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MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

The trembling dew-drops fall
Upon the shutting flowers—like souls at rest—
The stars shine gloriously—and all
Save me is blest.

Mother! I love thy grave!
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,
Wave o'er thy head—when shall it wave
Above thy child?

'Tis a sweet flower—yet must
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow.
Dear Mother, 'tis thine emblem: dust
Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die.
To leave untasted, life's dark, bitter streams,
By thee, as earst in childhood, lie,
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here,
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes to childhood dear,
With bitter tears?

Ay, must I linger here,
A lonely branch upon a blasted tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,
Went down with thee?

Oft from life's withered bower,
In still communion with the past, I turn
And muse on the only flower
In memory's urn.

And, when the evening pale,
Bows like a mourner on the dim blue wave,
I stray to hear the night wind's wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there;
I listen, and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

Oh, come—whilst here I press
My brow upon thy grave—and in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child!

Yes, bless thy weeping child,
And o'er thy urn—religion's holiest shrine—
Oh, give his spirit undefiled
To blend with thine.

Downingville Ratification at last.

DOWNINGVILLE, STATE OF MAINE, }
JULY 20, 1852. }

MR. GALES & SEATON,

Washington, Seat of Congress

My Dear Old Friends:—We've made out to ratify at last, but it was about as hard a job as it was for the Baltimore Convention to nominate. And I'm afraid the worst on't ain't over yet; for Uncle Joshua shakes his head and says to me in a low tone, so the rest shan't hear, "between you and me, Major, the 'lection will be a harder job still." I put great faith in Uncle Joshua's feelins. He's a regular political weather-glass and can always tell whether we are going to have it fair or foul a good ways ahead. So when he shakes his head I naterally look out for a tuff spell of weather. When I got home from Baltimore, says I, 'Well Uncle Joshua, you got my letter in the Intelligencer, did'nt you?' And says he, 'Yes.'

'Well didn't we do that business up well?' says I. 'I don't know about that,' said Uncle Joshua; 'I have my doubts about it.'

'Why don't you think,' says I, 'the nomination of Gineral Pierce will put the Democratic party on its legs again, and give it a fine start?"

Uncle Joshua looked up to me kind of quizzical, and says he, 'It *has* gi'n the party a pretty considerable of a start already, it come so unexpected.' And then he sot as much as two minutes drumming his finger on the table, and didn't say nothin.

And then he looked up again, and says he, 'Major, *who is General Pierce*? It ain't a *fictious* name, is it?'

'Why Uncle Joshua,' says I, 'how you talk! it is Gineral Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire.'

'Gineral Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, is it?' says he: 'well, now, Major, are you sure there *is* such a person, or did somebody play a hoax on the Baltimore Convention?'

'Yes,' says I, 'Uncle, I'm as sure of it as I am that there is such a person as Uncle Joshua Downing. To make all sure of it, and no mistake, I come through N. Hampshire, and went to Concord, where they said he lived, and inquired all about it. The neighbors there all knew him perfectly well, and showed me the house he lives in. He wasn't at home, or I should a seen him myself, and should got his promise to keep the Downingville post office for you. But you needn't be afraid but what you'll have it, for I sent a telegraph to him from Baltimore, as soon as he was nominated, to keep it for you.'

Here I see by the looks of Uncle Joshua's eyes that he begun to get hold of some new ideas. Says he, "Well, Major, it is a fact then, is it, that he was nominated in real earnest, and 'twasn't no joke?'

'Upon my word and honor,' says I, 'there isn't a particle of joke about; it was all done in real arnest.'

'Well, then, if you've really got a candidate,' says Uncle Joshua, 'I should like to know something about him. Does he belong to the Old Fogy class, or Young America class?'

'I guess about half and half,' says I, 'and he'll be all the stronger for that, because he can draw votes on both sides.'

'After all,' says he, 'I'm afraid it's a bad nomination. Them old pillars of the Democratic party, Gineral Cass, and Mr. Buchanan, and Governor Marcy and Gineral Houston, and the rest will feel so insulted and mortified at being pushed aside for strangers to take the lead, that they'll all be agin the nomination, and their friends too, and that'll upset the whole kettle of fish.'

