

to W. Estlin

Calne

Tuesday Evening

1/2 past 7.

My dear Sir

I have been seldom more agitated than when on my return from Devizes I found your letter, and could gain no account of that which you were so justly surprised at my not having acknowledged. At length, after enquiries at the Post Office had proved vain, and I had determined to return a non inventum et non mirum servant began to recollect, that some time ago she had brought up a letter to me to my bed room, and finding me asleep she had put it upon my writing-table (for my bed room & study are one), and it being the second day of her being in a new place, she had forgotten to mention it to me, and in giving in her weekly account to Mr Morgan had put ~~down~~ the postage to the account of a Parcel which came by the same ^{train} mail, but as it happened Carriage paid. Here then was hope for a new search and after a full hour's labour Mr Morgan's Sister in re-examining my papers, and chaos of loose manuscripts, one by one, she found the desideratum in the middle of the printed sheets of my Biographical Memoirs. I am really so much flummied by this blundering accident, that I can merely acknowledge the receipt of the letter without having read it with sufficient attention to return you an answer by daylight's post for I have not 10 minutes to go to my room and therefore must bid you adieu. I am, Sir, your obliged servant

Coleridge