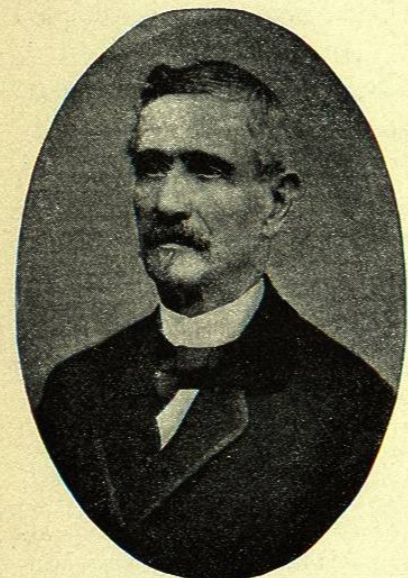


there dispensed a wide and generous hospitality, in which he was ably seconded by Mrs. Jackson, who with charming grace joined her husband in extending those social courtesies to Americans for which they were noted in their beautiful home in Savannah. Mrs. Jackson's receptions were held on Thursday afternoons. On Thanksgiving Day (1885) Minister Jackson entertained splendidly the entire American Colony.

Not only in state and social affairs did he represent the American people, but to the unfortunate he lent an ever-ready and sympathetic ear, no countryman being too obscure or too miserable to claim his personal attention.

General Jackson took a deep and active interest in establishing the American Hospital. The matter had long been under advisement.



SIMON LARA.

Simon Lara, of Spanish parentage, born in New York, an American by virtue of his birth, but having lived the greater part of his life in Mexico, was the generous father and founder, having donated the ground and money to the extent of twelve thousand dollars.

The colony celebrated Washington's birthday by laying the cornerstone. Americans came from all accessible points, and under the circus tent of Orrin Brothers the interesting ceremonies were held. The Stars and Stripes waved over the largest and most enthusiastic assemblage of

Americans ever known at the capital, while Mexican sympathy was manifested by General Carillo furnishing the Seventh Regiment Band for the occasion.

A liberal sum was raised in addition to Mr. Lara's benefaction and one thousand dollars donated by General Jackson.

The corner-stone, with the simple inscription, "The American

Hospital, 1886," was laid by General Jackson. The box containing some of the customary deposits was consigned to its place, when the General, tapping the stone three times with a trowel, uttered impressively the words, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and of suffering humanity."

Miss Waldo, an accomplished artist from New York, painted the portrait of Simon Lara, and Mr. Balling that of General Grant. The latter was raffled twice, bringing several hundred dollars, each winner donating it to the hospital.

A lady from Texas suggested that to these two be added the portrait of General Robert E. Lee, which was promptly responded to by a Virginia lady living at the capital, who painted one and placed it in possession of the society—the three to adorn the walls of the hospital when completed.

Orrin Brothers contributed a grand benefit performance at their mammoth circus.

The following is the address of General Jackson delivered on the occasion:

