



ALBERT CARRINGTON.....EDITOR.

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OFFICIOUSNESS.

Experience proves that but one out of many, in any community, is able to alone manage himself and affairs to the best advantage. But, unfortunately, the many will not view the subject in this light, and are ever obtruding their advice where it is not wanted, and busying themselves about the affairs of others more than about their own.

We do not expect that objecting to meddling, sweeping their neighbors' door-yards, while leaving their own full of rubbish, is going to at once reform that wise-in-their-own-conceit class of people, but we could wish they were able to understand that men of judgment pity their weakness. They are like the fly on the coach wheel, and fondly fancy they kick up all the dust, for does not that class assure themselves that when they die wisdom will be buried with them?

Often have we seen a narrow-minded whippersnapper, with all the gravity of an owl in sunshine, or of a magpie peeping into a marrow bone, comment upon the capacity, course and remarks of men so far beyond his depth that he might as well have undertaken to sound the Atlantic with a fishline. The universal spirit of meddling spurred him on, and he must bark at the sun. True the sun itself may have spots, but does the carper know the necessity for, or the use of those spots?

Fault finding, hit or miss, right or wrong, seems as easy and natural to an officious meddler, as the running of water down hill. But why can he not consider how much easier it is to find fault than to do better? Because that is not in the programme of his inclinations, and it appears almost too hard and, from his lack of sense, almost hopeless to even invite him to break off so fond a practice.

We will not weary our readers with instances and details of the carping, fault-finding, meddling officiousness interfering everywhere and in all matters, but will, for the present, restrict our few comments to its most foolish and odious feature—its interference with faith, conscience and mode of religious worship.

Placed here by the Author of his existence, with an agency in a probation, it is man's inherent prerogative to determine, each one for himself, the relationship his conduct shall bear to the revealed will of Heaven. It was a hearty recognition and love of this right that caused our Pilgrim Fathers to forsake the comforts and endearments of the homes of their youth and, fleeing an interference the most dastardly, grievous and unwarrantable of all—religious persecution—found new homes upon the sterile, rock-bound coast of New England. But, alas for weak humanity subject to vanity in so low a probation, they soon began to mete to each other the same odious and unjustifiable officiousness as had driven them to seek an asylum where they could unmolestedly exercise that noblest right of man—the worship of God, each in free accordance with the dictates of his own conscience.

The mild and inoffensive Quakers were subjected to wrongs and violence for not preferring steeples to their meeting houses, for professing to regulate their speech and conduct in their meetings by the dictates of the spirit to them, and other minor differences of faith and conduct which concerned nobody but themselves. Innocent women, by far the most humble and willingly obedient portion of humanity, were insulted, abused, imprisoned, tried, condemned and hung under the absurd charge of their being witches. But let these few instances, known of all, suffice as specimens of the intolerant religious officiousness of the past, and come to the present.

Notwithstanding the wise and just Constitutional guarantee of religious freedom to all,

and notwithstanding our boasted enlightenment over the narrow, bigoted, intolerant views and practices of some of our forefathers: wherein is this generation in our national history one whit better than the forefathers whom they sneer at and ridicule? Did not the Prophet Joseph Smith in our day proclaim that he had been clothed upon with the everlasting priesthood of the Son of God and endowed with the Spirit of revelation by High Heaven? And had not every man, woman and child an inalienable right to believe or reject that proclamation, each without let or hindrance from the other? Thousands upon thousands have believed it, but has the dastardly spirit of officiousness left them unmolested? No, but in his day they pretended if we would only leave out Joseph Smith, our faith would be all right. A short time elapsed, and the Prophet Joseph was martyred. But this infernal officiousness still dogs the heels of the Saints. Now the cry is, "only do away with polygamy and we will gladly receive you to our communion." And thus has it been ever, error either striving to overcome truth by violence, or to seduce her to so far blend with error as to destroy her existence. But marriage being a civil contract, and with us also a portion of our faith, whose constitutionally legitimate business is it whether we have each one wife or a thousand? It is a matter solely and alone between ourselves and the commandments of our God to us. And aside from this incontrovertible condition of the question, if two, three, or a thousand women actually prefer a certain man for their husband, who will love, cherish and sustain them and their offspring in virtue, honor and righteousness, how can a poor, mean, snivelling, dastardly, corrupt, officious specimen of humanity stoop so low as not only to interfere with his neighbors' rights, but to wish to degrade fair woman to the compulsion of his rejected addresses?

"Mighty is truth, and it will prevail."

STOPPING A THIEF.