'Don't you never fear that, Uncle Joshua,' says I; 'them old pillars that you speak of are all very much tickled with the nomination. You see, it broke the nose of Young America, and they was delighted with it. As soon as the nomination was out of the mould, before it had time to cool, they all telegraphed right back to Baltimore that nothin in the world could have happened to suit 'em better; it was a most excellent nomination, and they felt under everlasting obligations to the Baltimore Convention. You needn't have no fears that they'll feel any coldness towards the nominations. They'll all turn to and work for it like beavers.'

'Well, how is it' said Uncle Joshua, 'about that boy-candidate for the Presidency that they call Young America? If his nose is knocked out of joint, he'll of course oppose the nomination tooth and nail.'

'There's where you are mistaken again, Uncle Joshua,' says I. 'On the contrary, he goes for it hotter than any of 'em; and he telegraphed back to Baltimore as quick as lightning could carry it, that the nomination was jest the thing; it could'nt be no better. Ye see, he looks upon it in the light that it chokes off all the old fogies and leaves the field clear for him next time.—He thinks so highly of the nomination, and feels so patriotic about it, they say he is going to stump it through all the States, and make speeches in favor of General Pierce's election. You may depend upon it, Uncle Joshua, we've got a very strong nomination, one that'll carry all afore it; every body is delighted with it, and every body's going to go for it. I didn't expect you to hold back a moment. I thought you would have things all cut and dried for a rousin ratification meeting by the time I got home.'

'Well, you know, Major,' said Uncle Joshua, 'I always follow Col. Crockett's rule, and never go ahead till I know I'm right. How foolish we should look to call a ratification meeting here in Downingville, and be voted right plump down. You know the Freesoilers are very strong among us; they are very strong in all the Northern States. And you know the Baltimore Convention fixed up a platform to stand on that's all in favor of the compromise and the Fugitive law, and is dead set agin the Freesoilers. Now, Major, you must have more understanding than to think the Freesoilers will ever swallow that platform, and if they don't we are dished.'

'You are all wrong again, Uncle Joshua,' says I, "for the biggest Freesoiler in all America swallowed it right down, and didn't make a wry face about it.'

'Who do you mean?' says he.

'I mean Mr. John Van Buren,' says I.

'But you don't mean,' says Uncle Joshua, "that Mr. John Van Buren accepts this platform, and is willing to stand on it?'

'Yes, I do exactly so,' says I, 'for he got right up in Tammany Hall and made a speech about it; and he said he would go the nomination and he'd stand the platform; at all events he'd stand the platform for *this election* any how. You needn't be at all afraid of the Freesoilers, Uncle; they ain't so stiff as you think for, and they are as anxious for the offices as anybody, and will work as hard for 'em. Now let us go to work and get up our ratification, and blow it out straight. The Democracy of the country expect Downingville to do its duty.'

'Well, Major,' says Uncle Joshua, 'you've made out a better case of it than I thought you could. I'm willing to take hold and see what we can do. But I declare I can't help laughing when I think its Gineral Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire, that we've got to ratify. I wish we knew something about him; something that we could make a little flustration about, and wake up the Democracy.'

'Good gracious, Uncle Joshua,' says I, 'have you been postmaster of Downingsville this twenty years, and always reading the papers, and don't know that Gineral Pierce was one of the heroes of the Mexican war?'

At that, Uncle Joshua hopped up out of his chair like a boy, and says he, 'Major, is that a fact?'

'Yes,' says I, 'tis a fact. You know Mr. Polk sent me out there as a private ambassador to look after Gineral Scott and Mr. Trist. And Gineral Pierce *was* out there; I knew all about it, and about his getting wounded.'

'Good!' says Uncle Joshua, snapping his fingers; 'that's lucky; then we've got something to go upon; something that the boys can hoorah about. And if we don't have too strong a team agin us we may carry the day yet. Who do you think the 'tother party will put up?'

'Well,' says I, 'its pretty likely to be Mr. Webster or Mr. Fillmore, and they can't either of 'em hold a candle to Gineral Pierce.'

'Of course not,' says Uncle Joshua, 'if he was the hero of the Mexican war. I 'spose it was General Scott's part of the war that he was in, because that's where you was. Which of the battles did he fight the bravest in, and mow down most of the Mexicans? Did he help storm that Gibraltar castle at Vera Cruz?'

