

## SECOND ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF DESERET TYPOGRAPHICAL ASSOCIATION.

### COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

J. McKnight, J. B. Kelly (Isle of Man)  
G. Hales, J. S. Davis,  
B. Allen, H. McEwan.  
J. G. Chambers, Clerk.

The above festival was held on Friday the 8th inst., in the Social Hall, on which occasion a goodly number of the saints assembled to celebrate the event. The company began to gather about 4 o'clock, and at half-past four, dancing commenced and continued until about 6 o'clock, when the following song, composed expressly for the occasion, was sung by Messrs. Mills, Chambers and Hales:—

### "OUR MOUNTAIN HOME."

BY W. W. PHELPS.

Come all ye 'royal' sons,  
Who 'work' with just precision,  
'Tis time to 'prove' the world,  
And take the grand 'revision'  
Of realms, and men, and kings, and thrones,  
That all may learn the truth, and come  
To build the wastes of Zion:—  
Our mountain home.

The ancient 'sheets' in gold,  
Like prophets full of spirit,  
Have open'd to our view,  
That Jacob may inherit  
The gentiles—deserts, hills and dales,  
The earth—the fame—that saints may come  
And build the wastes of Zion:—  
Our mountain home.

While nations 'blur' with war,  
And Europe grinds on tackle,  
We'll 'set our sticks' for peace,  
And let the Christians 'mackle':—  
Our kings and priests, with light and love,  
'Lock up our forms' and 'preface' room  
To build the wastes of Zion:—  
Our mountain home.

The 'volume' of our fame,  
Is bound in 'golden letters';  
Our wives and children 'read':—  
"The Mormons 'break' all fetters;"  
From north to south, from east to west,  
We're preaching—"Let the kingdom come,"  
And build the wastes of Zion,  
Our mountain home.

The Father cries—"My son,  
"The 'font' of blood is seething,  
"The 'star' of empire shines—  
"The man-child is a teething;"  
"The 'errors,' 'points' and 'stops' of all  
"Must be 'corrected' now—'tis doom—  
"To build the wastes of Zion!"  
Our mountain home.

While wrangling nations jar,  
The mighty men are coming,  
With 'shooting sticks' in hand,  
(Like bees to swarm are humming),  
To 'cast' the 'sinners' all in 'hell,'  
And 'clear' the way—and 'sweep' the room,  
To build the wastes of Zion,  
Our mountain home.

The opening prayer was made by Elder P. H. Young, president of the association.

Dancing was immediately resumed, beginning with a grand march, and continued until about 8 o'clock, when supper was announced and the principal portion of the guests proceeded to the dining room to partake of the sumptuous repast that was spread upon the tables. Blessing was pronounced by President H. C. Kimball, after which all appeared to do justice to the viands so tastefully arranged on the occasion.

The meeting was honored by the presence of H. C. Kimball and Jedediah M. Grant of the First Presidency; Elders E. T. Benson and Erastus Snow of the Twelve Apostles; Hons. D. H. Wells, A. Carrington, and E. Smith, together with a goodly number of eminent citizens.

After the first table had been served there was an interval of a few minutes, during which the following song, composed for the occasion, was sung by Messrs. Edes, Kelly, Maiben and Chambers:—

### SONG FROM THE PRESS.

BY HENRY MAIBEN.

For the press,  
For the press,  
We will give a short address,  
Using rhyme,  
Using rhyme,  
As it suits the time,  
Since we have met here to night  
To put ev'ry care to flight,  
And enjoy,  
And enjoy,  
Mirth without alloy.

We would say,  
We would say,  
To the gentlemen who play,  
Music sweet,  
Music sweet,  
Always is a treat,  
And it adds much to our bliss  
On occasions such as this,  
Tune up then,  
Tune up then,  
Like true merry men.

Those who dance,  
Those who dance,  
Should now make use of the chance,  
To display,  
To display,  
Their taste in that way,  
To the music as they go  
"On the light fantastic toe."  
"Balance all,"  
"Balance all,"  
Is their welcome call.

We who sing,  
We who sing,  
Humbly forth our talents bring,  
And unite,  
And unite,  
With those friends who write  
To make pleasure general  
At this PRINTERS' FESTIVAL;  
While the Press,  
While the Press,  
Wish us all success.

After which, the Annual Address was delivered by Elder John S. Davis, of Wales:—

### ADDRESS.

#### BELOVED FRIENDS:—

We have assembled together once more to celebrate the Annual Festival of the Typographical Association of Deseret; and it has fallen to my lot to deliver the usual address on the occasion.

