

Correspondence.

REV. H. H. JESSUP'S LETTER.

PHOTOGRAPH OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

BEIRUT, MOUNT LEBANON, SYRIA, July 6th, 1865.

REV. JNO. W. MEARS—Dear Brother:—Six months have passed since my return to Syria, and I have not written you one word. I promised to write you, and have not kept my promise, and my object in writing now is to tell you the reason. The amount of labor thrown upon a foreign missionary is something which few persons at home can understand. Not only is greater effort necessary in a warm climate to do the same thing which you would do easily at home, but one is obliged to do a little of every thing, and bear burdens which few ministers of the Gospel at home would consent to have thrown upon them. I promised myself, on returning to my missionary field, that I would write often to the churches at home, and do all in my power to awaken and maintain an interest in this part of the Lord's vineyard. But there is a limit to human strength and endurance, and in order to give your readers some idea of the daily life of a missionary in Beirut, and the reason why some missionaries cannot write home as often as they could wish, I will write the journal of a single week's experience during the past month.

Beirut, June 26, 1865. Yesterday preached twice in Arabic to a large congregation. Dr. Van Dyck left for America on the 3d inst., and Dr. Thomson is absent in the interior, engaged in certain biblical explorations, preparatory to the publication of his new volume in continuation of the "Land and the Book." The weather is intensely hot, and in order to be prepared for the labors of the coming Sabbath, I will begin in season. The preparation of two Arabic sermons every week for the congregation in Beirut is no light work. Among the hearers are some of the most intelligent men and women in the Protestant community, the teachers and pupils of three different high schools, and merchants and business men of various grades, besides a larger or smaller number of strangers from different parts of Syria, who are always present at the public services of the sanctuary. Two sermons for such a congregation demand all one's energies, and time must be taken for study and reflection through the week. You resolve to begin early in the week, so as not to be hurried in this hot weather. You begin to study—a knock at the door. Several men from a distant village wish to see you, and beg for an interview at once, as they are about to leave. You go down stairs, invite them in. They are strangers; say they have heard of the Protestant religion, and one of them has read some in a Testament—the rest cannot read. They wish instruction. Wish to write down their names as Protestants. You explain to them the nature of Protestant Christianity; find them grossly ignorant; no teacher in their village. They heard the preaching yesterday. Ask what to do. You advise them to take Testament with them when they go home, read every thing, and when they come to Beirut, or another missionary station, call on the missionaries and attend the public services. You try to lead their thoughts to Christ, and remove their worldly and mercenary spirit.

After talking with them some time, they take their departure, and you are returning to your study, when in comes the mission agent with a bundle of mail matter. You are postmaster, and the mails must be opened. The Austrian steamer is in with letters from America, Constantinople, and Egypt; the Turkish mails from Jerusalem, Tyre, Sidon, and from Damascus, Aleppo, and Marjeh are arrived, and the packages must be opened, letters weighed, accounts charged to different individuals, new packages made up, and messengers sent to various parties in Beirut, and on the mountains. The steamer leaves this evening. Important letters must be read and answered. This one wishes a bill on London from the Imperial Ottoman Bank to be sent to Malta by the first mail, the second of exchange to follow it by a subsequent mail. Another makes inquiries with regard to the steamers plying between Liverpool and the Syrian coast; the time of sailing and the fares, and whether reductions will be made for families. Another sends a box to be forwarded to the United States. You dispatch all the various items of business, give the orders to the native agent, seal the letters for the mail, and it is one o'clock.

In the whirl of business, the two sermons have disappeared from view, and now a quiet hour must be taken for rest and dinner. At two o'clock the heat is so great that the mental machinery declines to run rapidly. Sermon writing is out of the question. You remember that the Missionary monthly journal in Arabic is not finished, and as next Monday is the monthly meeting of the native Missionary Society, and the type must be set, and the proofs read, and the printing done, no time is to be lost. You turn to your files of missionary magazines and religious newspapers, and mark articles for translation. In a few quiet hours you can finish it, and select a wood cut, (the American Board having sent us the blocks of the pictorial illustrations of the "Youth's Dayspring,") and write a description of it for the Syrian children.

