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[From the Country Gentleman.]

Romance of the Seasons---October.

BY C. N. BEMENT.

It is October, mild solemn October—the twilight of the year. We are not going to write an essay, yet out of our heart's fullness we must note a passing farewell to that season of the year whose influences steal so gratefully and calmly over us. More and more, and more lovely the autumn appears, as years gather upon us; and at each farewell we turn with a sadder smile to linger and love. We look out with a feeling of regret. How beautiful and yet how fading, like the hectic flush upon the cheek of the consumptive, the crimson and scarlet hues linger upon the forest, but its very loveliness is the language of decay. So fade and fall the aspirants of the earth.

October is come; there is a shivering of the leaves in the woodlands, and their dark green gives place to golden yellow, to russet-brown, and their dark ensanguine red. How different to the tender greens of spring. More gorgeous these hues it is true, and the painter rejoices in them; but they tell us of the wanning year; and the winds as they murmur through the branches, sing an elegiac strain. Another strain is at hand: the glories of autumn will fade, and the storm and the tempest will sweep over desolate fields and through the naked forest. Earnest are now our summer birds of passage in their preparations for departure. Clouds of swallows are dashing around, crossing and recrossing each other in every fantastic variety of evolution they whirl about, settling, not without clamor and tumult, on the fence as evening yields to night. They congregate in flocks, myriads sometimes, as we have seen, like clouds of locusts darkening the sky. We have seen them cover the willow islands, and the roofs of houses and barns on the banks. By the end of October these flocks have all disappeared with the exception of a few stragglers, which if they gain sufficient strength soon follow in the track of the more early broods; if not, they linger and die.

The yellow-bird, with a note half sad, comes rising and falling to the forest's edge, and picks a dainty meal from the thistle beside the fence. Here comes a downey sail, now lifted up and then falling to the earth. So with the good deeds of men. They are swept onward an on some spot linger, as the seed, to germinate and bear fruit. The notes of the blue-bird are heard no more. He is the first songster in the spring, and with the exception of the robin, the last in the fall.

"When all the gay scenes of summer are o'er,
And Autumn, slow enters so silent and sallow;
And millions of warblers that charmed us before,
Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow.
The blue bird forsaken, yet true to his home
Still lingers, and looks for a milder to-morrow;
Till forced by the horrors of Winter to roam,
He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow."

WILL.

But we miss the music of the birds that cheered us through the long summer hours. They no longer give morning concerts in the orchard and grove, and pour forth their joyous songs at the sunset hour. The little brook, wandering through the valley, leaps and sparkles along its pebbly bed, and sings as sweetly now as it did in summer. The winds have not yet forgotten their summer softness, and late asters twinkle like stars, though in the shade of thickets.

The small buttonwood leaves have changed to yellow; the Virginia creeper has assumed a crimson, while the soft maple is decked out in scarlet. The sugar maple is dressed in a suit of orange. White ash leaves turn yellow; elm, yellow brown; whith oak leaves dark orange; hickory, pale yellow; yellow oak, bright scarlet; cherry tree leaves become red; apple, yellowish-brown. There seems to be a great coincidence in the discoloration of the leaves of deciduous trees; and the beauty of our forests at this season of the year are unknown, we believe, in any other part of the world. But the leaves are falling; morning after morning you can see them dropping thicker and more frequent, loosened by the early frosts, till all day long there is a shower through the tall woods. They are dropping around us now, with a sound like soft rain, and the many clasping arches through which we see the sky, are fast losing their tracery of painted arebesques.—A clear broad lake is before us—blue and fathomless—for it holds the autumn heaven, and away through the light haze, some purple hills rise with a long curve above the horizon. The chrystaline brightness of the atmosphere touches them with a clear glowing purity; and, gazing on the soft outlines, our soul goes back to our youthful days.

A deep dreamy haze veils every object, and far in the dim distance both earth and sky meet and blend in unfathomable depth of blue. The woodland glows in its gorgeous drapery of crimson and gold, but like the hectic flush on the cheek of the consumptive its very loveliness is but the emblem of decay. The soft mellow sun-light of autumn bathes in beauty the landscape around us, that lies stretched out as it were, in slumber, in the arms of the blue mantled hills, that cluster like guardian genii around.

