Chattanooga, Nov. 9, 1871

My Dear Father,

What an affliction it would be, if your limbs were at lame as your exculs! You saw yourself, very Rev. and Very Dear Father, their litterings and their crooked ways, and you could not help chuckling at their ludicrous zigzags. Your might, however, dismissed such feelings, at once, should you have known that I had not been disappointed in the least. I have been acquainted with you these thirty years, and a long experience has taught me to judge correctly at your modern agenda.
When you promise to go thither or this, why upon it you will be like those in the sea, you will not be there. You impose yourself by crowding your promises, but you get well off again by playing the backslider, and not fulfilling them. How many times did our brothers and the sisters of the hard heart prepare for your reception, relying on your promises, and how many times were they not disappointed?

What is worse, you grow old, and no amendament can be expected from you. I know it, I will not be disappointed; but how many more will have to bite their lips, and the tips of their fingers.

Hoping, when you give your word, you mean it at the times, and do no moral wrong. I