give them to you, but you shall have a picture of both, I will try and go to the attic and go through Billy's old trunk and see what I can find, I do have one thing you may have some day that they had when they first married and that is a pretty "what not", it is heavy and it was given to me when I first married, now I will give that to you in person, I do not want it lost in mail, I have it in a corner on the wall with a red candle in it but the candle holder did not belong to the Hampton's.

I have rented out my upstairs this winter and just live in the downstairs, it is so lonesome to live in a house by myself, but I sleep in the living room on the couch and give my guests my bedroom, that is the reason that I have had to pack something away in my attic.

I certainly liked Henderson's wife, and of course Henderson is dear I thought all of your aunt Pernelia's sons were so nice, I just saw them when they all were with me when they brought her body to my home for burial.

as

Howard if you have gotten so little of the old things you shall have the letter that that your great, great grand mother wrote back here when they went to Mo. I think it is 110 years old, I showed it to your father, I have put it away in the old trunk, I had it photographed and one I gave to your father, now Howard I gave your father the history of the Hampton's, of course Hally will give it to you it was typed. I told your father to give one spoon to you and one to your brother the first time he saw you all after he left my home, you just ask Hally for them. The letter should be covered with something like telephon, well when you come up we can decide.

I want to have you and your wife and daughter visit me in my home, you must write me about them.

Your father wanted his two sons to come back with him someday.

Howard I am glad I could do something for you all,

You will hear from me again soon.

Your cousin

[Signature]
Ashland, Ky.
Oct. 11th, 1947.

My dear Howard:

Ireland, your father, took a book home with him that Mrs. Hager gave him, it is "THE BIG SANDY VALLEY, by William Ely", he told me he wanted you to read it, there is much in it about the Hampsons, of course Halley can find it for you, I have one and when you get that one I will write you what Billy added to stars in pencil which will be of interest to you.

I am enclosing two old letters, do not ever rub out the pencil marks, Billy put them there and that will help you to decide what kin they are. Now the other letter is from your grandmother great, great mother, she is the mother of your great grand father Rev. William Hampton, who was the father of your grand father, now this great, great grand mother of your was married twice, and went to No., she signs her letter "Melinda Sharp", she was married twice, after the death of her husband William Hampton she married Leonard B. Sharp, I think he was a hat maker and I think they had some children, I may not send her letter till I hear from you telling me if I should register it to you or how, it is dated May 10, 1838.

Now I have gotten the two pictures for you one of your great grand father and one of your great grand mother they are each 8" x 10" tell me how to send them also, I also have a few leaves out of the Bible that belonged to your great grand father, it tells of his marriage and the death of the births of all his children and the deaths of two, but the second wife cut out the name of aunt Penny, she was your grand father's sister, but before I send it I will try and go to the cemetery at Catlettsburg where she is buried and get the date of her birth and death and same and name of her husband and write it in on one of the sheets, that is if you would like to have these things I found them in Billy's old trunk. Write me if you want them.

Ask Halley for those two spoons I told your father they were for you and your brother. Your father wanted you to come back to Ashland, and I want you to so I can show you some things he wanted you to see, I have been twice to the grave where your great, great, great grand father Henry Hampton was buried, it is on top of a hill and in an old field about 20 miles from here, but I will have to get a distant cousin of yours from Huntington to show us the way, and this cousin has a beautiful cheery table, drop leaf the belong to his daughter, who was her ancestor. I worked so much with Billy going over old papers, now I have somewhere in an old trunk the newspaper with the death of your great grand mother it is her picture I am going to send you, I also have a picture of this old Dr. Henry Hampton and wife, and I have seen the house he builded for his daughter in Huntington.

The men are supposed to begin first of the week moving the bodies of the Hampsons from the old cemetery at Catlettsburg to Ashland, will it be convient for you to send me your check like you said for the $50.00 so I can pay them when they finish, I will return to you and Joe all that is left, if any left and the receipts from them, I will have three receipts of each made, one for you, one for Joe and one for me, if it is not convient to send it now, I will go right ahead with the work and get the bank to let me have the money so as to pay them right off, and then write you and you can send it to me, I wrote the same to Joe last night.

