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Weybridge, The 20th of Dec. 1862, 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](#), [Discours du for intérieur](#), [Femme \(de lettres\)](#), [Femme \(santé\)](#), [France \(1852-1870, Second Empire\)](#), [Tristesse](#)

Relations entre les lettres

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

Présentation

Date1862-12-20

GenreCorrespondance

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Informations éditoriales

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Lieu de rédactionWeybridge (Angleterre)

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Cambridge Dec 20

Dear Monsieur Guizot

I had told my friend
Mackay, who goes to Paris,
to excuse me to all my friends
& to explain — as far as he
can — why I cannot write
letters. When you can neither
write about the one thing
that absorbs you, ~~nor~~ because
it is too painful, — nor about
other things, because they are
all indifferent to you — what
remains — but silence?

Yet now, at the last moment
it comes over me that I must

to you that "out of the
depths" of this unchangeable
love, I think of you & your
dear children with unchanging
affection, & pray that you may
have all the happiness that is
denied to me. Yes, I may well
say all - for what remnant
is left? Alexander has been
to see his poor wife, & has spent
five weeks with her at Cairo.
He is now on his way home,
& she on her's to her solitary
home at Thebes. He leaves her
with the entire conviction
that she will never again be
able even to visit Europe.
Even Cairo was too cold for her.

and she had a slight return
of blood-spitting. This only at-
tests that she is comparatively
well. That she can live, & live
with something like comfort
anywhere, is a blessing for
which I am duly thankful.
But enough of sorrow remains.
Her husband's broken life & her
own home - her children mother
life & homeless - her poor mother
How can I write it? - I shall
never see that beloved face
again, & so vanishes the last
ray of earthly hope out of
my horizon. Nor with this
extinction of hope, is there any
allusion of fear. The anxiety,
the corroding anxiety for her remains.

& after five weary years of
that torture I find myself
as far as ever from repose.
I keep out of the way of people
I fear their indifference & I fear
yet more their condolences &
consolations. The comforters are
always the happy. God forgive
them they know not what they say.
If you have seen anything
of her letters from the Cape you
will see that my chief earthly
comfort lies in the wonderful
temper of her mind. so noble
brave, generous unselfish.
Her letters from Egypt are still
more interesting. They will be
published & you shall see them.
I have just passed my woful
anniversary. Mark by while tell you
how my husband's influence grows.
Your most affectionate L.A.