

From the Philadelphia Press.
THE BANK OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Until a late period no moneyed institution within the borders of our Commonwealth more fully possessed the confidence of our citizens than the Bank of Pennsylvania. It was an old established and a favorite bank. It maintained a high reputation for a long series of years, and had passed successfully and triumphantly, through all the great monetary convulsions of the last half century. It had been the financial agent of the Commonwealth in many of its moneyed transactions. It had at one period branches established in a number of the towns of the State. Its capital stock (\$1,875,000) was, until recently, greater than that of any other bank in Pennsylvania, and but one bank now (the Farmers' and Mechanics' of Philadelphia) has a greater capital. These circumstances, and its popular name, had given it such a prestige, that generation after generation had grown up in the belief that it was one of the safest and best banks in the Union. Men distinguished for their sagacity considered its stock the most reliable investment they could make, and we hear every day of people of the most prudent and cautious character who had a large proportion of their means in it, and who will lose nearly their all by its failure. Until within the last few years it always had the reputation, and no doubt, deserved it, of being honestly and prudently managed, and its stock readily sold at a high premium. Within the last month, however, its notes have been at a discount of ten to forty per cent. Its depositors have been uneasy about the safety of their deposits, and its stock has been selling lately at \$10 per share. Those who have been industriously investigating its affairs find its condition indeed deplorable. There seems no reason to doubt, however, that its circulation will all be fully redeemed, that its depositors may receive the amounts due them, but whether the stockholders will receive anything or if they do, how much, are matters of conjecture. It seems certain that nearly the entire capital stock has been lost. Whatever may be saved from the wreck will be only a small portion of the whole.

This, however, could not restore the confidence of the public. Mr. Allibone lingered or for a few weeks, avowedly ill, but apparently and-cied as to what policy he should pursue. There were loud clamors for his resignation, but he did not heed them until the last moment. The true condition of the affairs of the bank remained unknown. The key of the safe in which its principal papers and accounts were kept remained in his own possession, and was only handed over on the eve of what cannot well be regarded now as aught else but flight from the infamy which was sure to follow from the exposure of the condition of the bank which had been ruined by his management. He once had many warm and zealous friends in this community, but has few apologists or defenders now. By his management of the bank and his precipitation in suspension, he has done more mischief in connection with the late financial troubles, than any other American bank officer, and it is but natural that execrations should be heaped upon him by the many victims of the bank failures, and a large portion of the community.

Mud Volcanoes on the Colorado River.
A correspondent of the San Diego Herald, writing from "Mud Volcanoes," on the Colorado Desert, in July last says:
Here I am, in the centre of the Colorado Desert, and in the midst of the most diabolical humbug and humul that old Mother Nature ever got up in a small way. It is, in short, a convention of volcanoes, spouting, spattering, steaming, puffing and tearing. A hundred hillocks, varying from four to ten feet in height, each one a miniature Chimborazo, send forth jets of steam and smoke, and now and again vomit volumes of mud and melted sulphur. One sends up a column of bitter and scalding water some thirty feet in the air, falling in hot rain on every side, rendering an approach rather hazardous. He is President of the convention, or, mayhap, the orator of the occasion; he spouts well, any how. On each side of him a huge cauldron, 150 feet in diameter, and sunk about eight feet below the surface of the plain, rolls and "flops" with a thick paste of mud and water, like the witches.
"Hell broil, thick and slab."
I imagine Shakespeare had been here the day before he wrote Macbeth. Now and again these witch kettles boil over, and the hot slime runs off in a sluggish stream in an easterly direction, following the slight inclination of the plain. On every side the little mounds vie with each other in throwing mud and spouting the water upon the unwary visitor. You approach a quiet and unpretending little mound; no steam or smoke or any fiery indication gives you warning of danger; you bend over it to peep into the miniature crater, when slap goes a blast of hot mud and water into your face, and instantly twenty other little volcanic devils pitch in; and while one washes you with slime the other plunges you with mud, and you retreat, beat out, like a poor candidate for office who does not belong to the party.
The space occupied by these mud-spouting politicians of the desert is about 400 yards long by 250 in width, every fifty feet square containing one or more of them. Some seem to be forever in action, others intermittent, bursting out every few hours; and others again, perhaps, have slept for months. A hot, suffocating vapor renders breathing difficult, and the smell of sulphuretted hydrogen can be detected for several miles before you reach the spot. The water ejected is extremely bitter and sulphurous. Around the vent of the principal one of these suffions are beautiful stalagmite concretions, tipped with lead, and looking like a mass of coral. These masses are corals and tubular, and from each a little jet of steam issues with a whizzing noise. I obtained a specimen of the hot shower falling like a magic circle around them. The ground frequently trembles, and rumbling, subterraneous noises tell of fires down below.