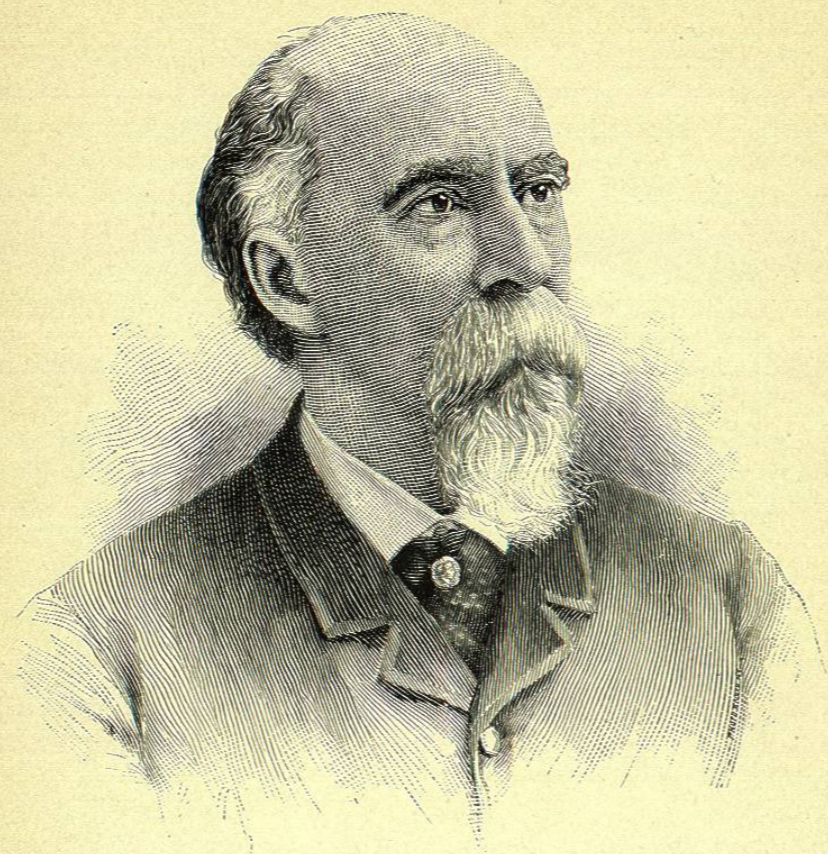
Ladies and Gentlemen: That was a marvelous work of the pagan imagination which peopled the earth, the air, and the water with countless divinities; giving to every stream its naiad, to every grotto its nymph, to every intellectual taste and aspiration its grace or its muse, and to every home its household gods. Vainly, however, shall we seek through the pagan mythology for god or goddess of that CHARITY pronounced by St. Paul to be greater than Faith, greater than Hope; although CARITA had been a name more divinely melodious than VENUS or PALLAS or JUNO. As the pagan heaven was but a reflex—its gods but echoes—of the breathing world, it is fair to conclude that the word when pronounced by the pagan tongue failed to express that passion in the human soul. It was not known to the Greek; else he had not erected his altar in Athens "To the Unknown God." Whence, then, came it?—this emotion, more potent than the thunderer Jove, hurling the bolts fabricated for him by the forger Vulcan? Whence came this power supreme, which is now restoring its lost law of gravitation to the moral universe? I know not! Indeed, indeed, I know not! unless it fell from heaven into the stable of Bethlehem, proclaiming by its fall, and by its first touch, in material form, of the earth, that the lowliest of spots may be glorified by birth the most divine; that the image of a common Father may be stamped most deeply upon the poorest of the poor;

that, as in the heavens above there is but one God, so upon the earth below there is but one common humanity, bound to him by one—the only perfected—prayer ; to be made by all in one, or by one for all : “*Our Father, give us this day our daily bread.*”

That prayer may be made by acts as well as in words. It is recorded of the Italian monk, Fra Giovanni—named in life “*Angelico,*” known after death, as “*Beato*”—that he prayed with his brush ; his every picture was a prayer to God. And never since he first learned to lisp the hallowed words at his mother’s knee, never more fervently “*in spirit and in truth,*” has the noble gentleman who gives to CHARITY the ground upon which we stand, repeated that heaven-born prayer, than is he now repeating—nay ! than he repeats it all the while ; for the heart of his charity never ceases to beat ; no race or nationality, no line of latitude or longitude, can bound its action. I venture to say that, although he is devoting these precincts to his own immediate countrymen, who may be destitute sufferers upon a foreign soil, your gate will never be closed with his assent against the forlorn stranger who may be helpless, homeless, friendless, and destitute ! And we, too, are about to embody in material form the same God-given prayer. Humble, indeed, the structure which we shall raise, if compared with the Parthenon at Athens, or the Coliseum at Rome ; but the Coliseum and the Parthenon have fallen to ruins—the inimitable creations of Phidias, himself called “*the divine,*” scattered over earth, beautiful bones of a dead civilization. And so too, the wood and the brick which we will use shall crumble into dust ; the very iron yield to the destructive forces of material nature ; but again and again and again shall they be renewed ; the very earth upon which they will rest shall embody our prayer. The civilization vitalized by that spirit which fills with its adorable presence the heavens, the earth, the air, and the water ; which, “*in the beginning*” “*was with God ;*” “*without which was made nothing that was made ;*” in which “*we live and move and have our being ;*” and which, by the universal and irresistible power of moral attraction, is ever drawing the humblest of earth’s sentient and intelligent creatures toward the One Omnipotent God, can never, never, never, die !

