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MILWAUKEE-ST. LOUIS.

"Widowed and fatherless," you say. What then? It is the world's way now; and there are those More cruel than the wolf—which, after all, Slays at fierce hunger's bidding only—who Live Demon lives, in that their gold weighs more Than all the dread bereavements fire or flood, Or bloody slaughter bring. A space for flight,

T. LOUIS.

Timely provided by a bursting purse,
Had saved these victims from their awful doom,
And brought them forth in safety. No,
'Twas not to be! Graves open by the score
For heaps of murdered dear ones, whiles
The bland and frugal host, indifferent, smiles.

JOHN WEBB.