Anon, the sun rises with a red, fiery glow, and sends his long radiating shafts of golden light streaming through the smoky atmosphere. The mist-wreaths hanging around the hill tops and mountain peaks, soon disappear before his broad beaming gaze. Yet it would seem from the pleasant scene on which we look, that summer is reluctant to give up its final parting, its last adieu, and leave the earth to winter's long icy reign. Indeed, the brilliant scenery but lately lit up by the magic touch of a master artist, and the pure air and light sunshine of today rival the most delightful periods of the spring or summer months.

September and October are the sportsman's months; there is cock-shooting in the cornfields and in the marsh lands; then in October comes the season for invading the haunts of the patridge, and then too the woodcocks, which resort to overshading oozey ground or miry spots intersected by sluggish rills and pools or ditches. Snipes now begin to make their appearance, driven from the higher latitudes, and swell the number of game birds; they resort to logs and willow banks bordering creeks and ditches or covering low swamps adjacent to the winding river. From early morn till the evening shades come on, the forest echoes with the crack of the rifle or the report of the sportsman's double barrel. Slowly pass the quiet hours of the afternoon, and the sun sinking in the west behind a curtain of haze seems half asleep long before he reaches the horizon. By night,

"The moon in fleecy clouds is dressed,
And slowly wanders down the west."

Her pale beams silver the field and forest till the morning breaks again in the east. So pass the days of October. It seems strange that the face of Nature should wear such a calm sunny smile as though she had not been already touched by the cold hand of death. Perhaps she knows it is not death, but only a deep sleep, from which the warm sunshine and showers of spring will awaken her.

[From the Horticulturist.]

Grape Wine for the Million.

BY AN AMOR-ITE.

The Grape crop on the Hudson, like all other fruit crops, has this year been very abundant. Many of our friends will probably be pleased to have a simple and reliable recipe for making wine.—My experience is at their service; and if any of your intelligent readers succeed as well as I have in making a really good wine, I suggest that they send a bottle to the Editor the day before he invites me to dinner. I shall endeavor to make my recipe short and comprehensive.

1st. All the manipulations should be conducted with scrupulous cleanliness.—All the vessels should be procured beforehand, to contain the fruit, broken grapes, and juice.

2d. Gather the grapes in a clear dry day, and at once have them picked over, removing all green berries, and all that are soiled, wormy, or decayed.

3d. None but fully ripe grapes should be used to make choice A No. 1 wine.

4th. Break the grapes in a tub with a pounder until all are mashed. I use a clean Welsh butter tub about two foet deep, flaring at the top. Cleanse it with wood ashes and water if it has been previously used, to remove all grease; soak it well with hot water and scour it with sand; turn it upside down, and fit a piece of board to the bottom even with the chime, to prevent knocking the bottom out.

5th When the grapes are all mashed, put about four or six quarts into a strong light bag; thin hempen coffee bagging is best: tie loosely and press out all the juice by means of a screw or lever press; do not press a second time for the best wine.

6th. The juice obtained will be thick; it must not be strained; the mucilage contained therein is quite necessary to the fermentation, and it will in due time "find its level" at the bottom of the cask. Do not put the skins of the grapes into the fermenting cask.

7th. The fermenting cask must be clean and pure. It should be nearly full, and fitted with a tube bung, a tube made by a tinner, in the shape of a syphon.—It will cost six cents. Let the longest arm pass through the bung, and the shorter one enter a cup of water, so that the carbonic acid gas may escape without admitting atmospheric air.

8th. The fermenting cask should be kept in a warm room, and the fermentation should go on until the bauble ceases to rise in the cup of water. Draw off the wine as soon as it is clear, into a clean cask, and place in a dry cellar; a vent hole with a spile in it, will enable the vintner to allow the escape of gas, and should be looked to frequently, being careful to stop the vent immediately.

9th. Draw off the wine during the month of March, from the lees into a clean cask, and let it stand until the following October, when it may be bottled. Use the best velvet cork, first wetting them with wine, and make them go tight, driving with a wooden mallet while the bottle is standing on a smooth hard surface. If held up in one hand and driven with the other, the bottle is liable to break; so also will it break if the bottle is too full.

10th. Treat your friends, don't forget the editor, and drink a little for the stomach's sake. A reason why you should not drink it all at once is, that it will improve by age.

