

THE UNION AGAIN THREATENED.

The Colored Person Loose!

JAKE NEWSOME MAKES A CAPTURE.

New Armorial Hearing—The Keeper of the Calaboose Made Unhappy.

"UNFRIENDLY LEGISLATION" DON'T WORK.

"DARKNESS FLIES AWAY."

"Eureka!" w-e-r-k-a, or rather, Jake Newsome-r-oka! There was a terrible time in the vicinity of the Armory last night, quite a benefit for that wretched architectural failure, in fact, calling out for the first time both its military and police traits, the first, of course, in prospective, but imminent.

We were just preparing to settle down into the very antipodes of agitation. The smoke of the conflict was flying away, and the dove of peace was smoothing her wings, when, last evening, this beatific vision half enjoyed, was disturbed by that inevitable colored person, in the shape of a jetter-hued damsel of twenty, dragged in by Jake Newsome. Jake has scattered our small millionum, and set matters all afloat again. Are we never to be happy any more? Will not the American Eagle get upon his perch and stay there?

Here is how it was: Scene, a dance at an establishment where ebony and Ivory are the staples, on South Clark street. Enter Jake Newsome and a large assortment of knuckles, for Jake carries his fives straight from the shoulder and knows his own knuckles, besides which on this occasion, one Stephen Knuckle of Nebraska City had a hand in the business; perhaps brass knuckles was of the party. As when upon the inmates of a dovecote swoops the hungry hawk (and neither of the birds named are flattered by this figure,) so descended Jake Newsome's knuckles and the other Knuckle upon the chattel named Eliza. Jake held out the American Eagle and asked Eliza if she wanted to destroy the Union, wanted to see our flag rent in twain and a large tariff on Connecticut clocks and buttons imported into South Carolina.

Eliza was obdurate, and out her old acquaintance, Mr. Knuckles, of Nebraska City, dear. She, however, was induced to come along, and the trio proceeded up South Clark street, Eliza between, and set round with knuckles like a bit of ebony set in garnets, which latter fixt a diligent attention to corn-juice will get up handsomely on most, tolerably white complexions. But the ebony began to be too much for the garnets—altogether out of proportion, in fact, and pretty soon Jake Newsome, and the chattel Eliza, and Nebraska Knuckles, came to a stand still in a literally "dark and angry sea," dark much, and getting angry very fast. Vain it was to talk of the American Eagle to that crowd, who have never got anything of that fowl but claws (let no one ask, in these days of Dred Scott, which clause we mean.)

The crowd surged about Jake, who, struck with an idea, called loudly, "Police, Police." Here is where a very gentle jest comes in, for the police actually came, and Jake ordered them in the name of the United State to "take this colored girl and keep her until morning, hereof fail not. E Pluribus Unum. Yours, respectfully, Jake Newsome." Thus adjured—the police did it, and the girl Eliza was put into the City Lockup, at the Armory, for the night, made an "armorial" bearing, in fact, "quartered" for the night with an inebriated Biddy.

Jake and Mr. Knuckles trusted to that part of their physical organization known as their knee pans, and walked away rapidly, for the odor of (free) colored people is unpleasant to those who prefer the other style. Then and immediately thereafter was witnessed such a scene about the Armory as never was before seen. The colored population actually swarmed about it. You would have thought their "queen bee" was shut up, but it wasn't anybody's queen, only a young colored woman named Eliza. They kept watch of the key-holes, the cracks in the masonry, and flattened their noses against the windows. Of course it was very ridiculous in them. Why not leave such things to Garibaldi over the water?

If you have ever seen a turkey treading on hot ashes, or a boy running bare-foot in a stubble field, or yourself in tight boots, you can imagine the gait the unhappy Lockup keeper struck as he tip-toed up and down the corridor, expecting every moment a rush from without, and an escape—which came indeed as we shall tell.

Jake Newsome showed us the warrant, made out in due form, by U. S. Commissioner Cornman, of Springfield, for the arrest of this Eliza, a fugitive from this Knuckles, at Nebraska City, some two years ago, and called our attention to the fact that when the regular force of U. S. Marshal Hoyne filtered ha, Jake, stood in the gap.

Then we thanked Heaven we had a Jake Newsome in Chicago, for how else could the Union be saved occasionally did not such as he undertake the job. We almost fell upon the neck of this special deputy of Mr. Hoyne. We thought Mr. Douglas' pet nostrum, "unfriendly legislation," to be taken "on the sly," settled things better than this, for the Territorians. Didn't Nebraska vote to keep out the inevitable nigger?

While we were writing the above, a calamity, the very twin constellation of the "Southern Cross," the resignation of Senator Toombs, has befallen the country. The chattel Eliza has escaped. It took place about half past ten o'clock last night. A warrant was served by Deputy Sheriff Anderson on Eliza, to take her from the lock-up to jail, and he started, but he might as well have tried to tow the "Maid of the Mist" straight up the front of Niagara. How it happened nobody knows, but Eliza lost her hold of the Deputy Sheriff, and he lost his feet and his hat and all was darkness—one very lively bit of darkness going east by the U. G. R. R.

Perhaps the serio-comedy of Eliza Grayson should be treated more tenderly in its relations to the great question, but we have given the facts.