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Weybridge, The 21st of August 1861, 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.

4 Fichier(s)

Les mots clés

[Amis et relations](#), [Conditions matérielles de la correspondance](#), [Enfants \(Guizot\)](#), [Femme \(de lettres\)](#), [France \(1852-1870, Second Empire\)](#), [Réception \(Guizot\)](#)

Relations entre les lettres

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

Présentation

Date1861-08-21

GenreCorrespondance

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

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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

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Weybridge Aug. 21st (night)
1861.

Dear Monsieur. Guizot

I have three letters in my heart & in my head. For but just now I must write but one, & my dear dear girls will forgive me that it is to you. Meantime I thank them from the bottom of this heavy & aching heart, which was never more sensible to kindness, nor more grateful for affection.

I hope to be able to tell them so with my lips. Yes, dearest Sir, your goodness has overcome my scruples & my reluctance & my timidity - (the last is new to me) - & I am going to try to reach Val Rhetan. I wish it more than I can say, but besides that, I think I ought. You are

one of the persons to whom
morally & intellectually, I owe
the most - whom indeed can I
compare with you in this respect?
Your appreciation of my dear
husband, & his warm attach-
ment to you, his deep respect
for you, also form indissoluble
ties. You remind me how many
more years of our lives time
has carried away, & though Heaven
knows, I want no suggestion
as to the perishableness of what
we love, yet those few words
seemed to me like a command.
My scruples were partly res-
pecting my arduous & dear
task - how to leave it? But
there are several reasons which
almost oblige me to pause.
And I think I shall go on with
more energy after a little rest.

Partly too, I scrupled going into
your happy circle but then with
a weight of sorrow, & with the
ever-present & ~~an~~ corroding
anxiety. Even the gloomy dress which

in this country is for
those in my sad condition
I have not yet had a
ride, seemed to me
to the shade of prospective
affections. But your
your dear daughters
all my hesitations
& I will enjoy you
you & for you. I have
the day for my departure
if it is earlier than
than suits you to be
not think of that. I
promised. I must be
to be in France with
her. She has been
the most agonizing
of ~~separation~~ terms
& has shown me the
sympathy. There are
other friends whom I
to see once more. The
Mr. Wilson has a son
Paris. I do not wish
stay there - but I can
do so. I ask every body
to cross from the Pic-
torian line & today

To whom
I now
can I
this respect
my dear
attack
deep respect
indissoluble
how many
times
though I have
suggestion
of what
I would
a command
justly res-
pect & dear
me it? But
reasons which
to pause -
will go on with
a little rest
led going into
but kind with
& with the
corroding
my dress

in this country is peculiar to
those in my sad condition, which
I have not yet had courage to lay
aside, seemed to me, inevitable
to the abode of prosperous & happy
affections. But your letter &
your dear daughters' have silenced
all my hesitations. I will come
& I will enjoy your happiness, with
you, & for you. I have not yet fixed
the day for my departure, but
if it is earlier than you expect or
than suits you to receive me, do
not think of that. I have partly
promised M^{me} de Beauvoir not
to be in France without going to
see her. She has been up in all
the most agonizing moments
of ~~my~~ ^{my} ~~terror~~ ^{terror & grief}
I have shown me the tenderest
sympathy. There are one or two
other friends whom I should like
to see once more. The excellent
M^{lle} Hilain has a home for me in
Paris. I do not wish to ~~leave~~
stay there - but I can perfectly well
do so. I ask every body how I am
to cross from the Pyrenees to the
Norman line. Nobody can tell me.

yet it is impossible that there
should be no communication
between two such cities as Amiens
& Rouen, or ~~between~~ the latter & Caen.
The detour by Paris looks absurd
on the map. I know there were no
train lines 7 years ago, but I am
convinced there must be some now.
Unhappily I must take the shortest
crossing - at least, that to Boulogne.
If I go to Sandhurst I must stop
at Chelmsford, where I shall hear
what can be done. I bring my
little maid with me. She does not
know one word of French but she
knows what I want, & is more
important. Alexander & his children
are with his mother at Eastbourne.
If he had been alone with them
I should have gone there. But I shall
rather not be with any one else
there. They are quite well - the poor
fellow, a little recovered from fatigue
& exhaustion. He was greatly worn
& aged. Very good authority of Janet
- if other but the one with whom are
my thoughts, day & night. By this time
probably there is the other hemisphere.
Even the stars that I look at are not the
same that I see on her. Oh weary
suspense! But there is no going back.