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Stratford, Aug. 26, 1850, 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

[France \(1848-1852, 2e République\)](#), [Portrait](#), [Récit](#), [Voyage](#)

Relations entre les lettres

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

Présentation

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Lieu de rédactionStartford (Angleterre)

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Stratford on Avon
 Sunday
 20. Aug -
 1890

Always sympathizing
 & generously in the dis-
 tress of my family, dear
 mother, though I feel more &
 more unable to write about them
 in proportion as they become
 more frequent & terrible, I must
 tell you the new calamity
 that has befallen my unhappy
 brother Philip. His youngest
 son, Edgar, is drowned, while
 bathing in the sea with his
 brother Arthur, they were car-
 ried out by a current - he
 was lost & Arthur but just
 escaped - I cannot tell you
 with what feelings I heard
 the - grief seemed dried up
 & exhausted. I felt bewildered
 & mentally "staggering like
 a drunken man" as the scrip-
 ture expresses it. At first

reason & the sense of
human justice are shocked
at this seeming persecution
of a virtuous man. & in
the anguish & bitterness of
our heart, one is inclined
to cry aloud, Wherefore? & to
thrust heaven with country.
Thank God these feelings do
not last, but a profound
sense of awe, bordering on
terror, remains. The abyss
of sorrow looks impenetrable
& we stand trembling ~~on~~
^{at} ~~it~~ - My poor Brother! His
heart must be crushed,
but he says we would he
hoped God will enable him
to bear this also. To me, the
loss is nothing, as compared
to that of my dear Robert.
but my brother thought he
saw in Edgar some of Robert's
qualities, & fixed many
fond hopes upon him.

Be that as it may three
children, adult or nearly so
between Dec. & August are
taken from the tenderness of
parents. My sister is heroic
at ever, hiding all her mother's
tears for the sake of her husband.
I am afraid I shall not
be able to see dear Pauline
My husband has been very
poorly & out of spirits, as
I think I told you & was
ordered to travel. We had
never seen the Mr. Selig
& he determined on that, &
on Thursday last we left
home. We have been to Gloucester,
Worcester, Malvern & Warwick
& are now spending our Sunday
quietly in this place, hallowed
by the greatest human martyr
testament of God's power. I
forget if you have seen the
lowly roof under which Robt.
Pearce was born or the stone
under which he lies.

Few things in my life have
touched me more than the
standing in ~~that~~^{the} room which
heard the first wail of that
sweet & mighty voice that
echoes round the world. He
chose where he lies is indeed
a lovely harmonious & beautiful
& the service in it well so
and the thought that there
he listened to the words I
was hearing gave them a new
solemnity. As in St George's
Chapel Windsor there is a special
prayer for "the Knights of the most
illustrious Order of the Garter", I think
it would be more to the purpose
to have a form of thanksgiving
for the creation & inspiration
of Shakespeare. In default of that
I made one for myself.

We go ^{on} towards York tomorrow
& shall reach it I hope on Sunday
spend a few days in Yorkshire
seeing churches & ruins, & return
~~seeing~~ ^{by} Lincoln & Peterborough
seeing the cathedrals. England looks
green & prosperous & is certainly