'No,' says I, 'that little matter was all over before Gineral Pierce got to Mexico.'

'Well, the great batile of Cerro Gordo come next,' said Uncle Joshua, 'I dare say Gineral Pierce was foremost in marching up that bloody Bunker Hill and driving off Santa Anna and his fifteen thousand troops.'

'I'm sure he would have been foremost if he'd only been there,' says I, 'but he hadn't got into the country yet, and Gineral Scott wouldn't wait for him. It seems as if Gineral Scott is always in a hurry when there is any fighting to do, and won't wait for nobody.'

'Well, the next great battle, if I remember the newspapers right,' says Uncle Joshua, 'was Contreras; and after that came the bloody and hot times of Churubusco, and the King's Mill, and Chepultepec, and marching into the city of Mexico. These was the battles, I 'spose, where Gineral Pierce fit like a lion, and become the hero of the Mexican war. But which battle did he shine the brightest in, and cut down most of the enemy?'

'The truth is,' says I, 'he got wounded at Contreras, and so wasn't able to take a part in them bloody affairs at Churubusco, and the King's Mill, and Chepultepec.'

'Then he *was* in the battle of Contreras,' said Uncle Joshua, 'and that can't be disputed?'

'O yes,' says I, 'he was certainly in the first part of it, when they was getting the battle ready, for there's where he got wounded.'

'Good,' said Uncle Joshua; 'he was in one battle, and got wounded; that's enough to make a handle of, any how. Whereabouts was his wound?'

'Well, he had several hurts,' said I.—'I believe in his foot and ancle, and other parts.'

'Rifle ball-?' said Uncle Joshua, very earnest.

'O no, nothing of that kind,' says I.

'What then; sword cuts? Or did the Mexicans stick their bayonets into him?'

'No, no; nothin of that kind nother,' says I.

'Then it must be grape or bombshells,' said Uncle Joshua, 'how was it?'

'No, no, 'twasn't none of them things,' says I; 'the fact was, when they were skirmishing round and getting ready for the battle, his horse fell down with him and lamed him very bad.'

Uncle Joshua colored a little, and sot and thought. At last he put on one of his knowing looks, and says he, 'Well, Major, a wound is a wound, any how, and we can make a handle of it without being such fools as to go into all the particulars of how he came by it. I say let's go ahead and ratify General Pierce, and who knows but what we can make something out of this Mexican business?'

Well, Mr. Gales & Seaton, the thing was done. We ratified on the 21st of June, in the evening, and it was a tall piece of business. When I begun, I meant to give you a full account of it, with some of the speeches and resolutions. But I've made my preamble so long, that I can't do it in this letter. We had a grand torchlight procession. Cousin Ephraim took his cart and oxen, and went into the woods and got a whole load of birch bark and pitchpine knots, and all the boys in Downingville turned out and carried torches. The school-house was illuminated with fifty candles. Uncle Joshua presided, as usual. Banners was hung around the room, with large letters, giving the names of all the great battles in Mexico; and the enthusiasm was immense.

When we'd got about through, and was just winding up with three tremendous cheers for the "Hero of Mexico," a message came in to Uncle Joshua from the post office, stating that the telegraph had just brought news that the Whig Convention had nominated General Scott for President. It gin the whole meeting the cold shuggers in a minute. Uncle Joshua looked very serious, and says he, "Feller Democrats, to prevent any mistakes, I think you better gin them three last cheers over agin, and put in the name of Gineral Pierce." So we did, and gin three rousin cheers for *Gineral Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire, the Hero of Mexico.*

Downingville is wide awake and will do her duty in November. So I remain your old friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

The Richmond Whig contains accounts of large and spirited Whig Meetings in Pittsylvania, Dinwiddie, Amelia, Southampton, Powhattan, and Upsher counties, cordially endorsing the nominations of Scott and Graham. The Whig fire will burn brightly in the Old Dominion.

Our New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK, July 26, 1852.

