

## The Irvingites.

A CURIOUS AND WEALTHY RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATION—A CHURCH OF PROPHETS.

A London letter in the *Cincinnati Commercial* from M. D. Conway, gives some interesting information respecting the present condition of the sect generally known as Irvingites—they call themselves the Catholic Apostolic Church. Edward Irving, the founder of the sect, was for many years an intimate friend of Thomas Carlyle. He died in 1835. When he first went to London he became a popular pulpit orator of the Scotch Church, attracting large and most fashionable congregations. In 1830, a servant girl in Scotland, named Campbell, began to discourse in a wild, incomprehensible way, and her hysterical ravings were declared to be a revival of the gift of tongues and of prophecy, while other manifestations of a like character occurred elsewhere, exciting much attention.

Edwin Irving became a believer in the supernatural origin of these phenomena, and declared that the gift of tongues should have free course in the church, whereupon the Scotch church expelled him. His society then became a center where the wildest scenes were witnessed. Irving himself frequently broke out in an insane gibberish, while outbreaks of supposed prophecy were heard from every part of the vast building in which he officiated.

Eventually the great society of enthusiasts who had collected around Irving, and a number of the same character elsewhere, convened in London and established seven churches on the idea of a strict and literal return to the forms and formulas of the apostolic age. Nominally there are but seven churches in the connection; in reality there are in Great Britain alone thirty societies, those outside of the original seven being termed branches. There are fifty churches in Germany, the most important being in Berlin, one in Paris, six in Scotland, two in Ireland, and two or three in this country. It is no small denomination which has grown up from a movement that most people in this country supposed had died out long ago. Among its members the Dukes of Northumberland have been and are staunch believers.

The church at large has twelve apostles and seven angels; individual societies have deacons and deaconesses, elders, evangelists and pastors, to say nothing of prophets, who are numerous, as any member of the church may be moved to prophecy. The principal church of the Irvingites in London Square, which was erected at a cost of \$150,000, resembles a Catholic Cathedral. There are five Gothic windows flooding the cuneiform interior with many-hued lights, an altar, and several pulpits and lecterns, each with its robed occupant. On closer inspection one observes peculiarities. Each angel or officiant wears a robe of a peculiar color. The evangelist wears red (a token of the blood of Christ), the pastor white (emblem of purity), the angel purple and gold (purple meaning authority, and gold truth), the elder purple, the prophet blue (the key influences, the heavenly mind, inspiration). These four primary colors represent the four-fold constitution of man—reason, imagination, will, affection. The majority of the robes are simple in structure, but the angel is quite gorgeous with his robes and an embroidered gold cross down his back.

There is considerable dramatic effect in the service. The words of the prayers, chants, etc., of the Sunday service resemble very much those of the Church of England. The same creeds are used, and the "Confession," "Absolution," "Gloria," and "Te Deum," with very slight alterations. In the service of the Eucharist there are changes in the direction of Catholicity. The churches have two services on each of the week days, and these are in some respects the most characteristic. The first occurs at six o'clock in the morning, when the number of priests is about equal to that of the congregation. On this occasion the angel alone speaks (unless some one is moved to prophecy, which is always in order). It is his duty to give a sort of exposition or discourse, and this is supposed to furnish the subject of the day's meditations. In the afternoon again at five o'clock they assemble, and the

elders give their ideas on the theme suggested in the morning. Their idea is that they thus fulfill the plan of the tabernacle wherein Aaron trimmed the lamps, and in the evening they were lighted.

The number of priests, elders, and the like connected with these churches is very large. Every member of the Catholic Apostolic Church contributes to its funds one-tenth of his means, and the single church on Gordon Square supports over thirty persons in sacred offices.

## The Spitzbergen Drama.

SEVENTEEN WHALERS PERISH IN THE ICE.