This, at least, you will finish before night, and hand it over to the foreman of the press.—Knock at the door. The chaplain of one of the British ships-of-war in the harbor calls to settle the account of the funeral expenses of a sailor who has just been buried in the American cemetery. He pays for the lot, takes a receipt, inquires about our mission work, and perhaps would like to look through our printing establishment, and get some information about mission schools, and the progress of the Gospel in Syria. You are only too happy to do a favor for a Christian friend, and find pleasure and profit in his society.

As you return to your study, several men are waiting for you. The master mason who has taken the job of erecting a building for the Native Girls Boarding School, comes to ask advice about the work. You go with him to the spot, for you have the charge of this also. You take measurements, make estimates, look over his accounts, see to it that he is using the right materials, and not slighting his work, and then he returns with you to receive funds for purchasing lumber and other materials while prices are low. The clock strikes six. You have taken no exercise to-day, and must mount your horse and ride a half hour, and call on your return on a family belonging to the Protestant congregation. They are in trouble; one of the sons is behaving badly. He will not work, and is spending money, and frequenting coffee-houses, and getting into bad company. What shall we do? and will you not speak to him and advise him, and try to save him? You return home to tea. A stranger is waiting to see you. You ask him to wait, and take your tea in quiet. That missionary monthly is not finished. Those two sermons must be attended to to-morrow.—The stranger proves to be a mountaineer from Beit Miri. He wishes me to buy his house and lot in the mountain. I tell him I never buy property; that I do not own a square foot of land, and never intend to. He looks incredulous, and says it is well watered, just below the fountain, and very cheap. I still refuse to enter into the subject, but he holds on. It seems that some one had sent him to me as a Frank that was anxious to buy property in the mountains, and he thought my protests and denials were only the Oriental way of driving a close bargain. I asked him if his children attended school. He denied that he had any children, fearing lest I would not buy there were heirs to contest the title to the land. After nearly an hour's talk he finally goes away, having heard more Gospel truth, and sold less land than he expected, and yet, not unlikely, believing that he will soon have an offer from the Beirut Franjee for his land. This evening, which I had set apart for pastoral visiting, is now so far gone, and I am so wearied out, that I reluctantly decide to remain at home. It is nearly nine o'clock—when one of the native Protestants calls to tell me of a Mohammedan Sheikh of the city who has become a Christian and is in prison. The evidence is strong, but not sufficient to enable us to carry the case up to the Consuls, and we agree to investigate the subject thoroughly, and do all in our power to obtain his release, if it be found true.

June 27, Tuesday. The missionary journal is finished this morning, and sent to the printer. A telegram is received from Sidon, making inquiries about steamers. A missionary brother, for seventeen years laboring in Syria, without seeing his native land, has now broken down in health, and is obliged to return to the United States with his family. He (Rev. Mr. Ford, of Sidon) had intended to take an English steamer via Alexandria to Liverpool, but on account of the ravages of the cholera in Alexandria, it is not considered safe, and he is to come on to Beirut and sail via Smyrna to Liverpool. You go down town, call at the steamer offices, write an Arabic telegram to Sidon, advising them to come on at once so as to take the French or Russian steamer to Smyrna.

To-day there is an opportunity to send to Alexandria, the port of Aleppo, and several boxes of books are to go. Bills of lading are to be prepared, lists of the books placed in each box, a letter to be written to the American Consul for an order on the Custom House to have the books passed free of duty, (in accordance with a firman of the Sultan which granted this privilege to all religious sects,) and then the whole to be sent down by porter to the wharf. An account is kept of all the books, and you send it to Aleppo for payment. With these boxes you send several boxes of Bibles and religious books to Tripoli for that city and Tunis. After two hours a man comes with a note, saying that the government censor has seized a number of the books, and will not allow them to pass. They are copies of a controversial work written by Dr. Meshaka, of Damascus, in defence of Evangelical Christianity, and in reply to the Papists. Now, as this book has been in circulation for more than ten years without objection, and thousands of copies have passed through this same Custom House, you think it very strange, and call on the Consul to ask his interference. It seems that the present censor of the press is a bigoted Papist, and grossly misrepresented the character of the book to the Turkish Bey who controls the Custom House. The books seized were carried to the Mejlis, or Council, and there subjected to a rigid examination. The Moslem Mufi read on in the copy given to him with increasing delight, and when he found strong Scriptural arguments

against image and picture worship, exclaimed, "This is a good book. Tell the Gospel men I wish a copy myself." Shortly after, the seized copies were all sent back to the book shop, and the officious censor was censured.

