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A VAST SEETHING CAULDRON. The Great Maelstrom Off the Coast of Norway. THE INCARNATION OF DYNAMITE. Two Beautiful Bays—The Wonderful Spouting Rock—Hobgoblins of the Donegal Mountain Region—Ireland's North Coast.

Afloat in Ireland. DONEYGAL, Ireland, Oct. 23.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]—From the region of the Giant's Causeway and the Skerries, past the shining mouth of Lough Foyle, our route lay westward along the misty coast of Inishowen whose eternal mountain sentinel, Slieve Naght, rises grim and lonely above the gray fogs of the north; and we were soon gliding between Malin Head, the most northern main-land head of Ireland, and Ennistrahul, the ultima thule of Irish islets towards Iceland. It is through this wild ocean-path the steamer travels in her northernmost way between America and Europe; and as the main-land and island are less than five miles apart, a noble view of both may be enjoyed. The Head has less wildness and magnificence than any portion of the Irish coast.

Fair as that sky may be, danger is everywhere. This whole coast is but part of the rim of a vast devil's cauldron whose contents seethe and whirl ceaselessly. The great Gulf stream, debouching from our own shores, sweeps to the northeast across the Atlantic. The electric currents rushing from polar seas between the eternal ice-shores of upper Scandinavia and Iceland to the southwest, and meeting the former, the great maelstrom off the Norwegian coast is formed; and the inconceivably tremendous elemental struggles are continued, in either direction towards the southwest and northeast from the vortex with lessening fury, as the broken up, loose, somewhat of their awful power. Thus the entire north-west Irish coast is a skirmish-ground, in advance and retreat, for these terrible ocean conflicts; and its shores vividly suggest the story of a steely, jagged, rag-toothed and heights, from the picture of some chained Titanic creature, growling, moaning and flashing its worn fangs at the ceaseless savagery of conflicts which through ages have broken upon it, surpassing oceanic convulsions. Well it is at these wild times for the fishers and coasters that they seek behind the foamings and thunderings into the restless bosoms of cove and loch; and well it was for us that our browser skipper, "Fasting" hell in the air," as he graphically put it made all possible speed for the safe waters of Lough Swilly, behind the sandy shores and hideous huts of the half-savage fishermen of Fannal Head.

And here occurred a little incident illustrating the fact that all the genuine banditti of civilization are not among the guarda civil of forlorn Cuba. No sooner were we in safe anchorage than a boat-load of blue-bosomed pirates in her gentle majesty's service, put out from the great coast-guard station at Bunrana, and with frowning looks and accusative mien, gave us all, with the craft from stem to stern, a lively overhauling. Surely there was something rakish, something positively treacherous, in our unsavory little vessel. It was correctly licensed. Everything was according to requirements of the stately board of admiralty regulations. But such and such its skipper was a hated Irishman from the west coast. By token of nature, heredity and history, here was crime. Far more dire than all that, was the culpable fact that his only passenger was an American, and that our browser, greater and more travel-stained and ferocious than the wild Irish skipper himself. Here could be no less than the very incarnation of dynamite. They accordingly apprehending one with caution and fully commensurate with the certain importance of this luckily-found Balfourian prize. "An' whew ar' ye?" "An' it's fine company ye're in the day!" (This meaningly to the skipper, who had begun to feel as for a day.) "An' whew ye step for'd like a man, an' guv rock-water account o' yer'sel'—with many other scornful queries and portentous commands were showered upon me, glit'ly never before so thoroughly appreciated good Mr. Bayard's majestic passport parchments as at that luminous moment. And I took my own time about releasing it from its great blue cover, the whole space was flooded with light like a goblet of amber wine. I suddenly lifted the yard-square document between our tormentors and the southern sun. For a moment I was gazed at in its pride and contemplation. There sat the American eagle like an aggressively-determined being, rising in fury upon her set-heeled nest, her haughty head and hissing open beak disturbing the upper half of the sky, as if she were clutching blades of mouldy hay, her left gripping thunderbolts and arrows, and below her, a startling nebula of stars, like a spilled nestful of flashing eggs tumbling into space beneath. "That's that," faith an' it's a sight for sore eyes. Ye can fairly see her scrawny!" shouted my skipper gleefully, and with mighty reassurance. It should have qualified them; and it did to the degree that they withdrew for sullen counsel. "Faith an' it's the 'bobs' the spalpeens are wantin'!" whispered my skipper, now itching for dicummas. But I gave them the "bobs" a shilling apiece, with my cheery compliments. "Belikes ye're a quare traveler!" they muttered when regaining their boat, as if reluctant to leave so profitable a field of operation. "Belikes ye're no coast-guard at all, me sun-downs; but the fuc blud-guards althogether!" roared back my skipper in wild and beligerent triumph, now thoroughly roused for war as they grumblingly rowed away up the narrowing Lough. Almost as large and as interesting as the Loughs of Foyle and Swilly are the extensive stretches of the Bay of Mulroy, and the broader expanse of Sheep Haven, which we reached in a few hours' sail, after rounding Pau-