Writing from Stockholm, July 17, the correspondent of the *London Standard* says:

"The sad news of the death of the seventeen Norwegian whalers, frozen in at the Spitzbergen Islands, has now been confirmed beyond a doubt. Captain Mack, who penetrated into the Isfjord in the end of June, has now sent home the journal found in one of the houses there, the eloquent laconicism of which initiates us into the world of suffering and despair the unfortunate men had to go through before death put an end to their miseries. What is most horrible of all, is the impression which the perusal of this mournful message forces upon us, that a little energy and knowledge of how to take care of themselves would have been sufficient to keep alive all these poor victims of an Arctic winter's inclemency. As the entries in the journal make us believe no serious and continuous activity was kept up, though the men must not have been ignorant that hard work is the best preservative against the dreaded foe of Northern life, the scurvy. It is owing to Professor Nordenskiöld's exertions to keep his men constantly at work, even when there was no necessity for it, that we have only to record one death from scurvy among the sixty-seven members of his expedition. But at Isfjord, unhappily, there was no experienced leader to warn against quiet inactivity, which, under those latitudes means death. Those poor sailors and fishers perished victims of their ignorance, and probably of their carelessness. Capt. Mack reports that it appeared they had not known how to make proper use of the comfortable house in which they were quartered; instead of dividing among themselves the rooms of their spacious dwelling they all crowded together into one, which, moreover, bore traces of utter neglect and uncleanness. The large stores of preserved potatoes and other vegetables were left nearly untouched, the men probably not knowing how to manage this kind of food.

The story of their struggle is soon told. On the 16th of September, last year, six Norwegian ships, with their crews of together fifty-seven men, were frozen in on the north-eastern coast of the Spitzbergs, at Gray Hook and Welcome Point, eighteen and twenty-four English miles respectively from the winter quarters of the Swedish Polar expedition at Mosel Bay. Their provisions being calculated to last only up to the 1st of December, they applied to the Prof. Nordenskiöld for assistance, and were allowed by him to dispose of the house and stores accumulated at Isfjord. Consequently, seventeen men, with two small open boats, left Gray Hook on the 7th of October, crossing the ice westward until they found open water, and finally reached Isfjord in their boats on the 14th of October. The remaining forty-one men prepared themselves to pass the winter either in their own ships at Gray Hook, or with the Swedish expedition at Mosel Bay, when, happily, in the first days of November, a heavy storm broke the ice and made their escape possible. Thirty-nine men were thus able to reach the Norwegian port of Tromsø; only two, the old Captain Matillas, and his cook would not abandon their ship, which was not insured, and have now been found dead in a boat, probably on their way to Mosel Bay. The ship was totally crushed by the ice.

The entries of the journal found at Isfjord begin with the 7th October, 1872, and are regularly continued every day until the 3d March this year. No kind of occupation, nor any understanding on the part of the men, is reported, except a few hunting parties, by whom two

bears, two foxes and a few reindeers were brought home. Darkness, however, soon prevented all further hunting expeditions, and on the 7th November the journal reports: "Hunting totally abandoned, by cause of the darkness." Thermometrical observations were regularly made and annotated five times a day. The temperature, which was very hard in October, the quicksilver running down to nineteen degrees below Celsius on the 21st, was milder again in November, being two degrees above on the 8th, and varied between 0 degrees above to twenty-two seconds below, until the 5th of January, when it began to go down again.

The lowest degree, 32 degrees below, is observed on the 14th of February, at 4 o'clock a.m. No mention is made of sickness or disease before the 9th December, when it is said: "One of the crew sick since eight days;" but from this day the same complaint repeats itself with sad monotony: "No improvement in the state of the sick." On the 19th it is said: "Two men constantly in bed; nearly all suffer of the disease." Though no indication is given what kind of illness is meant, there is no doubt that it was scurvy. The first death is recorded on the 19th January, in the following words: "Tonnes Penderon, who was taken ill the 5th of this month, was called to the Lord this morning at 3.30, after a painful illness; this afternoon died also Hendrik Herdriksen, who was taken ill on the 19th December." The 3d of February only three men were in good health, and the journal repeats every day, "No improvement." The 20th of February we read: "To-day we have seen the sun for the first time in the year 1873." A new death is recorded the following day: "To-day the Lord again called to heaven one of our comrades, Niles Larson, after an illness of eighty-two days." Two days later the entries are made by another hand, who writes on the 25th: "I have now only one man in good health to look after the whole house. O Lord, help us in our great distress." And on the 28th he continues: "This evening another of our men died; the Lord called him home from this place, so rich in suffering!" From this day the journal contains nothing but annotations of deaths until the 19th of April, when the last regular entry is made thus: "Martin Hansen died the 19th April, at 6 a.m." Then begins another hand, who writes: "Peder Andreas Nilsen, of Batsford, a red bonnet. Har. T. Mitterhuk. What these words, which have apparently been written under the influence of delirium, are meant to express, will never be known, and the horrible fate of the poor sufferer who traced them can only be guessed. Did he struggle hours, days, or weeks among the sixteen corpses of his comrades, or did the deliverer come as he dropped his pen? Nobody knows, or will ever know.