An enclosing another paper a card, W. C. Ireland is your great grand father, W. O. Hampton is a great uncle, my father in law, S. R. Ireland is your aunt Rose's husband, I thought you might like it. Hastily but fondly your cousin Quince.
Thomas, W.Va.
October 29, 1947.

Dear Howard:

No doubt Quince has written you all about Aunt Rose's funeral which was in Ashland October 7th, from the Lasseter Funeral Home, with the Episcopal minister reading the burial service. Henderson and Helen went down from New York, and Helen wrote me that she looked lovely with her white hair, fine facial makeup and a purple dress. She said the Ireland Hampton plot in the cemetery is a lovely one in a beautiful cemetery. She is buried on the Ireland part of the plot, with Sam, Judge and Mrs. Ireland and Aunt Rose's mother and father, Mr. & Mrs. Roberts being the only graves on this lot. Betty Vessy took them for a ride after the services, to Gatlettsburg, and around the city of Ashland and the country side. She showed them where your great grandparents are buried, up on the side of a steep hill with a hog pen and chicken run along side of it.

A card from Quince last Saturday night said that the bodies were all taken to Ashland and reburied last Thursday, and that the foundation would be made this week for the monument, rather she said that the monument would be moved this week, as the foundation would have to harden and that it was about where I had indicated on a drawing I sent her a week ago. I am sending you a copy of it. When I wrote her before I told her to put them all on the Norton lot and not try to crowd the Hampton lot where you grandparents are buried. The card wanted to know if I wanted the word HAMPTON on the monument facing your grandfather's grave in the other lot and I answered at once to do so, if it placed it right for the older Hamptons. I am very happy over the fact that you and I have had this done now, and feel sure you will be more and more glad as the years go by as I am sure my boys will also, rather then leave them on a steep hill side in a brush and brier and weedgrown lot surrounded by pig pens and chicken houses. In the packages I will be sending you this week are photographs of the portraits of the old folks taken years ago in my living room by a local photographer. I do not have the negatives or would have better prints, and the photographer has been gone for years. The portraits were hung on a stepladder to take the pictures, and the silhouettes on the wall back of them are those of my great grandparents, Col. and Mrs. John Henderson.

Coming back to Aunt Rose and her estate. From the reports from California it looked as though she only owned her clothes, some jewelry of little value, and her luggage, besides the lots in Ashland which are valued at only a few hundred dollars, which altogether would probably not pay her funeral expenses and hospital bills, but I wired Dr. Anderson that I would pay all of these bills including the express charge for sending her back to Ashland, even if cost me five or six hundred dollars more than I would ever get back. Later I had a notice from the Los Angeles County Public Administrator's office that, where there was no will probate must be filed, and an inventory taken. So of course I told them to go ahead. They took the inventory, and took charge of all her effects as well as mail that came in for her. Later they wrote me that a letter dated Oct. 10th, saying "Dear Sister", and ending "Your loving brother, R.W. Roberts arrived from Kansas City, Mo., and wanted to know if this was her brother. I had written them in my previous letter that we were only related to her through her husband Sam Ireland, and that I knew she had, or had had a brother Robert, and some nephews or nieces, but I never knew their address of if still living. They also advised if I had not committed my self too far to have all bills turned in against the estate, as they said it would liquidate at more than thousand dollars, as they said it would liquidate at more than one thousand dollars,
3213-22d St.
Nov. 10, 1947

Dear Uncle Joe:

Both your recent letter and the three boxes containing the Hampton-Ireland things have been received, and are much appreciated. We shall carefully preserve these old family mementos to turn over to Marian when she has a home of her own.

I note in your letter that the California authorities were of the opinion that Aunt Rosa's estate would be ample to cover her funeral expenses, etc. If you are not reimbursed for the part you had paid, please let me know, as in that event I would like to bear half of it.

