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Weybridge, March 17, 1857, 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.

8 Fichier(s)

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

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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

Weybridge
March 17 -
1857

Dear Monsieur Guizot

I am more obliged to M. de Rémusat that he, or even you, can imagine; since he has been the cause of your breaking that silence which I should never have broken, & which weighed so heavily on my heart. You have not, I am sure, for one moment, called me among the 'indifferent' of whom you speak. If that were possible, I should despair of finding a less expression of any deep & true sentiment that could carry conviction to any heart. You are sure that no sorrow could befall you which would not afflict me, & that as I am (how often you have said so) naturally sympathetic & expansive, I should long to say to you all that the most affectionate sympathy could suggest. But sympathy, to be acceptable must be able to adapt itself exactly to the particular suffering - ~~it is~~ if it is vague, it must always

risk being inappropriate.
I have always felt this
towards a friend grieving for the
loss of one however near & dear,
whom I did not know. I felt that
the just measure & full appreciation
of the loss was not in my hands,
& that I could only conclude from
generals to the particular case. And
how cold & impotent are such conclusions.
To know that you had lost a dear
intimate friend was enough indeed to
make me grieve - but not enough to
give me courage to speak to you of
your loss, if you had not alluded
to it. Perhaps there is some English
reserve in this scruple. If so, dear
& most honoured friend, allow for it
& forgive me. Remember also that I
live among people to whom it is by
measure difficult to offer an accept-
able sympathy - so that one is always
afraid of wounding where one most
wishes to heal. You may imagine
what a loss I have sustained in my
most noble, kind & honoured neighbour,
Lord Ellesmere - a loss rendered still
more heavy, by my depletion of the

public calamity. The
nature of his loss
I had ample means of
entire union & identifi-
cation between them -
world could I dare to
word of condolence. But
how sincere it would be
doubt it. He knows how
him, & he knows & says
great regard for me. But
permitted itself with a
one ventures to approach
~~But~~ One who has lived
such influences natural
& timid about offering
expression of sympathy
to do this, you will find
not wise at all. You
can I say that is war-
nothing. If any man
hard conditions of his
do. If any man know
the hopes, the resolutions,
trons of conscience, & cold
what cannot be taken
My own near view of the
sweeping death throes that
one of nearly all my
friends, have long pre-
sented of calm expectation
end - or, if I am spared,
closing up of all the old
sources of sympathy. I

public calamity. Will - I know
the nature of his poor wife's loss, for
I had ample means of witnessing the
entire union & identification that
existed between them - Yet, not for the
world, could I dare to address to her one
word of condolence. And yet she knows,
how sincere it would be - she does not
doubt it. She knows how I honoured
him, & she knows & says that I had a
great regard for me. But she has
surrounded herself with a wall which no
one ventures to approach.

~~And~~ One who has lived a life among
such influences naturally grows shy
& timid about offering the least
expression of sympathy. Not daring
to do this, you will feel that I write
not wisely at all. And now what
can I say that is worth your reading?
Nothing. If any man knows the
hard conditions of human life, you
do. If any man knows the thoughts,
the hopes, the resolutions, the self-sacrifices,
the hopes of conscience, the calm hold on
what cannot be taken away, it is you.
My own near view of the grave, & the
sweeping death throes that have robbed
one of nearly all my most intimate
friends, have long preserved in me a
sort of calm expectation of my own
end, or, if I am spared, of the gradual
closing up of all the old & cherished
sources of sympathy. It is like the

looking up all the pleasant rooms
of a house before departing from it.
Here we have lived, loved, enjoyed,
suffered; & now we shall be there no more.

I think love of Nature, & a certain
satisfaction in going on with whatever
one feels to be one's work in this world
are the two great resources - next to that
with which they are closely allied. And
I always feel comforted to think how
fully you possess them. I speak here
only of the resources within ourselves -
family love is above all price - but there
too, we are vulnerable. I am glad you
have my dear Henriette & that you are
going to Val Richer. I cannot make
Paris or London life suit my views of
it. What is to be desired for me why
has deep regret, or marvelling of death.

Now to the business of your letter,
which you must forgive me for
delaying so long to mention. If I were
at M. P., & therefore justified in quoting
hack sentences of Latin, I should reply
to you "Infandum iubes ut &c."
The trials of my life have been unmea-
sured, various & every day, hard to
bear - but all the rest shrinks into
insignificance compared to the despair
of contemplating day by day & year
by year, my husband's resolute neglect
or suppression of the talents committed

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to his care. I have written
one to whom the book is
given. The book is
It was Louis's main
of his first course
London University, &
Murray in 1833 as he
tended, as you may see
a popular book. Yet,
it is constantly appearing
it is evident that
requirements, great
& perfect love of the
way - & keep it. He
exhausted for many
years Murray died, & I
applied to him. He
through with great
& 2^d Edition. His friends
made me write, & I
not reprint it with
corrections & additions
gladly assented.
I asked again for your
bond & myself by the
revised & altered
volume. The result
never touched it.
can give you no idea

the most rooms
departing from it
and enjoyed,
to be in them to see
a certain
with whatever
work in this world
is done - next to that
a closely allied. And
I speak here
of my thin muscular
and old friends - but these
I am glad you
understand & that you
can most make
of it. My views of
the world for me why
many views of death.
I am your letter,
I forgive me for
the mention. If I were
justified in quoting
it here, I should reply
in the same way.
I have been more
of the same hard to
rest through into
pained to the despair
day by day & years
and I realize neglect
the talents committed