## A Singular Adventure.

The *Liverpool Mercury* gives an account of the singular adventures of a party of thirty-eight boys, who were recently enticed from their home in Liverpool to Scotland.

They were promised a free passage to Scotland, board, lodging, and sixpence per day for weeding turnips; the engagement being for about six weeks. They were taken on board a steamer which left Liverpool at four o'clock, and at two o'clock in the morning arrived off a sandy shore close to some mountains, where the boys and their escort were landed in a boat. They did not know the name of the port, but knew it was in Wigtownshire. While on board the boys had some bread served out to them. They were told that a cart would meet them when they landed, but they found no cart, and had to walk a distance of nineteen miles to the farm where they were to work, arriving there about ten o'clock, after having had neither bite nor sup. After waiting about an hour a small can of porridge was served out to each boy.

This meal concluded, the boys were taken to a turnip field, and put to weed the ground. They remained at this work until after 7 o'clock, and complained that their knees were cut and bruised with the stones which lay in the soil. They were then conducted back to the farm for supper, but for some reason two of the number were taken by the neck by their employer, shoved into the road, and told to

leave. The two outcasts waited until they saw their companions eating their supper of porridge, and then—one of them weeping bitterly—went away. After supper the remaining thirty-six boys were shown a barn as the place they were to sleep for the night. The barn contained not only very little straw, but a number of rats. When the boys objected to sleep there on account of the rats, their employer said he would leave a dog with them. He brought a dog, but before he left the dog ran away. The boys again said they would not stop in the barn, upon which their employer told them to leave. Eighteen of the boys (including the two who gave the narrative) then left the farm and took the road pointed out to them as that to Liverpool.

They walked until midnight, when they slept for about three hours in the damp atmosphere of the mountains. They resumed their tramp during the next day in an almost incessant rain, begging for food whenever they were hungry. In the afternoon they met the two outcasts, who said they had been turned back by a man who told them they were going the wrong way for Liverpool. This story was not believed, and the party pushed onward, but were afterwards met by a man who put them on the right road. The boys kept on their southward journey, until they arrived at Girvan, sometimes sleeping in barns and sometimes on the road, and depending for food upon begging. At Girvan, a kind gentleman gave them a shilling apiece, and directed them to where they would be able to get to Glasgow by rail. Thence, after further hardship, they made their way home.

## The Best Road Builders.

It has been said that the civilization and enterprise of a nation may be fairly estimated by the character of its roads. If this be true we are not only behind the Romans, those master road builders of antiquity, but we must bow even to a people once on our own continent, of whom scarcely a tradition is left.

In Peru exist the remains of a highway grander and more durable than any that Roman skill ever devised, and which involved in its construction engineering difficulties unsurpassed, if equalled, by any met with in the building of our great trans-continental railway. This road, made of nicely jointed flags of freestone laid in cement, and covered with a bituminous mortar now harder than the stone itself, was twenty feet in width, and stretched over mountainous and almost impassable regions 2,000 miles, running from Quito to Cuzco, and thence southward to Chili. How many centuries it has lain there no one knows. The simple Indians whom Pizarro slaughtered had preserved no tradition of the Titans that built it. Whatever was the condition of this ancient people in point of material and social advancement, this highway was commensurate with their civilization; our roads are certainly not equal to theirs.

