

Poetry.

For the DESERET NEWS.
MUSIC.

Thou lov'd and soothing balm of life,
How rapt'rous steals thy searching strain
Upon the heart o'er fraught with strife,
Calming the tide of every vein.

Whence 'rose thou but amidst the throng
Of minstrel cherubs blest on high?
And thither floats thy heavenly song—
Blending its echoes with the sky.

Beguiling are thy placid charms,
That woo the soul to roam with thee,
Hushing life's cares and vain alarms,
And yielding blissful ecstasy.

Melodious minstrel! at thy feet
Kneel every nymph of beauty's train;
Slaves to thy breath, with charms so sweet—
All, all are captive to thy strain!

Thou—thou so well can reach the heart
Where drooping hope and sorrow mourn;
Thy cheering voice can bliss impart,
And welcome gladness to return.

And change to mirth the widow's grief,
Or wake to war the hero's breast,
And yield unto the soul relief,
That sad bereavement hath depress'd.

To thee the pen must humbly crave,
Inspiring, memory—waking power;
How luringly the zephyrs wave
Thy echoes at the midnight hour.

Voice of the soul! thou hold'st the ear
A captive to thy strain sublime;
And every heart doth thee revere
Who loves the melody of rhyme.

PAROWAN, May 7, 1865. GULLIO.

POVERTY.

The following lines were published in the Cincinnati Times. They were written by "Spoke-shave," and dedicated to the army contractors!

There is no crime, save poverty,
That will not be forgiven,
At least not here upon the earth,
Although it may in heaven:

It blights the fairest prospects,
It chills the warmest soul,
No power but gold can save us
From its deep and dark control.

Gold! gold! the great magician,
Can elevate to fame!
Whom all the world would worship,
Though before without a name.

No matter how you gain it,
Should you steal it like a thief,
Tis a never-failing antidote,
And sure to give relief.

Learning, wisdom, purity,
All worship at its shrine,
Nor ask if its possessor
Descends from a noble line.

Such trifles next to trouble
The holy, pure and good,
Although it may effect the wretch
That's famishing for food.

POWER PRESSES.

Before the introduction of steam power in connection with self-acting printing machines, the largest number of newspaper sheets which could be printed in one hour, seldom exceeded three hundred, printed on one side.

Previous to 1814, the London Times, like every other newspaper, was printed in this manner, by hand, on a common press.

The first patent for printing machinery, was obtained by Nicholson, in 1790, who proposed placing both the type and paper upon cylinders, and the use of cylinders in distributing and applying the ink. He also placed the type upon a table, which was run under a cylinder carrying the paper.

In 1813 composition rollers were introduced, by Donkin and Bacon, who also proposed placing the type on the sides of a square prism, which did not meet with success.

In 1814 the first self-acting machines, two in number, were erected at the Times office, by Koenig, a native of Saxony, who succeeded in surmounting the difficulties which had baffled previous inventors; and on the 28th of November, the reading public were supplied, for the first time, with a sheet of paper printed by steam power. This was the first practical application of steam to printing machinery. Each of these machines produced eighteen hundred impressions per hour, on one side, and continued in operation till 1827, a period of thirteen years!

During this period several attempts were made to print from revolving stereotype forms, curved to fit to a cylinder, and Napier introduced the arrangement of grippers for catching the sheets, between the advocates of which, and of the system of tapes, there was for some time a controversy; but the system at present most in use is a combination of both.

In 1818, Cowper, afterwards associated with Applegath, made a machine, in which he introduced the system of inking now generally adopted, and which printed as many as twenty-four hundred per hour.

The increasing circulation of the Times, however, caused the proprietors of that journal to call for a machine capable of throwing off four thousand sheets per hour, which problem was solved by Messrs. Cowper and Applegath, who effected it by the introduction of four paper cylinders and four sets of inking rollers, while one table, containing the form of type, was made to pass under the various rollers, first in one direction and then in the other, the cylinders alternately being lowered to give the impression, and raised on the return clear of the table. This system of lifting cylinders is much in use at the present time, as it admits of much smaller cylinders being used than where they do not rise.

This machine proved capable of printing from four to five thousand per hour, and at once superseded Koenig's, which were accordingly taken down, and two of these were erected, and continued for about twenty years to supply the demand.

On the table was a smooth surface called the distributing table, which delivered the ink to the rollers that inked the form, and which received its ink from the fountain, by means of a small roller running between them. The fountain consisted of a reservoir, one side of which was closed by a roller called the ductor, which took up the ink as it revolved; the quantity being regulated by a steel plate, whose edge was pressed against the roll by set screws. To each machine there were four feed tables and a layer-on stationed at each, who laid the sheets on the table, one by one, from which they were carried around the cylinders, and thence to the places where the takers off stood to receive them.