MR. EDITOR:—

It is remarkable how blindly, and with what industry, the Locofoco newspapers are laboring to promote the election of GENERAL SCOTT! At first view, this observation may seem not a little paradoxical; but a moment's thought will make it perfectly clear. Disguise it as we may, it is an unfortunate truth, that sectional feeling was never before so strongly excited, as it is in the present canvass.

It has been the great aim of the Locofocos to irritate and intensify these feelings as much as possible, in the hope of profiting by the anarchy and confusion which are such congenial circumstances to their *regime;* and particular pains have been taken, to make the inhabitants of the Southern States believe that Gen. Scott is an abolitionist, or, what they are prone to think nearly as bad, a Free Soiler. The dignity of his character precluding him from descending into the political arena, to bandy assertions with these revilers, misrepresentation was partly successful; and a certain extent of Southern prejudice was excited against him. But, in the Northern Market, a different kind of trick was employed. While the Compromise men of the South were to be diverted from his support, it was no less desirable that the Free Soilers of the North should be rendered hostile to him; and so, the papers to whom this important task was assigned, spared no exertions to manufacture evidence that the old hero was a thorough, pro-slavery man. In this branch of the work, no journal has been more industrious or ingenious, than the corrupt and unscrupulous *Evening Post*, of this city, which is characteristically *feline* in its propensities. While this double-faced falsification has been progressing the Whig Press has not been unwatchful; and the result is, that a sufficient quantity of the enemies' ammunition has been captured, and their guns have been turned against themselves. To prove to the good people of the South, that Gen. Scott is zealously devoted to their particular views and interests, the Whig journalist of that region has only to quote from the Free Soil Democratic papers of the North; and to show that Gen. Scott is a thorough going Free Soiler, he of the North need only to refer to the Secessionist Democratic papers of the South. So that this kind of thing works both ways. Sensible men, disposed to inquire for themselves, will not fail to learn from all this, the truth, that Gen. Scott is eminently a national man, pledged to no faction, and too honorable and independent to bargain for the votes of any. The measure of his great fame is full.—The hero of two wars, and of sixty battles, known throughout the world, as one of the greatest military leaders of the nineteenth century,—what has he to gain by seeking other honors? He is no petty-fogging village lawyer, eager to pander to every taste, and to

——"crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
That thrift may follow fawning;"

but he is a war-worn veteran, a tried patriot, whose "sword has won the battle for the free," and, if by the free choice of his countrymen, he is placed in the Presidential Chair, he will administer the Government, with a single eye to the glory and happiness of the country, and with military fidelity—*sacramentum-militare*—to the constitution.

Gideon J. Pillow, attorney-at-law, whose shingle adorns the window-shutter of some rustic mansion, on the margin of the classic waters of Duck Creek, and whose unprecedented manner of digging military ditches in Mexico has been proclaimed, by the trumpet of Fame, to the uttermost parts of the earth,—the immortal *Major General* Pillow, of Tennessee, has published a certificate of Mr. Pierce's courage! He adds, that President Polk wrote a *private* letter to him in 1847, which he now makes *public*, (the writer being dead, and unable to call him to account for such a breach of confidence,) in which he (Polk) said:—"Gen. Pierce is now the *first* man in New England." In 1847, Judge Woodbury was living; are his friends inclined to have him rated in history, as "second fiddle" to Pierce? or is it likely that Mr. Polk thought him so? Pillow has probably been throwing dust in the eyes of the people. He says that Polk wrote such a letter; Polk is dead, and who can deny Pillow's assertion?

The unanimous action of the U. S. Senate, in calling upon the President for full information in reference to the design of the British Government upon the North Eastern Fisheries, has deprived the Locofocos of all hope of making any political capital out of the affair; it appearing so manifest, that the Whigs are no less jealous of the national honor, than the Democrats, that it would be useless to attempt making the people believe anything else. Laying all partizan feelings aside, it is truly gratifying to see the unity with which men of all parties are disposed to resent the slightest insult from a foreign power.