On your return home you find the book-binder, with two hundred copies of the newly-bound Arabic Bible, waiting to be paid. He has twenty-six hundred copies to bind, and you pay him a little in advance, to enable him to meet heavy bills for pasteboard and leather. You urge him to make all possible dispatch, as the orders for the new Bible are multiplying, and the mission in Egypt alone have ordered one thousand copies.—Soon after a Protestant woman calls to ask admission to the church at the next communion, and you spend half an hour in conversation with her.—A workman from the press comes running in pale with fright, saying that the cholera has broken out in Beirut, and wants to know what to do. You ask him his authority. He says, "they say" a man just now died of it near the Burj. You tell him not to credit street rumors and return to his work.—Several steamers have come from Alexandria, loaded down with refugees from the cholera. They are all placed in quarantine, and those who have just been released from quarantine are telling about the streets what they have seen in Egypt, and the whole population of Beirut is beginning to tremble with alarm.—You find it necessary to go in person to Dr. Barclay, the American physician, and obtain from him the express statement that there is not and has not been a case of cholera in Beirut.

Just as you are beginning to get settled about your work again, Mr. Bistany, Principal of the large Native Boarding School for boys, calls to see you about the printing of his great Arabic dictionary, which we are now printing as job-work. There is some misunderstanding about the terms, and as a change was made by Dr. Van Dyck just before leaving, and the whole business of printing and publishing is something you never learned and find it difficult to understand without giving your whole time to it, you are not able to give Mr. Bistany much satisfaction, but enter into the question as well as you can, and promise to write to Dr. Van Dyck for further instructions. You begin to wonder what will become of your sermons next Sabbath and the Sabbath after that and after that, if this rush of business turmoil and care and entanglement is to continue. As Mr. Bistany goes away, you ask yourself how such and such a minister at home would like to have the quiet hours of sermon preparation distracted by bills, and accounts, and building, and printing, and post-office business, almost every day of the week?—Then comes a lull. There remains an hour before dinner. You lock the door and give orders that no one be allowed to come up the stairs. It is well you are able to keep Custom House and Bible binding and cholera and dictionary printing out of your thoughts, and settle down to deliberate thought about your sermon. You know that "beaten oil" alone is fit for the sanctuary of God, but you feel very much as though everything else would be beaten but the oil this week.—But you have chosen your subject, and commenced your skeleton and that is one-half, and to-morrow and next day, the morning sermon at least will be thought out and finished. So you hope.

In the afternoon you call at the house of a friend who has just buried his dearest earthly friend, and you try to speak some words of consolation. Various matters of business, too, call you down into the city, and on your return you find Mr. Araman, Principal of the Native Female Seminary, waiting to make up the monthly account. You enter into a long conversation with regard to the school and its future prospects; about Louisa Mejdelay, who is supported by the North Broad Street Sabbath-school, and several other girls supported by friends in America, and six charity pupils who receive no support from home, and who must be discharged in a few weeks for want of the means to keep them on. Mr. Araman entreats for them. Says that some of them are bright and promising, and are just getting a good start, and it would be wrong to send them away now; that their parents are poor and some of them are orphans; and again begs me to write to Christian friends in America to contribute the eighty dollars in gold which is now necessary for their support. I ask him to write such an appeal and I will try to find time to translate it and send it to America. We then speak of the new building; the plan is discussed. We are to build according to the funds contributed by kind friends while I was in America. Seven thousand dollars are paid in, but that will not suffice for the accommodation of the school, and we must use what we have, trusting that the Lord will yet incline some of the benevolent at home to complete the fund to the sum of ten thousand dollars. The examination last week was one of the best ever held in Beirut, and the girls did themselves and their friends great credit.—In the evening you call upon several families of the congregation, after writing a number of pressing business letters, and resolve that you will be more moderate and careful of health and strength another day.