We are having our first touch of winter weather. It is bright and snappy in early mornings, but warms up somewhat during the day. We still are exceedingly dry. There has been no rain of consequence since June, but not-withstanding this Lubbock County is slated to gin more than 150,000 bales of cotton. The greater part of this county is on the high South Plains. My ranch lies just off the plains to the east in "the breaks."

Val will write you further, as I must be getting off for the ranch.

With many thanks and love,

Your nephew,
Sat. A. M. They brought me the pictures late last night, I will try and get everything off to you by Monday except what is on each monument. I will have to go to the cemetery and get that wording I have the names and years.

Ashland, Ky.

Dear Howard:

Glad to receive your letter. I will send the things to you soon, am waiting for the pictures, and send or will send you three of each, as you might want to give some to your nieces or nephews. Joe wanted three of each, also will type what is on the different monuments. I drove out to the cemetery last Sat., but did not get out of the car, a friend took me out, and the monument looks nice, that marble is in three four pieces, and had to be cleaned, some of it had been down years, and it was very muddy when the finally got it to the cemetery.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Cost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Walter Trent</td>
<td>$65.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ashland Cemetery Co.</td>
<td>47.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walter Trent</td>
<td>107.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elmer Lewis</td>
<td>13.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>C. J. Hornbuckle</td>
<td>15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. A. Hornbuckle</td>
<td>6.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>$254.12</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

$300.00 -$244.12 = $55.88

Enclosing a Bank Money Order for $22.94 which is one-half of the amount not used.

should have been a little more tax but they said not, but if they decide more due I will just attend to that as it will not be very much.

I am glad all of this is attended to, it was a little slow especially after I got hurt, I am able to walk some new with a big cane, but so glad to get out, will soon walk without cane.

I am glad all is going well.

Joe, you certainly must bring your wife and daughter to see me what is your wife's name? maybe you all could come next summer, your uncle Joe does not keep well has a bad heart and Arthritis badly that it is hard for him to write, so he tells me, I invited him down but said when he went over a year ago to see the boys the trip was so very hard on him, so do not wait too long in coming. I wanted Joe to come down and help decide about places the bodies & monument, but he could not.

I think I will be able to register everything to you next week.

Please write me when you receive this money order. Kind regards to your family, why not send me a picture of you three.

Yours truly
Quince Hampton

[Signature]
Jan. 4, 1948

Dear Cousin Quince:

I have been inexcusably long in answering your last letter and acknowledging Great-grandmother's letter and the photos as well as the bank draft. About the same time they came the in-laws began pouring in for a Christmas family gathering at the ranch. We were there until last night.

Valvera's mother is 80 and is confined to a wheelchair by arthritis, and she appeared to enjoy having the children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren around her.

I was glad to receive the letter written so long ago and the photos taken at the cemetery. I am returning the bank money order indorsed to you, and I hope you will accept it as some small recompense for what you have so willingly and unselfishly done without thought of recompense.

Incidentally, I am going to have made a telephone case for grandmother's letter.

Valvera and Marian join me in hoping that your injury is much better if not entirely improved by now. May the New Year bring you all that is good.

Your cousin,

[Signature]
Thomas, West Va.
June 29, 1948.

Dear Howard? Val and Marian:

Glad to have your letters and Marian’s card and learn that you had a good time sight seeing in Washington and Virginia after you left Thomas, even if you did get back home worn out after such a long trip in a car. I have always found even much shorter trips in a car exhausting. The only one more so is a trip in a bus, where you have less room and freedom than in a car.

I know you were happy to get home and find that the rain had saved your grass and crops and everything else going along in fine condition. We are still having a lot of rain, but they are warm and the days and nights between showers also warm which makes us sure that summer is really here.

I wish it had been possible for you folks to stay longer with me. I fell very much in love with Val and Marian, and have always thought a great deal of you Howard, and particularly so this time as you constantly reminded me of your father—looks, actions, etc. I knew your father better than I did my own brothers, and if anything loved him more also.

