

THE SKYE INVASION.

March of the Expedition to Staffin.

THE SCENERY AND INHABITANTS.

The Military Precautions Taken—Humorous Incidents of the Day.

A correspondent writes: The second day's record of the Skye police and military expedition was as destitute of sensation as the first. There was a march of 250 fully armed men along the bleak hill-side road from Uig to Staffin, a distance of nine miles. The day's proceedings began at half-past 9, when half a dozen boats containing marines from the Assistance put off from the vessel. The men were landed on the previous day at the head of the bay, and, being formed into fours, were marched up the steep ascent leading from the beach to Uig Hotel. A band of buglers preceded the force and awakened the echoes among the surrounding hills with a bugle march. Behind the soldiers came a body of forty constables who were landed from Lochiel, the police being accompanied by Sheriff Ivory, Mr. Anderson, Procurator-Fiscal, Inverness, and Chief Constable McHardy. Arrived in front of the hotel the troops halted, and a brief delay took place, after which the whole force set out for Staffin. From first to last, most rigorous military discipline was observed; and if the expedition had been in the Boudan, or had been marching through an Afghan pass, no greater caution could have been adopted. Preceding the main body a distance of fifty yards was an advanced guard of some twenty marine artillery; next came the police and the higher criminal officials; then the main body of marine artillery and marines. Mounted on a shaggy Skye pony procured at the inn rode Lieut.-Colonel Monro, the object of much quiet chaff amongst the men and the few bystanders that lined the thoroughfare at the point of starting.

The other officers were Major Anson, Major Rose, Lieutenant and Adjutant Bishop, Captain Shipworth, Lieutenants McDonald, Baker and Mercer. As the expedition started, the gunboats Forester and the steamer Lochiel headed anchor and steamed out of the bay northwards on the way to Staffin, there to await the arrival of the troops proceeding overland. The village of Uig presented almost the same deserted aspect that it did on the previous day. Few persons were abroad, and these few were mostly children or old men. Such of the younger men as were not indoors were engaged in potato-digging and turnip lifting. They raised their heads for a moment as the expedition passed, but immediately afterwards resumed their work. The day was cold and blustering, and in the sharp hill breeze a Union Jack floated from the house of McLeod, "the local Gladstone," and gave rise to some comment and speculation. As they passed by a little further on waved an improvised white flag, indicating presumably that the crofters had proclaimed a truce, and made submission to the enemy. In the rear of the procession walked McLeod himself in earnest conversation with Sheriff Ivory and the Chief Constable, the object of much speculative criticism on the part of his fellow-crofters, who seemed to marvel at his confidential talk with their avowed foes. The road from Uig to Staffin at the outset rises over the shoulder of a hill facing the sea, and as the marines, in brilliant scarlet tunics, white forage bags and glistening helmets, passed upwards, they presented, under the circumstances, a unique appearance, as seen from the low ground. The bugle sounds reverberated far across the bay, and were re-echoed from the bluffs on the other side. The detachment toiled slowly up the hill, and on reaching the summit a brief halt was made. Then on for three miles the detachment again proceeded, passing wondering Highland oxen, which raised their heads as they nibbled the scant pasture and gazed stupidly at the martial procession. Rain commenced to fall, and the men, halting for a moment, donned their great coats. Then on again for another two miles of bleak moorland, no incident occurring during the march more noticeable than the meeting of an occasional cart, the district post-boy, or a woman carrying a bundle of peats on her back. Now and again could be descried the figure of a man or woman on the heights on the other side of the valley. Sometimes they approached hurriedly towards the expeditionary forces, and jabbered excitedly in Gaelic. Four miles from Staffin a halt was called. The men fell out and took a snack of luncheon by a wayside brook. "Keep your rifles in your hands." And as if in expiation of the immediate approach of an enemy, the men ate their biscuit and beef with their muskets slung across their shoulders. Again the bugle sounded, the troops fell in and the march was resumed. At this point the scenery becomes grand and impressive. A wide panoramic burst upon the view. The Needle Rock and the other geological features of the Quiraing are suddenly disclosed to the spectator, and the first glimpse is caught of the sea on the east-side of the island. From this point onwards the ground slopes suddenly, and the roadway makes awkward turns round some angles of the hill. Again the order was given to strike up the bugle march, but still in spite of the imposing procession scarcely a human being was discernible. Even in the populous district of Staffin few people were stirring, but lest an ambush should be attempted scouting parties consisting of two marines and a constable were sent in advance to the top of the precipitous commanding a view of the tableland beneath. There was a ridiculous side to the whole proceedings. So far from any opposition being offered to the advancing expedition scarcely any one could be seen along the heights or in the valley beneath. As the men marched into the township of Staffin a few of the crofters and their wives and families emerged from their houses to scan the uniformed array of armed men. Collie dogs barked as the troops passed by, and occasionally a few crofters engaged in repairing the thatch of their houses passed in their work and curiously contemplated the formidable body of men. Here a withered crone danced a derisive breakdown, exciting laughter among the marines; there a group of fisher girls returning

