

Monday July 8<sup>th</sup> 1845

I received your letter, my dear father on Saturday,  
need I say what pleasure it gave me? It was a cordial to my droop-  
ing spirits - I left you with a heavy heart - I left you at a time  
when I was conscious of having injured your displeasure -  
I could not but ~~repent~~, and I experienced the torture of self-  
accusation - My tears flowed fast, and bitter were my  
reflections - I recalled to mind all your past kindnesses, your  
fondness for me, your solicitude on my accounts, and I could  
have killed myself for having given you a moment's pain -  
My thoughts all turned on my past conduct - That I could  
recall last winter; how differently would I act - O. my  
father, my dear father, will you receive into your arms a  
poor penitent, whose future study shall be to deserve your  
affection - I ~~know you will forgive me, and you will not~~  
~~be any more~~ - Will you take me again into your  
bosom, will <sup>you</sup> give again the strength of my affection - You  
need not <sup>tell</sup> me my dear parents, that I do not deserve it -  
I know it, full well I know it - But when I plead with  
a sincere, and repentant heart, may I not hope for  
forgiveness - Believe me, I have injured myself as well  
you, I have fixed a thing in my <sup>own</sup> heart which will  
never be erased, which will cloud every future joy, and  
which need I repeat has <sup>made me shed</sup> many, and bitter tears - the thought  
of having occasioned your days and nights of pain & anxiety -

That is done, and be my behaviour hereafter, <sup>what it will</sup> I know you can never forget ~~it~~ - the remembrance of it will <sup>take</sup> from your affection ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> me, and the idea that I ever could <sup>be able to</sup> ~~be able to~~ occasion you a pang, will make you fear that I may repeat it - I know you are all goodhearted, you will forgive, but I fear never forget - Nor can I ever forget my own ingratitude, it will be a source of grief to me as long as I live - I again beg you to try and love me as possible as much as ever - and when we ~~again~~ meet may your embrace seal my pardon -

My best love to my dear Mamma, and Eliza, I quite wish to see my dear little Sister - Tell her so, and kiss her for me -

When do you go to Rochaway? I have no objection to going with you, indeed I rather wish it, as the time will appear long till I <sup>see</sup> you - I have only been here a week, and it appears a month - ~~It is a long time~~ I should like to stay here a fortnight more, but no longer -

My poor Aunt is very sick, she looks extremely ill - she has had a great deal to worry her the other evening Uncle, and Mr Willtett had a quarrel - Mr Willtett had dined here, and had drunk a little too much wine, Aunt & Uncle were sitting on the sofa, and he near them, he mentioned his intention of going to New York to pay his debts with

his half-pay - "Why," says Uncle "you had better keep something to live on" - Mr Willtett began abusing him, and told <sup>him</sup> he had treated him ill all the time his family staid here - Uncle called him a "kascal" - However moments he could not give vent to his passion - He started up, Aunt screamed, and threw herself on her husband's neck, he pulled her away, and struck Uncle on the forehead, who remained perfectly cool - Mr Sandy Golden forced him out of the room and he went home - Aunt was almost frantic - The next morning he wrote an apology, and as being Aunt's brother, Uncle does not intend to take any more notice of it - Do not mention it, for if it is known - they will know that I am the author of the report -

Adieu! dearly beloved father -

Your sincerely penitent  
Child -

A - A - Hoffman -

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