The *Baltic* arrived here, yesterday, from Liverpool. Among the passengers of the *Baltic*, was the *chief d'cuisine* of the Duke of Wellington, Commander-in Chief of the British Army, who has been tempted over to this country, by the liberal offers of the Brothers Leland, the proprietors of the immense Metropolitan Hotel in this city—The old Duke of Wellington, though more than seventy years of age, is celebrated as one of the greatest epicures in Europe; and the talents of his *chef d'cuisine* may therefore be relied on as being unequalled and inimitable. The Metropolitan Hotel will be opened early next month, and will be the largest and most magnificent hotel in the world. It will contain over *five hundred* rooms, and will be furnished, with all the modern improvements, in a style of the most princely splendor. The total cost of the building, including the price of the ground, the furniture, &c., will be upwards of One Million of dollars! and yet, strange to say, a man may enjoy the most luxurious accommodation at this magnificent hotel, for the moderate charge of only *two dollars per day.* Wonderful! is it not?

Yours truly, YORK.

THE Port Gibson (Miss.) Herald contains the following letter, describing an interview between the Mississippi delegation to the late Whig National Convention, and Gen. Scott: The writer is known to the editor of the Herald as a man of unimpeachable veracity.

"WASHINGTON, June 23, 1852.

MR. BRUER:—I went to-day, in company with the Mississippi delegation, to call on Gen. Winfield Scott. While the conversation is still fresh in my memory, I jot it down for your information. The following contains the substance:

"He said, 'I was, in a point of time, the 4th or 5th man who declared for the "Omnibus Bill." Clay and Foote are the only men I now remember who preceded me. I, afterwards and during the progress of the various compromise bills, sanctioned and sustained each, as it came up, in all its length and breadth. I have, on an average, ever since, at least 5 times a day, declared the same sentiment. I declared for these measures as early as 1st of February, 1850. Mr. Clay visited me on the day, or the next day after their passage by Congress, and, I may say, embraced me as a brother and partner in their success. I am surprised at, and cannot account for, the contrary rumor that has gone abroad, especially amongst my friends at the South. I am gratified to have this opportunity of setting myself right in presence of the accredited men of Mississippi. My opinions have not been concealed from Mr. Seward on this subject. About April, 1850, I met with him on the boat between Elizabethtown (where I was going to superintend and direct about my garden) and New York. It was the first time I had met him for 8 years. He renewed the acquaintance, and alluded to these measures. I promptly told him I was dead for the Union, dead for the Constitution, and dead against every man opposed to them. I did not meet him again till last December, when he opened the interview by an allusion to and waiver of my rudeness to him on the boat. I have declared these sentiments everywhere and before all persons, without reservation or fear of committal. I will now, ever have, and shall in future express my sentiments on all subjects of public importance whenever properly called on. I am willing and ever desire, if any man of good character will state that he ever heard me say otherwise than I have said to you, that the word "infamous" should be written both before and after my name. I deem the compliment paid me by your Convention, the highest that can be paid to a man on earth, save electing him to the office you have nominated me for. As to your persevering adherence in the ballotings to another (allusion had previously been made to this by one of the company) that leaves no heart-burning with me. You did what you thought for the best interests of our common country.

This interview wipes it all out.'

"Yours, truly."

Every Whig paper in the State support the nominations, and say there is a brighter prospect for carrying the State for Scott, than there was for Harrison in 1840.

THAT LETTER.—The truth is out at last. General Pierce did not answer Mr. R. G. Scott's letter in reference to the Fugitive Slave law; and is therefore exempted from the pledge to veto any bill repealing or weakening the law, which was exacted from General Cass and all other candidates.

There has been an unlimited amount of quibbling on the part of the Richmond junto in connexion with this affair; and, wittingly or unwittingly, our contemporary of the Union has been a participator in the whole of it. First, we had a burst of grandiloquence on the sagacity that prompted Mr. Scott's interrogatories, and the patriotism of those who answered them; then we were assured that the same interrogatories were sent to Gen. Pierce, who happened to be from home when they arrived; then it was explained that Gen. Pierce had positively written or would positively write in reply, and that the country should see it without delay; then we were told that the reply was snugly stowed away in Mr. Scott's pocket, but that its publication was no longer necessary; and then we were reminded that the holders of the reply were the best judges of the course to be pursued in regard to it, and were not to be dragooned by Whig inquisitiveness into any different plan. But Whig inquisitiveness could not be so staved off. It returned to the subject from day to day, and has finally succeed in penetrating the rhinoceros hide of the Democratic conscience-keepers, and in extorting a confession that Gen. Pierce never answered Mr. Scott, and that Mr. Scott is therefore unable to produce Gen. Pierce's letter.

