THE STAR, WEDNE: MAY, TEBRUAKY 10.

| DULCE DOMUM. <br> Sing a sweet melodious measure, Waft erchanting joys around : Home, a theme replete with pleasure, llume, a gratefui theme resound! |  |  |  |
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| Chorus. <br> Home, sweet home, an ample :reasure! Home wth ev ry blessing crownd! Houne! yerpetnal source of pleasure ! Home! a noble straia resound! <br> Lo! the joyful hour alvances, Happy season of delight! Testal songs and festal dances, All our tedious toils requite, <br> Hone, sweet home, \&c |  |  |  |
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| Leave, my wearied misse, thy learning, Leave thy ta-k so hard to bear, Leave thy labor, ease returning, Leave my bosom, 0 ! thou care. |  |  |  |
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| See the year, the meadow smiling : <br> Let us thers a smile display; <br> Rural sports our pain beguiling, <br> Rural pastimes call away. <br> Honse, swewt home, \&e <br> Now the swallow seeks her ciwelling, <br> And no longer loves to roam; <br> Her examples thus impelling. <br> Let us seek our native home. <br> Home, sweet home, \&c. |  |  |  |
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| Let our men and steeds assemble, <br> Panting for the wide champaign. <br> Let the ground beneath us tremble, While we scour along the plain. <br> Home, sweet home, \&ic. |  |  |  |
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| Oh! what raptures, Oh! what blisses, When we gain the little gate! Mother's arms and mother's kisser, There our blest arrival wait Home, sweet home, \&e |  |  |  |
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| Greet our household gods with stmging, Lend, O Lucifer thy ray; <br> Why should iight, so slowly springing, All our promised joys delay ! Homie, sweet home, \&c. |  |  |  |
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| Shall I wasting in desparr, <br> Lie decause a woman's fair? <br> Sha! my cheeks look pale with care <br> Because anothers rosy are? <br> Be she fairer than the day, <br> Or the flowr'y meads of May, <br> If she think not well of me, <br> What care I, how fair she. be <br> If she think not well of me, \&c. |  |  |  |
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| Shall a woman's goodness move me To perish for her love, Or her worthy merits known Make me quite forget my own? Be she meeker, kinder than |  |  |  |
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| The Turtledove or Pehican,TheIf be note for me,What care I, for whiom she be |  |  |  |
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| Be she kind, or meek, or fair <br> I will never more despair, If she love me, this believe, <br> I will die, ere she shall grieve, If she slight me, when I won <br> I will seorn and let her go. <br> It she be not mado for me, <br> What care I, for whum she be. |  |  |  |
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| Dec. 1835. In the Council Chamber, before His Excellency the Lieut.-Governor, assisted by the Hon. the Chief Jdstice, and J. W. Nutting, Esiq. M. C. <br> marsh, vs hague. |  |  |  |
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| discharge a Writ of Ne Exeat Provincia (under which the Defendant had been arrested for $£ 500$.Sterling) as having been inprovidently issued. It appeared by |  |  |  |
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| the Affidavits read, that a suit at law had been for many years depending between |  |  |  |
| been held to bail in the Supreme Court for the same Cause of action; that in |  |  |  |
| ch suit a trial had taken place, and unced in favour of the Defendant, the laintiff had elected to become nonsuit; at the Plaintiff resided in Liverpool, B. and that the clain was for the vaee of a quantity of Oats alleged to have een sold and delivered in the year 181.5 |  |  |  |
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