

[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, Sept. 17, 1850, Sarah Austin à François Guizot](#)

Weybridge, Sept. 17, 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

[Description](#), [France \(1848-1852, 2e République\)](#), [histoire](#), [Voyage](#)

Relations entre les lettres

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

Présentation

Date1850-09-17

GenreCorrespondance

Editeur de la ficheMarie Dupond & Association François Guizot, projet EMAN
(Thalim, CNRS-ENS-Sorbonne nouvelle)

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<https://eman-archives.org/Guizot-Lieven/items/show/7605>

Informations éditoriales

DestinataireGuizot, François (1787-1874)

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

17 Sep^r
1850 Weybridge

33

Dear Sir & Friend
Your letter goes to my heart
not only that your kind
sympathetic heart sympathizes
with the sorrows of others, but
that the cheerful & sanguine
spirit which has ever bright-
ened all around it, is, for
the moment, somewhat
overclouded by the spectacle
of trouble & poverty,
suffering & wrong, which
you are compelled to witness.
And as nothing fatigues the
eye like straining to see thro'
a thick mist, so nothing
sours the spirit like the
attempt to look into a dim
& uncertain future. And who
would attempt it?

It truly, not one whose
whole life had been an
effort to make that
life honorable & happy to
his country.

Such & so various are the calls
for resignation - the ~~various~~
trials of faith! Perhaps it is
through disgusts & disappoint-
ments that God calls off the
noblest spirits from the
world to himself.

Our little town ended
with a pilgrimage to the grave
of Locke. By the side of a
lambeth, sequestered village
church, now attended only
by rustics, then his the man
whose clear & potent
intelligence was second only
to his spotless virtue. His
grave is inscribed, John Locke
Ob. 1704.

Above it is the tablet with
the Latin epitaph written by
himself. &c. I dare say you
know. We heard service in
the church where he had sat
by the side of his incomparable
friend Lady Masham, listening
to the same words of hope &
peace. I cannot tell you how
tranquillizing & elevating all
this was. Then lay the long mound
of the dead ashes of the man; but his
love of truth, his confidence in
his power, his love of mankind
his clear intelligence, his gentle
piety, seemed to radiate from
his modest tomb & the simpli-
city & serenity of his character
seemed to breathe in the whole
place. I thought of you, dear
Sir, & wished for you. You would
have seen how wisdom & virtue
can move ^{& attract} the hearts of men
through ~~ages~~ all time,

how they triumph over time &
death. Is it not a sublime thought
that a few feet of obscure earth
can be made dear & holy to the
good of all ages, by being the
resting place of such a man
as Locke? It is true that, being
what we see, one is ^{sometimes} inclined
to think he has thought &
written in vain. But we must
hope as he hoped & trust as he
trusted.

I have paid dearly for
this pleasure, & many other I tasted
on my journey, by missing
Pauline & her husband, William
Long Schaffer - ^{absolutely} you,
I do pray for ~~them~~ ^{your children} for you,
with a fervour almost equal to
that with which I ask for the preser-
vation of my ^{own} treasures. God be
praised, I find them well.
The accounts from Genoa are
tolerable. They are calm & seek
for comfort & support where alone
they can be found. They cannot write,