from the peat moss giggled at and made game of the soldiers, who were by no means loath to return the chaff. The bugles again sounded a march, for this was meant to be an imposing demonstration, and at 1.30 a halt was called before Staffin Lodge. The last half-mile of the journey was a merry one for the marines. The village idiot—a bootless, stockless imbecile, whose breast was entirely bare, and whose ragged trousers were suspended by a straw rope—joined in the procession, and by his insane laughter provoked in turn sallies of mirth and expressions of pity among the men. When Staffin Lodge was reached the force drew up. It was raining now somewhat heavily, a cloud hanging over the sea, through which could dimly be discerned the gunboats Forester and Banterer and the steamer Lochiel, which had just dropped anchor in the roadstead. Fifty marines, under the command of Major Anson, were told off for duty at Staffin Lodge, where a posse of policemen will be quartered for some time. The detachment of marines will remain here for two days, provisions and bedding having been landed from the Forester sufficient to last for that period. The rest of the troops subsequently were marched to the Lodge and served with dinner before embarking on board the gunboats to return to Uig. Here also Sheriff Ivory and the other criminal authorities partook of refreshments before going on board the Lochiel. The weather had by this time become wild and stormy, and the embarkation of the marines was accomplished with considerable difficulty. Between Staffin Lodge and the sea beach the river Stenocholl flows into the bay, and the police, to enable the marines to pass over this stream, bridged it with planks. Just before the soldiers fell out, Major Anson made a brief speech to them. He bade the men be careful to refrain from violence unless a resort to extremities were urgently demanded, and ordered them to show, as far as possible, a friendly disposition towards the crofters.

It has already been mentioned that this neighborhood was the seat of much of the disaffection prevailing on the estate of Kilmuir. It is here that the forty-acre park, belonging to Major Fraser, has been seized by the crofters; and accordingly it was here, if anywhere, that a stand might have been expected on the part of the crofters. For weeks past their sentries have kept watchful outlook for an invading force at the top of the pass leading down to the village, and it was in anticipation that hostile natives might be encountered that scouts were sent to reconnoitre. In this district, too, reside the real leaders of the crofter agitation, Archibald McDonald and Rev. Mr. Davidson, on whom a summons of removal from the two crofts he occupies has been served by Major Fraser. Sheriff Ivory made inquiries in regard to the seizure of Major Fraser's park, and the nature of the dispute was fully explained to him. Night fell on the embarkation of the marines and the criminal officials amid a scene of perfect tranquillity on the part of the villagers.

OUTRAGES BY THE TURKS.

Horrible Mutilation of Innocent People.

A Vienna cable says: Fresh reports come to hand almost daily of the fearful treatment the Bulgarians in Macedonia are receiving from the malignant Turks. Only a few days ago, in the village of Tounenlistcha, Fozzo, a Turkish bandit chief, with his band, carried off two young men to the mountains, and because they were refused ransom the robbers bound them to a tree, cut off their ears and noses, put out their eyes, brought them to the village gates and left them with a warning that all unrepentant prisoners would be treated in the same manner or worse. At Fodtes several Turks seized upon a young woman, whose husband is in exile in Asia. They took her home and assaulted her in a revolting manner. She made her escape and complained to the authorities at Welles, but nothing has been done towards punishing the criminals. A village priest of Noglivo went a short distance to administer the rites of the Church to a dying peasant. He was met by a gang of Turks, who beat him into insensibility, and then cut off his hands and feet and tore out his tongue. The atrocities are fiendish, and they cry out to every European nation for redress.