net Head, to the west of Lough Swilly. Owing to the great elevations of countless promontories and the constant vagaries of shore-line within the estuaries, the bay is long and narrow in every direction by higher peaks and still more romantic settings, the scenery of these two bays is simply matchless in Ireland or any other land in which I have wandered. The great Horn Head at the southern extremity of Sheep Haven is, alone with the risk of any discomfort or danger to see. One of its impressive natural phenomena, reminding of a miniature of the same known as the "spouting Rock," at Newport, has a wonderful charm of interest about it. It is called MacSwine's Gun. The frequent tremendous assaults of the ocean through the ages has actually bored into the seaward, or northwest, face of the promontory a gigantic tunnel as perfect and spheroidal as within the power of most skillful engineers to form. By some singular coincidence, or indeed from the drill-power of the driven water itself, another bore, or hollow well, has been bored through the headland, or from some other cause downward through its rock, at an exact right-angle to the horizontal tunnel. When the elements are at battle of this coast, the sea drives its mighty swells with southern extremity of the tunnel, or "gun," that the water is shot in a columnar shaft of immense volume from two hundred to three hundred feet above the headland bore-mouth, like the Iceland geiser, and with a report far exceeding that of the loudest of the loudest cannon. It is asserted that these reports have been heard at Londonderry, in an air-line thirty miles away. They are surely audible under similar atmospheric conditions over the entire Donegal, and the simple pensantry of these mountain districts beside their angle-nooks in superstitious awe when the awful storms are on, and MacSwine's dread gun is booming. In manuscript more heroic are the legends and superstitious terrors has invoked than those which Irving caught from the lowly Dutch of the Kaatskills; and the marvel is that no Irish-boring has been preserved so far, with its witching, entrancing, gentle and grewsome hobgoblins in this wondrous Donegal mountain region.

So grand an impression had I made upon my good skipper by my triumph over the coast-guard, the possession of the majestic passport being in his own eyes as good as a patent to a Donegal barony over the queen's own signal-mantel—that I had no difficulty in persuading him to sail to, and around, Tory Island, the Thor's Eyebrow, the most Scandinavian, consecrated to Thor their deity who presided over desolate and storm-severed places. It is situated about seven miles off the main-land, and is the first land to be sighted from America on the north coast of Europe. About three miles in length, and one in width, its southeast point is known as Port Doon, while its northwest headland, its extremity is surmounted by a lofty light-house, 120 feet above the sea. The northern coast faces the sea, a line of cliffs almost as smooth in their face, as of the color of, cast-iron; while opposite, to the south, the shores are low and flat. In the valleys above, are the tiny hamlets, and the town of West Town, and the entire population of perhaps 1,000 souls live in a semi-barbarous, though suddenly simple, state, and utterly ignorant that their own tiny ocean peak is not the whole world's center. The most of the women we saw, were some tremendous figures; but they possessed little of the facial fury so striking among some of the fishers' wives of the northern loughs and coasts. Not a hundred of these strange beings, men or women, ever were so far from home as the Irish main-land seven miles away. Their dialect preserves many of the bold and bardic similes of the ancient Danes. It would be curious, but difficult to trace the origin of such a people. They are bilingual, as indeed are most of the folk of wild Donegal contiguous to them; but their English has little Irish flavor; and their Irish has less of pure Gaelic than the Scotch Gaelic. It relates much of absorbing interest regarding this bit of rock and soil. It was certainly the home of the Fomorians sea pirates of remotest antiquity. Remains are still found of fortresses used as strongholds of the Norwegian Vikings, fully two thousand years ago, and there are well-preserved, though neglected, relics of a later ecclesiastical era of great impressiveness, which include a cross, a well, and other ancient structures for the earliest and rudest monastic uses. Of a still later date are a round-tower and church, built by St. Columbkille in the sixth century, to which is attached an ancient churched, where the bones of the saint's followers. The superstition here is that should friends of the newly dead have the presumption to enter a body in this churched, on the following night, the obscuring object would be violently whisked away in impalpable shreds into utter oblivion. It was at Tory Island that, in 3066 A. M., the descendants of Nemedius—who arrived from the island of Hy-Brasil, in the year of Europe 200 years earlier, and who were nearly all destroyed by a pestilence on the island of Ard-Neimhidh, now Barrymore Island, near Cork—came, attacked and demolished the principal Fomorians' stronghold called Tyn-na-main, or Conaug's Tower. But that subject is too lengthy a one to dwell upon from the deck of so small an Irish coaster, and so we set sail for the lough-bosom islands toward the gentler south.

