

SEÑOR R. DA SILVA

FUJIZ AUGUSTO REBELLO DA SILVA, a prominent Portuguese statesman and author, was born at Lisbon, Portugal, April 2, 1821, and died there Sept. 19, 1871. Educated at the University of Coimbra, he early adopted a literary career, contributing to various literary and political journals. In 1845, he was appointed secretary to the Council of State, and on his entry into the Cortes as deputy in 1848, his gifts as an orator gave him special prominence. In 1869 and 1870, he was Secretary of Marine and Colonial Affairs. He became a member of the Lisbon Academy of Sciences in 1854, and in 1858 received an appointment as professor of national and general history, and was a member of several learned societies. He published a number of popular works, among which are "The Youth of King John V" (1851-53); "A History of Portugal" (1861), besides contributing considerably to the literary and political press.

EULOGY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

[The death of Abraham Lincoln was deeply felt throughout Europe; crowned heads and parliaments hastened to express their horror at the crime committed by Wilkes Booth. The Portuguese Parliament was not behind the other foreign parliaments; and in the Chamber of Peers the eloquent voice of Señor Rebello da Silva was raised, giving utterance to his noble sentiments respecting the sad catastrophe. The following eulogy was delivered in the Chamber of Peers at Lisbon, Aug. 12, 1865.]

MR. PRESIDENT,—I desire to offer to the chamber some observations on a subject I deem most grave for the purpose of introducing a motion which I intend to lay upon the table.

The chamber has been made aware by the official documents in the foreign journals that a flagrant outrage has recently covered with mourning a great nation beyond the Atlantic, the powerful republic of the United States. President Lincoln has been assassinated in the theatre, almost in the arms of his wife!

The perpetration of so foul a deed has caused the deepest

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grief in America and throughout all the courts of Europe. Cabinets and parliaments have evinced the most universal sorrow at an event so grievous.

It belongs to civilized communities, it becomes almost a duty with all constituted political bodies, to accompany their manifestations with the sincere expression of horror at facts and crimes so infamous.

Through a fatality or a sublime disposition or unfathomable mystery of Providence—which is the more Christian interpretation of history—it often happens, not only in the life of nations but in that of individuals, when the loftiest heights have been reached, the boldest destinies fulfilled, even the last degrees of human greatness attained, when the way is suddenly made smooth, and the horizon casts off its clouds and shadows, and smiles flooded with light, that then an unseen hand is lifted in the darkness; that a power, secret and inexorable, is armed in silence, and waving the dagger of Brutus, pointing the cannon of Wellington, or offering the poisoned cup of Asiatic herbs, hurls the conqueror, crowned with laurels, from his height at the feet of Pompey's statue, like Cæsar; at the feet of fortune, weary with following him, like Napoleon; at the feet of the Colossus of irritated Rome, like Hannibal.

The mission of great men and heroes makes them seem to us almost like demigods; for they receive for a moment from on high the omnipotence which revolutionizes societies and transfigures nations; they pass like tempests in their car of fire to see themselves dashed at last in an instant against the eternal barriers of the impossible, barriers which no one can remove, where they all find the pride of their ephemeral power reduced to nought and humbled to the dust—for immutable and great alone is God.

Death overtakes them, or ruin reaches them in their apogee, to show to princes, to conquerors, and to people that their hour is one only and short, that their work is fragile as the work of man, so soon as the pillar of fire which guided them is extinguished and night falls upon their way; the new paths they had opened for themselves, and through which they thought to pass boldly and secure, become gulfs which open and swallow them, when, as instruments of the designs of the Most High, the days of their empire and their enterprise shall have been counted and finished.

Thus is seen a terrible example, a memorable lesson in the catastrophe of the most noted characters of history. So come to us to-day, stained with the illustrious blood of one of its most honored citizens, the recent pages of the annals of the powerful republic of the United States. Its President, when the first quadrennium was closed of a government, in which strife was his heritage, falls suddenly, struck down before his own triumph; and from his cold and powerless hands escape loosely the reins of an administration which the perseverance and energy of his will, the co-operation of his fellow citizens, and the loftiness and prestige of the great idea he symbolized and defended, have made immortal with a name proclaimed by millions of voices and votes on the fields of battle and in the assemblies of the people.