* * * * *

Since writing the above, General Jackson has resigned and returned to the privacy of home life. The American Colony, as well as many prominent Mexicans, showed their appreciation by giving him the grandest ovation ever tendered an American, with the single exception of General Grant. As a further token of esteem, they presented him with a painting of the unrivaled scenery of the Valley of Mexico, executed by Velasco.



Henry R. Jackson.

On receiving the gift, General Jackson made the following address, which I cannot forbear giving in full, not only on account of its intrinsic merit and eloquence, but because it so fully embodies my own sentiments toward these people he, too, so thoroughly appreciated:

Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen of the Committee, Friends and Countrymen: What have I done to deserve this repeated demonstration from you? Surely the resolutions of the 10th of September were all that heart could desire, and more than was called for by any merit of mine. And yet you have come to honor me anew by your presence, by the kind words of the chairman of your committee, and by another enduring testimonial of your regard—this beautiful picture of the Valley and City of Mexico, by a distinguished Mexican artist. Next to the resolutions themselves, nothing could be more grateful to me; for next to my own, I do love this country. Grand and beautiful Mexico! how happy would I be to render her service! Hither I came with the hope of doing something, however small it might be, in the great work of drawing her people as close to our own in sympathy as God has placed them in territory.

But you, my countrymen, who have made your homes upon her bosom, you who are affixing permanent interests to her soil, you are the best diplomatists for a work like this. By obedience to her laws, by respecting her government, by promoting her welfare, above all by honoring her nationality, you can win for your country the affections of her proudly sensitive, but kind-hearted and courteous people. I say by honoring her nationality, for we should never forget that nationality is the God-given life of a people. Laws, constitutions, and governments are, at last, the mere work of man; but nationalities—these are the creatures of God! The hand which in cold blood would destroy a nationality is an impious, a heaven-defying hand. It would poison a family; it would murder a man; for man, family, and nationality are all alike the creatures of God. A republic of republican nationalities, held together by the one common constitution, given by Him in his Sermon on the Mount, must be the final civilization of the world.

What I said when I came, I repeat as I go: the Republics of this continent can surely prosper only by the faithful discharge of mutual obligations—of all to each, of each to all, of each to each. They cannot afford to be false, the one to the other; to demand anything which is not clearly right; to submit to anything which is manifestly wrong. They should rejoice with each other in prosperity; they should aid each other in distress. Had I the power to-night, I would give to the nationality of Mexico, to the prosperity and happiness of her people, wings that should bear them far above her snow-capped mountains, up toward the eternal stars!

And now what shall I say to you, my countrymen—my own dear countrymen?

To you who received me with open arms when I came; who have ever been so generous to me, who have viewed with so kindly a heart all I have said, all I have done—in parting from you, what shall I say? Nay, what can I say? There are times when emotions crush out words. But far away is a Georgia home, whose doors will be ever ready to swing wide open to you and to yours; upon whose walls will be hung the resolutions, so beautifully engrossed, and this picture, side by side, in loving companionship. Inexpressibly dear will they be to hearts which must hereafter have a dual life; one there, the other here; one in Savannah, the other in the grand original of this beautiful picture; hearts which will be ever awake to all that may befall you, to all that concerns you, and even to the last will cherish the hope of meeting you again; if not here, if not there, somewhere in the boundless universe of God.

The last word must now be spoken, the word that breaks the future off from the past; the word that wrings the heart, and leaves it to the tumult of its own pulsations; "the word that makes us linger; yet, farewell!"

CHAPTER XIX.

A FEW OF THE POPULAR SONGS AND DANCES OF THE PEOPLE.

HIMNO NACIONAL.

Poesía de F. Gonzalez Bocanegra.

Musica de JAIME NUNO.

Coro.

Me - xi - ca - nos, al gi - to de guer - - ra El a -

- ce - ro a - pre - stad y el bri - don Y retiem - ble en sus cen - tros la

tier - ra Al so - no - ro ru - gir del ca - ñon; Y retiem -