Wednesday, June 28.—This morning early you are reminded that the tiles for the roof of the new building must be ordered from Italy, in order to be here in the fall when they are needed. You call

at the store of a friend in town and give him the measure of the roof and order seven thousand tiles.—You call also at the office of the Liverpool steamers, to enquire after some missing boxes.—On reaching home you find several packages of letters from various places, some requiring immediate answer. A quarrel has taken place among some of the workmen in the press, and you must stop in and settle it.—A telegram comes from Sidon that Mr. Ford and family have just set sail from Sidon in a native sloop, and will be here soon after noon. You order animals to be saddled and sent down to the shore, and at two o'clock you see the boat swing around Ras Beirut before the wind, and hasten to the Custom House to greet them. Four hours in that little craft have been enough to make pale faces still paler, and the whole party look like fit subjects for the hospital. An hour more and they are safely under your roof, and you praise the Lord for his goodness. Your heart fills with gratitude that they were preserved from going to pestilential Alexandria at this season. In two days they will take the steamer North, and go to Liverpool via Smyrna.—Little sick Sarah is laid on the divan, and her eyes sparkle with delight as she drinks a full draught of water cooled with Lebanon snow. May she speedily find in the sea air invigoration and health. Crowds of the native Protestants come in to see Mr. Ford, their former pastor and missionary, and to wish him God speed on his journey.

Towards evening an Irish Protestant gentleman called to see the press and to inquire about our mission work. He seemed deeply interested, and asked very intelligent questions. Just as he was leaving, however, he asked the American news. Said he, "Do you think they will do any violence to Mr. Davis?" I replied that if the Government convicted him of treason, they would hang him. He said it could not be treason for a man to defend his rights. Said he, "Mr. Davis only wished to be left alone." I told him that if the Arabs should shoot him on the highway, they would only wish to be left alone; but that it was no use to discuss the American Constitution with a man who believed in secession, and begged him to change the subject.

Thursday, June 29.—The sermon did not grow much to-day. It has been pay-day for all the press and mission employees, and five hours were spent in steady work on accounts with the press, the mission, the Bible Societies in New York and London, the school, and with different individuals in this and other missions.

An unprecedented panic has fallen upon the city. There is not a case of cholera nor the sign of it; but certain parties, by a system of intensified, oriental lying, have so frightened the people that they are fleeing in hot haste to the mountains. A continuous procession of people, men, women, and children, is passing out of the city toward Lebanon, mounted on horses, mules, camels, and donkeys, and the most fabulous prices are extorted by the muleteers who take advantage of the public alarm. The physicians say there is less sickness than usual in Beirut, and no case of cholera thus far, although at least eighteen hundred refugees have been brought from Alexandria, many of whom are now through the quarantine and living in the city. The workmen in the press are so alarmed that the work is well nigh suspended. The High School of Mr. Bistany is locked up, the teachers refusing to remain any longer, and the boys have gone home. I have never witnessed a panic so complete, on so slight foundation. The panic in 1860 was greater, when Druzes and Moslems were desolating the land with fire and massacre, and the whole mountain poured down into Beirut. Now all Beirut is stampeding to the mountain. The workmen on the new building continue at their post, but may leave at any moment.

Friday, June 30.—To-day Mr. Ford and family leave by French steamer for Smyrna. The French mails have been received and delivered, and mails dispatched to various points. Boxes of Bibles have been sent to Egypt.—The news from Egypt reports that the cholera is increasing in Alexandria and spreading to other parts of Egypt. The greater part of the shops and magazines in the city being closed, the Greek and Italian burglars are robbing and plundering the city with fearful boldness and success. The deaths are said to number two hundred a day in Alexandria. It is said that about fifty thousand of the Moslem pilgrims died in Mecca and El Medinah during March and April, and through their return and the want of a quarantine at Suez, the disease was brought into Egypt. A Moslem in Beirut to-day remarked to another, "Have you heard of the great favor of God to Haj (pilgrims) this year?" "No, your excellency, what is it?" "May your days be prolonged; thousands died and went to Paradise from the Holy City itself.—Of the multitudes now fleeing to Lebanon, only a few Moslem have gone. They believe the cholera to be fatal, and regard all quarantines and precautions as unbefitting a true believer. But for the money to be made out of it, I doubt whether the wicked officials would keep up the quarantine.—The Girl's Boarding School is disbanded for the present, the parents and friends having taken the girls to their homes. It was near the end of the term, and will only make the summer vacation a little longer than

usual.—The workmen at the press have decided to take their annual vacation the coming week. In vain I attempted to persuade them to wait until August, as the health of Beirut is excellent now. There is no reasoning with fear.—Letters are coming from every direction, inquiring about cholera in Beirut. The Protestants flock in, asking advice about going to the mountains or remaining. The whole day there have been a succession of calls, and Friday evening finds you too weary for study.