Mr. Scott writes to the Richmond Enquirer to say that the party are satisfied with General Pierce's letter to Colonel Lally, of Baltimore—read by Mr. Ritchie at the Washington Ratification Meeting—and need nothing else. *That* letter, however, does not touch the question whether, if elected, Mr. Pierce would interpose the veto in support of the Fugitive law, and consequently falls far short of the point which *the* letter would have compelled him to touch. The Enquirer assured us at the outset that no man not so pledged could receive the support of the democracy: and the Union cried Amen.

We now desire to know, firstly, how the Enquirer and the Union propose to get over that very awkward committal; secondly, how they design to explain their repeated prevarication in relation to it; and thirdly, how the Compromise Democracy will be able to relish the now admitted fact that the organs have been playing bo-peep for six weeks past upon this very question, and that General Pierce is not, after all, in any manner bound by the pledge which was deemed indispensible in negotiating with all the other candidates. —*Washington Republic.*

GEN. PIERCE AND BRITISH INTERESTS.

The importance which the British Government and people attach to the possession of the American market for British manufactures and to the continuance of this country in its present colonial relations with Great Britain, may well give rise to much solicitude across the water in respect to the issue of the pending Presidential election. The earnest wishes, the most anxious concern, the liveliest sympathies of our English friends and rivals are for Gen. Pierce and his cause. "We are without information," says the London *Leader*, "as to the views of Gen. Pierce on the subject of co-operation with England; *but we cannot say that we feel any apprehensions on the point, and we shall await the final election not without share in the confidence of many American friends that it will result well.*"

During Gen. Pierce's service in Congress the question of the Tariff was withdrawn from discussion in the halls of national legislation by the gradual and prospective action of the Compromise of 1832-33. We have, therefore, no direct votes of the New Hampshire statesman—if we may call him so—on the subject of the Tariff. But his position on that question is not liable to doubt. His extreme hostility to the improvement of rivers and harbors, as indicated by a continuous series of votes in both Houses of Congress, denotes clearly enough the political school to which he belongs. The resolutions of the Convention which nominated Gen. Pierce for the Presidency, and with which he has expressed his concurrence, are altogether conclusive as to his position in reference to the protective policy. The manufacturing interests of Great Britain, therefore, manifest the accuracy of the knowledge they have obtained concerning the policy of which General Pierce, if elected, would pursue on the subject of the protective system, when it is declared that they do not feel "any apprehensions on that point."

Co operation with England, to use the phraseology of the London journal above quoted, stands in direct contrast with a distinctive American policy. To co-operate with England is to aid in the advancement of her interests, making our own subservient to them. It will not do to raise the rates of duties upon iron, in order to strengthen and sustain the iron interest of the United States, because, as Sir Henry Bulwer once declared, in a sort of protest addressed to our Government, such an increase of duties "would produce a very disagreeable state of feeling in England." Co-operation with England forbids any such policy on our part. Co-operation with England requires that we should yield the possession of market to English iron masters—even although our own iron establishments may thereby be prostrated. In so far as our home industry supplies for home use any products of mechanical or manufacturing labor, to that extent we depart from the policy of co-operation with England, and by so doing "produce a very disagreeable state of feeling in England." But this principle of encouragement and protection to American labor, with a view at once to the enlargement of the home market for agricultural products and to the useful development of the natural resources of the country, is a principle of the Whig school—and hence it happens that the success of the Whigs in the next Presidential election "would produce a very disagreeable state of feeling in England"—while the triumph of Pierce and his policy would be hailed with delight in that island, and would be regarded by British capitalists and manufacturers as an assured guarantee of an adherance, on the part of this country, to the system of "*co-operation with England.*" It would be better for British interests to have that system continued and made permanent than to have this country subject again to the crown and Parliament of the United Kingdom—because, with the establishment of that system, England holds us once more in colonial relations without incurring any expense or responsibility in maintenance of them.—*Balt. American.*

The House of Representatives at Washington passed a bill on Saturday last repealing the present system of printing by contract, and appointing a superintendent of public printing at a salary of $2,500.

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