I have said nothing about sugar, which with some persons is inadmissible, but if one has neither Delaware, Diana, nor Hyde's Eliza grapes to make wine of, and nobody has these in sufficient quantities yet, he must use the kinds in cultivation, Catawba, Clinton, Isaqella, &c.; these require an addition of grape sugar to produce enough alcohol to make them keep. Under no circumstances must apple brandy or other liquor be used for that purpose, as the aroma of the wine is thus destroyed. Then the deficiency must be made up with the very best refined loaf sugar, to be added to the grape juice and fermented with it; this is first converted into grape sugar, and then into alcohol. The quantity of the sugar to be added depends upon the ripeness of the grapes. Good ripe grapes contain ten and some twelve per cent. of sugar.—One pound or a pound and a half of sugar to the gallon will add enough to equal fifteen per cent., quite sufficient to produce within a fraction of seven and a half per cent. of alcohol, the amount required to prevent acetous fermentation. Wine with this quantity is far better than if stronger; it will "cheer but not inebriate;" neither the chemist nor the thin-skinned Tartar can detect it. It is a mistaken notion to suppose that sugar is added to the must to sweeten the wine; if well fermented it simply adds strength. Sweetened wine becomes sirup, and is no longer wine. The usual practice is to sweeten after fermentation; hence the sugary taste. For uneducated palates, it may be sweetened when ready to drink, as the sailor makes his switchel, half molasses and half rum, and may be thus rendered nearly as palatable. No water must be added to the grape juice except for the purpose of producing a light drink, which will not keep, and must in no case be added to the real wine. Water is an adulteration of wine, though a learned judge has decided that it is not of milk! Those who think water an improvement to wine had better try the experiment on a small scale, and see the folly of it for themselves. A bottle of good wine will cost four to six cents more that the poorest. Really good wine cannot be made of poor materials, such as unripe fruit and brown sugar, but I will give the recipe to make the best wine possible of unripe grapes:

1st. Let the manipulations be as before described.

2d. Select the ripest grapes you have.

3d. Add three pounds of the best sugar to each gallon of juice, and be sure that it ferments until all sweetness disappears. Add no spirits.

4th. With a lively imagination, equal to that of the Marchioness in Dickens' Old Curiosity Shop, putting it "very strong," one may suppose he has good wine.

The recipee for poor wine is to use poor materials. Success will follow even then with cleanliness.

Good vinegar may be made from sour grapes, and grape skins, by adding two gallons of water and one pint of molasses to each gallon of juice, and keeping it moderately warm.

If not out of place here allow me to say a word on the grape crop of this region. Those who have read and followed you Hints have ripe fruit to send to market, and are getting eight and nine cents for Isabellas, while the quotetion are two to five cents; they also have ripe cane for the next year's crop, while the larger number of grape growers have neither ripe fruit nor ripe wood. While shipping fruit to New York on one of our barges, I was delayed by two men who were bringing packages of grapes ashore. As this had quite the appearance of a water-running-up-hill process, I inquired what was the matter, and was informed that these grapes had made two voyages to New York, and were returned, marked "no sale," an offer of one cent a pound being the maximum. The owner kindly permitted me to look into one basket. It contained small bunches of unripe grapes. I suggested that he had picked them too soon. On no, said he. I did not pay much attention to my vines this year. I neglected to prune them until it was too late, and then I got so busy with my spring work that I did not plow among them, and neglected to tie them up. I think the vines bore too heavily. My fruit did not ripen well nor the wood either. The fact is, the grape business is a failure, I don't believe I shall have ten pounds of grapes next year. Last season I asked this man to take the Horticulturist, but he said, as it was war times, he would try and save the expense. My opinion is that he has saved it over the left shoulder. Perhaps my receipt for making vinegar will be of service to him, and I give you his address, hoping you will send him a copy.

'Figures won't lie, is an old homely expression; but few men look on a fashionable woman's figure now-a-days and say as much.

Educate the whole man—the head, the heart, the body; the head to think, the heart to feel, and the body to act.

Losses drive good people to their prayers, bad ones to their curses.

A New Silkworm.