VALUE OF A TESTAMENT.—I know at least one instance of a shilling testament purchased at New Orleans previous to the Mexican war, which not only saved the life of the possessor, but it was the means of saving his soul. It was in this way:—A young Illinois girl purchased a small Testament for four dozen of eggs at three cents per dozen; and when brother was about to start to Mexico as a volunteer she put into his vest pocket. There it remained, wrapped in the same paper and in the same pocket, until the battle of Buena Vista, when the owner received a wound through the Testament, which broke the force of the bullet, which lodged in his breast and sent him to the hospital. There he read his book; and the last time I saw him he was in an Illinois college, preparing for the pulpit, or rather for a missionary field in the Methodist Church.

WRITTEN SERMONS.—There is a small volume contained in the following paragraph about the written sermons:
The *Congregational Herald*, quotes from an exchange an account of Rev. Dr. Davis, who had been announced to preach, but said to the congregation, that, by a oversight of the baggage master, his carpet-bag had been on, and that some one else must therefore preach in his stead. The *Herald* says: "Imagine Paul, standing on Mars Hill, at Athens, before an assembly of keen, criticising Greeks, and saying, 'Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious, and I will argue the question with you as soon as my carpet-bag comes from Berea!'"

NEW WAY TO GET UP OF A BAIT.—On Thursday morning last as a small girl was on her way to school, in Philadelphia, she was met by a gentleman dressed young man, who stopped her and enquired where she was going. She replied to school, when the young man asked the name of the mistress. On being informed he requested the little girl to convey a bundle to her, at the same time cautioning her to carry it very carefully, as she might break it. She took the bundle and carried it with great care to her teacher, who, upon opening it, found a white child apparently about four days old. The little one was properly taken care of.

STAR OF THE NORTH.
HONOLULU, Wednesday, Dec. 2, 1857.
KANSAS—ITS CONSTITUTION.
Once again the Black Republican presses are endeavoring to raise a breeze about Kansas. Not long since they went crazy over the Topeka Constitution, and now they are trying it on again over that lately formed at Leocompton. No fair minded man ever defended the authority which formed Topeka Document; but as it was good enough a Morgan till after the election, it was seized upon as a perfect God-send by the Republican presses and orators. We have already, upon more than one occasion charged upon that party, the accusation that they were endeavoring to make Kansas a slave State, and we are still of that opinion.

Singular.
We heard of a singular circumstance the other day which occurred a few miles up the Lehigh. A little girl about four years old, awoke in the middle of the night and told her father that there was a negro in the cellar—He endeavored to quiet her by telling her that she had been dreaming—but she resolutely insisted that she saw the man go in and was positive that he was there. In order to quiet the child, therefore he arose from his bed, looked out of the window (which commanded a view of the cellar door,) and to his surprise saw it open. He then went down stairs just in time to see a man coming out with a pot of milk in his hand. The thief, on thus being caught, dropped the milk jumped over the fence and made tracks. He stopped, however, and begged off, on threats of being shot. This occurrence took place on Thursday night last. By what means was this knowledge communicated to the child? Was it through that presence of evil which it is said sometimes warns us of danger in our sleeping hours?—*Atlantic Democrat.*

Bad Advice.—The newspapers of the principal Eastern cities are urging upon the poor and those out of employment, to leave the cities for the country. It is very improper for our city friends to give this kind of advice. The people in the country districts, at this season of the year, have help enough to do all the labor required. We have our own poor among us, and our duty is to see that they do not suffer. There is a much more extensive field for employment in the city than in the country at the present time, and the means of providing for those in straitened circumstances are much more ample in the former than in the latter. We advise persons out of employment, to remain just where they are, and not go to places where they are entirely unknown.