About 1847 these machines were found to be utterly unable to supply the increased demand, and instead of four thousand copies per hour, Mr. Applegath was called on to design a machine capable of printing ten thousand sheets within the same time.

In May, 1848, this improvement was introduced, when Mr. Applegath, erected at the Times office, a vertical machine, which produced the number required.

It consisted of a central vertical cylinder, about sixty-five inches diameter, on which the type was fixed, surrounded by eight smaller cylinders, covered with cloth or blanket, and around which the sheets of paper were conveyed by means of tapes. The inking rollers were also placed in a vertical position against the large cylinder, and distributed the ink on a part of its surface, the ink being held in a vertical reservoir, formed of a vertical ductor roller, with two steel plates closed at the back.

The eight paper cylinders had each a feeding and delivering apparatus attached, which took the paper from a horizontal table and delivered it in the same manner; the change to and from the vertical position requisite for printing, being effected by means of tapes and rollers arranged accordingly.

Perfecting presses are those which print a sheet on both sides at one operation, but which are not generally used for newspaper work, on account of the form for one side being often ready a considerable time in advance of the other; the principal item being to avoid composition, to get as many impressions as possible from one form of type.

Several experiments have been tried to render presses automatic in feeding, principally by means of india rubber fingers, connected with an exhausting air pump, and acting on the same principle as the foot of a fly in walking on glass; but the results have not been sufficiently certain to insure success.

Improvement, however, had not been idle on this side of the Atlantic, and the introduction of the sheet flyer, by Isaac Adams, of Boston, and its subsequent improvement and general introduction by Richard M. Hoe, of New York, dispensed entirely with one half of the hands, viz.: takers off, required to work the presses.

In this speciality, fast newspaper presses, Colonel R. M. Hoe has probably done more than any other person of late. His adaptation of a horizontal instead of vertical type revolving cylinder, with impression and inking cylinders in the same position, has much simplified the machine, dispensing entirely with much small machinery required in feeding and delivering, and allowing of a much more convenient arrangement of ink fountain.

Two of Hoe's machines, of ten cylin-

ders each, are at work at the office of the New York Herald, each capable of throwing off twenty-five thousand impressions per hour; besides which, there are several others of smaller capacity, at the various newspaper offices in New York and elsewhere.

In 1857 two of these machines, of still greater capacity, were erected for the London Times, by Whitworth, of Manchester, from designs and drawings furnished by Hoe, and are said to be each capable of printing from thirty to forty thousand per hour.

This paper is printed on a single cylinder press of Hoe's manufacture, capable of running off twenty-five hundred per hour, driven by a caloric engine, (Roper's Patent) dispensing entirely with the use of steam or water as a source of power.

WM. J. S.

[Written for the DESERET NEWS.]
SCRAPS FROM THE NOTE BOOK
OF AN OLD REPORTER.

MOTTO FOR SCRAPS.

Oh for a tongue to curse the knave,
Whose treason, like a deadly flight
Steals o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might.
His country's curse—his children's shame,
Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame.

MOORE.

Jinks, the Editor of *The Black Dwarf*, was an employed hand, the same as the publisher, foreman, compositors, pressmen, etc. He had a salary of two hundred pounds sterling per annum, with the privilege of the press to print his own works. The whole property of the establishment belonged to a joint stock company, numbering thirty persons, who held themselves responsible for any pecuniary change or failure in the firm. Jinks was answerable for all articles admitted into its columns of a libelous nature, and was forthcoming for the conducting of the financial department of the office, such as the receiving its income, and disbursing its debts, paying the reporters, and employing or discharging the hands.

The Black Dwarf was advertised to be the unflinching advocate of radicalism, and the firm supporter of the working classes. All innovations on public rights, elections, municipal and parliamentary, judiciary, sheriff and police courts, mercantile details, fraud, impositions strikes, trade's unions,—in fact everything that came within the circle of the popular portion of the working community and their interests were the special care and observation of this wonderful newspaper, which in time grew as notorious as any other in the north of Scotland.