Reconducted, elevated a second time on the shields of popular favor to the supreme direction of affairs, at the moment when the heat of civil strife was appeased, when the union of that vast dilacerated body gave promise in its restoration to bind up the wounds through which for so many months flowed in torrents the generous blood of the free; almost in the arms of victory, surrounded by those who most loved him, in the bosom of his popular court, he suddenly encoun-

ters death, and the ball of an obscure fanatic closes and seals the golden book of his destinies at the moment, too, when every prosperity seemed to welcome him to length of days and festive favor.

It is not a king who disappears in the obscurity of the tomb, burying with him, like Henry IV, the future of vast plans; it is the chief of a glorious people, who leaves behind him as many successors as there are abettors of his idea, co-operators in his noble and well-aimed aspirations. The purple of a throne is not covered with mourning, the heart of a great empire is shrouded in grief. The cause of which he was the strenuous champion did not die with him; but all wept for his loss, through their horror of the deed and the occasion and through the hopes founded on his pure and benevolent motives.

Lincoln, martyr to the broad principle which he represented in power and struggle, belongs now to history and posterity. Like Washington, whose idea he continued, his name will be inseparable from the memorable epochs to which he is bound and which he expresses. If the Defender of Independence freed America, Lincoln unsheathed without hesitation the sword of the Republic, and with its point erased and tore out from the statutes of a free people, the anti-social stigma, the anti-humanitarian blasphemy, the sad, shameful, infamous codicil of old societies, the dark, repugnant abuse of slavery, which Jesus Christ first condemned from the top of the cross, proclaiming the equality of man before God, which nineteen centuries of civilization reared in the Gospel have proscribed and rejected as the opprobrium of our times.

At the moment when he was breaking the chains of a luckless race, when he was seeing in millions of rehabilitated

slaves millions of future citizens, when the bronze voice of Grant's victorious cannon was proclaiming the emancipation of the soul, of the conscience, and of toil, when the scourge was about to fall from the hands of the scourgers, when the ancient slave pen was about to be transformed, for the captive, into a domestic altar; at the moment when the stars of the Union, sparkling and resplendent with the golden fires of liberty were waving over the subdued walls of Petersburg and Richmond . . . the sepulchre opens and the strong, the powerful enters it. In the midst of triumphs and acclamations there appeared to him a spectre, like that of Caesar in the Ides of March, saying to him, "You have lived."

Far be it from me to approve or condemn the civil strife which divides and covers with blood two brother sections of the American people. I am neither their judge nor their censor. I honor the principle of liberty, wherever cherished and maintained; but I can also honor and admire another principle, not less sacred and glorious, that of independence. May the progressive virtue of our age reunite those whom discord has divided and reconcile ideas which are in the hearts and aspirations of all generous souls!

In this struggle which in magnitude exceeds all we have seen or heard of in Europe, the vanquished of to-day are worthy of the great race from which they sprang. Lee and Grant are two giants, whom history will keep inseparable. But the hour of peace is perchance about to strike. Lincoln desired it as the crown of his labors, the glorious result of so many sacrifices. After force, let there be forbearance; after the brave fury of battles, the fraternal embrace of citizens.

These were the motives which governed him, these the last virtuous desires he entertained; and it is at this moment (per-

chance a rare one) when a great soul is so potent for good, when a single mind is worth whole legions as a pacificator, that the hand of an assassin is raised in treachery and cuts the threads of plans and purposes so lofty and so noble.

If the American nation were not a people tried in the experiences and strifes of government, could any one perchance calculate the fatal consequences of this sudden blow? Who knows if the conflagration of civil war would not have spread to the remotest confines of these federal States in all the pomp of its horrors? Happily, it will not be so. While public opinion and the journals condemn the deed severely and justly, and their horror is excited against the fatal crime—sentiments which are those of all civilized Europe—they give honorable heed to ideas of peace and forbearance, as though the great man who advocated these ideas had not disappeared from the arena of the world. And I use the term advisedly, "great man," for he is truly great who rises to the loftiest heights from profound obscurity, relying solely on his own merits—as did Napoleon, Washington, Lincoln. For these arose to power and greatness, not through any favor or grace of a chance-cradle, or genealogy, but through the prestige of their own deeds, through the nobility which begins and ends with themselves—the sole offspring of their own works. He is more to be envied who makes himself great and famous through his genius and deeds, than he who is born with hereditary titles.