The Soclete d'Acclimation has received a letter from Mr. G. Simon, now in China, in which he gives an account of a curious breed of silkworms inhabiting the province of Che-Kiang, and especially adjoining the town of Hangcheoo. This silkworm is much smaller than the common one, but does not differ from it in other respects; it has the same number of legs, the same spots, and the same color; but its habits are much more independent.—The butterfly deposits its eggs anywhere, but chiefly on the branches and within the interstices of the bark of the mulberry tree, on the leaves of which it generally feeds. The inhabitants do not attempt to collect their eggs. Early in August—that is, two months after the ordinary silk worm has performed its various evolutions—myriads of minute worms suddenly make their appearance on the bark of the mulberry tree, and invade the new crop of leaves which has made its appearance. They grow fast, the gardeners doing nothing more than protecting them from the birds, by casting nets over the trees, which are all dwarfed. As these silkworms make their appearance unexpectedly, as it were, and yield a second crop of silk without any trouble, they are called Tien-tze, or children of heaven by the people. The warmer the winter has been, the greater is the number of these worms; the bear a temperature of 25° Fah. very well. Their existence as silk worms does not exceed three weeks. At the end of that time they congregate under the leaves, which they bind together, and then spin their cocoons, an operation which takes them three days. A week later their metamorphosis is complete, the cocoon is perforated, and the butterfly comes out. The cocoons are extremely small, but from 15 to 18 kilogrammes of them yield one of silk; they are wound off in hot water like the others. The pekul (60½ kilogs.) of cocoon fetches from 9,000 to 10,000 sapecs (36 to 40 francs) in the market. The Chinese do not use this silk alone, but mix it with the other.—*Galignani.*

Union Village Shakers, Ohio.

The society at Union Village, Warren county, Ohio, is worthy of particular note. It is one of the largest Shaker societies in the world. It was founded in the year 1805. It now numbers near 600 persons and owns upwards of 4,000 acres of land in one body. The soil is remarkably fertile, and the surface and scenery beautifully diversified, and the locality remarkably healthy. The society here is divided into four different "families," located in different parts of their domain. The largest family numbers near 200 persons, and is called the Center, it being the residence of their Elder and Elderess, and where their church is located. The "dwelling," as it is called, where this family eats and sleeps, is an immense brick structure; four stories high; it fronts 88 feet and is 108 feet deep; it is divided into dining, sleeping, and kitchen rooms. In the large cellar underneath is kept the milk, and the butter and cheese apparatus. Their butter is churned and cheese made by horse power; their bread is also kneaded in the same way. Their bread is certainly the best we ever tasted. In fact, the dinner they generously prepared for our party was one of the most palatable we ever enjoyed. The fine fruit and other seasonable delicacies with which our table was loaded, were such as princes might feed on and be glad. They live upon plenty of the very best of everything that is good and healthy.—They cultivate none but the best fruits, of which they sell large quantities.

They have the finest stock we ever saw. Their cattle are altogether incomparable. Some of their cows give daily from six to eight gallons of the richest milk. Such cows they readily sell at $150 to $200. Calves, from two to four months old, they sell at from $50 to $100. They have an animal that weighs nearly 3,00 pounds. They have a botanical garden of about twelve acres, in which they cultivate all the medicinal plants and herbs of this climate which they gather and remove to the chemical and medical laboratory where they are dried and prepared in the form of extracts, powders &c, ready for market. These medicines es are the purest and best of the kind that can be had. The celebrated "Shaker Sarsaparilla" is manufactured here, and affords the principal source of their revenue. Their mechanical shops are kept in the neatest order, and their work is done in the most systematic style.

They excel in the manufacture of carpets, woodware, leather, blankets, and various kinds of trinkets and fancy articles We were shown some silk handkerchiefs which were made by them from silk of their own production, which were quite oqual the European silks.

Their seed garden is noteworhy.—They annually put up and sell about 1,400 boxes of garden seeds, each box containing 200 packages of seeds.

They have now in there doman about 3,000 of sheep, 500 cattle, 100 horses, countless numbers of poultry, but no hogs or dogs, the former to unclean and the latter useless yelpers.—*Dayton Gazette.*

Look fate full in the eye; it quails before the resolute.

The use of the soldier's "drill"—to make a hole in the enemy.

The Highest Balloon Ascent.

Late English papers contain reports of ascents made by M. Glaisher, an aronaut, who has reached a higher elevation than has ever before been attained. On a recent trip he ascended to a height of five miles and three quarters (30,360 fee. Approaching that point, he observes, the correct barometer read 10.8 inches. "In endeavoring to read the wet bulb, I could not see the column of the mercury. I rubbed my eyes, then took a lens and also failed. * * I endeavored to reach some brandy which was lying on the table at about the distance of a foot, and found myself unable to do so. My signt became more dim.