I like your idea, Val, or framing Mrs. Ireland’s fan. I don’t recall if I told you that she is said to have painted the roses on it herself. Mrs. Ireland’s mother, Mrs. Dorcas Fee-Robb, was also an artist. She was an invalid and spent the last few years of her life in bed, and I have heard Mrs. Ireland say that in those years her mother painted the wall paper for their living room—propped up in bed with the easel proped up in front of her. Back in those days most wall paper used in this country was imported from France and very expensive. She had strips of plain paper coming from the ceiling down to the chair rail, and on these she painted bouquet of flowers, so that when the paper was hung they were in alternate rows across the wall. I think she died about 1830 or ’35. She was Dorcas Fee of Philadelphia. Mrs. Ireland got her middle name of Dorcas from her mother—I don’t know where her first name of Pamela came from. My wife had her grandmother’s full name of Pamela Dorcas, and always wished it had been Pamela as the English use it. It was from this great grandmother that the Irish blood came into the Ireland family.

You forgot to take with you Mrs. Ireland’s cut glass smelling salts bottle. I will get it off to you in the next few days, as I think it is really an heirloom worth treasuring, as well as a souvenir of the days when ladies in their tight corsets were prone to faint, or feel like it frequently.

Had a letter from Quince the other day saying how much she enjoyed having you and showing you around, and hoping she would be able to visit you next June as you invited her to do. We are both busy trying to get Aunt Rose’s nephew and niece, and the California administrator to dispose of the lots in Ashland and settle my claim against her estate for her last night in the hospital, preparation at Forest Lawn mortuary, the expensive express charges to Ashland, and the undertaker’s bill there for the burial. These bills have all been paid and the stiped bills accepted and o.k.d. by the Administrator, who tells me they have priority over all other claims against her estate.

With love to all of you,

Your Uncle,
Thomas, W, Va.
April 13, 1949.

Dear Howard, Val and Marian:

I was indeed glad to have your letter of Feb. 20th. saying that you folks had come through the terrible winter the west had without any serious illness and without any losses of your cattle as so many others had.

I am enclosing newspaper clipping and other things connected with my last "Big Day" until they take me to Ashland, and of course I will not know anything about that.

My portrait painted by one of the best known portrait painters in this part of the country was presented to the Richmond Academy of Medicine in the Miller Library there at noon on March the 12th. in the presence of about sixty specially invited guests. After the unveiling they served in the big dining room a fine luncheon. All my boys were there and Helen clipped the cord that held the velvet curtain over the portrait. Pat and his now wife and Hendy and Helen left New York Friday night and reached Richmond about 7:30 Saturday morning. Jack left Laconia on the 9th. stayed all night in N.Y. and on home here Thursday evening. We left here Friday morning early and drove to Richmond in his car. Got there about 5 P.M. and after supper spent the evening with a friend of the Miller family. Of course Saturday was the big day for all of us. After the unveiling and luncheon we were invited to the lovely home of Dr. Smith for cocktails, and that evening for more cocktails. Pat and his wife left on the 10:30 train to go back to New York and New Jersey on Sunday morning. Hendy and Helen staid on and on Sunday afternoon we were invited to other friends for another cocktail party, and that evening to other friends for an old time Southern dinner with everything that I like in the way of Southern cooking, such as crisp cornbread, old Virginia ham, fried chicken, candied sweet potatoes, tender new green beans, creamed cauliflower, delicious salad, etc. Hendy had to leave that night as he had a business engagement in Philadelphia at 9 o'clock Monday morning. Helen staid over and drove back to Thomas with Jack and me the next day. They left for N.Y. the next morning, where Jack would spend the night before his long drive back to Laconia.

Had Jack not come for me I would not have been present for the unveiling as I just not feel equal to the trip from here by bus--25 miles, train to Washington about 200 miles, and another 100 to Richmond with long waits at each connection.

