first report of this Adventure, and saw what had certainly cost him his Life, if Men could die of Grief. After having a thousand times embraced the bloody Body of Agnes, and said all that a just Despair could inspire him with, he ran like a Mad-man into the Palace, demanding the Murderers of his Wife, of things that could not hear him. In fine, he saw the King, and without observing any respect, he gave a loose to his Resentment: after having rail'd a long time, overwhelm'd with Grief, he fell into a Swoon,

which continu'd all that day. They carry'd him into his Apartment: and the King, believing that his Misfortune would prove his Cure, repented not of what he had permitted.

Don Alvaro, and the two other Assassins, quitted Coimbra. This Absence of theirs made 'em appear guilty of the Crime; for which the afflicted Prince vow'd a speedy Vengeance to the Ghost of his lovely Agnes, resolving to pursue them to the uttermost part of the Universe; He got a considerable number of Men together, sufficient to have made resistance, even to the King of Portugal himself, if he should yet take the part of the Murderers: with these he ravaged the whole Country, as far as the Duero Waters, and carry'd on a War, even till the Death of the King, continually mixing Tears with Blood, which he gave to the revenge of his dearest Agnes.

Such was the deplorable End of the unfortunate Love of Don Pedro of Portugal, and of the fair Agnes de Castro, whose Remembrance he faithfully preserv'd in his Heart, even upon the Throne, to which he mounted by the Right of his Birth, after the Death of the King.

Finis

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