I looked at the barometer and saw it at ten inches and still decreasing fast, and just noted it in my book. Reading was at this time about 9 3-4 inches, implying a height of about 5 3-4 mile, as a change of an inch in the reading of the barometer at this elevation takes place on a change of height of about 2,500 feet; I felt I was loosing all power, and endeavored to rouse myself by struggling and shaking. I attempted to look at the barometer again; my hed fell on one side. I struggled and got it right, and it fell on the other, and finally fell backwards. My arms, which had been resting on the table, fell down by my side.—It became more misty, and finally dark, and I sadk unconsciously as in sleep."

The writer continued insensible for some time, but his place was taken by a Mr. Coggswell, who ascended still higher, until the barometer is believed to have marked only eight inches, implying that they were then six and a half miles above ground! The temperature was then some degrees below zero; on leaving the surface it was at 59 degrees Fahrenheit. The descent was made without any accident. Pigeons let loose at an elevation of four miles, fell down like stones, and were taken up dead.

Coffee Substitutes.

The love of coffee is an acquired taste. Perhaps nine tenths of families using it "burn" it almost to a coal, so that, in reality, any other burnt bitter would answer quite as well. In fact, multitudes in the far West, removed from markets, have become accustomed to use burnt breadcrust as a substitute, which certainly is not injurious, but it is a known fact that a cup of some mild, hot drink at meals is a positive benefit.

The following substitutes for coffee have been collected, in all of which it is suggested, first, that the substitute be mixed with the genuine article, half-and-half; second, that in order to know what you are really drinking, roast and grind your own coffee. In this was only, can you know that you are not imposed upon, or may not be drinking some cheap material, either filthy or poisonous.

1. It is said that three parts of Rio, with two parts of old Government Java, well prepared, is quite as good, if not superior, to that made of the latter alone.

2. Wheat Coffe.—Wheat coffee, made of a mixture of eight quarts of wheat to one pound of real coffee, is said to afford a beverage quite as agreeable as the unadulterated Rio, besides being much more wholesome.

3. Rye Coffee.—take a peck of rye and cover it with water, let it steep or boil until the grain swells or commences to burst, then drain or dry it. Roast to a deep brown color and prepare as other coffee, allowing twice the time for boiling. Wheat coffee probably could be made the same way.

4. Another.—Take some rye; first scald it; second dry it; third brown it, and then mix it with one-third coffee and two-thirds rye, and then you will have as good a cup of coffee as you ever drank.

5. Sweet Potato Coffee.—Take sweet potatoes, cut them fine enough to dry conveniently, and when dried, grind in a coffee mill; dry them by the fire or stove, at this season of the year, or by the sun when that will do it; grind and use one and a half teacupfuls for six persons, or mixed with coffee in such proportions as you like. Some omit half of the coffee, some more.

6. Barley Coffee.—Take common barley, or the skinless, if it can be obtained, roast as you would coffee, and mix in such proportions as suits your taste. It is good.

7. Pea Coffee.—It is probably known to many that a very large per cent, of the ground coffee sold at the stores is common field peas, roasted and ground with the coffee. There are hundreds of thousands of bushels of peas annually used for that purpose. Those who are in the habit of purchasing ground coffee can do better to buy their own peas, burn and grind them, and mix to suit themselves.

8. Carrot Coffee.—It is recommended by an exchange. Cut up, dry and grind, and mix with coffee in quantities to suit the taste.

9. Chestnut Coffee.—Chestnuts, also, are said to make excellent coffee.

10. Dandelion root, dried and slightly scorched, never burned.

11. Chicory Coffee.—Equal weights of chicory and coffee, dried and roasted in the usual manner. The chicory root is raised as easily as carrots, and exactly in the same manner. The chicory root is raised as easily as carrots, and exactly in the same manner. To prepare the root, wash it clean, slice it lengthwise in four or six pieces, according to size, cut in two-inch lengths, dry and keep in a dry place until wanted. Chicory is largely used to adulterate coffee in this country, and especially in Europe, 25,000,000 of pounds being used in England and France alone.

12. Excelsior Coffee.—(Our own.)—Half a cup of pure, new, farm-house milk, and while almost boiling hot, add to it as much boiling water, and when sweetened to suit, call it "coffee," and drink it down.—*Hall's Journal.*