BEN BOLT'S REPLY;
OR,
AH! YES, I REMEMBER.

Ah! yes, I remember that name with delight,
Sweet Alice, so cherished and dear;
I seek her lone grave in the pale hour of night,
And moisten the turf with a tear;
And there, when the heart is o'er burdened with woes,
I wander and muse all alone;
And long for the time when my heart shall repose,
Where "sweet Alice lies under the stone."

I roam through the wood where so joyous we strayed,
And recline on the green sunny hill;
And things are as bright in that beautiful glade,
But my heart is all lonely and chill.
The hand that so fondly I pressed then in mine,
And the lips that were melting with love—
Are cold in the grave, and I'm left to repine,
Till I meet with sweet Alice above.

Ah! well I remember the school-house and brook,
"And the master so kind and so true."
The wild-blooming flowers in the cool shady nook,
So fragrant with incense and dew.
But I weep not for these, though so dear to my heart,
Nor the friends that have left us alone—
The bosom will heave, and the tear-drops, will start,
For "sweet Alice lies under the stone."

From the New York Dutchman.

A SPIRITUAL KNOCKING.—A SOUR CROUT SCENE IN A CELLAR.

BY JACK HUMPHRIES.

Pennsylvania farmers, Germans mostly, have an inalienable love *for sour crout*; indeed, it is in vogue with most Pennsylvanians and New Yorkers. We confess to a slight regard for the edible ourself. Like codfish, sour crout is rather odoriferous than otherwise, but to "well regulated" appetites, strong and wholesome diet. It is a part of every fall's domestic arrangements in the interior of the Keystone State, to lay in cabbage, and some particular night have a jolly time cutting up and packing down the sour crout. Quite a party of old and young assemble, and the liveliest kind of a *time* comes off in the spacious kitchen and cellar of "our house at home." Those that have ever witnessed one of these sour crout 'bees,' can well realize the *material* of our rather humorous story, while almost anybody can have a hearty laugh at the fun of the thing.

Daddy Eckstein, a fat, jolly, old, retired *tar in leeps*, near Harrisburg, Pa., one fall, had in a large stock of prime cabbage, and in due course of time, called in his friends and neighbors to manufacture and cabbage into first class *kraut*. Never was there, probably, a more jovial and merry assemblage of youngsters and old'uns beneath the fine board roof of Daddy Eckstein. Mammy Eckstein was an old lady of goodly dimensions, got up on the regular *Dutch* style of human architecture—square, fore and aft—no single woman reduced into one! This fat pair worked along towards 10 P. M; the biggest forced maiden in I gone through a portion of the performance of *Dancing down* (*over*) stockings, with a red in skirt,) the cut cabbage in the barrels. The old'uns had lit their pipes, the fiddle was "screwed up," things set back, candles trimmed, and knick knacks ordered up, by the "heads" of the establishment.

"Molly, you and Fritz go down and fetch up de *cidder*, and some nat goot ole beer," said Daddy Eckstein to his *vrow*; and down the cellar-way started mammy, preceded by a fat faced Dutch gal, with sundry mugs and pitchers.

The cellar was deep and dark: the gal got down before the old woman, and was just about to relieve herself of the pitchers and mugs, by setting them upon a bench, when she let go all, and gave vent to her lungs by a—

"Ugh-h-h-h! Mine-r-r-r-G-r-r run here-e-e-e!"

Mammy did not fail to clinch the gal, and she in her endeavor to get up, and mammy's *heft* losing its equilibrium, giving a pitch *head* wards is—the old man and his "good e[ld] man[ny]" above, arrived at the head of the [ste]ps just in time to see mammy and the gal going down lickety split, only stopping at the foot of the broad cellar steps—*kerswash!*

The gal screamed lustily, the old lady was so shook about, confused and confused, that a very sonorous grunt was the utmost she could do.

"Go town, go town!" cried Daddy.

"Run town!" shouted another Dutch Daddy.

"Help 'em up!" cried a third.

"Sime Gott! go town!"

"Go town-a-n-n!"

"Well, vy der teufel don't you go mit emelody?" bawled Daddy, as one after another, the company took turns in advising somebody to go."

"*Hush!*" says the old man, "you pack of cowards, I go myself!" and crowding through he took a fight and made a step downwards. Mammy had got to se from the old lady, and was coming up with a surge that scared the old man, who losing his presence of mind and foothold also, slid heels bremost, hitting the poor Dutch gal about midship, and [s]wing her energies forward to propel [h]er self starting backwards, down [s]he came, carrying away the old lady, who [h]ad begun to re-ascend and tack up stairs.

