Ohio Correspondence.

CLARIDON, GEAUGA CO., OHIO, November 12th, 1879.

DEAR JOURNAL: When, 35 years ago last July, I came, a boy of 16, from the banks of the Hudson, and first saw, from the deck of the steamboat, years before the Lake Shore road was thought of, the long, low, uninterrupted line of forest along the Ohio shore, it seemed to me that I had come as far to the westward as any rational ambition ought to bring a new-fledged Anglo-Saxon. There was even then, I believe, a muddy village called Chicago, but there was not yet a State of Iowa, while the majestic ugliness of the Missouri still remained to most white people an undiscovered delight. Bryant's beautiful poem, "The Prairies," was probably tho't out somewhere in Middle Illinois, or possibly to the west of Dubuque, while, when he said:

"On these plains
The bison feeds no more; twice twenty leagues
Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp
Roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake
The earth with thund'ring steps,"

he doubtless had his mental vision, unconsciously to himself, fixed on the vicinity of Keatskotoos, or, perchance, where the no less majestic din of an equally thundering tread is now borne even to these Ohio hills, ominous of doughty tug between the aboriginal queenliness of Genoa and the rising glories of Fullerton.

Since then I have spent years in "the London of the Occident," as I once heard Dr. Cox magniloquently style that city which plain people generally know as New York; years under the Southern Cross, and years amid the endless sunshine of your western plains: and now, after 27 years of absence (except on flying trips) I have found my way back to the borders of Lake Erie, the land of my school days, and its homogeneous, God-fearing population of New Englanders, or the children, or grand children, of New Englanders. My present parish, indeed, "thoughtful, intelligent and religious," is the most homogeneous community in which I have ever lived. Plymouth Rock itself is not more of one piece. Having lived most of my life in places where races and religions (where there were any of the latter), were pretty handsomely mixed up, it is not an unrefreshing sensation to be set down, for awhile, where pretty much everybody, for near five miles square, goes to church, and goes to one church, and where everybody is everybody's cousin, or aunt, or grandmother. The Western Reserve of Ohio is, indeed, a New England of the Lakes, and Claridon hill, 650 feet above Lake Erie, sitting serene among her sisters, and looking benignly across to the spires and towers of the more populous but less exalted Chardon, listens, amid her apple orchards, her maples and branching elms, with placid matronly surprise, to the tales which an occasional pilgrim, like myself, brings back of the land of the beaver and the grasshopper, the land which, although only forty-eight hours by rail from here, already seems romantically distant. And even yet, we have not become so accustomed to rushing to and fro, but that "a thousand miles" has a somewhat awe-inspiring sound to the ear. Genoa is just 1018 miles from East Claridon.

I need not say that Claridon is overwhelmingly Republican. Still, in this one particular it must yield to Monroe Precinct. In Monroe, we polled, when I lived there, some 70 Republican to 5 Democratic votes, while here they poll about one-fifth Democratic. Did my parish fill the whole township it would be different. Nevertheless, I have not observed that my people think it necessary to call for the Strong Man, or to propose the substitution of General Grant for the constitution and laws of the United States. I have not heard him compared to that very equivocal character, General Monk, chiefly renowned as the restorer of royalty. In this Western New England, members of the Republican party, I think, could make shift to rub on awhile longer without calling for the restoration of royalty, whether in the line of Guelph or of Grant. Nor has anybody here said, in my hearing, that "he holds the destiny of a continent behind those close-locked lips of his." If the poor man really has such a fearful morsel sticking in his throat, won't some compassionate soul relieve him of it at once? If not, he will surely choke to death long before next June. There are people, indeed—and those no Democrats—who say, that he does well to keep his lips locked close, since it is so seldom anything comes out of them but the merest commonplace. There is such a thing, I suppose, as a man's having a very good head for war, and a rather empty head for everything else.

A party that can only be saved by comparisons a great deal better suited to France under Bonaparte than to Free America, must be in a very much worse way than I am willing to allow the Republican to be.

I have the honor to be here in JAMES A. GARFIELD'S district, tho' I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting that eminent gentleman. It is likely that before long he will cease to be our representative in particular, and will become the representative of the State of Ohio. His constituents will doubtless regret to give him up, but will easily consent to yield the lesser to the greater good. There are those of us who think that some time—not in 1880—the people of the country at large will be apt to claim an interest in him. And, what is more curious, Bayard, on the other side, does not seem to have lost by equal firmness. An eminent public man once remarked to me, that the principle that he who loses his life shall save it, was as true in politics as religion. Whether he has since exemplified it in his own conduct, I forbear to remark. Certain it is, that our political history is full of the wrecks of those who yielded to please, and did not please those to whom they yielded.

Turning from politics, let me advise my Nebraska friends not to be so much enamored of shade, in planting their new groves, as to turn their houses into temples of obscurity. "The sunshine is a glorious thing" is a verse that I wish my friends here had borne a little in mind, in planning their houses and setting out their trees. There are only two really bright rooms in my dwelling. But the children seem to think that nuts and apples make ample amends.

Yesterday the interminable Ohio rains appeared to have fairly begun, but to-day is a day so bright and gracious as even Nebraska might enjoy. Good days are so common a commodity there that we hardly appreciate them; but here every day at this season saved from cloudy duskiness, is a special treasure.

Allow me this opportunity of saying good-bye to various friends to whom I have not had the opportunity of bidding farewell in person.

C. C. S.

Borers and Rabbits Baffled.