It has been customary with the printers of Deseret, since the commencement of their festivals, to select one of their own number to address their friends on those occasions; but I hope, when we shall have another meeting of this kind, that the Association will make a better selection than they have done this time.

However, it appears that I have to honor my calling in the best way I can, and contribute my mite towards making this festival as interesting as possible, and increase the joy and happiness of all those that have assembled here out of respect to our craft.

In behalf of the Association, then, beloved friends, I congratulate you upon our having your agreeable company on this occasion; and we heartily wish you a merry time, not only at this festival, but for evermore. You are our friends, and truly we can address you as such; for outside these snow-capped mountains we find enemies on all hands, except a few scattered Israel here and there, whose hearts already are here with us.

The saints are gathering here from almost every nation, and making their homes for a season in these "sides of the north," where they are sheltered in by the eternal hills, where they enjoy peace and happiness, and where they can discern the hand of the Almighty stretched out to preserve them.

While wars, famine, pestilence, and destruction of every kind have been increasing among the nations abroad, this people have been blessed exceedingly in all things, and were even blessed when the Lord caused the grasshoppers to teach them a lesson how to take better care of their crops, and allow the earth, as well as themselves, to rest in the proper season.

The Typographical Association, since the last festival, have been busily engaged in their literary pursuits, in instructing one another, and learning the Deseret Alphabet. They have also received good instructions at their meetings from some of the Twelve, and other honorary members of the Association, for all which they feel grateful.

But notwithstanding all the efforts of the active members of this society, there seemed to be something deficient in its organization, which hindered it from being so successful in its operations as was anticipated at the commencement.

It was thought proper at a recent meeting of the Association to appoint a committee of three to revise the Constitution and By-Laws of this Association; and after a careful investigation of the same, the committee deemed it wisdom to make some important alterations in both the Constitution and By-Laws, and also to call the Association by a new name, which is, "The Deseret Press Association."

The above name will entitle the Association to a greater share of public patronage, the want of which it has already felt; it will also embrace all those associated, whether intimately or remotely, with the press; while the former name confined its practical operations to printers alone.

The said committee have made provisions in the Constitution for all the members, whether active or honorary, to have equal privileges in all things; and it is designed that all members shall be active, and the most intelligent and capable to take the lead in all the proceedings of the Association. According to the old Constitution, too much burden devolved upon the typographers. We now want our superiors in the priesthood, and in other capabilities, to take us by the hand, and carry out the great object of this young Association.

The above alterations have met the unanimous approbation of all our active members; and it is the intention of the Association to lay the matter before a general meeting of all the members, as soon as an opportunity will offer, that the Constitution and By-Laws may again be re-examined, and finally adopted for the future guidance of this Association.

If all persons connected in any way with the press, be united together as one man, in carrying forth the objects of this society, the time will speedily arrive when great good can be accomplished by it, and the society itself will be perhaps the most important one among this people.

I anticipate that this Association, under the new title of "The Deseret Press Association," will be the chief organ in bringing about the grand reformation in our English language, which has been so long contemplated, but not as yet brought into a successful operation, though the type of the new alphabet is about being cast.

The printing business of Deseret had been, till some time in December last, carried on in the attic room above the Post Office, where we suffered much from summer heat; but now we are happy to say that we occupy the large and splendid upper room in the Council House, for which we are indebted to the fatherly kindness of our beloved President, Brigham Young.

The "Deseret News," during the last year, has never once failed to visit its numerous readers; and, under the editorial charge of Professor A. Carrington, it has continued to increase in circulation, and improve in its contents as well as its appearance.

All kinds of printing is on the increase, and the office continues still in charge of Elder Jas. McKnight, who is energetic in performing the duties devolving upon him. There has been quite a number of fonts of type added to the office during this winter, and a better quality of paper for the News; which will effect considerable reformation in some branches of the trade.

Printing has been, and must always continue to be, on the increase, both here among the saints as well as among the nations of the earth. There has never been a period in which the art has reached such a perfection as it has at the present day. Observe the newspapers of the age; they travel as upon the wings of the wind. They are attached to steam from the making of the paper, to its transmission from the press to distant parts. Look upon the electric telegraph, with lightning speed, conducting intelligence to the printing

establishment; see the copy divided between the numerous compositors, and how quickly the steam press throws out its eight sheets at a time, ready for steam again to distribute them over land and sea with a speed that is astonishing.

But the world are ahead of us here as yet. We have traveled so far into the mountains, that we have left the steam engine behind us, and we had to commence anew. Notwithstanding this, we are getting along pretty rapidly, considering our situation; and by and bye we may be able to astonish the nations.

