Troy has had an excitement, a sensation that stirred it from its ordinary tranquility! the arrest of a fugitive slave, his rescue, recapture, rerescue and final escape. We have had crowds rushing through the streets, and scenes that at last put our quiet city on a par with Syracuse and its Jerryrescue, or Baltimore and its plugugly habits. Give Troy credit for one event! a local occurrence that causes Shears and Scissors to be forgotten. Even the result of the prizefight, that has just reached here, is robbed of half its glory by our local “mill.” United States Commissioner Miles Beach, who is a highly respectable young man, an Alderman and rather a prominent politician, has an office in the second story of a block known as the Mutual Building, the entrance to which is on Statestreet - a thoroughfare usually distinguished for its quietude. What was the astonishment, therefore, of your correspondent yesterday afternoon about bankclosing time, to see a crowd of negroes and whitefolks assembled in front of this said Mutual Building. To find out the cause of this assemblage it was only necessary to listen to an immense negro, who was proclaiming in stentorian tones that “a man and a brother” of his was in the building - a fugitive about to be taken back to Virginia. Of course he did not invite a rescue, but some pretty broad hints that he gave that way were seconded by a crowd of African females, who kept up a melodious din. The crowd was gathering in numbers every moment, and it pretty soon arrived at the dignity of a decent mob. Republican leaders were there - some counseling a rescue; others, (but very few,) in favor of buying the fugitive. Law and order men went for “sustaining the Constitution.” “Where was the Mayor?” everybody asked, but he had been out of town for some days, just when he was wanted, and the Recorder was invisible. Such was the crowd! quite goodnatured assemblage! argumentative rather than tribulent, with a “sea of upturned faces” directed towards the window near which the fugitive was confined.

To bore your readers with details about the hero of this rescue, it is sufficient to say that his name was Charles Nalle; that he ran away from Culpepper County, Virginia, in October, 1858, and came to live at a school near Troy. Being an unlearned man, he got a teacher in the school to read and write his letters, and thus his previous history was brought to light. This school teacher, who is now about the most unpopular man in Troy, wrote to the owner of the slave, B.W. Hansborough, who sent on an agent to reclaim the fugitive. The papers being all made out, Nalle was arrested in the street yesterday about noon, while returning from an errand, he having come to live as coachman with a family in this city about a month since. The Marshal and an assistant clapped the handcuffs on him instantly, and in a moment he was what one class here call “kidnapped,” and the other designate as “arrested.” At the United States Commissioner’s Office it is said the forms of the law were gone through with in an indecently hasty manner. I can hardly believe the assertion currently made, that all the papers, including decision and warrant to remand, were made out beforehand; but this is “talk. Certain is it, that before a lawyer could be sent for Nalle had been pronounced a slave.

The crowd all this time had been tolerably quiet, until the fugitive tried to escape from the window of the Commissioner’s office. His legs were dangling in the air, and a general “stand from under” plan was adopted. His friend urged him to drop, but before he could do so - and if he had, he would certainly have been terribly hurt, as he was heavily ironed – some person in the room seized him and pulled him back again.

The excitement now rose to fever heat. At this time Deputy Sheriff Upilam entered with a write of habeas corpus, issued by Judge Gould of the Supreme Court, and served it on the DeputyMarshal. These officers then started, in company with several policemen, for Judge Gould’s chambers, but their entrance upon the street was the signal for an indiscriminate wish on the part of the crowd. It was pull on one side and haul on the other. The negroes would not allow the prisoner to get near Judge Gould’s office, but rushed him the other way, and, after a desperate tussle, succeeded in getting him away. The officers were completely wearied out, and an immense “buck nigger” arrived at the scene, fresh, and scattering the police like chaff before the wind.
Nalle was a freeman. His friends hurried him across the river in a small boat, but on the West Troy shore he was seen by a constable, who, not knowing who this colored man with shackles on was, and never dreaming him to be a fugitive slave, arrested him and locked him up in a Justice’s office. At this point the real fighting commenced. A crowd, composed of blacks and whites, crossed the river and stormed the building. The officers fired over twenty shots, but none of them took effect, and the crowd carried off the prisoner by main force. He was run to a livery stable near by, wherein a colored driver took him in charge, and when last seen they were bound due north for the first station of the Underground Railroad.

Such is an outline of events that have caused more commotion in the city than any occurrence, since a memorable St. Patrick’s day a quarter of a century ago. Without mentioning names, it is but a matter of truth to state that the rescuers numbered many of our most respectable citizens – lawyers, editors, public men and private individuals. The rank and file, though, were black, and African fury is entitled to claim the greatest share in the rescue. The “white folks” engaged seemed to glory in the part they took, boasting of their achievements – how they struck the Marshal at this point, had a pistol pointed at them near that corner, how they “ran” the fugitive along the dock, and the bullets they received (through their hats) at the storming of the Justice’s office. They court arrest, and the candidates for the martyr’s crown are certainly numerous.

It would be unfair to let these occurrences be given to the people of the United States as the deliberate acts of the citizens of Troy, or even a majority of them. The other side was hardly represented in the crowd, and an effort to buy the fugitive, whose owner was willing to take $400 for this handsome piece of flesh, met with too little favor to be carried out. This morning the news from over the water has diverted attention a little from matters of home interest, yet all along the streets the talk is of the rescue, and the question is – Have you heard from the fugitive? It is regretted by many that the military were not called out; but in that event there would certainly have been bloodshed. Our officers certainly did their best to execute the law, and those of West Troy were for retaining the prisoner at all hazards. We are now on the lookout for some new excitement.