These comprise a group of islets of great beauty and picturesque at the entrance to wild Guiltire Bay, where none but fishermen live; and from here until we passed the grand promontory of Bloody Foreland, a grand expanse of the Island of Arran, or Arranmore, we were constantly in sight of an indescribably beautiful island or main-land shore, and in company with the quaint and grotesque yaws and curraigs of the west coast fishermen, Arran island—which should not be confounded with the important Island of Galway bay—was seen from the sea, appears like a monstrous come of purple and green, rising from the waves. Within an area of about 5,000 acres, scarcely 500 are tillable. Its central peak is nearly 800 feet in height. Fully 1,000 souls subsist upon the island, and the population there is quite a little communication with the main-land as at Tory Island. Leaving Arran, our craft again threaded its way through a maze of islands, and then hugging the enchanting shores of Glenties, we rounded the bold Dunmore Head, and rounding the great mountain-ribbed, peninsular Donegal barony of Bannagh, we came, with the slanting rays of the afternoon sun into the broad expanse of the Donegal bay. In the two hours in which we were making port, what a feast of scene and thought was here furnished! To the south and southwest, far beyond the range of vision, stretched the marshy shores of Leitrim, Sligo and Mayo, with Sligo and Killala bays pushing their blue waters mistily into green uplands beyond. To the north, lowering above the sea, were the peaks of the Bay of Glenties, between the Glen, Glendagh, Stragga, Oily, Banlacky and Eanybeg rivers came roaring down from

the mountains. To the east and gradually nearing, were all hundred hills, through which came to the sea the laughing Ersk and Stately Erne from their inland basins, and the long bay. As we crept up the bay, beyond the purpling waters before us, lay the dark rim of inner shores, where, to the south, beyond the ruined tower where wrote the "Four Masters," glimpses were caught of the low ominous practices of Ballysanson at the Erne-mouth; and where our course lay to the north through the narrow gap, was seen the quaint old town of Donegal, set like a russet nest by the waterside, with its twin grim mountains towering directly against horizon skies of saffron behind. This was the heart-spot of Ireland's wild northwest. Bewitched by the scene I had become oblivious in my immediate surroundings, when suddenly, our little craft bumped against the side of a rotting pier, at the pottling old hamlet of Salt Hill, the home of many coasters and fishers of the region. Turning to the unsavory spot, I sat sitting upon the pier, with my legs hanging over our coaster's bow a surpassing type of Donegal maiden loveliness, an unconscious waterside queenly beauty; a girl of perhaps sixteen indescribably winsome and fair, with the sun's lights gleaming in her hair, and her wondrous hair, she held one knee with her shapely hands, and was rocking back and forth slowly. Glancing first at the stranger keenly, then quizzing at her, and at last, steadily, at young Larry, the mate, she said cheerily: "Arrah, but ye wor long gone father?" "Faith, but I brought a great lord," responded our skipper, as though my "An' might I make bowld to ax where e'er's stowed?" the girl continued quietly, perhaps rocking a bit faster. The skipper gave a mighty wink in my direction; chuckled softly at his great wit; and proceeded imperceptibly with his work; finally supplementing the mighty wink with the startling statement: "I've brot ye a man, Meg—all the way from Belfast!" came over the fair Irish girl's face. Larry stood silent with a sullen look in his eyes. The girl arose quickly and began moving away. Suddenly she turned, came close to the wharf edge, and deeper flush than as she thought my presence were but that much space, with a look at lucky Larry that meant more than all the poets ever have told, or ever can tell, said with much fire to her rough old father, but over his head to me: "Ye look a better one wid ye!—Larry there, behind ye!" And then she sped away.