The girls and fellers, and old folks, [m]ammy, were not quiet observers of these *exhilirating billows*, for they yelled—some [y]es—theirs rushed—out to the rescue of those in the cellar, but to make their mortal escapes from the house, crying out—

"Devil in der *cellar!*"

"Teufel's got 'em! Teufel's got 'em!"

"Oh! mine Gott! Diddy ish kilt!"

"Tunder and blitzen!" roared out one old fellow, "dish ish too tam bad for let mine old fronts Eckstein be kilt mit cellars, and dish run towards me away; I go down, by tunder and blixen!" and to carry out his pious intentions, old Peter Bromwig seized a candle that was sick, and made a dash for the cellar, dashed by his old woman, begging him for God's sake not to go to certain death in the cellar!

But Peter's blood was up—he went forward in the wake of Daddy Eckstein and gal overboard. The old boy appeared to have her *spunk*, the gal cried out that the devil was at them, to hell and mail, while old Daddy roared worse than a Louisiana Bull in a tornado—

"He's got us! He's got us!"

"Who's got you, Daddy?" cried Peter, at the head of the stairs—backed up by his wife, two shaking sprout takers, and some six or eight doubtfully sides.

"Oh-hh, *de teufel*, der tu——*oh! oh!*" bawled the old man, as it interrupted in his course by a due autograph. Room down, Peter! room down-w-w-w-n! oh! we're gone—*he's got us!*"

The gal managed to lumber up stairs, with a rush. The gal crying, at the head of the stairs, hearing the gal coming before they saw her, took it for granted that his sable majesty, being sure of these below, was now after those above, and they *went*, with a yell and confusion better imagined than described. Not so old Peter Bromwig—he dropped his light, but drew his cane, bawling—

"If you be de teufel I'm gone, but I gives you a knock mit mine stick, *any way*, and Kerwang he brought it. Luckily for the Dutch gal's skull, it was thick, and the cane hitting the top of the doorway, had some of its force mitigated, so Katy—the [g]al, was instead of having her *gourd* [s]kull, was merely sent reeling down stairs, breaking her fall upon the old Da[d]dy, all-fours, was crawling up, bellowing all the time.

The excitement had s[u]bsided, visitors came in—a minister [h]ad been—a doctor was wanted. Old Peter, wig valorously expatiating [u]pon how he had given "der teufel," firmly ag[ai]nst the door, declaring "old critter" was trying to [g]et in, to devour all hands! The noise [s]ubsided to save a few groans from Daddy, all quieted—old Nick had fled—poor daddy and mammy and [o]thers pronounced—done for. But [s]oon came, lights were brought, [t]he cellar door also, and the [p]arty began to *exorcise* the evil spirits. [T]rial high Dutch tong, as he [c]ame up the cellar stairs, followed by the [w]hole party. Nothing of note [t]ransacted, had reached the [c]ellar door, when "shiny eyes" were [s]een, a pair of ugly horns, [a] tail of length and dimensions [t]o match, enchanted the [m]ost [a]dmirer of *hairy* beaux. [T]he [w]ere most of the ministerial assembly [c]ollected about and fled, two of the [v]igorous seizing Mammy Eckstein [d]uring her bodily up stairs; the girls [f]ollowed, and made her exit in double quick time, and as she did so, the *teufel* followed, in shape of a big "Billy Goat," which had gone down the cellar in the day time after cabbage leaves, and being shut down, and not liking the manœuvres of the crowd, had pitched into them, the gal, mammy and daddy in particular, raising the d—l in good earnest, and quite broke up the sour crout party.

EXPLORATION OF THE AMAZON.—We are happy to announce the arrival, in the U. S. brig Dolphin, at this port, of Lieut William Lewis Herndon, of the Navy, from a long and perilous exploration of the Amazon river.—This voyage was prosecuted under the auspices of the Navy Department, and in connection with the designs of Lieut Maury, of the National Observatory, for the establishment of a steam communication between some one of our southern ports and Para, at the mouth of the Amazon. Mr. Herndon has occupied eleven months in descending the waters of this noblest of rivers, and has displayed the great energy of his character, in making a thorough examination of the practical benefits which must one day accrue to American commerce, from even a partial development of the vast resources upon its banks. In common with our commercial community, we shall await with great curiosity the appearance of the official report which will emanate from Mr. Herndon's pen, in time, we trust, for presentation to the next Congress; for we doubt not that we shall find the [illegible] existing knowle[dge] [illegible] *York Herald*

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