Let us only have the daily express, of which you have heard so much, to run through here from one ocean to the other, and we will have a grand change. We shall then soon see a *Daily Mountain Express* published in this city, which of course will require steam to work it, and perhaps before very long, steam to carry it to all parts; and, perhaps too, a telegraph to supply the printers with news copy!

This ought to induce all the saints to afford every encouragement to the art of printing in these mountains, and to realize the blessings they receive from it at the present time. Let them look back at the situation of former-day saints, and compare the difference. Then nothing could be conveyed to the minds of the people, except by word, or by the tedious process of writing upon parchment and papyrus. But, as the poet observes,—

"Now, happier lot! enlighten'd realms possess  
The learned labors of the immortal Press;  
Nurs'd on whose lap the births of science thrive,  
And rising arts the wrecks of Time survive."

Now the servants of God are enabled, through the medium of the press, to communicate their ideas to the saints of these latter days with a facility that would not hardly be credited by the saints of old.

Then success to the art of printing in these mountains, and success to the Deseret Press Association. May we uphold the press here as the most elevated upon the face of the earth, and of course as the nearest to heaven. May the earth be enlightened by its golden rays, so that some from all nations may inquire the way towards Zion, where they may be taught in the ways of the Lord, and receive those ordinances in his house which are for their salvation, and which will prepare them for an everlasting inheritance in the celestial world, where they may still be blessed with the labors of a higher and far nobler Press!

Cotillions, double and single, Scotch reels, and other contra dances were again resumed, and all seemed to enter fully into the spirit of the dance. Supper was again announced, when those who had not partaken, proceeded to the dining room. Blessing was pronounced by Elder E. T. Benson.

After supper, Elder John S. Davis sang the Printers' Song, composed for the occasion, with chorus, as follows:—

### THE PRINTER'S SONG.

BY JOHN S. DAVIS.  
PECULIAR METRE. TUNE—"Duke of Marlboro'."

I am ready  
For some copy;  
My minion case is rather low,  
But Nonpareil is quite full.

#### CHORUS.

Let us sing and merry be,  
'Tis the Art's festivity;  
Then sing of Printing,  
Keep up the feasting,  
And be merry all the night,  
'Till morning light will show.

This for heading—  
'Tis all standing;  
And headed matter is the kind  
That I delight to set.

No Italics;  
Type with three-nicks.  
I'll set six thousand ems to-day,  
Unless I'm out of sorts.

Awful spelling,  
And bad pointing;  
I never thought it was so bad,  
Till I began to set.

On what galley  
Shall I empty?  
I ought to have an extra price  
For setting such a scrawl.

Curse that devil—  
See his squabble;  
I'll have to set it o'er again,  
And he must clear the pl.

I'll charge double  
For this stickrul;  
Let devils mind their p's and q's,  
And journeymen their pay.

CAPS. are wanting  
For this heading;  
I guess SMALL CAPS. will do as well,  
And look much neater too.

I'll have borders,  
With neat corners;  
And fine brass rules of different kinds,  
To make my work look well.

Now 'tis waiting  
For imposing;  
On the stone I'll find a chase,  
To lock it up with quoins.

What's the matter  
With this plainer?  
We'll want new mallets pretty soon,  
And shooting-sticks to match.

Also slide-sticks,  
And some foot-sticks;  
And gutters, riglets, and so forth,  
Are furniture we want.

Next is pulling  
Proof, and reading;  
Mark the errors I have made,  
And then correct them all.

"Education"  
For "excursion,"  
And "umps" for "clamps," and few such like,  
Are all the errors made.

Now 'tis better  
To wet paper;  
The form is ready for the press,  
But wants to be revis'd.

Devil, color—  
Ink the roller;  
The tympan, frisket, points, and all,  
Are ready for to work.

Now, be careful,  
Sharp, and watchful,  
Lest monks or friars spoil the sheets,  
When I look for the blues.

Every token  
I will reckon,  
So that the number may be right,  
Before I lift the form.

After washing  
It and rinsing  
In the trough, we lay it up  
For distribution now.

Such is Printing,  
And my rhyming;  
And some may think I've been too long,  
For they see nothing done!

While singing, Elder Davis appeared in costume as a printer, and having also with him various articles used in a printing office, he exhibited the movements of the compositor in setting up the type, preparing it for the press, working off,—in short, the routine of labor necessary in printing newspapers, books, &c.