The result of his playful humor stopped our skipper. Larry was in the fifth breath of the wind, and for the sweet, old drama then enacted, for the pride in it I could not but sing in my heart this little song to humble Irish fidelity: What eyes are like the Irish eyes?— Whose tender blue The violet's hue In dew-kissed morn surprised sure. Because the soul he loved so true. But he who loves for aye their glad surprise. What lips are like the Irish lips?— Whose radiant red Out-rivals dyings of the sun. Because they ripen just for one. But he who loves for aye their honey lips. What hearts are like the Irish hearts?— Whose old and young Through ages wrung By dolor ever old and new. What hath made us true and warm and true, And woo-wrought tenderness and might in parts. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Balloon Telephone Communication. Electrical Review: Jacob Reese, of Pittsburg, through some correspondence with French military men, has discovered that the idea of a balloon, which, he claims, would be a valuable adjunct in time of war. The balloon is made of silk, and is water and gas proof. It is attached to a telephone wire, the lower end of which is connected to the car, the gas is allowed to elevate the balloon and unwind the wire, one end of which is attached to the bottom of the car and the other end being wound around the drum. When the balloon has ascended to the desired height the drum is stopped and the balloon is thus held in any position desired. While the balloon is at a standstill, observations can be made at any height, while telephone communications may be had from the car to the ground or from the ground to the car at all times when the balloon is going up or coming down. When it is desired to return, the engineer in the balloon can telephone down, and the engine is started, which winds up the wire on the drum and thus pulls the balloon down to the place it started from. It will thus be seen that the captive balloon is destined to become an important factor in all army tactics, for by its use important observations may be made.

A Misunderstanding. Chicago, Trib: "You seem quite hoarse," remarked a young man in a North Side car yesterday to the young lady with whom he was conversing. "You impudent chestnut poddler!" exclaimed the young man, and the young maiden with hair of fiery auburn hue on the opposite side of the car; "no man can work off that old gump in my presence without hearing from me!" And she made a lunge at him. "You woman!" he protested, actively dodging the umbrella, "what are you doing that for? I wasn't even speaking to you." "You were speaking about me, you slim-legged dude! You looked at my hair and then I heard you say something about a white horse!" "So help me, Yerkes," he exclaimed, dodging the umbrella again, "I didn't say anything of the kind. I merely remarked to this young lady that she seemed quite hoarse." But the passengers unannouncedly coincided with the auburn-haired maiden and the young man, and she merely remarked to the young lady that she seemed quite hoarse. In the latter stage of consumption, the afflicted will find relief and comfort in Dr. J. H. McLean's Tar Wine Lung Balm, its soothing effects on the lungs is remarkable. 25 cents a bottle. The average watch is composed of 175 different pieces, comprising upward of 2,400 separate and distinct operations in its manufacture. The balance has 15,000 beats or vibrations per hour, 12,960,000 in 30 days, 157,680,000 in 1 year; it travels 43-100 inches with any amount of friction, and runs 24 hours, 252 miles in 30 days, or 3,558 miles in 1 year. We recommend the use of Angostura Bitters to our friends who suffer with dyspepsia, but only the genuine, manufactured by Dr. Siegert & Sons.