Before I was employed in this office, I had often heard of Mr. Jinks, and his wonderful cute leaders, sparing no person, high or low, who came within the pale of his critical writings, and articles on Government and the local authorities who were opposed to radical reform and the general good of the working classes. Owing to this, the weekly issue of the *Dwarf* was anxiously looked for by the public, and bought up more rapidly than any other paper of a more truthful and universal character. No persons, high or low, were spared from its malevolence and mental castigation. There was no go-between nor moral reservation; everything went overboard in the storm of its political and social reformation. No person uninitiated in the mysteries of newspaper enterprise could imagine for one moment the base intrigue, lies, forgeries and false representation of occurrences connected with the public interest as published in its columns, the one-sided views of everything opposed to the popular party, (who were styled so, being the mob)—in truth, opposition to all parties, whether right or wrong, was the life and vitality of this untimely-begotten nondescript intelligencer. To edit such a paper as this required a very extraordinary character, and such was Jinks, whose every day work was a warfare of accusation, antagonism, and often prosecution. I was not so much surprised at the spirit of the paper, as I was of the Editor—having learned from two of his college chums that he was an aristocrat of the highest order in mind and spirit, but having neglected his classes in consequence of politics, he had incurred the displeasure of the professors under whom he studied, and left the university in the third year of his divinity. He afterwards commenced his literary career as author, and published his "Lyrics, essays, and tales" to the public; but not being successful, he enlisted with the above named Junto, and became "*The Black Dwarf*."

Being on a canvassing tour in the western district of Kyle, for a projected annual, to be composed entirely of

native and local talent, I intentionally called at the house where Mr. Jinks had his lodging. The appearance of the locality and house rather stilted my preconceived opinions of literary men; however, I tapped at the door, and was answered by the landlady to whom I presented the prospectus, to which she significantly declined by a shake of her head. She informed me, however, that a literary gentleman lodged with her, to whom she would show the paper, and perhaps he might look at it, but for herself she had something otherwise to look after than reading prospectuses and papers brought to her house, which was more like a post-office than a boarding house. Leaving me standing at the threshold for a few minutes, she returned, and kindly invited me into the presence of Mr. Jinks. The idea of being introduced to the person of an Editor of such renown, I must confess, rather effected my nerves; but the shock was of short duration when I saw the apartment and surroundings of his mental cogitations. He met me at the door with an outstretched hand by way of welcome, and handed me to a chair, the only one in the room, except a high stool, from which he had descended to receive me. He was a tall, thin, meagre looking personage, of a hard iron grey complexion, bordering on fifty years. His face was unnaturally long and narrow; his eyes protruded considerably, being very large, the color of which changed so often, that I could not say of what it was composed; when he smiled they seemed yellow; when serious, green; when reflective, a dark hazel. His nose was a masterpiece of Roman antiquity, rising in the centre like a drawbridge between his brow and curved chin, which jutted out and upwards, leaving a small space to the deep furrow of his mouth, which marked a cut three quarters across the hollow cheeks of his carnivorous visage. His dress a long calico-printed gown, considerably besmeared with ink, underneath I could perceive a black vest and pants, much faded from their original color, and hanging slovenly on his body. Such was the external appearance of this great liberator and defender of human independence. Everything in the room looked dusty. The window glass glazed with fly dirt—the coal ashes covered one half of the hearth, and his bed lay tumbled in heaps of linen and woolen warped together, just as he had risen to his desk in the morning.

Such was gentleman Jinks, and such his bachelor apartment, where he lived a miserable miser in a rented room and cooked his own victuals, and wrote, read and corrected the manuscripts, articles and correspondence for the far-famed *Black Dwarf*.

After looking hastily over the prospectus, he put down his name and handed me the paper. "There," said he, "that will be as good to you as fifty other names on your list. I have done it merely to encourage the enterprise. 'Tis all exchange with me; Mr.—what is your name, sir?" "Forrest King, sir," said I rather taken, at his abrupt interrogative. As he looked piercingly at me, his eyes assumed a bright yellow! "A sovereign cognoman for a canvasser," repeating King two or three times, "by the bye, heinquired, 'are you any relation to King the penny-a-liner for the *Western Herald* and fugitive verse writer for the *K—Journal*?' The same man your honor, combined in two professions!" "Happy, Mr. King, to make your acquaintance; glad to meet with you, sir. I have read your poetry, and have heard Mr. Puffy speak eulogizingly of you as a good narrator of local incidents. You are intimate with Mr. Snizzel, too, and Skelley, and Quigly of the *Courier*, first-rate fellows, all of them; were it not for their opposition to our paper, 'But 'tis all for a living to be sure. They cannot be conservatives at bottom. Pshaw!—the Devil, Mr. King, we are by profession, for what pays best! That's the secret with all the news-mongers in this country. I well remember when I entered the divinity Hall to take out my degrees as a minister of the gospel, I was quite at a loss to know whether I should join the Established or Secession church, until after due consideration, I found that my stipend would be larger and more secure in the former, which turned the scale in my calculations."

During this synopsis of his mental avarice, his eyes receded from a bright yellow to a dark green; the pupils of which when bright were very much like a cat's in a dark room, large and sparkling! But as the light of his views in rehearsal came to a close, they were as small as a pin head.

"I had always understood from what I have heard, that you had studied pro-