The Sport of Scotch Lunatics.

A London cablegram says: The medical journals are discussing the unwise indulgence with which patients in some of the public lunatic asylums are treated. Some remarkable facts have been elicited by the discussion, and a revelation is made regarding the management of the Orkney Royal Institution at Dumfries, which is unique. The tender-hearted authorities of that insane asylum—which is the largest in Southern Scotland—have for a long time provided facilities for golf-playing by the patients, and recently they concluded that the unfortunates required more room for out-door exercises. To supply this want, they have leased 2,000 acres of moorland so as to allow the poor lunatics the pleasure of grouse shooting.

Idolatry in the United States.

A medal has been struck in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of Methodism in this country, and is sold in duplicate by authority of the bishops. The case opens like a book, and in the central portion, surrounded by velvet, the medal is so fixed that both its sides are exposed when the cover is opened. A pastor reports that he lately found a convert kneeling before it in adoration, using it for an idol. He has heard that such a perversion of the object is common among the negroes of the South, where the medals are held in awe as possessing supernatural qualities.

Five hundred dollars for a pair of shoes seems a high price, but it has been paid by one of the society belles of New York. They were of white satin and were embroidered with pearls.

Stuart Cumberland has been reading the thoughts of the Emperor of Germany. His Majesty thought of 1861, the year of his coronation as King of Prussia, and Mr. Cumberland wrote the figures at the first attempt.

Rhode Island now styles itself the Belgium of America.

More than 60,000 New Yorkers live at hotels, and there are 100,000 strangers in town every night.

DYING BEFORE AN ALTAR.

Suicide Caused by a Daughter's Terrible Accusation.

A Washington despatch says: There was a tragic end on Friday to the awful scandal which has broken up the home of Prof. De Walowski, who a fortnight ago was arrested on the charge of feloniously assaulting his daughter. The professor shot himself three times in the breast, and when found in his room was a corpse. Few men were better known than he in fashionable society in this city. Coming originally from Warsaw, Poland, he has been living for the past three years at the capital, where he was employed as instructor of music by the leading fashionable people and members of the Diplomatic Corps. He was a man of much talent, and a great favorite with the parents of his scholars. He possessed considerable property. About a year ago his wife died, and since then he has been living in his house on New York avenue with his only daughter, Isabella, a handsome girl about 23 years old. She had some lady friends also living in the house with her. These ladies took the daughter away with them about a fortnight ago, and on the next day Isabella De Walowski went before a magistrate and preferred the terrible charge against her father. The Justice issued a warrant and empowered two officers to make the arrest. They went to De Walowski's house, and on making known their errand the professor indignantly protested his innocence and desperately resisted the officers. He was finally overpowered and imprisoned.

The news ran like wildfire through the city and created the utmost excitement wherever it was announced. Public opinion, in spite of De Walowski's declaration, quickly formed against him, and in a single day he fell from the universal respect in which he had been held into universal contempt. Since his arrest there had been two hearings in the Police Court. The principal witness to the crime charged was a discharged negro. At one sitting De Walowski's counsel tried to show that the daughter was not right in her mind, and that she had been unduly influenced to make the horrible charge against her father so as to gain possession of property in the house. At the second hearing both the professor and daughter fauted in open court. At the close of the preliminary examination he was held to appear before the Grand Jury, and released on bail. The scandal appears to have affected his mind, and hardly was he let out of jail when he began to make preparations for suicide. He shut himself up alone in his house last night and erected in his room an impromptu altar, which he ornamented with candles and other paraphernalia. On the altar he placed a number of portraits, on the backs of which he wrote some words. One of the portraits was that of Maurice Schlosser, of the Congressional Library. On the back of one of these were the words: "I have to die for you; well, it must be done. My daughter saved her life, but condemned me to death. I left my word of honor with my daughter. I hope to be revenged. I am now dying." To make sure of accomplishing his purpose he had provided himself with a carving-knife, two pen-knives and two pistols. These weapons were found lying about him when the door was broken open this morning. He was discovered lying dead on the floor, with three shot wounds on his forehead, the fatal one being in his left breast. Upon a table he had left letters to different persons, dated at 11 o'clock that night, protesting his innocence. Among them was a sealed letter to his daughter and a will leaving all his property to her.

