

As we passed Burlington, a fellow passenger told us that in an Episcopalian college established there, called St. Mary's Hall, were a hundred young girls, whom he called "the holy innocents," assembled from every part of the Union. Eighteen of them had, in September last, taken their degrees in arts, receiving, from the hands of the Bishop of New Jersey, diplomas, headed by an engraving of the Holy Virgin and Child, and issued "in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." The session had ended with the ceremony of laying and consecrating the corner-stone of "the chapel of the Holy Innocents for the use of the scholars of St. Mary's Hall."

Whether we took up a newspaper, or listened to conversation in the cars, we found that the Oregon question, and a rupture with England, were the all-engrossing topic of political speculation. The democratic party are evidently intoxicated with their success in having achieved the annexation of Texas, and are bent on future schemes of territorial aggrandizement. Some talk of gaining the whole of Oregon, others all Mexico. I heard one fellow-traveler say modestly, "We are going on too fast; but Mexico must in time be ours." On arriving at Philadelphia, I found some of the daily journals written in a tone well-fitted to create a war-panic, counting on the aid of France in the event of a struggle with Great Britain; boasting that if all the eastern cities were laid in ashes by an English fleet, they would rebuild them in five years, and extinguish all the debts caused by the war in thirty years; whereas England, borrowing as in the last war many hundred millions sterling, must become bankrupt or permanently crippled with taxation. I asked an acquaintance, whether the editor of such articles secretly wished for war, or wanted to frighten his readers into a pacific policy. "He has lately gone over," said he, "to the protectionist party. Having made large purchases of shares in an iron company, and fearing that, should peace continue, the free-traders would lower the tariff, he patriotically hopes for a war with England to enable him to make a fortune. He is one of those philanthropic monopolists who would have joined in a toast given some years ago at a public dinner by one of our merchants, 'May the wants of all