

THE TRI-WEEKLY COMMERCIAL.

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AGENTS FOR THE COMMERCIAL. New York: Dr. George Bettner, No. 538 Broadway.

NEWS.

From the Baltimore Sun of Wednesday. THE BOSTON FUGITIVE SLAVE EXCITEMENT.

The Boston papers are filled with accounts of the doings of the rioters in that city, but nearly all the main facts have been anticipated by our telegraphic dispatches.

On the other hand, some of the papers contain that Theodore Parker and Wendell Phillips, when by all means, be arrested to answer the charge of inciting the riot which led to the murder of an officer in the discharge of his duty.

It is said that sermons were preached from most of the pulpits of the city on Sunday, in relation to the fugitive and the excitement. Col. Suttle, at one time, agreed to sell the fugitive for \$1,200, which was refused, but it is alleged he considered the matter and determined to test the law, and not if it could be enforced by the authorities, in defiance of the mob.

Nelson Hopewell, a negro, the supposed murderer of Batchelder, has been arrested. On being conveyed to the watchhouse, a loaded revolver and a dirk-knife were found upon his person.

There was also found that the Marshal has been advised from Washington that the expense incurred in protecting his prisoner are not to be assessed upon the claimant. The whole amount of the cost of the case cannot thus exceed two hundred dollars.

THE BAY STATE CLUB, OF BOSTON.

The Marshal an efficient force of fifteen hundred men, in case their services should be required. The Marshal accepted a detachment of fifty from the number.

At the examination on Monday, Mr. William Brent, of Richmond, to whom the fugitive was hired, testified to his identity, and to the fact of his being the slave of Col. Suttle. We have already given the substance of his testimony. He stated that Burns, the fugitive, told Col. S. in the jail in Boston that while at work at Rockets he had fallen asleep on a vessel, and was taken off, and that he wished to return.

Continuation of the Examination—Decrease of Excitement, &c. Boston, May 30.—The examination in the case of the fugitive slave, Burns, was resumed this morning. The examination was held in the Court room, the fugitive having been brought in on a heavily ironed, and guarded by U. S. troops.

The court room is not so excessively crowded as it was yesterday. The throng assembled outside is also less numerous, and the excitement has apparently subsided considerably. Mr. Ellis continued his plea in behalf of the fugitive, and the trial is now proceeding.

THE CASE OF BURNS HAS GONE OVER UNTIL TOMORROW. The excitement is subsiding. The examination of the eleven persons arrested on the charge of riot and of murdering Batchelder has been postponed till Friday next. The Police Court was crowded when the prisoners were brought in.

Both witnesses were closely cross examined, but their testimony remains unshaken. The testimony so far is convincing that the date of his escape, as alleged in the complaint. The general opinion is that a fatal error in date has been made in the complaint.

James G. Whittemore, a member of the common council, and formerly director in the Mattapan Iron Works, Stephen Matlock and B. M. Gilman, employees at the same works, and John Favor, a master carpenter, also testified positively to seeing Burns in Boston before March 25th.

TO HAVE GREEN BEANS, PEAS AND CORN. A gentleman says he saw in January, green peas as succulent, to all appearances, as they were when plucked from the vine some five or six months before. The mode of preparing them is to pick, when of the proper size for eating, and shell, and carefully dry on cloths in the shade.

BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. GEORGE BETTNER, OF NORTH CAROLINA. OFFICE NO. 548. BROADWAY, OR AT THE PRESB'TERIAN HOUSE—NEW YORK. Feb. 16.

O. L. FILLIAR, PRODUCE BROKER, COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANT, WILMINGTON, N. C. September 20th, 1853. 80-ly-c.

J. D. LOVE, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN CABINET FURNITURE, BEDSTEADS, CHAIRS, MATRESSES, &c. &c. Front street, South of Market, BROWN'S BUILDING, WILMINGTON, N. C. Sept. 16, 1852. 79-y-c

D. CASHWELL, J. A. PARKER, CASHWELL & PARKER, WILMINGTON MERCHANTS, WILMINGTON, N. C. Office formerly occupied by Mr. Wm. A. Gwyer, March 22. 3-ly-c.

J. C. LATTA, COMMISSION MERCHANT & GENERAL AGENT, WILMINGTON, N. C. Oct. 1, 1853. 85-ly.

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MISCELLANY.

THE RUNAWAY RETURN. A story for the momentary hour. Well, here I am, after a night's walk, once more in the village where I was born.

It seems to me as yesterday when I ran away from home. I got up in the morning at seven o'clock, and my father and mother were asleep. Many and many a time had I been undisturbed by my mother and undisturbed by my father, and the day before he told me how wrong it was. He spoke kindly and in sorrow, but my pride would not bear it; I thought I would leave home. What is it that makes me tremble so now?

My father coughed as I went by his door, and I thought I heard my mother speak to him; so I stood a moment, with my little bundle in my hand, holding my breath. He coughed again. I have never heard to hear that cough in every part of the world.

When I had unlocked the door, my heart failed me for my sister had kissed me over night, and told me she had something to tell me in the morning. I knew what it was; she had been knitting a pair of garters to give me on my birthday. I turned back, opened the door of her little room and looked at her; but my tears fell on the bed clothes, and I was afraid it would wake her. Half blinded I groped down stairs.

Just as I had gently closed the door, the casement rattled above my head. I looked up and there was my mother. She spoke to me, and when I did not answer, she cried aloud to me. "That cry has rung in my ear ever since, away, and in my very dreams."

As I hurried away, I felt, I suppose, as Cain felt when he murdered his brother—My father, my mother, and my sister had been kind to me, I had been unkind to them; and in leaving thus, I felt as if I was murdering them all.

Had I been a robber, I could not have felt more guilty. But what do I say that for? I was a robber! I was robbing them of their peace. I was stealing from them that the whole world could not make up for them; yet on I went. Oh that I could bring back that hour.

The hills look as purple as they did when I used to climb them. The rocks are caving among the elms by the church. I was wondering if they are the same rocks! There's a shivering comes over me as I get nearer home. Home! I feel that there's no home for me.

Here in the corner of the hedge, and the old seat, but my father is not in it. There is the patch of ground that my sister called her garden, but she is not walking in it. And yonder is the bed-room window, my mother is not looking out of it now. "That cry!" I cry!

I see how it is. There are none of them here, or things would not look as they do. But what is the name of the garden? Father would not let the weeds grow in this fashion, nor let the thatch fall in, and my mother and sister would never suffer that straw through the broken panes.

I'll rap at the door, any how. How low it sounds! Nobody stirs. All is silent as the grave. I'll peep in at the window. It's an empty house, that's certain. Ten long years! How could it be other than I can bear! How could it be other than I can bear! How could it be other than I can bear!

What's that noise out of the stable door, with a view to turn a farmer's boy, who was riding on a horse, which was a very fine animal, and he was very handsome. "Well, what's that?"

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