A MINISTER'S WIFE ELOPES.

The Elopement Boom Struck the Church.

A last (Thursday) night's River Head, L. I., despatch says: Church, social and business circles of this town are astonished and excited over the elopement of Mrs. Downs, wife of Rev. W. A. Downs, pastor of the Methodist Church, with G. Mitchell Terry, a wealthy and prominent farmer and a member of Downs' church. The fact of the elopement, which took place two days ago, did not become public until today, when inquiries made as to why Downs tendered his resignation as pastor revealed it. Mrs. Downs is a prepossessing lady of 26, and has two small children. It is believed the couple have gone to Florida to join Terry's sister, who left her husband and four children two years ago and eloped with Capt. Penny, of this place.

He Spoke Feelingly.

One of the stories the late A. M. Sullivan was fond of telling related to the correspondence between his wife and Sir William Harcourt, the bluff Home Secretary for England. Mrs. Sullivan is a native of New Orleans, possessed of the high individuality of the Southern women and the independence of the American. While Michael Davitt was undergoing his penal sentence there were rumors that he was ill and that his true condition was being concealed by the prison authorities. Mrs. Sullivan, knowing that her husband, who was then in Parliament, would scorn to ask any favor of the Government, wrote to Sir William Harcourt for permission to visit Davitt, and obtained it. Accompanied only by a lady friend, she made her way to the prison, saw the felon, heard the truth from his own lips, and brought back from his silence the messages of defiance and determination which might have been expected. When it became known that his wife had accepted a favor from the Government Mr. Sullivan was deeply affected, and going to the Home Secretary, he said, "Sir William, I want you to understand that Mrs. Sullivan acted in this matter on her own responsibility." "Oh, certainly, sir," soothingly answered Sir William, "I understand these embarrassments, Mr. Sullivan. I have an American wife myself."

The London Inner Circle Railroad is a marvellous feat of engineering skill. Day and night for eighteen months the work has been carried on, and in a very short time trains will be passing over this subterranean road under the busiest centre of the largest city in the world.

Pavements made of brick impregnated at a high temperature with asphalt are found more durable for wear than granite or compressed asphalt. By driving out the air and water the bricks take up 15 or 20 per cent. of bitumen; they are then put endways on a concrete bed with hot tar.

AN ELOQUENT BIGAMIST.

Neville Holds the Court-Room Auditors Spell-Bound by His Address.

A last (Friday) night's Detroit despatch says: The motion for a new trial in the Neville, alias Newbold, case was argued before Judge Lemmon at Toledo yesterday afternoon, and was overruled. When the judge asked the prisoner, "Have you anything to say before being sentenced?" Newbold arose, and made the best and most eloquent speech ever made in Lucas County Court House. During his address he referred to all his wives. He said Misses Whitney and Rolie had expressed a desire to take the witness-stand in his behalf, but he would not permit it. He asserted Mr. Whitney had spent \$8,000 to \$10,000 to convict him. Turning and pointing to the clock he said: "As the clock strikes the hour of the expiration of my sentence, that hour I'll be joined by my wife. Together we will go to Canada after a precious package, and immediately we will start for the sunny lands of happiness and joy." The address throughout was impressive and exceedingly well composed, holding the large audience spell-bound. The judge minutely reviewed the case, finally pronouncing sentence, seven years, the full extent of the law. Newbold asked, "Do you call that Ohio justice?" "Yes," replied the judge. Newbold continued: "Hardened criminals daily knock down and rob your citizens, the jury find them not guilty and turn them out, while I, an innocent man, must suffer for an offence I did not commit. He replied to the judge's advice, "Be good, prisoner, and thereby get two years off your sentence." "No, I will serve the entire sentence if Whitney's money will keep me there." The secret revealed the other night was begun by his talking about a previous marriage six years ago, occurring at Sherbrooke, Canada, also of a child which was born about that time at the same place. This story was afterwards corroborated by him telling it to a friend, and he referred to it in his address to the judge. The case will be carried to the Supreme Court.