THE TREASURE CHESTS OF OLD. The Earliest Banks of Which We Have Record. GREEDY USURERS OF GREECE. The Seventy Banks of Florence, the Earliest Circulating Medium, and Chinese Notes. Ancient Money Safes. For the Use of THE MODERN word bank is supposed to have been derived from the German word "banck," introduced into Italy by the dominant Germans in the twelfth century and Italianized into the word "banco," which was used interchangeably with the word "monte," to mean a collection of credit or money. During researches among the ruins of Babylon, tablets were found which had been used as the checks or notes of a Babylonian banking firm trading under the name of the founder Eribi. This firm did an extensive business, and Eribi was succeeded by his grandson, Sula, who appeared at the head of the firm in the third year of Nebuchadnezzar, and continued until the twenty-third year of that potentate's reign, when he was succeeded by his son Nabuakhi-idin, and the business of the bank grew and prospered for over a century. Then, a revolt against the government of the country closed its doors. In Greece, money changers were a distinct class of business men as early as the fourth century, B. C. It was their custom to receive money on deposit and loan it at from 10 per cent to 36 per cent, (nearly as good rates as some modern bankers obtain). From Plutarch it is learned that discount was given to the Athenians, and the rate of the same was often made so excessive as to bring some money changes into disrepute. This happens nowadays as well. Of forms of the business, more nearly approaching the state banks of later times, we are not without examples in Greece. The Bank of New Ilion transacted business for the state in the third or second century B. C., paying 10 per cent on money for public use. Under the Romans, the business of banking was much extended and improved, being fully developed in the time of Cato, 149 B. C., and with the activity of commerce which Rome enjoyed, banks sprang rapidly throughout the provinces and dependent states. In Italy the money changers were established at a very early period of the middle ages, and the city of Florence became a recognized money center. In 1255, the money changers of that city formed themselves into a guild. In 1300, the Mozzi and Spirie families are mentioned as the bankers of the popes, and the last named, as having a branch at Rome under the management of Nero Cambi. By 1378, banking operations in Italy had attained great importance, due to the necessary transaction on money from the profits of Europe to the pope's court at Rome and Avignon, and most of the banking business was in the hands of Florentine citizens. The Strozzi were in later years, 1513 to 1534, bankers to Leo X. and Clement VII., accumulating wealth by their sagacity, which is still enjoyed by their descendants. In 1346, the failure of Edward III., of England, to pay 1,365,000 golden florins, borrowed from the Florentine bankers, caused a bankruptcy which seriously disturbed the entire commercial system of Europe. Later, the Strozzi suffered serious losses by the king of France and the popes, but, in spite of these, the profits of the business were so great that the wealth of the bankers was not impaired. From 1414 to 1423 times were good in Florence, and seventy-two banks could be counted in the streets surrounding the Mercato Nuovo. Mr. Henry Mann attributes the invention of bank notes to the republic of Carthage, but his testimony is not conclusive enough, being based on this statement of Eschines: "I possess a small piece of leather is wrapped a substance of the size of a piece of four drachms, but what this substance is no one knows except the maker. After this it is sealed and issued for circulation, and he who possesses the most of this is regarded as having the most money and as being the wealthiest man." Jevons shows that leather was one of the earliest circulating mediums. As early as 807 A. D., the Chinese are credited with the invention of the bank note. In that year the emperor exchanged all the money deposited in the public treasury by merchants and rich citizens for notes, termed "flying money." It remained in circulation but three years in the capital, and became current only in the provinces. In 960, A. D., an emperor revived the practice of giving notes, and in 1000 he issued for circulation bank notes, the convenience of the notes that their circulation increased rapidly. In 997, A. D., there had been 1,700,000 ounces of silver exchanged for paper, while in 1014 the paper in circulation had increased to the value of 2,830,000 ounces. A company of sixteen rich merchants was then formed, which was allowed to issue notes payable in three years. The company was bankrupt upon the expiration of that time, and much suffering was caused thereby. The emperor then abolished the notes of this company and prevented the formation of other joint stock companies. After that the government only possessed the power to issue notes, which were made of the value of one ounce of silver. In 1032 these notes were circulating to the value of 5,256,400 ounces. Banks of this kind were subsequently established in every province, but the notes did not have interprovincial circulation. To these notes, exchangeable for, and convertible into money, is given the credit of being the first on record.

Dr. Geffcken Described. Pall Mall Gazette: One of the London correspondents gives the following description of Dr. Geffcken: "A small man with quick, excitable gestures. He wears a dark beard and rough moustache, the bristly appearance of which, combined with the eager look in his eyes, gives the impression of great energy, which it is easy to see might easily degenerate into great restlessness." The same authority states that the whole of the diary, from which Dr. Geffcken took the paragraphs published in the Deutsche Rundschau, and of which several copies are said to be in existence, is to be published before long in France and in England.

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