

# THE PITTSBURGH DAILY GAZETTE.

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## BUSINESS CARDS.

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## FORWARDING & COMMISSION.

## BOOKS, MUSIC, &c.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## MEDICAL.

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THE WEAYER.

A flinging the shuttle fast;

And a thread that would last till the hour of

doom,

Was added at every cast;

His warp had been by the angel spun,

And his web was right and new;

Like Ariadne which the minotaur unbound

From the sun;

All jeweled over with diamonds,

And fresh-hopped, bright-eyed, beautiful dove;

Are,

In the soft, web were bodd;

And blithe to the weaver sped onward the

house,

Not were Time's feet led;

But the shuttle was spinning so merrily,

And a shanty the shuttle like blithely did,

For thought had a weavers spell;

And a loom that the shuttle wove,

Was of melancholy gray;

And now I mark where a taffy-dye's laid;

Where the flowers had fallen away;

But still the weaver kept weaving on;

Though the fabric all was torn;

And the flowers, and the leaves, and the

leaves were gone;

And the field dashes danc'd lay;

And dark, and dull darker, and darker grew;

Each newly woven thread;

And some were of death-mocking hue;

And some of black red,

And things all strange were woven in;

Sighs, down-crowned hopes, and fears;

And the web was broken, and poor, and thin;

And this waver fair would have hung it

aside;

But he knew it would be a sin;

So in light and in gloom the shuttle he plied;

A weaving these life-cords m;

And as he wove, and, weeping, still wove,

A temper stole him nigh;

And with gloomy words he to him swore,

But the weaver turned his eye;

He upward turned his eye to heaven,

And still wove on—on—on;

Till the last, but come from his heart was

the strain;

The he threw it about his shoulders bowed;

And his grizzled head;

And gathering close the folds of his shroud,

Lay him down among the dead;

And after I saw, in a role of right,

The weaver fair would have hung it

aside;

But he knew it would be a sin;

So in light and in gloom the shuttle he plied;

A weaving these life-cords m;

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