MURDER OR ACCIDENT?

Suspicious Death of a Man in an Indian's Company.

A Kingston despatch says: The particulars of the presumed murder in North Frontenac indicate that only a case of accidental shooting occurred. On Monday a teamster named McDonald, a single man, was taking supplies to the McLaren shanties on the Mississippi and tributaries. On the way White Duck, an Indian hunter, met McDonald and mounted the wagon. He carried a rifle. After proceeding some distance McDonald dropped the whip and White Duck got down to pick it up, and in doing so the hammer of the gun caught and a discharge followed. The ball entered McDonald's side, coming out about the back of the neck, and he was instantly killed. This morning Coroner Irwin went out to hold an investigation, accompanied by Dr. Oliver, to hold the post mortem. He acted upon the County Attorney's instructions, and under the belief that death occurred under suspicious circumstances. A later report says both men got intoxicated on the way, having with them a large flask of whiskey, of which they drank freely. The suspicious fact was that the Indian, after the shooting, ran away and left McDonald, township of Barrie. The body is at McLaren's, township of Olyone, within two miles of Olyone village. Olyone station is forty miles from the Mississippi.

Proposed Division of Ontario Diocese.

A Kingston despatch says: The Executive Committee of the Diocese of Ontario met yesterday morning and received the report of the committee on division of the diocese. It recommended that one-third of the present Episcopal fund go to the proposed new diocese of Ottawa, that \$20,000 be raised in this portion of the diocese, that the Bishop be requested to make an appeal to the societies in England for assistance, and that the balance be raised in the new diocese. It was proposed that each candidate for confirmation make an offering of 50 cents and each adult member of the Church \$1, at least. The amount required for the division is \$40,000. The report was adopted. The Education Committee also met and instructed Archbishop Jones to write to the department and request that the Apostles' Creed, the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer be a prominent portion of the instruction in the schools.

Beating a Rival Reporter.

I remember a dinner at which Henry J. Raymond told how he once got ahead of a Herald reporter. It was in the old days, when he was on the Courier and Enquirer, under James Watson Webb, doing the sort of all-round work that Bennett had done there a year or two before. Raymond was sent to Concord, N. H., to report a very important political conference—before the days of telegraphs. He found there a reporter from the Herald on a similar errand. At the conclusion of the meeting, the Herald reporter said: "Well, we can't leave to night, for the last train has gone, so we may as well go to bed." He was so very anxious to get rid of Raymond that the latter was suspicious of some trick of the other's to get off without him. He made some excuse for absence and sauntered off to the new railroad station, where he found a locomotive all wooded up and ready to start. An idea struck him. "Is this my engine?" he boldly asked the engineer. "Yes; I suppose so, if you're the reporter," was the reply. "Climb aboard." Raymond did as he was bid, and got to New York fourteen hours in advance of the Herald youth, who had hired the engine expressly for a "beat." The man who was in sight when it started, the bill for the locomotive was presented to Bennett, but Raymond said he never knew who paid it. The news he brought was the most important of the year, and Webb raised his salary.—N. Y. Times.

The British police at Kingston, Jamaica, have captured the Cuban agitator Bonachea and his band, with their arms andammunitions.

Texas, the largest State in the Union, is to have the largest capitol in the Union. The corner-stone of the structure will be laid on March 2nd. It is now found that it will cost \$3,000,000.

A WASHINGTON ELOPEMENT.

A Society Belle Elopes on the Eve of Her Marriage.

