

[Accueil](#)[Revenir à l'accueil](#)[Collection](#)[Les correspondances de François Guizot : 1806-1874](#)[Collection180_181_Correspondance entre Sarah Austin et François Guizot : 1840-1867](#)[Collection180_Lettres de Sarah Austin : 1840-1867](#)[ItemWeybridge, June 10, 1866, Sarah Austin à François Guizot](#)

Weybridge, June 10, 1866, 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.

6 Fichier(s)

Les mots clés

[Discours du for intérieur](#), [Famille royale \(France\)](#), [Femme \(maternité\)](#), [Femme \(santé\)](#), [France \(1852-1870, Second Empire\)](#), [Tristesse](#), [Voyage](#)

Relations entre les lettres

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

Présentation

Date1866-06-10

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Marie Dupond & Association François Guizot, projet EMAN (Thalim, CNRS-ENS-Sorbonne nouvelle)

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Informations éditoriales

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Lieu de destinationVal-Richer (France)

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Lieu de rédactionWeybridge (Angleterre)

Notice créée par [Marie Dupond](#) Notice créée le 24/10/2024 Dernière modification le 30/04/2025

[illegible]

Hybridge June 10th
1866

Dear Monsieur Guizot
 I have to thank you for
 kind letter & for a book
 which had afforded me great
 satisfaction & comfort.
 As to my gratitude, though
 sincere, has been mute &
 effusive as so many feelings
 now. They are rather a weight
 a stimulus. I was indeed
 severe disappointment to see
 to see you when I knew you
 near. If I had been well enough
 could have gone to the Chapel,
 at any rate a glimpse
 your beloved & honoured face.
 I dared not, as every body
 then & passed by the upper
 I sat alone, in a stillness
 broken by the funeral bell.

Neither saw nor heard any
indication of a living being.
I guessed who & what hindered
it impossible for you to come to my
house. I should have been sur-
prised & sorry if the dear young
men had suffered this opportunity
to pass of showing their respect
for you & their desire to be, even
for so brief a space, in your society.
I hope you found them. I will not
say all that I think them because
I love them too much to be impar-
tial - but at least such as to
shew your reasonable hopes &
wishes. This is comfort, in the midst
of their exile, to think of their domestic
happiness. The breaking up & dispersion
of Claremont is one, then, in my
long & sorrowful list of losses.
I saw them sometimes & heard of them
often; & I had always the feeling
that they were there - accessible.
The quietest blank in my life,
I think, is the absence of Hatfield.

- a house which, when
up our abode here, &
Lord Mervine, Lady C.
(last remaining) the noble
widow. Her death, we
& she welcomed it with
of rapture. In her be-
lieve, on L'Esclapart's death,
the last words are: "I
must come to you to be
alone." God's mercy be
this sorrowful lesson
to me is inexpressible
way, is that of St. M.
You tell me not to
of any body. But, de-
of what can I speak?
miserable health, can
me willing to make it
of a letter, is in fact
on the count & calamity
which it pleases heaven
me, & any clear physi-
discover from my pre-
sented what was the
my last account from
what the state of these

— nor heard any
of a living being.
So violent & hurried
for you to come to me,
I should have been sur-
prised if the dear young
lady had this opportunity
of giving this respect
desire to be, even
I have, in your society,
and then — I will not
think them because
to much to be impor-
tant last such as to
reasonable hopes &
comfort, in the midst
I think of their domestic
breaking up & dispersion
— is one item in my
list of losses.
I have heard of them
& always reflecting
there — ^{however} accidential
cause in my night
extinction of Hethford.

— a house which, when we took
up our abode here, contained
Lord Mlesmere, Lady C. Greville &
(last remaining) the noble & excellent
widow. Her death was sudden,
& she welcomed it with a kind
of rapture. In her last letter to
me, on St. Landauin's marriage,
the last words are "Dead now I
must come to you to learn to live
alone." God's mercy has spared her
this sorrowful lesson. The loss
to me is indescribable, & in another
way, in that of Dr. Hewell.
You tell me not to send you news
of any body. But, dearest Sir,
of what can I speak? My own
miserable health, even supposing
me willing to make it the subject
of a letter, is in fact dependent
on the course & calamities with
which it pleases heaven to afflict
me, & any clever physician would
discover from my pulse & my
aspect what was the nature of
my last ailment from Egypt, or
what the state of those nearest to me.

I have never recovered from the
formidable attack of the 13th March;
but on the 9th May I was able to go
to Brighton, to visit my sister-in-law
where two darling little charges,
Urania & little Miss Ross - a most
encharming little creature. The first
night I spent with these sweet
children was an oasis in my desert
life. They have admirable natures
admirably trained. They form the
bright spot in my life. I think you
know that Janet has been ill, &
while ill, had to nurse her husband
in a frightful fever for 7 weeks -
since when, her father had to telegraph
for her to come - as Ross had not
to meet the Directors of the Egypt. Tra-
ding Company of which he is Man-
aging. The poor child, shocked by her
father, has had to spend her days
in the City, in cab & counting house,
astonishing men of business by her
knowledge of affairs, but worn out
with fatigue & anxiety. There were
awaiting a telegram from Alexandria

^{Refuge}
To inform us we
deeds or alive, &
back by agitation
nearly ruined.
Many times that
- no - there was a
fountain of milk
is nearly as much
looks old & much
wonder? Yet in
new gloom, there
The latest account
Lucy is rather be-
the Arab specific
done wonders for
an inmate, living
in a rather unwholesome
French Consul be-
most agreeable -
named Remy. He
drawings - I think
He lived in her
months & they pre-
sented. I never see
the way of any body
he can tell all about

3

to inform us whether Rosa is
dead or alive, recovering or thrown
back by agitation, prosperous or
nearly ruined. I have thought
many times that my cup was full
- no - there was always some fresh
fountain of misery. Poor Alexander
is nearly as much worn as I. He
looks old & melancholy. Who can
wonder? Yet in the midst of this
new gloom, there is a little light.
The latest account of my dear
Lucy is rather better. Camille's skill,
the Arab specific, seems to have
done wonders for her. She has had
an inmate, imposed upon her
in a rather unhandsome way by the
French Consul but who turned out
most agreeable - a young man
named Brune, who was making
drawings - I think for the French Govt.
He lived in her house for two
months & they parted with mutual
regret. If ever such a one comes in
the way of any belonging to you
he can tell all about her Arab life.

She is now on the Nile at
Cairo, to which she goes to avoid
heat. Lucy Markby writes to us
that ⁱⁿ the coolest room in the hotel
at that city the thermometer stood
at 117 (Fah.) In spite of which
she & her husband were well & happy.
I spent four days at Mrs. H. H. H.
on my way from Brighton & came
home (as usual from London) ill.
I am ^{now} rather better & shall remain
quiet at home. What I envy you
is not so much health & strength, as
the power of cooking. I begin to
fear that I shall not have energy
to complete my talk. I am too utterly
crushed & have hardly mind enough
left to read. This is a state for which
there is neither comfort nor cure.
Resignation - yes, God be praised, I do
not rebel - but even resignation grows
feeble & faded with the long long
wear. But I am still sensible to
the great pleasure of hearing that
you & yours are well & happy.
Your most affectionate
J. Austin.