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Weybridge, Jan. 7, 1855, 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

[Archives](#), [Circulation épistolaire](#), [Conversation](#), [Correspondance](#), [Femme \(de lettres\)](#), [France \(1852-1870, Second Empire\)](#), [Guerre de Crimée \(1853-1856\)](#), [Histoire \(Angleterre\)](#), [Lecture](#), [Politique \(Angleterre\)](#), [Portrait](#), [Travail intellectuel](#)

Relations entre les lettres

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Présentation

Date1855-01-07

GenreCorrespondance

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

Information générales

LangueAnglais

Cote53, AN : 163 MI 42 AP 180 Papiers Guizot Bobine Opérateur 29

Nature du documentLettre autographe

Supportcopie numérisée de microfilm

Etat général du documentBon

Localisation du documentArchives Nationales (Paris)

Transcriptionpp. 304-306.

Citer cette page

Austin, Sarah (1793-1867), Weybridge, Jan. 7, 1855, Sarah Austin à François Guizot, 1855-01-07

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

Consulté le 25/02/2026 sur la plate-forme EMAN :

<https://eman-archives.org/Guizot-Lieven/items/show/7625>

Copier

Informations éditoriales

DestinataireGuizot, François (1787-1874)

Lieu de destinationParis (France)

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Lieu de rédactionWeybridge (Angleterre)

Notice créée par [Marie Dupond](#) Notice créée le 24/10/2024 Dernière modification le 02/04/2025

Mybridge y^h Jan^y
1855.

Dear Friend Guizot.

A letter in your hand writing
saying that you had made me so
tolerably jealous that I can no
longer keep silence. Ah dear friend
how is it since any of those
blasted & envious characters going to
trouble me? Had yet who, except you,
could wound & offend, since you so well
know what is true, I am sure you
will not quite forget to care for

But so long as the stream of
does not wash away opinions,
it dilutes them, till they become
weak to win against what further
the light of the present. I must
have to see you soon, & to
renew my spirit with your conso-
lation, & with the assurance that you
have not forgotten all the good, & all

Let days we have passed together,
be to me, & I can say to you,
a dream-like, & seem to belong to
another state of existence. And indeed
have, if not "new heavens," shall count
a new earth: when it is difficult to recog-

I hope it is true that Lady Holland's book
has pleased you & given you a more favorable
impression of her father than you had. That
is the effect it has produced here, I think I may
say universally. It is the effect which I rendered
it difficult to my conviction that it would be
produced. It has constantly to uphold dear
father's reputation, & since his death, to
encourage his daughter to persevere. He
was completely shut of his place, which was
the house of Commons in the bar. But on
the whole he was one of the best citizens
England has had - fearless & true. As you
were acquainted with some of his life & habits
in the early days of his duty, you will not
be surprised at his publications. He never
hesitated completely that at 80, you no longer hesitate.
Did you ever receive a copy of my own
little book? I sent it you, not without
a little sense of its unworthiness, but because
I could not withhold such a small &
trifling contribution.
I am continually receiving letters from
Berlin, Dresden, & other parts of Germany.
I sent a bit from one to the Examiner
last week (20th Dec) bearing strong testimony
to the facts which were so frequently mentioned
to me of the intense hatred borne to the Rus-
sians by Germans. The whole nation is livid
in Germany. I heard nothing else, & the only
pleasures I have against the Russians
have been inspired by Austrians & Prussians.
Now there is this to add. Till the war broke
out, the English people could not be said
to love or to hate Russians. They were thought
about them. Why should they? And now they

I am not well enough for the style.

are fighting them with acharnement, while
the Germans, who never spare of them without
execration, remain at peace. This is one of
the many inconsistencies of the present state
of things. - Another & more deplorable, is the want
of cordiality (of which it is impossible to
speak) of the English & French soldiers. A thing
to be reckoned with all our soul, is that
the political conditions other than they are,
nothing could ever reconcile me to them.
I have seen Mr. John Semmes once. He is
pleasant, but I should not at all trust his
affirmations of what passes here. My heart
never ceases to repeat: "Never trust
but one foreigner whose judgment on
England you wish to be solid on." How many
times with what delight I repeat his
words back in his conversations with you.
He said to me the other day: "The most charming
company I have met with in my life is
Monieur Guizot. I never enjoyed any company
so much as his." Who would believe it? For
how many previous occasions he neglected.
He is, on the whole, very well - better than
I ever knew him. I am certainly not worse.
I think rather better. But I must take
my place permanently among the incur-
pables. I shall never recover my former
firmness or endurance & I only live by the
aid of a thousand tedious menagements.
God's will be done. One must say of one's
faults, as of one's life, he goes & he gets
taken away - blessed be his name.
I am sure to the end of my short &
have still a thousand things to say...

53
See Mr. Thomas after & do what I
can to keep up his failing spirits. I
think his self-examination was not
often the little disquiet against Rogers
by which Thomas reproaches himself. His
feeling towards ^{him} is that of a man
who passionately loves a wife he
suspects. But he says he could not endure
the state of things there. He is going on with
his life of "Dupleix". He has read me a
part, which I thought very interesting.
This book has its first origin in your
comparison of some de Moray & de
Bute-Hinson. I expected him to take the
noble pain of his subject.

Some de Bonche has very kindly invited
me to Paris - to the Rue Villed'Evreux.
I thank her from my heart; but I shall
Paris I shall not see again. I feel no offer
fits for what passes there, & I do not want
to count disquiet or irritation. We have
enough at home. The perpetual blister
on all honorable & reasonable people is
the Times. We are living under an au-
sperous tyranny - the tyranny of blackguard
all day husband. The Times sets on the
mob - the mob drives the government -
& so we go on. Lord Melbourne was here
yesterday. He said the expedition against
Levassopol was the work of the Times - volun-
tarily engaged in by the Ministry because
the people would have it. Do you call that
governing? I should not. Lord I. tells me

indignation against the Times,
very general, & that excellent article
appears in some journals - (I myself
read an admirable one in the Scotsman)
but who reads them?
There is no help - The next despotism
the world will have to undergo is that
of the Press. This might be foreseen
as soon as we got a reading populace.
When the people have read enough
they become clear sighted & reasonable.
The despotism will fall of itself. But
how will that be? Two centuries hence
I am sure you think with interest
of your favorite Florence Nightingale
and her sister, I have 4 miles of beds to visit
& I have not yet heard a word or any
inducement word. I hear from others of the
wonderful delicacy of the poor & all follow.
While may the Queen call them her beloved
troops? If anything could console me
for this hideous war, & for the noble blood
that is shed, it would be the disclosure
of qualities & praise one of my Berlin friends
not to be separated from carrels, nor indeed
from immortals, in my dear countrymen.
And how generously & kindly are they
treated by you! One's heart warms in
reading what the poor fellows say of their
French brothers. Will it, can it, last?
Let us pray that it may.
Yours ever, dearest, William Jewell
Social Revolution