

## Letter from Theodosia Burr Alston to Aaron Burr, August 12, 1812

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Seashore, August 12, 1812.

Alas! my dear father, I do live, but how does it happen? Of what am I formed that I live, and why? Of what service can I be in this world, either to you or any one else, with a body reduced to premature old age, and a mind enfeebled and bewildered? Yet, since it is my lot to live, I will endeavor to fulfil my part, and exert myself to my utmost, though this life must henceforth be to me a bed of thorns. Whichever way I turn, the same anguish still assails me. You talk of consolation. Ah! you know not what you have lost. I think Omnipotence could give me no equivalent for my boy; no, none—none.

I wish to see you, and will leave this as soon as possible, though not so soon as you propose. I could not go alone by land, for our coachman is a great drunkard, and requires the presence of a master; and my husband is obliged to wait for a military court of inquiry, which he demanded, and is ordered on him. It will sit on the 10th of August. How long it will be in session I know not. After that we shall set off, though I do not perceive how it is possible to speak with certainty, because Mr. Alston has the command of a brigade here. When we do go, he thinks of going by water, but is not determined. It will probably be late in August before we go. God bless you, my beloved father. Write to me sometimes. What do you wish done with your papers if I should go by land?

I have been reading your letter over again. I am not insensible to your affection, nor quite unworthy of it, though I can offer nothing in return but the love of a broken, deadened heart, still desirous of promoting your happiness, if possible. God bless you.

Theodosia

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