The Weekly Mail.

VOL. III. NO. 122. TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1874. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE.

The Camp at Wimbledon—The Canadian Team—Things in General.

WIMBLEDON, July 9.

Last week the London season may be said to have culminated, and the fashionable world are beginning to leave town for the seaside, the continent of Europe, and some are about to visit your part of the world. Tools, the quaint old counsellor, who was entertained so handsomely last week at a farewell dinner, under the Earl of Rosebery's chairmanship, is among your most amusing visitors. The Queen, at Osborne, receives the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, the Empress of Austria and her daughter, and the Prince of Roumania. The Empress of Austria (whom Judge Hall, in his daily chronicle), has, I believe, never been in England before. She has a grown up daughter now, but is still very handsome. Some ten or fifteen years ago she was the most lovely sovereign in Europe. Her sister is the ex-Queen of Naples, who is almost equally pretty, and who distinguished herself, as your readers will remember, by her personal courage and sagacity at the memorable siege of Gaeta, where she and her husband lost their kingdom. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh will be absent from England for two months. I have heard of the opening at the gift of Leicester Square to the Londoners by Mr. Albert Grant. Probably you did not also hear what was equally well known to us all, namely, that his opening ode, "and sketch map" perambulated the Strand, Whitehall, Parliament Street, and the Queen Dell, carrying a placard on which were emblazoned some rather uncomfortably warm words, as an announcement of a "procession of proprietors, representing capital paid up, £2,725,241, present nominal value, £4,000,000." Then followed the names of the thirty-six companies which the great financier had "brought out." Considering the "Belgian Public Works and Railway Companies," they close with the Western Union Telegraph Company of the U. S. A. The following notice was also appended: "N.B.—Dessert will be supplied to any deputations representing the above companies who may visit the gardens." Of course, the "Gardens" are those of the Alhambra, for which, and for the Royal Italian Opera, Mr. Grant is, I believe, interested, as the same times it is very much have had a disquieting effect upon a man's mind, and yet the Baron made a most effective, humorous, and lomily emphasized speech. What a world we live in!

The Sultan of Turkey is silly because the British capitalists won't stand his borrowing more money at fifteen per cent; so he is actually dismissing all the English engineers and mechanics which he had engaged to work on his ships of war, and is taking on Turks in place of them. We may expect to hear of some losses in the Turkish navy if they go to sea.

I suppose you all know that that the United States have denounced the Belgian Treaty of Commerce of 1856, but perhaps you are not aware of the reason. The Treaty had a provision by which all steamers belonging to any line which should duly direct between Belgium and the States were freed from all duties, to the other day a new line started, and the Belgians claimed it. When the English, French, and German Governments heard this they also claimed exemption, on the ground that under ours Treaties, which set forth that they are to be treated as well as any other nation. So poor Mr. Fish had to do a little bit of dancing, as this was altogether too much to swallow.

I have repeatedly warned your readers that there is great danger in buying on the Exchange in a few months more, and then when shall we do? I see the Scottish papers don't relish Strahan's appointment as Governor out there; they think him too young and inexperienced for the post.

We have had a little extra scathing in the revolutionary pot, while it always simmering in London; perhaps it was the stirring up their pulines have had lately in consequence of the cleaning of Leicester Square. It is rather shocking to see confident, epistolary letters in the papers, over the signatures of that demon of murder and anarchy, Felix Pyat, who calmly dates from "London, July 2."

We are having quite an exodus of officers from theatrey, and this is making people think and feel a little slightly. The rank and file that officers consider they have been unfairly treated, and the result is that in one regiment alone six officers, of the rank of captain and above it, are leaving the service, and other regiments are in almost an equally unsatisfactory state of feeling. The discipline of the army, by-the-bye, is very far from perfect at the moment, and there is reason to fear that if a serious emergency should arise, the men are probably with the general discontent, quite ready to fall in with any mischief that may be set on foot. For some time, the Government have been talking of a reduction of the pay of the rank and file, and it is quite certain that they were twenty years ago, while the actual pocket money of a private soldier has not been much doubled. On the other hand, while their expenses are greater, the pay of officers remains the same as it was then, and in one month for the offence of shooting, all their officers or non-commissioned officers, all of them from one regiment!

Besides the various staple amusements, such as the theatres, Crystal Palace, Sydenham, and the Alhambra, there are many attractions for the London season, look at the following programme of one day's diversions of the coming week:—State concert at Buckingham Palace, about fifteen hundred present; the anniversary of Cockerdemy's pupils, the banquet to the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and the Stewards of the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy; the Speaker's ball, or rather afternoon dance; the Baroness Rentzer's matinee, at which she Grossmith Gissard's music played; at Prince's cricket ground the officers of the household played the sailors, and finished with dinner, and in the evening a London Club there was a great native of pigeon shooting, at the Crystal Palace, there is a Hippodrome, the Alhambra, the Gaiety, the Opera Comique, dancers, &c. So it is small wonder people are flocking to the Metropolis, and that the Prince of Wales is in great request everywhere, and is generally called upon to make a speech, which he does very well, and yet not too much of it, for he is very good-natured, and is generally followed by all who can afford it, and by many who can't.