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his case - especially since he was³
one to whom the ten talents were
given. The book in question is his.
It consists mainly of the substance
of his first course of lectures at the
London University, & was published by
Murray in 1833 or 4. It was never in-
tended, as you may well believe to be
a popular book. Yet, in spite of all he
is constantly affirming to the contrary,
it is evident that great scientific
acquirements, great sagacity & thorough
& perfect love of truth make their
way - & keep it. The edition has been
exhausted for many years - years before
old Murray died. John Murray has
applied to his son Austin several times
through with great delicacy, to prepare
a 2^d Edition. His first reply (which he
made me write) was, that he would
not reprint it without considerable
corrections & additions. To the matter
gladly assented. So the matter
rested - again for years - but as he had
bound himself by this notion of a
revised & altered edition and a 2^d
volume the result is, that he has
never touched it - & never will. I
can give you no idea of the flattering

& more than flattering, solicitations
from all quarters. The only effect
of a fresh one is to make him look
as if any body had hit him a blow.
He never makes the least answer
or observation. How can he? What
reason can he give to me or to himself
that? But to me, he can hardly give
that. The truth is that many causes,
& among them some very sufficient ones,
long ago conspired to disquiet him with
men, & their judgments, & their affairs; &
he, poor fellow, has made this an excuse
to himself for shying his own value
to let about work. He says (&
truly) that time was, when no body
worked harder, & that, had he then met
with encouragement or even justice,
he should have accomplished great things.
It is true that he was shamefully treated;
but you & I know that there is another way
of measuring oneself on the injustice of men.
Woe, the end is, that I cannot tell where
nor how to get a copy. I have heard of
fabulous prices given for one. If I can
borrow one for Mr. de Rémusat, Reville,
nothing that could be done for me, or could
happen to me, would give me such a joy
as seeing that book mentioned as in *Science*.
The *Ed.* But (as the *Thy Ed.* told me) never
dared to grapple with it. Indeed it was
never adequately reviewed.

You see, dear Sir, how
of what is worst on
earth. My husband
of the profoundest & very
tenderest pity. He is to
as a God, sometimes
child - an immense,
tiful machine, without
wheel, which should keep
evenly & justly. He
only commends him to
his great & noble soul
sphere of more fitted
With this hope I am obli-
vif for my bitter disap-
believe me - that he has
talents into gold, or
to power or greatness -
depart out of the world
done for the great cause
of Reason & Justice -
to enable him to do the
been proud & happy to
a crust with him. But
ambitious; & child's
I am busy, in my lit-
sent Westminster a volume
of mine to the House
had great & unexpected
I have written
the *Ed.* R. on Goethe's
a critical, not a poetical

the only effect
to make him look
at him a blow.
the least answer
can be? What
to one or to himself?
he can hardly say,
that many causes,
very sufficient ones,
deserve him with
out, & their affairs; &
make this an excuse
for his own value.
He says (&
as, when nobody
had he then met
as even justice;
unfledged great things
as shamefully treated;
but there is another way
on the injustice of men.
that I earnestly tell you
I have heard of
for one. If I can
be kind, Rev. W.
done for me, or could
give me such a joy
mentioned as it deserves.
Ed. told me) never
it. Indeed it was
received.

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You see, dear Sir, how I talk to you
of what is most sacred to my own
heart. My husband is, to me, the object
of the profoundest veneration, & the
tenderness of pity. He is to me sometimes
as a God, sometimes as a sick & weary
child - an immense, powerful & beau-
tiful machine, without the balance-
wheel which should keep it going constantly
evenly & justly. In my heart I continually
commend him to God & pray that
his great & noble soul may find a
sphere of more fitted to its development.
With this hope I am obliged to console my-
self for my bitter disappointment - not
believe me - that he has not counted
talents into gold, or risen upon the
to power or greatness - but that he will
depart out of the world without having
done for the great cause of Law ^{humanity} ~~justice~~
of Reason & Justice - what he might
so enable him to do this! I should have
been proud & happy to share a garret &
a crust with him. But God knows one
ambitious; & checks them.
I am busy, in my little way. I shall
send Brewster a humble ^{petition} ~~petition~~
of mine to the Household Gods. It has
just & unexpected success.
I have written an article for
the Ed. R. on Goethe's Life & Works - not
a critical, nor æsthetic - but an ethical

view. It will not be popular among
a large class of litterateurs - but I do
not despair of your approbation. It
is worth it would of the others. Farewell,
dear Monsieur Guizot. Will you kindly
put with one line in answer to this

1831
1831

CHEST
1831

Monsieur

M. Guizot
Rue de la Harpe
Paris

1831
1831

1831
1831

Believe me only that you believe in me
what indeed I am, your
very faithful Kaputian etc
A. Guizot.

Don't let me hear of your leaving France. I have very little
to ask of you but I fear the work is very tedious.