

17/2
Mon Jan: 30. 1843.

My dear friend,

On looking over these papers last night, I was deeply, & unexpressed, mortified, that the last half sheet, (or sheet) of the letter I was not there. I must have inadvertently put it by with other papers. But how this has been done I cannot tell; and the utmost tracing of memory does not help me. The letters have ^{never} been out of my possession, and, except when taken out of my ~~paper~~ writing case, never (as far as I knew) removed from the place where they were first deposited. This

has been more annoying
treason than I can
well describe - for this appa-
rent / I do not think it is
really carelessness is a poor
return for your unexampled
kindness. You have
lightened my heart. and
I know I am owing you.
I will justly prize these
papers.

Every paper shall be
carefully overlooked: as
I have destroyed nothing of
my own - I earnestly hope to
find it -

God bless you and
yours.
ever yours affectly
L. R. J.

This sermon is not an over-
good one. I have packed
up at least almost all: as
I had no more use for them
on general subjects in England.
Such as it is - it is yours, with
all my heart.

Rev. Edw. Coleridge
Ston.