

a visit, though I would rather defer them,
and will do so, if possible.

Cousin Lucie and myself spent the
day in town ^{yesterday} and had quite a pleasant visit.
I have made several other engagements for
next week, provided Lucie does not go to
Williamstown. She would like very much to
go to Mayville with me, but Mr. Winger
is too anxious for her return to Indianapolis
and she thinks now that her next visit
will be to our home.

Cousin Will Collier just stopped here a
few moments, on his way home from
Cincinnati. He says Cousin Louisa is in
Covington, has not decided whether to come
here or go to Mayville, or to her Brother
Richard. Uncle wishes me to write for
her to come here and remain until I
go to Covington, and then come with me.
I don't know until I see her, whether she
will go to our house, or go out, you know, in
her last letter to me she said she had

received your invitation first, I should like very
much to see her. But here comes some
company, and I must stop writing.

Yesterday afternoon, I had expected to find
my letter to you. Sister Mary, when I came
opened it. But a couple of gentlemen came
and stayed to supper, and till bed time, so
I had to take Church leave, then yesterday
and today both, I have been with company.

Cousin Will and his wife have been
spending the day, but have just left, and
now I am writing as fast as possible,
that I may not be interrupted.

I attended service on Sabbath
morning, at the Baptist church, and such
a sermon I never heard. The text was, "The
rock is Peter, and upon this rock I will build
my church." A beautiful discourse could
have been preached. The main ideas were
extremely peculiar, and the only beauty, or so
deeming trait in the sermon was that the
language fully conveyed his meaning. But