Lincoln was of this privileged class; he belonged to this aristocracy. In infancy, his energetic soul was nourished by poverty. In youth he learned through toil the love of liberty and respect for the rights of man. Even to the age of twenty-two, educated in adversity, his hands made callous by honorable labor, he rested from the fatigues of the field,

spelling out in the pages of the Bible, in the lessons of the Gospel, in the fugitive leaves of the daily journal, which the Aurora opens and the night disperses—the first rudiments of instruction which his solitary meditations ripened.

Little by little, light was infused into that spirit, the wings put forth and grew strong with which he flew. The chrysalis felt one day the ray of the sun, which called it to life, broke its involucre, and launched forth fearlessly from the darkness of its humble cloister into the luminous spaces of its destiny. The farmer, day-laborer, shepherd, like Cincinnatus, left the ploughshare in the half-broken furrow, and legislator of his own State, and afterward of the great Republic, saw himself proclaimed in the tribunal the popular chief of many millions of people, the maintainer of the holy principle inaugurated by Wilberforce. What strife, what scenes of agitation, what a series of herculean labors and incalculable sacrifices, were not involved and represented, in the glory of their results, during these four years of war and government? Armies in the field, such as, since the remotest periods, there has been no example! Huge battles, which saw the sun rise and set twice or thrice without victory inclining to the one or the other side! Marches, in which thousands of victims, whole legions, piled with the dead, each fragment of the conquered earth! Assaults which, in audacity and slaughter, reduced to insignificance the exploits of Attila and the Huns.

What stupendous obsequies for the scourge of slavery! What a lesson, terrible and salutary from a great people, still rich and vigorous with youth, to the timid vacillations of old Europe, before a destiny contested by principles so sacred!

These were the monuments, the million marks of his

career. If the sword was in his hands the instrument, and liberty the inspiration and strength of his efforts, he was not unfaithful to them. Above the thorns in his path, through the tears and blood of so many holocausts he was able at last to see the promised land. It was not vouchsafed to him to plant therein, in expiation, the auspicious olive-tree of concord. When he was about to reunite the broken bond of the Union; when he was about to infuse anew the life-giving spirit of free institutions into the body of the country, its scattered and bloody members rejoined and recemented; when the standard of the Republic—the funeral clamors silenced and the agonies of pride and defeat consoled,—was about to be again raised, covering with its glorious folds all the children of the same common soil, purified from the indelible stain of slavery . . . the athlete reels and falls in the arena, showing that he, too, was but a mortal.

I deem this sketch sufficient. The chamber, through inclination, through a sense of duty, through its institution, not only conservative, but as the faithful guardian of traditions and principles, will not be, surely will not desire to be, backward in joining in the manifestations which the elective House has just voted, co-operating with the enlightened cabinets and parliaments of Europe. Silence in the presence of such outrages belongs only to Senates dumb and disinherited of all high sentiments and aspirations.

Voting this motion the Chamber of Peers associates itself in the grief of all civilized nations. The crime, which shortened the days of President Lincoln, martyr to the great principles in which our age most glories, is almost, is in essence, a regicide; and a monarchical country cannot refrain from detesting and condemning it.

The descendants of those who first revealed to the Europe

of the sixteenth century the new way, which, through the barriers of stormy and unknown seas, opened the gates of the kingdom of the Aurora, will not be the last to bend over the gravestone of a great magistrate, who was likewise the guide of his people through fearful tempests, and who succeeded in conducting them triumphantly to the overthrow of the last vestige of the citadel of slavery. To each epoch and each people, its task and its meed of glory; to each illustrious hero his crown of laurel, or his civic crown.