

From Louis A. Myers to Luther M. Myers

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[text stricken through]

Philippi Va[.]

July 18th 1858

Dear Brother,

I received your kind favor of the 28th ultimo, the evening before I started for Home. I read it with much satisfaction myself, and also to the great delight of Father and Mother. Your excuse for not writing before is certainly worthy consideration, and, after giving it the consideration due, I must acknowledge, that I have been too hasty in accusing you with neglect; however much I may deprecate the combination of circumstances, and "multiplicity of things" uniting, to deprive me of the pleasure of receiving the amount of letters, which otherwise would have been my pleasure, to receive from you, I must confess, that I have repented in "sack cloth and ashes" for putting you to the inconveniences of writing--even a single letter; It may be a knowledge of the fact that when you shall have taken up your residence in Weston, you can find time--leisure time--which you will occupy in writing to me, that prompts me to this confession, in some degree; yet in all sincerity and candor, I can say that I would sooner forego the consequence of receiving no letters, than put you to the inconvenience if such it be, of writing to me, a single letter.

Luther, I am at ---- Home? At least

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where home should be, yet, surrounded by all the scenes of sorrow and of joy, of my earlier days--cheered by the voice of Father, Mother, Brothers, Sisters and friends, I cannot always feel that this is Home! There will, ever in the gayest hours of Home, an inward voice whisper--there are some absent! True, this feeling is natural in gayest hours of the Worlds gayety; But should such feelings enter the portals of Home? Certainly, no cause should exist, to place that feeling within us, in all the coldness of reality. I can see Home, and feel at Home, only when and where a single fireside, I care not where situated, whether in a Kansas Cabin, or a Virginia dwelling, is the centre, around which Brothers & sisters, Father and Mother, without an exception, are seated.

Your views in regard to the Missouri Compromise, are, in all probability, correct. I had tried every thing, and every way, you can imagine, to draw a few lines from you, and as a final resort, "poked" the Missouri Compromise at you, well aware that your rabid democracy, would move your hand and a letter would be the result. How far I have succeeded you probably know; suffice it to say that my point is gained, and if the ground is, or is not tenable, I know nor care not; I have no desire, surely, to stand side and side with Eli Thayer.

The enclosed bokay [bouquet], was handed me

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by Laura, with the request to send it to you. I do so, because it is beautiful; and, with the hope that it may hereafter occupy a conspicuous place in your "Family Bible".

Amanda says she will write soon;-- We are all enjoying good health,--and hope you are also as fortunate as we.

But I must close, as the mail will be in before I get this letter in; and, as the letter aforesaid is very interesting; in order to avoid such a direful calamity, [*text stricken through*] as must attend its delay I close as I begun.

I will write again when I return to Weston[.]

I Remain Your
Unworthy Brother
L.A. Myers

[*written at left of signature line*]
Luther M. Myers