



AFTER MANY YEARS.

FINAL REMINISCENT LETTER OF ISAAC H. JULIAN.

Suggested by His Return Visit to His Old Home and Haunts—The Unforgotten Dead—Episode of a Run to Greensfork, in Which he Falls in Company With William C. Bond, Who Escorts Him Through the Bond Graveyard—Recollections of Jesse Bond and Family—The Old Town And Its Associations—Pleasing Incidents.

SAN MARCOS, Texas, July 25.

Correspondence Richmond Palladium.

Growing out of my visit to Indiana in 1850, and the meeting of the Old Settlers of Wayne county which I was favored to attend, it may be remembered that I wrote letters on the subject to sundry newspapers, chiefly to the *PALLADIUM*. May I crave space in your columns for just one more letter concerning an episode in my visit, by no means the least interesting part of my experience? I have had it in mind ever since, but a press of other engagements has caused it to lie over. Although it may appear rather out of date, yet because of the interest I feel in the subject myself, I feel strongly persuaded that I shall be able also to interest your readers.

The week I spent at Richmond must ever be precious to memory. I stopped with friends in the immediate vicinity of my home for eight years—July 1865 to June 1873—and of course profound was my interest in the scenes of my boy and sorrow. It is a part of the city where there has been but little change. The old National bridge still stood intact, the work on the new one having just begun.

It was during this period that I thought me to visit the hamlet known in my boyhood by the name of Washington, but because there was another postoffice of that name in the state, it was decided to use the name of Greensfork at once of the first stream which flows by it, and more remotely of the Indiana chieftain, Johnny Green, whose history is inwoven with the early annals of that region, and from whom the stream derives its name. So the change of name was a great improvement, being original and characteristic.

The place is nearer Centerville, but easier of access from Richmond. The reason of this special reason why I wished to make this visit. My eldest brother, John M. Julian, died August 21, 1834, aged 23 years, and was buried in the Jesse Bond graveyard, just below Greensfork on the banks of the stream. My last visit there was in 1869, to place a new headstone at his grave. The anniversary of his death was just at hand, and I felt moved to revisit the place to see if his grave had been properly cared for, and to renew cherished associations of persons and things in that locality. The years of my absence there had been more numerous than at Richmond or Centerville.

I have spoken of my eldest brother. May I be permitted for a few moments to recall him to mind? The eldest he was but twice at his father's death, and sorrow only fitting his years. The better to enable him to aid in the support of his mother and family, he at once was a most acceptable one. He fought in the ranks of Green's forces, and in a short distance north of Centerville, and was engaged in a school in the Walnut Level, when he was taken with his last illness. Seldom, if ever, has there been a better exemplification than his brief life afforded of the truth of the sentiment, "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die." Not only was this true of his immediate family, but even after the lapse of over sixty years, I found him tenderly and affectionately remembered by the living early settlers. Some of them spoke of his fine, manly appearance; others of his various rare gifts of mind and heart; while all conceded to him the rare accomplishment of having been the best reader of all the country side of his day. As I have said, his grave was made in the Jesse Bond cemetery, and I remember that the old building stood back from the road, and was built of stone, and was pointed out to me. The conversation naturally turned on the past. James Beeson related some incidents of my boyhood which had escaped my memory. Do you know that he did not fail to inform the audience that he went to school to me at the Kepler school-house in 1846—fifty years previous. Finally the conversation turned to the killing of the yellow jay in that vicinity—the killing of Clark Morgan and brothers, the life and adventures of "Old J. J. Green," and kindred topics, including accounts of the early white settlers, the Hatfields, Abel Jenny and others. Here I found "Mose" Hatfield quite at home, he having given special attention and I was informed, written a good deal concerning that period. In fact, since my return to Texas, he has failed me in this regard, and I have not written him on the subject, which I hope will be able to utilize. Speaking of "Mose," I feel that I should not omit mention of some further pleasant facts. I left Richmond for the scenes above indicated. On boarding the cars, which should I meet but William C. Bond. He had been visiting since the old settler's conference at Centerville and was now on his way home. Needless to say, the meeting and subsequent interview were to me highly gratifying and interesting. As we flitted across the once familiar landscape, topics of conversation were spontaneous and natural.