But this cannot go Wimbledon in one of the institutions which it is almost *de rigueur* to visit previous to the annual exodus; or we have had a good many grandees down here this week, most of whom have come to day to see the match between Ireland and England. Of course, the Princess Louise, the Marquis of Lorne, Sir Hastings Gilford, Hathedge, and Waldegrave, were all there.

To-day, the military lion of the day, Sir Garnet Wolseley, has announced his intention of paying a special unofficial visit to the Canadian team. This is a graceful and very proper compliment to your countrymen, under whose banners Wolseley gained his laurels, which, above all those he had won, established his reputation. They stand very well for the Queen's prize, ten of them, scoring over twenty-five at the shorter ranges. You have made a capital selection of officers this time, Col. Gilmor makes an excellent commanding officer. Courteous, hospitable, and thoroughly up in all matters of organization, he is just the man. Major Montizambert also is a really good representative of the French Canadian seigneurs, equally in regard to looks, manners, and abilities. A small matter, I need not tell you, in aristocratic England. As for your President, Col. Cscovatt, he is doing things in very good style. His marquee, which occupies one side of the square, is a palatial affair, and the idea of its magnificence may be gathered from the price he pays for the fortnight's hire of the furniture therein, just $400. To-morrow he gives a reception, which promises to be a gala day. The team have their tents, twenty in number, pitched on two other sides of the square, which is almost eighty feet in width. Between each of the tents are flower beds, crowded with plants in full bloom, which, with two immense parterres in the centre, give a wonderful richness to the scene. They are close to the entrance gate, a very convenient situation for visitors, but a long way from the firing line.

The heat is something tremendous. We of the Press here have just had the hose playing over our first tent, a marquee, and shirt sleeves and beaded countenances are the order of the day. The arrangements are decidedly very complete, and there is nothing to be seen every hour of the day. The dining rooms are on a scale of unusual magnitude. For twenty-eight cents you can get a capital dinner, green peas, new potatoes, &c., and meat at discretion. For sixty cents a superior repast is furnished—excellent claret cup at twelve cents a large glass. One thing surprises me in this part of the world, that is the few white shoes you see worn. It is, like everything else in England, a matter of fashion; at the season everyone wears them; but here, where the sun is blistering everything, and the gravelly soil is nearly red hot, no one dares to put them on. At the thermometer has got up to 90° in the *Times* tent, it is quite refreshing to consign this miserve to the tender mercies of the cool Atlantic Ocean.

One thing is especially noteworthy, and that is the extreme cordiality and courtesy with which your team are received and treated here. They, one and all, speak in the highest terms thereof; and say that it is impossible to do justice to the kindly feeling with which they are regarded, representing as they do Canada's chosen sons.

I am sorry to end with disagreeable remarks, but one is always met with the unpleasant reflection that your ambassador here is one of the very worst men who could have been picked out for the post. Everyone says so, and what every one says is generally right. As for the Treaty, it is laughed to scorn.

There is a movement on foot in the congregation of St. James' Church, in Kemptville, to erect a memorial church to the memory of the late Archdeacon Patton, who commenced his clerical life in that parish in 1820, and remained there till 1846, when he was removed to Cornwall, to the great and lasting regret of his numerous attached flock. Most of the pews have been sold and canvassers appointed to procure subscriptions throughout the parish, and an appeal will shortly be issued to the numerous friends of the late Archdeacon in other parts of the Diocese and Province.

THE BEECHER SCANDAL.

REPLIES OF MR. BEECHER AND MRS. TILTON.

NEW YORK, July 22.

The evening several of the deacons of Plymouth Church, with Mr. Sherman, Mr. Ross, and General Tracy, met at Mr. Beecher's residence, and after a council lasting about three hours, drew up the following statement of Mr. Beecher for publication:

I do not propose at this time a detailed examination of the remarkable statement of Mr. Andrew Tilton made before the Committee of Investigation, and which appeared in the Brooklyn *Argus* of July 21st, 1874.

I accepted the many statements which make it of transcendant importance to myself, the Church, and the cause of public morality that I should give a full answer to the charges against me; but, having requested the Committee of Investigation to search this matter to the bottom, it is to them that I must look for my vindication. By their request I cannot be heard to defend the reputation of Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton, upon whose name is connected with mine but husband has attempted to pour shame. One less degrading than that of a husband would have stung her to the quick. Her children are growing up in her household, with the shadow of their father's disgrace upon them. One less degrading than that of a husband would have wounded the heart of a mother. Her