Mr. Silvestre the painter has painted many of the most prominent doctors, lawyers and public men in Virginia and other states. His sister is also a prominent portrait painter, and just completed a portrait of the handsome young Shah of Iran, which was unveiled last week at the Iran Embassy in Washington. Last year she was commissioned to paint the portrait of the Ambassador himself for the Embassy.

I also enclosing copies of Dr. Smith and Dr. Blanton's speeches at the presentation. After they sent me copies I made this copy and one for my sister in Raleigh, N.C. In a few days I will send you a print made from the negative from which the news cut was made. The print of course is much better in every way that the newspaper cut printed on cheap paper. I had these prints made for my boys, sister, brother and one for you since you seem so much interested in your Miller uncle.

My health has been good this winter, and am now enjoying the fine spring weather.

With love to all of you I remain your uncle,
Copy of Dr. James Henderson Smith Smith's presentation speech to the Richmond Academy of Medicine of my portrait at noon March 12th. in the Miller Library there.

"Mr. President, Members of the Academy, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Considering the reason for our assembly, it is a real honor that I am privileged to act as the spokesman for the family. Since a portrait is to be presented to an organization which for nearly twenty five years has enjoyed the generosity of the subject of the portrait, it would be natural to think the occasion called for an appropriate eulogy. And indeed perhaps it does. But we can draw a sure inference that it is I who am making the presentation. For if eulogy were what was wanted, a speaker were gifted in such matters would have been selected. The wishes of Dr. Miller and his family are much more simple, and I am confident that the unostentatious arrangements that have been made for the occasion are in accordance with those wishes.

"History has been defined as the result of interplay of currents in human affairs. The handsome edifice in which we meet today, as many of you know, is the result of two of these historical currents. One was the idea cherished for many years by an older generation, that the Richmond Academy of Medicine should live in its own home. The other current was a deep abiding interest in the mind and soul of one man. As a young man Dr. Miller awoke to an appreciation of the cultural values in the history of medicine. He allowed himself the delightful exercise of learning where honor is due and of according honor to those worthies whose lives and works stand as milestones in the science and art of our profession. He sensed the inspiration which old medicine held for each succeeding generation, its contribution to the strength and sanity, the stimulus and restraint, of continuing progress. This appreciation dating back to the beginning of his career led Dr. Miller through the years, in spite of a busy and useful practice, to gather around him one after another of the world's recognized gems of medical culture. And so, at a little town in West Virginia near the headwaters of the Potomac, the Miller library grew to the noble proportions we all know.

"No man can absorb any branch of history as Dr. Miller has done without realizing that the one constant thing is change. As time went on in the little town of Thomas, he began to think of the future of this treasure he had collected. As a man of sense he knew that inevitably the time would come when there would be needed, as the pagans would have said, a new temple of his gods. No taint of selfishness entered his thinking nor the thoughts of those near and dear to him. He wanted his books and manuscripts, his etchings and silhouettes to go where they would accessible to all who could appreciate them, and he wanted them to be safely housed in a fireproof building. His early medical training had been at the old University College of Medicine where he had formed many warm attachments, and so it was that, fortunately for the Academy of Medicine, his thoughts turned back to Richmond. And the current of Dr. Miller's passion for the immortals and their works met the current of the Academy's ambition to have its own home. The two merged, with the happy result we knew today.

"The Miller Library was marked with an indestructible bronze plate placed in the wall. But a bronze plaque has no life, and there was another side to that little home in the little town in West Virginia. There were three boys who grew up in that home, and day by day had indelibly impressed upon their memories the picture of their father surrounded by his treasures, which with his family and friends and his work and his church rounded out and made full life. When the Miller Library came to Richmond, no longer did these boys see their father in just the same familiar setting. What then could be more fitting than that now in this canvas as well dem
by Mr. David Silvette, they see him now joined again with the inanimate, but living and deathless things he loves.

"And so Mr. President, on behalf of the family of Dr. Joseph Lyon Miller I take pleasure in presenting to the Richmond Academy of Medicine this portrait of the founder of the Miller Library."