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Weybridge, The 1st of March 1860, Sarah Austin à François Guizot

Auteurs : Austin, Sarah (1793-1867)

Les folios

En passant la souris sur une vignette, le titre de l'image apparaît.

3 Fichier(s)

Les mots clés

[Amis et relations](#), [Décès](#), [Deuil](#), [Femme \(de lettres\)](#), [France \(1852-1870, Second Empire\)](#)

Relations entre les lettres

Ce document n'a pas de relation indiquée avec un autre document du projet.□

Présentation

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Informations éditoriales

DestinataireGuizot, François (1787-1874)

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Lieu de rédactionWeybridge (Angleterre)

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Weybridge
1. March.

Dear Monsieur Guizot

It is even as you say
 One passes one's life in
 seeing people one does not
 care to see & in doing things
 one does not care to do.

If I wrote to you everytime
 I had something that I wished
 to say to you & on which
 I would so far as have your
 opinion, I wish to your
 sentiments, you would have
 at least a letter a day.
 Meanwhile I am eternally
 writing - Of late letters
 of condolence, or answers
 to letters of condolence, have
 nearly occupied ~~all~~ my time.

the sudden death of my
dear son John Dwyer.
I have in four days by
the sudden death of my
son lost a kind medical
friend & standard who
watched over my husband's
each day & I trusted would
do what was to be done
to ease & comfort my lonely
sister the illness of my only
brother (brother in England);
now the illness of my dear son.
Alas! what the lingering &
painful decline of one of the
most noble & interesting of
men to whom I have the deepest
affection - all these sorrows
& afflictions have been pressing
upon me at once or in rapid
succession. My nephew died

on the 27th Jan.
I have just mentioned the
one anxiety which is always
gnawing at my heart &
because you know what
it must be, the more many
times I write about it - letters from
Egypt. Thank God, my darling
is better again & I believe
her dear life with unabated
zeal & interest, & that
pity the state of the country
is such as to cause her
nothing but pain & inquietude.
The oppressions & cruelties
practised by the Turks are
hideous to think of. But
nobody in Europe cares. They
have expended all their sym-
pathy on the negroes & have
now left for the far worse
race of the Arabs.

This will be given to you
I trust by two persons both
of whom you have already
heard, as in some sort belong-
ing to me - now belonging
to the closest of all friends to each
other - Sir the Hon. Markby, who
will I hope see you in Paris
you will recognize, perhaps
the young niece, Lady Taylor
who was so proud & so
delighted at having been
spoken to by Monsieur Guizot,
my excellent friend Markby.
You know & you may imagine
how great will be my regret
at losing him & on the other
hand, how great my satisfac-
tion that my dear young niece,
who had but just lost her father,
found his place more than supplied
to her in such a husband.