In addition to his other troubles poor little Alfonso now has the measles. This may be the cause of Spain's suing for peace.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTIETH Indiana has been ordered to New York, which means speedy transportation to Porto Rico.

CINCINNATI'S appropriation for the G. A. R. entertainment didn't appropriate. The money will have to be raised by private subscription.

SPEAKING of E. Benjamin Andrews' advocacy of the repudiation of honest debt by the 16 to 1 system the New York Sun says:

The people of Rhode Island, and of New England generally, look upon this as immoral, and President Andrews does well to leave them and go to Chicago, where the disciples of the gospel of dishonesty, as well as of that of anarchy, are more numerous.

The Paul probably does the people of Chicago injustice. Andrews was brought to Chicago by a small Democratic clique who are in temporary control of the city government. As a whole the people of Chicago are as honest as those of any other community, and they will prove that in due time by repudiating the gang that imported E. Benjamin Andrews.

Discovered by a Woman.

Another great discovery has been made and that, too, by a lady in this country. "Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery by purchasing a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption and never again relied on taking the first dose, that she slept all night and with two bottles has been absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz. Thus writes W. C. Hannick & Co., of Shelby, North Carolina. Trial bottles at A. G. Lukens & Co.'s drug store.

Regular size 50 and \$1.00, every bottle guaranteed.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Sold by all druggists. \$1.00 for 50.

Hood's Pills

are prompt, efficient and easy to digest. 50 cents.

A hospital corps of ten members passed through the city yesterday afternoon from Michigan on their way to Chickamauga. From there they will go to Porto Rico.

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only by the humblest conditions, bearing the names of Jesse and Phoebe Bond. "He loved freedom and his wife appreciated it, but the appropriate epithet selected by or for him, but on the stone it is made—quite unnecessarily, but immaterially—to read: "He loved Freedom and did not love Oppression." The sentence might be construed to apply not merely to slavery, but also to religious intolerance, of which the good man had some experience. I noticed that the cemetery had been much enlarged and improved, and was informed that further improvements were in contemplation. The location is a very eligible one.

Soon my old friend William, being overcome with fatigue—he was then 88 and is now 90, if living, and I have seen no announcement of his death—had to bid him no doubt last fare-well, but however inviting me to be present at the family reunion, to come off in a short time in the grove adjoining the cemetery.

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THE CONFERENCE.

The Program for Tonight Changed—Music to Be Made a Feature.

The attendance at the Friends' Bible conference, now in session at Earlham, is increasing daily. Tonight P. W. Raibaud of Chicago will lecture on the "Book of Hebrews," instead of the program states, "The Apostle Paul." The latter lecture will be delivered tomorrow, after a short prayer service. Prof. Elbert Russell spoke on the first three chapters of Genesis, then at 10 o'clock Prof. Mills delivered an address on "The Development of Hebrew Prophecy." The treatment was remarkable, and was remarkably fine. This afternoon there were two papers, one by Prof. Alice A. Mendenhall and one by Prof. F. Russell.

Julian Hockett of Kokomo arrived here and will conduct the singing of the conference, which is to be a special feature from now on.

Yellow Jaundice Cured.

Suffering humanity should be supplied with every means possible for its relief. It is with pleasure we publish the following extract to certify that I was a terrible sufferer from Yellow Jaundice for over six months and was treated by some of the best physicians in our city and all to no avail. Dr. Bell, our druggist, recommended Electric Bitters, and after taking two bottles I was entirely cured. I now take great pleasure in recommending them to any person suffered from the terrible malady. I am gratefully yours, M. A. Hogarty, Lexington Kentucky." Sold by A. G. Lukens.

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