Saturday, July 1.—Letters from various parts of Syria speak of progress in the missionary work. There is an increasing demand for books and schools. At Safeta, North of Tripoli, three hundred of the Pagan Nusairiyeh and Greek nominal Christian population have become Protestant, and the missionaries at Tripoli, after visiting them, have sent them a native teacher and preacher. The native pastor in Hums is growing in the affections of the people, and quite a number are still asking admission to the church.—Our numbers, as a mission, are being rapidly reduced. Mr. Eddy is now left alone, to work the whole of Southern Syria, with a field large enough for three men. The departure of Dr. Van Dyck, and the prospective departure of Dr. Thomson, will leave me alone in Beirut to carry on the various departments of labor briefly hinted at in this hurried journal. In Lebanon, Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Bird, with health by no means strong, are trying to bear the burden of the Young Men's Seminary and general missionary work. Dr. Post and Mr. Samuel Jessup have the Northern field. Some of us must break down ere long. No one can bear such burdens in such a climate without being obliged to succumb sooner or later. We hope for relief. It must be that some of the Christian young men of America will hear the Macedonian cry and come over and help us. I have read the proceedings of the General Assembly of last month. The demand at home is great beyond precedent; but will our churches neglect the foreign field? Just at this important crisis in the missionary work, when the word of God is being sought for so eagerly, when churches are being organized and pastors ordained, and religious and educational institutions founded for the future, shall we withdraw our support and withhold the offering of our children and our means from this great enterprise? I rejoice in the interest manifested in our Assembly. I trust it will bring forth fruit, and that every Presbytery will have its Foreign Mission report and see that a collection is taken in every church.

I have written you this letter to tell you why I cannot write so often as I should wish to do. It is enough to be pastor and preacher and general missionary in a city of eighty thousand people. But when you are also publisher, printer, postmaster, school superintendent, treasurer, book agent, forwarding merchant, with a correspondence in English and Arabic, requiring about five letters a day, and your accounts must be kept in two different and distinct systems of currency, and you have to use and reduce to piastres the coinage of Turkey, Russia, Austria, Prussia, France, England, Italy, and Spain, and have an instinctive repugnance to the whole business of accounts—you can ask to be excused from writing often or at great length, even to your nearest friends.

I am spending a few days now in Lebanon, but return to Beirut again to-morrow. The stamped to the mountains still continues, and the city is well nigh emptied of its Christian population. Two of the Alexandria refugees have died, one within the city; but there seems no present peril. We can only trust in the Lord and do present duty. With the press closed and schools disbanded and building about to be suspended, and the congregation scattered to the mountains, it is a question how much missionary work can be done on the plain this summer. Remember us in your prayers.

Yours in Christ, HENRY HARRIS JESSUP.

RICHMOND CORRESPONDENCE.

RICHMOND, August 2, 1865.

The first election under the auspices of the restored Federal and State Governments occurred a week ago. Nearly all the prominent candidates published electioneering cards adducing their devotion to the interests of the late Confederacy as a reason for being invested with the authority of the offices desired. No one of the successful ones dared to proclaim his record of unconditional loyalty to the Government of the United States, as a qualification for the magistracy. The successful candidates were so obnoxious to the Government, that the military authorities refused to allow them to take the oath and assume the functions of their respective offices. The New York Daily News is glad to find that the result "shows that the people of Virginia delight to honor those who fought the invader." The event has disappointed many who hoped that the oath of fealty to the Government included a hearty renunciation of the principles and designs involved in the late and disastrous war.

The religious press is not yet fully at work, and the news from the churches is vague and of no recent date. Two Presbyterian journals are issued here, each semi-monthly. They both retain much of their former spirit. The want of mail facilities, for the present, precludes any extensive circulation. The Episcopal Methodist has been issued by

Drs. Edwards and Doggett, of the M. E. Church South. Only one number has yet appeared. Two other journals, in the interest of the Baptist denomination, will soon be published. This will make the number of religious weeklies equal to that published during the days of the Confederacy, besides the prospect of having another added by the Episcopalians.