Dancing.  
The following song, composed for the occasion, was sung by Elder John B. Kelly, accompanied with a chorus:—

### THE DESERET PRESS.

BY W. G. MILLS.

#### TUNE—"To the West."

Hol a song to the Press—to the Deseret Press,  
With its broad sheeted banners of wisdom unfurl'd;  
To that herald of truth we will wish all success  
Till its principles spread and control the whole world.  
In the midst of the mountains, whose crowns pierce the sky,  
Like temples communing with heav'n, it is set  
As a beacon of light, that the world may descry  
That life and salvation flow from Deseret.

#### CHORUS:

Then a song for the Press—for the Deseret Press,  
With its broad sheets as banners of wisdom unfurl'd;  
That great herald of truth we will wish all success,  
Till its doctrines and sheets shall envelope the world.

Oh, the Press! oh, the Press! 'tis the mightiest gift  
That Heaven to mortals has ever bestow'd;  
'Tis the handmaid of truth, with whose pow'r it will lift  
Our darken'd and poor human nature to God.  
An epoch was formed when his hist'ry began—  
The Satan, 'twas said, to its being gave birth—  
It does more to enlighten and civilize man  
Than all the philosophy known upon earth.

#### Then a song for the Press, &c.

Oh, the Press! oh, the Press! in the hands of the wise  
Is a terror to tyrants tho' ever so great;  
By its aid the acquiring and virtuous will rise,  
And liberty triumph in kingdom and state.  
As the notes of the songster would die on the breeze,  
So the thoughts of the wise, if not by the Press caught;  
As the sunbeams are stamped on the flow'rets and trees,  
So the Press to the world is the record of thought.

#### Then a song for the Press, &c.

What tho' some from the Press lies and error impart,  
And the tastes of mankind vitiate and degrade;  
It but proves the great power that belongs to the art;  
And we know there is sunlight when'er there is shade.  
Oh, the Press! is the track of the great march of mind  
That leads like a god to enlighten this ball;  
'Tis a monarch that faithfully governs mankind,  
Yet stoops from his throne as the servant of all.  
Then long life to the Press, &c.

#### Dancing.

A song, composed for the occasion by Elder John Lyon, was then sung by Elder H. Maiben, with chorus, as follows:—

### SONG OF THE DESERET PRESS.

BY JOHN LYON.

#### TUNE—"The Steam Arm."

Let them sing of invention, discovery, and trade,  
And mechanical arts, of every grade—  
Yet, there's none of them all, be it quietly said,  
When compared—the Press throws them all in the shade.

#### CHORUS—Li tu ral ur al ur al!

Its sword is a STICK, laid with zinc and lead,  
Arranged in lines, by compositors, bred  
To wield the power of an editor's head,  
Who writes all day, and composes in bed!

The click of the type, is its infant voice,  
And the 'devil's-tail,' presses hard its choice,  
Then it bounds away with a mental noise—  
Till far-off lands are made to rejoice.

The DEAF can hear its intelligent sound,  
As it speaks to the eye in signs profound,  
And cares not a fig what opposing ground  
Its votaries may take, if in error found.

There's not a thought in the world of art  
That selfish men would hide, or impart,  
But what you will find engraved on its chart  
To please, or pierce you thro' like a dart.

Should drunken senators kick up a squall,  
And rogues fall out, and each other maul,  
No matter on whom its notice may fall,  
With an elephant's voice, it tells it all.

It bursts on the mind like a sunbeam, afar—  
And lectures the peasant, and statesman, and Oar,  
On morals, and vices, and famine, and war,  
And laughs at the world, and people, and jar.

It turns up the grist of the miller's mind,  
The farmer's, on pasture, and dairy combin'd,  
And where he is like the best market to find;  
And damns the forestaller, who the poor would grind.

It shines alike in the dark prison cell,  
As in palaces, where the noble dwell;  
It knows of Heaven, and Earth, and Hell,  
And has the same truth for all to tell.

It speaks of a child raised in travel, and pain,  
Whom old uncle Sam cast out in disdain;  
And how this same lad, grown to manhood, would  
Prove his right to be linked to his family again.

But, where you will ask, are those stirring views  
To be found without flattery, fraud, or abuse?  
Where men find their level, and devils their dues?  
Then read, my dear friends, the "DESERET NEWS."

#### Dancing.

Messrs. Chambers, Kelly, and Mills then sang a catch, entitled, "Master Speaker," in good style.

Elder Chambers, by particular request, recited two specimens of modern English preaching:—viz: text, "And Samson carried away the gates of Gaza, bars and all." Also, "If all the hills in the world were one hill," &c.