It is true that the railway has to a certain extent done away with the necessity of wagon roads on so grand a scale as the Appian Way, and the still more magnificent Peruvian highway; but the demands of the present age require in certain localities a more enduring pavement than any laid by ancient engineers; and this our civilization has not yet devised. None of the avenues of our cities can boast of a road-bed equal to the demands of modern transit.—*Appleton's Journal*.

Asa Packard owns seven million of the bonds of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, which pay seven per cent. Seven hundred thousand dollars a year are made by the millionaire in this investment alone.

Wilson, the husband of Ida Lewis, the heroine of Lime Rock, has been guilty of the ineffable meanness of publishing a warning to the public not to credit her on his account. She has not yet got her divorce.

Miss Frances Willard has been appointed Professor of Esthetics in the Woman's College of the Northwestern University, at Evanston, Illinois, at a salary of \$1,800, which is to be increased to \$2,000 in 1874; \$2,200 in 1875, and \$2,400 in 1876.

## EASTERN NOTES.

A wealthy New York man of original turn of mind is going to have stables built upon his grounds after the model of the pyramids of Egypt. He contends that the pyramid is the proper form for dwelling-houses, also, and has the advantage of putting a stop to the eternal discussions about Mansard and other roofs.

The leading business men of St. Louis have held a meeting and resolved to adhere to the rules of the Merchants' Exchange of that city, requiring that in future all mercantile transactions shall be on a cash basis. It was agreed that on and after the 15th of July all sales shall be for cash, (unless otherwise specified,) and all bills shall be payable on delivery of the property sold, or a warehouse receipt therefor. Chicago is holding its breath to see if St. Louis will act up to its loud sounding manifesto.

A doctor in Lowell, Mass. is excited upon the subject of rowing, and he writes to a Boston newspaper, that "death worse than cholera is in the whole thing. One man gave out from congestion at Springfield; one died at St. John. More will be sick. Men cannot row in that way without rupturing the heart and congesting the lungs, with a score of minor ailments. Let the college faculties prohibit rowing at once. They have got to do it. There is too much excitement in the world."

An overland traveler writes to a Milwaukee paper, long complaints of the dangers incurred from gamblers, thieves, and desperadoes throughout the entire journey. He says:

"Their operations cover the whole field; spotters dog the steps of persons leaving San Francisco, and by means of the telegraph and other agencies only known to the initiated, the desperadoes along the line are advised of any 'game' that may be passing over the road. One gang, numbering from four to ten, usually rides only from one station to another, when they are relieved by others, one, however, remaining quietly on board all the time for observation."

At a laborers' meeting, held at Broomfield, Essex, Mr. Jay said that all farmers should make themselves acquainted with what their men wanted, and go with this Union. It was respectfully conducted, and very moderate in its demands. The only chance for farmers to continue as farmers, was to join this Union as honorary members or they would lose their men. These men had conquered all the world, but America, for their country; they were now going to fight their own cause, and leave the Queen and constitution to take care of themselves. The militia were Union men; the army and navy were deserting, and all laborers were united. Even the London police grew shorter and younger every day. It was true that all the world wanted these brave English working men, and they would have them. Even in that village emigration was the cry. It was here farmers were in a very bad situation, but they got into the mire and only this Union could help them out.

Miss Margaret Van Allen, a beautiful girl of nineteen years of age, was buried to-day. Two years ago she became a clerk in the dry goods establishment of Muscovitz & Russell, University Place, from which she honorably retired to accept a better position. Soon after it was ascertained that goods had been bought of A. T. Stewart & Co. on a forged order of Muscovitz & Russell. After the firm had arrested several girls and had been unable to prove anything against them, they caused Miss Van Allen to be arrested a week ago Saturday afternoon. They placed her in a cell in the Charles-street police station and kept her locked up until the next morning. Miss Van Allen was then taken to the Jefferson Market police court, where she endured for nearly three hours the horrors of the prisoners' pen and the society of the vilest of the city; but as there was not a shadow of proof against her Justice Cox released her on her own recognizance. She went home and was taken down that day with jail fever, of which she died. Her death causes intense excitement throughout the city. In the funeral sermon to-day the Rev. Mr. Rhodes pronounced the death sheer murder.—*N. Y. Correspondent, July 30th*.