The colored people in connection with the M. E. Church South have recently changed their relation and united with the African M. E. Church. The ownership of their house of worship is vested in the episcopacy of the church with which they formerly were connected, and is held in trust by certain white trustees. These refused to yield the possession, or to allow the people the use of the edifice under their changed church relations. The military authorities have given the blacks temporary possession until the affair can be adjusted. Meanwhile, the former white pastor, Rev. George Nolly, proclaimed his intention to organize a minority into a new church, to have the same connection as the old one. He has preached on two successive Sabbaths to this minority, in the basement of the Centenary M. E. Church. On both occasions the audience was limited to the membership of this new organization and comprised just three persons.

The Rev. Henry Garnett, D.D., has spent several Sabbaths among the colored churches of this city, preaching with great acceptance. Last evening he addressed the "Lincoln Institute" at St. Philip's (Episcopal) Church. The Institute is an association of twenty young men and women, who are under instructions, preparatory to becoming teachers of their kindred recently made free. The address was appropriately to the purposes of the Institute, sensible, and adapted to benefit the audience.

The excessive heat has temporarily driven away nearly all the northern benevolent and missionary associations. The secular schools for the Freedmen have their vacations. The Christian Commission expects shortly to leave the field. The Union Commission has ceased its distributions. The American Tract Society, however, continues its labors among both the whites and colored people, supplying books and other publications necessary to the successful working of all who have a desire to teach the word of God.

The American Bible Society has established a depot of its publications at 131 Broad Street, from which it is making large benevolent distributions throughout the State. The Virginia Bible Society has recently met and resolved to continue its operations. It has not yet signified its willingness to resume its former position as auxiliary to the National Society, but it is hoped that in due time there will be a hearty and cordial co-operation.

Your readers are aware that the congregation of Rev. Dr. Read, Presbyterian, lost their house of worship in the burning of the city. The people are for the present wholly unable to rebuild their church, but they offer the debris for sale, in the hope thus to procure sufficient means to enable them to construct a lecture-room large enough for Sabbath-school and temporary congregational purposes.

The action of the General Assemblies at Brooklyn and Pittsburg is very unpopular at the South. Every denomination quotes it as a reason for similar unfriendly action on the part of Southern ecclesiastical organizations. The Methodist Episcopal Church North, is acting in the spirit as the Assemblies referred to, taking measures to plant churches in the midst of the territory occupied by the M. E. Church South. The action, however, has not been so formal as that of the Presbyterians, and hence the opposition is as yet confined to the points of local contact between the two bodies.

Measures are being taken to have a meeting of the General Assembly of the Confederate Presbyterian Church during the approaching fall, but it is not yet definitely announced. The Methodist Church Boards are called to meet at Columbus, Georgia, at an early day, in order to put their former publication and missionary organizations in working order. Yours, etc., G. L. S.

WOMAN'S SYMPATHY FOR SOLDIERS.

There is touching pathos in some of the marks attached to the blankets, shirts, handkerchiefs, and the like, sent to the Sanitary Commission for the soldiers in camp and hospital. Thus on a bed quilt was pinned a card having this tender inscription:—

"My son is in the army; whoever is made warm by this quilt, which I have worked on for six days and most of six nights, let him remember his own mother's love!"

Who can doubt that these simple words have made some weak one strong again, filled some sad heart with joy and hope? On a pillow sent to the commission was written:—

"This pillow belonged to my little boy, who died resting on it; it is a precious treasure to me, but I give it to the soldiers!"

On a box of beautiful lint was this inscription:—"Made in a sick room, where the sunlight has not entered for nine years, but where God has entered, and where two sons have hid their mother good-by, as they have gone to the war." What a spirit of sacrifice and saintly heroism shines through this little sentence; sunshine, joy, sympathy, coming out of the shadow; the sick room giving tender greeting to the camp-fire and the hospital. But the tenderest of all inscriptions was—"

On a box of beautiful lint was this inscription:—"Made in a sick room, where the sunlight has not entered for nine years, but where God has entered, and where two sons have hid their mother good-by, as they have gone to the war." What a spirit of sacrifice and saintly heroism shines through this little sentence; sunshine, joy, sympathy, coming out of the shadow; the sick room giving tender greeting to the camp-fire and the hospital. But the tenderest of all inscriptions was—"Made by one who is blind. Oh! how I long to see the dear old flag you are fighting under!"