

MONTGOMERY, Ala., May 5, 1880.

Major Cal Sayre.

DEAR SIR: In reply to your inquiry as to presidential candidates I have no hesitation in expressing my views, not, however, for publication.

It is of the highest importance that the Democratic party should succeed in the next election. I say this, not merely because I wish that party, as a party, to have success, but because its principles, in my judgment, are essential to the preservation of our Republican system of government.

The very fact that General Grant (who has already occupied the Presidential chair for two terms) is pressed for a third term is alarming to all lovers of constitutional government.

The great issue in the next Presidential election is whether the Government of our fathers and of the fathers of the republic shall be destroyed and a grand nationality, if not an empire, put in its place.

The South is the minority section of our Government, and hence it must always maintain a strict construction of the Constitution as the bulwark against the usurpations of a dominant numerical majority and the commotions of popular passion.

In the coming contest for the Presidency the South ought to support and I doubt not will support that party which by its principles and its practices has conformed to the standard erected by the fathers.

I know of no one who will receive a more cordial support in the South than Senator Bayard. His ability as a statesman of enlarged views, his high character, public and private; his firmness and his fearlessness in the maintenance of what he deems right, will commend him to our cordial support.

I think the delegates to the Cincinnati Convention from Alabama will go uninstructed, having the discretion to cast Alabama's vote for the best and most available man.

We might perhaps feel disposed to nominate Tilden if we were sure he could carry New York. His election, by an overwhelming majority, would be a fit rebuke of the frauds by which Mr. Hayes was placed in the chair of State.

afford to hazard our success by the indulgence of personal or political sentimentality.

The names regarded with most favor in Alabama at this time are Bayard, Thurman, Hancock and Field. We have a high regard for Hendricks, but we know that he would not accept the place of Vice-President on our ticket, with Tilden as President.

General Hancock is a great favorite with the South, and so is Judge Thurman. And Field has recently loomed up, with amazing rapidity, owing to his very able and sound constitutional opinions delivered in late cases.

We regard Governor Seymour as out of the way, by reason of his age and infirmities, and by the fact, especially, that he has positively declined to allow the use of his name.

If I could elect a President by my single vote, I should perhaps take Judge Thurman. I have a very high opinion of his ability and purity. But I incline to the opinion that he is not the available man for the times. My present belief is that Bayard is the available man. Bayard and Field would make a very strong ticket.

I have written *currente calamo* and without even looking back to see what I have said or how I have said it.

Very truly yours, T. H. WATTS, Sr.

The Army and the Signals.

The Manual of Signals "for the use of signal officers in the field" embraces 559 pages. It is interesting to read therein what Polybius and Captain John Smith did; how the code of ten elements may be perverted; how to estimate approximately the power of a telescope, and we are glad to learn from its pages that "the" signalist, since well taught, becomes independent of "books, codes, or special apparatus," &c; but life is short and "signal officers in the field" are restricted in transportation.

The code is in universal use for signal men as the house for telegraphers is called the general service code, and occupies one half of page 545. A knowledge of this code renders visual aerial communication practicable; hence came code cards. These latter were bits of printed paste boards, less than four inches square, and supplanted the bulky manual.

First Lieutenant Hugh T. Reed, First Infantry, and ex-acting signal officer, recognized the necessity for a work embracing the signal tactics and essential points connected with the instruction of a signal man; so he compiled and condensed within the space of sixty pages all of the information required, and he placed his modest venture where he thought it would do the most good; that is, in the hands of the Secretary of War.

The Excavation of Troy.

SCHLEIMANN'S WORK COMPLETED AND ITS RESULTS. Schliemann's Letter to St. Petersburg, Gales. I have just returned from Asia Minor, where I have at last finished that digging out of Troy which I began in 1870. During ten years I have struggled with great difficulties, among which, perhaps, the most troublesome has been the large amount of debris under which the ancient city was buried.

our era. In one of the buried cities I found many statues of Minerva with the owl's head, whence her name of Glauco-pis. In another city were found many images of the divinities. But the most interesting and important of all discoveries is, of course, the city of King Priam. Every article found in the ruins of that city bear unmistakable signs of having been destroyed by fire and in a time of war.

