

Montreal April 21st 1804

With what pleasure, my dear father did I receive your affectionate letter, it reassured me of the affection, and friendship, which I know glows in your heart for me, & you again praised me for my improvement, & advised me in the soothing accents of paternal tenderness, every day, more and more, to cultivate my mind. Four months, four tedious months have yet to elapse, before I shall have the felicity (I may say) to embrace you, to see you, to talk to you personally, and to call you by the tender names of father, and of friend. Hours, days, and nights pass away in tedious expectation, of this long wished-for time; I never lose even for a minute the anticipation of this event I look forward to it (in some measure) as I do to Heaven. I most sincerely hope again to see my father face to face, and I firmly know that I shall see my God face to face; the one will doom me to unhappiness or pleasure, and the other to Heaven or Hell. The last proceeds from the first, for if I do not please my parent, by my good conduct here, by gaining the French language, and above all by continuing my filial affection towards

him, he will look upon his Child, not as a source of pleasure, but as a source of wretchedness, and from whom he can expect no affection, when she has not shown it by her actions, as well as her words. If on the contrary I do please my friends here by my behaviour, and do gain the French language, and do continue my filial affection with more fervency than ever, how will I delight to meet my father, he will receive me with smiles, and welcome me with pleasure to his arms, he will show me to my relations with pride, and when in his old age my pleasure will be to chase away the "wrinkled brow of care" that will at times sit on his face, tears of joy will sole brow his visage, and he will bless the "God of mercies" for having given him such a child. If I follow the first, my heavenly father, will also receive me with awful frowns, and will doom me to everlasting tortures, amongst the damned, but I follow the last, and adore my Creator with fervour and gratitude, our blessed Saviour, will receive me as one of his children, and I shall ever offer sing "Hallelujah" with the angels in Heaven.

Adieu! my dear father, I could (as you say) go on forever, but it is time for church and I must conclude, may the merciful God protect and restore you once more to the arms of your affectionate Child. A.A. Hoffmann.

May. 22^d. April
I have just received your affectionate letter of the 27th March and could not forbear adding another page, to this to answer it. How do I thank you my dear father for your attention in writing to me so often, your letters afford me the greatest consolation, & enliven the ^{dreary} many time of my exile from so beloved a home. I look forward to the month of September with the greatest anxiety, when I shall again embrace you, again tell you how I love you, and again and again assure you that to please you is my greatest pleasure in this world. This goes by Mr. Ogden; I thank me! I could say why cannot I go also, but (if you will allow me to quote your quotation) ^{when} the Gods command mortals must. ~~you will see Mr. Ogden, & I have no doubt as to the will~~ candidly, whether your "him" merits your kindness or not, whether one still considers your pleasure, and seeks for your affection. You will when he tells you of my faults (which I fear are many) write me a detail of them and ~~then~~ you shall see them all corrected by September. I write this with a full heart, and my paper bedewed with tears; when I see them packing up, and preparing for a journey, to the home that I so much love, I cannot but wish that I was going with them. My father, I will not disguise to you my feelings on this occasion, indeed, I cannot, in spite of reasoning, I must say

I wish I was going. ~~will~~ be not alarmed however I will not ^{so} farther
than wishing, I must ~~endure~~ a sacrifice of 4 months to the ~~acquisition~~
of the french language. What must be, must and I must stay.

This letter will not be very amusing to you, I am very dull, and my

Thine ever A. Hoffmann

Dear

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eyes are so bedimmed with tears, that I can scarcely see to write.

Adieu! my dear father! I can write no more
but that God may bless you is the earnest prayer of your
Child. A. A. Hoffmann