A last (Wednesday) night's Washington despatch says: Fashionable society was thrown into a whirlwind of excitement over the announcement to-day of the elopement of Miss Mary Willard, daughter of C. D. Willard, one of Washington's wealthiest citizens, with Wm. Paxton, patent office attorney. Miss Willard was engaged to Frank Simpson, of New York, a wealthy banker's son, and elaborate preparations had been made for their nuptials, which were announced for December 11th. Two thousand invitations had been sent out, and hundreds of costly presents already received. The bride's father is now on his way from Europe to attend the ceremony. The father sent his daughter dresses by Worth, of Paris, which are marvels of the famous mau-milliner's art. The bride's father and mother were both heartily in favor of the alliance, but Miss Willard was adverse to the match. She frankly told to Simpson and told him "I can never love you and desire to be released from my engagement." Owing to the pressure of family influences she did not insist that her decision was final, and allowed it to be announced that the wedding would take place on the 11th instant. This morning, however, she met Paxton, and the couple procured a license and were quietly married in presence of the groom's mother and a few of his friends. After the ceremony the couple left on a train bound for the South. The bride is a very handsome brunette, with large, dark lustrous eyes and a plump figure, 23 years of age. The union of Miss Willard and Paxton is said to be the culmination of a genuine love match.

KENTUCKY LAW.

Justice Overawed by Hissing and Bloody Fights.

A Whitesburg (Ky.) despatch says: Judge Inley, of Williamsburg, a famous mountain jurist, for two years has not dared come here to hold a court because of a treat made by one of the most desperate men in the county to kill him if he everted it. Recently this man fell a victim to the plague, and the judge came to town to try a man for murder. He was out on bail, and his friends, all men of a desperate stripe, determined he should not be punished. The case was set for Wednesday in and on that day the accused came marching into town carrying a double-barrel shotgun and a belt full of revolve, followed by a score of friends armed to the teeth. Their arrival was followed by that of another band of the same size, all carrying shotguns and pistols. This gang was composed of friends of the first. They went into camp on a bluff overlooking the town. A third band, composed of citizens who thought the law should be allowed to take its way, was organized, and went on duty to stay until after court adjourned. The party composed the murderer and his friends have been very riotous and drunken, and several gory engagements have been had between the men and outsiders. On Monday a pitched battle will occur before the close of the session.

STEAL OR STARVE.

The creative of a Torontonian in New York.

A (Friday) night's New York despatch says: James Atwell, Toronto, hatter's years old, was walking along Chatham street in this city yesterday afternoon when he stopped in front of the exche office of James Clark & Sons, and gazed curiously through the window at a variety of bills. Hastily glancing around to see if no policeman was near, he struck a plate glass a terrific blow and smash! He grabbed five notes of the Bank of England, valued at \$195 in American money, and quickly decamped. An officious and crashing glass, hurried to the scene and chased Atwell, overtaking him in City Hall Park, a few blocks away; the prisoner's hands were terribly lacerated, and he was sent to the Chambers Street hospital for treatment. In the Tombs Court to-day Atwell told the judge he was in such destitute circumstances he had to steal or starve, and admit his guilt. He was held for trial at the next Sessions Court.

New Phases of Lager.

A card in the window of a Canal street store yesterday bore the words: "Buder." "V is it?" the bartender was asked. "I owe you. He drew a pint of beer in an amber mug, and carrying it to the stove set a bar of iron, one end of which glowing white among the coals. He hid the hot iron into the beer and stirred around, while the beer hissed and splut. The beer was much more bitter than burning, but it was a pleasant."

"English burn their ale," said the bartender. "They call it milled ale. Cidered sometimes. The esthetic taster customers demanded a new drink winter, and they have got it. It has the advantage of making their eyes snap if the time required by ordinary lager." "T'minds me of a queer dish I saw the day. An old acquaintance of mine's lamp-lighter. Last spring a wounded during the war broke out after he was laid up. His wife deterred to learn cigar-making to support him and husband. Around the tower of Avenue A there are many Bohemian makers who for \$50 or so will teach their trade to any one. So this woman all her spare furniture, moved into com, and took the money she raised on Avenue A."

"E day while she was at work there she dined on one kind of food, she sent out cans for beer just before. These were placed on the stove ten a quantity of stale bread was h into them. The stuff was boiled the resulting stew was eaten heartily told her it was a most nutritive well as economical article of diet. He tried it several times, but could not force it to eat. She likes beer, too. I think that her stew will ever become here."—New York Sun.

Insta in sewing was introduced in the Phipps public schools recently.