Tilden and His Lost Love.

The story of Tilden's love is the saddest page in all the long history of his eventful life. Let him tell the people how, in the first bloom of early manhood, he was betrothed to a beautiful lady of one of the old families of New York; how her parents decreed that, on account of her youth, she should spend two years in Europe before her marriage; how they pledged eternal fidelity to each other, and registered their vows at parting, that no matter how many years might intervene, each heart should beat secretly for the other till a kinder fate should reunite them; how the loved one sailed away in the famous but ill-fated steamship President, from which no tidings have ever yet been brought back; how annually, on the day that farewells were spoken, he repairs to the sea shore and listening to the sad murmur of the waves renews his vows, and how, through all the temptations that have come with a long life of influence, wealth and power the pledge of his youth has been faithfully kept, and his heart remains sacredly true to his first love while the years glide by.

A Plea for Flowers in Decoration.

MORALS TO BE DRAWN FROM DAINTY PREACHERS OF WOODLAND AND GARDEN.

The instinct for associating the incidents of our existence with plants and keeping up in nature a perpetual calendar of pure thoughts and reverent memories can be easily and abundantly illustrated. Any library will be found to have a perfect literature on the subject in its modern aspect, while, if we trace the worship of flowers back into antiquity, we find it sending its roots and branches from language to language and climate to climate, and finally stretching back to the time when men were all of one family, when there was but one garden in the world and a single altar sufficed to bear the floral offerings of all the human race.

The Hills—Moses on Nebo.

Moses turning sadly and slowly from the sacred tabernacle over which the pillar of cloud hovered and in which he had so many times communed with Jehovah face to face, as a man talks to a friend, and from the goodly tents of Israel which were spread forth upon the plain like gardens by the riverside, he sets his face toward the mountain and begins to climb the steep ascent of Nebo to find the place of his death.

Slowly, step by step, he climbs the stony mountain path, now hiding himself in the shadow of deep ravines and now coming out upon projecting crags, and looking down upon the great encampment of his people in the plains below. He would gladly bear their murmurings and share their conflicts if he might go over Jordan with them and possess the goodly land beyond.

enter a church with flowers in it, be it on Palm Sunday or at a harvest feast, or on any ordinary service, we are, after all, only carrying on the tradition of worshipping with flowers which is older than the Feast of Tabernacles, with its palm, myrtle, and willow, and as old indeed as Abel's altar. It is well to draw memory now and again to these links of the present with the past and to remind ourselves in our busy nineteenth century life how the trees of our woods and the flowers of our gardens are all eloquent of the history of the human heart and instinct with the most beautiful legends of our race.

Sons of Mighty Sires.

THE CHARACTER AND APPEARANCE OF ROBERT LINCOLN AND STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS. From the Cincinnati Commercial.

In my special I alluded to the cats-paws that were being made of the sons of Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas to enable the machinists to rake the Grant chestnuts out of the Illinois fire. These young men need guardians. It was not a bad idea, viewed from a poetic standpoint, that the old-timers had of burning the king's household—women, babes and boys—with the king's body! It didn't give the heirs a chance to tarnish the reputation of the dead.

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reached the utmost height, he is permitted to behold the land afar in its utmost extent of hills and valleys, wild forests and fertilizing streams. Northward the range of snow-shining Hermon hangs like a white cloud in the sky. And there is a vision of beauty and verdure which the meek old man had longed and prayed with a child's fondness of desire to behold.

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packs of hills. Southward lying deep beneath its melancholy shores, the sea of death spreads its steel-bright waves in the morning sun, and the blasted plain of Sodom appears to heighten the beauty of the living landscape everywhere else rising to view.

On all these things Moses gazed with undimmed and enraptured eye, which the Lord showed them unto him for his longing heart, before he laid down on the rocky height of Nebo to die in silence and alone. It means much that infinite God in conferring a last and special favor upon his utmost honored servant, should have displayed before him the sight of a land of hills and valleys, drinking water of the rain of heaven and basking beneath the smile of its Creator from the beginning to the end of the year.

Those who give not till they die, show that they would not then if they could keep it any longer.

CONFIDE not in him who has once deceived you.

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