A farmer who has had great success with his apple trees, and never had one troubled by the borer or rabbits, gives the following infallible way of protecting them: Take a handful of slough grass, of last year's growth, which is long and dry, and put around the trunk of the tree, so that the grass runs up and down and the trunk is entirely hidden. Tie at the top and bottom with rags or bands of grass. If slough grass is not handy, wheat or oat straw will answer, though not so tough. The reason that rabbits will not trouble it is plain, but the reason the borer cannot harm it needs explanation. It is well known that the borer does little damage if the season be very wet, as the bark is juicy and drowns the borer, or kills the eggs, as soon as they enter. The slough grass has the same effect, by keeping the bark on the south side of the tree fresh and green. Without the grass the sun parches the bark and has the effect of cooking and making it tender, thus allowing the borer easy access. The objection to tarred paper and binding with cloth is, that it does not allow a free circulation of air. The slough grass is being used very extensively in this part of the country, its good effects having been proven for years.—*Nebraska Farmer.*

Saturday Night.

The charm of this night—which is not to be followed by a day of labor—has been often felt and sung. It is an oasis in the week. The tired traveler releases his camel under the palm tree and sits down by the cooling waters to rest.

Let us give young men and women a hint by which this enchanted spot of time can be colored with fresh beauty and embued with emphatic significance. Those of you who have homes, make this night a home night! Let father and mother enjoy the society of their children and delight in the visible expressions of their affections. Let brothers and sisters hold endearing communion to-night. With music and books, and innocent games and genial and loving chat, make Saturday night dear to the heart, a time to be looked forward to with vivid pleasure and be remembered as something sweet, sterling and sacred. This is not difficult to do. Try it just one month, and habit will confirm this feature and place upon it the superscription of an enduring joy as readily as it stamps vicious indulgences or unwholesome pleasures. Let the week have one night dedicated to love without a sting, and pleasure without a penalty.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A New Way to Treat Diptheria

Quite a discovery in the treatment of diptheria has been made here. A young man whose arm had been amputated was attacked by diptheria before healing took place; and instead of the matter incident to that disease being deposited in the throat, the greater portion appeared in the wounded arm, and the diptheria was very light and easily managed. Dr. Davis, of Mankato, profited by this, and in his next case of diptheria blistered his patient's chest, and on this blistered part the chief deposits appeared. This was also an easy case of the disease. The theory of Dr. Davis is that diptheria usually occurs in the throat. Hence, when the blister breaks the skin upon any part of the body the disease appears there.—*Minnesota Letter to the Salem (Mass.) Gazette.*

If you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind as will by degrees break upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you.

The Value of Time.

The most profound mathematician could not estimate the amount of valuable time that is constantly being wasted, and that, too, in a most wanton manner, by both the young and old. It is only at too late an hour these spendthrifts of time begin to see the folly of which they have been guilty in foolishly wasting so much of their valuable time. Physicians have ascertained and determined just the number of hours necessary for the needful refreshments of mind and body, and for the healthy continuance of this life; yet how many need or are governed by this allotment of time for sleep? A young man, if he goes to school or business, will arise at only such a time as will allow him sufficient time to prepare his toilet, eat his breakfast, and reach in time his school or place of business; and this wanton habit is not confined to young men. Young ladies, men and women, all are guilty of wantonly wasting their time. To sleep one or two hours longer than is necessary deducts just so much from the refreshment we otherwise would bestow on our mind and body; for we are benefited only by just the requisite quantity of sleep—no more. All in excess of that quantity does the recipient no good whatsoever—on the contrary is productive of injury; for it weakens the body and stupifies the mind. But when we take that only which nature demands, the body is invigorated, and all its powers are renewed and invigorated. Let those persons who are guilty of sleeping late in the morning, and those who, when arisen, only idle away their time, try, just for an experiment, and see how much can be accomplished in a day in which not an hour, nor a fractional part of an hour has been wasted. Besides, this habit of industry will in time become a part, so to speak, of their second nature; and the interest accruing therefrom will not come amiss, financially or intellectually.—*Science of Health.*

The other day a sharp-looking youth walked up quickly to the counter of the postoffice in a country town, and emptying a bag of coppers thereon, asked the clerk, who was attending to an other customer, for a dollar's worth of one-cent stamps. "Oh, you be bothered!" was the answer. "That's not a legal tender; it is all copper." "What is a legal tender, then?" asked the boy. "Why, one cent is a legal tender for a one cent stamp." "Oh!" exclaimed the youth, "is it?" Come on, then," passing a coin from the heap; "a one-cent stamp, please." The clerk gave him one. "Another, please." A second was given him, "Ano——,' "Here, stop that," the clerk said. "Give me the money. It will be the shortest way to get rid of you." After counting the money he gave the value thereof in stamps to the lad, who was heard to utter: "I thought I would tire him out."

The Reliable Man.

The reliable man is a man of good judgment. He does not jump at conclusions. He is not a frivolous man. He is thoughtful. He turns over a subject in his mind, and looks at it all around. He is not a partial or a one-sided man. He sees through a thing. He is apt to be a very reticent man. He does not have to talk a great deal. He is a moderate man, not only in habits of body, but also in mind. He is not a passionate man; if so he has overcome it by grace. He is a sincere man, not a plotter and schemer. What he says may be relied on. He is a trustworthy man. You feel safe with property or the administration of affairs in his hands. He is a brave man, for his conclusions are logically deduced from the sure basis of truth, and he does not fear to maintain them. He is a good man, for no man can be thoroughly honest and truthful without being good.

Bad luck is simply a man with his hands in his pockets and his pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it will come out. Good luck is a man of pluck with his sleeves rolled up and working to make it come right.

If we were all permitted to put our own valuation on ourselves there would not be a low priced man in the world.