At different periods of our history since we inhabited these mountains, our citizens have been terribly scourged by bands of thieves who served themselves to everything of value that was "lying around loose," and on cattle and horses were insatiable. While the troops were at Camp Floyd, the thieves found a ready market for every thing they could put their hands on, but since that time there has been a "thinning out" of not a few of these gentry and we have enjoyed a comparative respite from wholesale depredations. Of various individuals who have figured in that shady side of life's picture much that would be interesting might be written; but of no one among the crowd has there been more of variety than in the history of Verulam Dives, who had the last page of his history finished on Thursday evening, in this city.

Dives had, no doubt, one or more confederates at one time or another, for even that class of persons have kindred associations for the love of it as well as for the advantages; but as far as we have learned, he seems to have made the most of his reputation unaided and alone. Some, from the ability he has displayed in handling the property of others, and in maintaining the utmost secrecy afterwards have awarded to him intellect and qualities that might have made him a hero in these times, but he missed it.

Soon after his arrival here, we are told of his calling upon a gentleman, telling his pitiable tale of poverty, getting immediate assistance and the gift of an ox team to start him in wood hauling. The first trip to the canyon by the young Dives ended in his hauling to the home of the original possessor a load of wood that he had found already cut in the canyon and which he appropriated to himself but was caught in the act. From that time to his incarceration in the Penitentiary he appears to have engaged in a variety of occupations, but much of the time he was considerably engaged in doing nothing. In city life, where many men have "no visible means of existence," Dives could plod along in the crowd without attraction, but in the country he had not the same advantages of concealment, and, notwithstanding his otherwise passable life, he was frequently suspicious and charged with a "weakness" which in later times he developed to be his dangerous forte.

From an amiable disposition, and in accordance with a not very common faith and prac-

tice in this world, Dives was made a Bishop in one of the northern settlements, furnishing him an opportunity of developing whatever good might be in him; but out of the experiment, he did not escape like the Hebrew children, from the furnace of an eastern potentate—Dives had too great a fancy for getting things easy, and for this reason had to be ousted.

For the last three years he has been about this city and was engaged much of the time in gathering around him the materials for a rather large dwelling-house in the Fourteenth Ward, and during that time attracted no particular attention beyond that of a certain circle. Suddenly, however, some time during last summer, he comes before the public charged with stealing some wagon tires from a lot in that ward. He fancied that he wanted a molasses mill and had taken the tire for that purpose. He was tried before the Probate Court and was fined \$350 and costs of Court. On the following day, Justice Miner issued a warrant to search Dives' premises and there was found evidence the most complete of his having stolen a large quantity of horse and mule shoes, nails, blacksmith's tools, lead, &c., from the premises of Mr. Standish. In his relations with Standish, he furnishes proof of a deep cunning, skill and material from which the vivid imagination of romance writers make their dashing and attractive highwaymen heroes. He was sympathetic over the losses of Standish, indignant at the thief and hoodwinked so well everybody around that he was actually engaged by Standish to watch the premises by night for a certain time. The property still decreasing, \$500 were offered to the police for the apprehension of the thief, and a watch for twelve nights was agreed upon and carried out, but of course, without success. Being in the confidence of the man whom he was robbing, Dives learned of the twelve nights' watching, and for the time restrained his "weakness" and remained at home, but on the "give up" of the police, he returned to his plundering till he had taken from first to last about 7000 shoes, a large quantity of nails, tools and lead, which he managed to "trade" away to different persons up to the time of his apprehension.

When the search was made upon the warrant of Justice Miner, a quantity of the shoes and nails were found concealed about his house and in the earth on his lot, and not till all of his transactions in the heavy business were clearly and palpably demonstrated did he own to any of them. He was a dogged, cunning thief of no mean calibre in rascality.

He was tried and sentenced to five years imprisonment in the Penitentiary; but was not there over two months before he broke out of confinement and stole six cows from a carpenter to whom he had paid them for work done on his house. He returned of his own accord to the Penitentiary, and came out again at his pleasure, and broke into the City Hall and into the Court House, and stole from these two places about a \$1000 and a quantity of Internal Revenue stamps, and the seal of one of the officials. The same night, he broke into Alderman Clinton's office and took \$85, and two navy revolvers.

Through the vigilance of the police, a confederate, an escaped convict, and now a pardoned out Nevada Volunteer, was apprehended, and a considerable amount of that property was recovered in the vicinity of Camp Douglas, and sometime afterwards the two pistols loaded were found about Dives in the Penitentiary. On the 31 of last month he managed to get beyond the guards, for a very innocent purpose, and in a moment he had reached the door, closed it, locked the guards in and quietly put the key of the Penitentiary in his pocket and walked off. He had made a saw of a jack knife, and the night before this adventure he had sawn almost asunder the chains from his feet. Once outside of the Penitentiary, a rock finished the labor on the chains, and Verulam Dives was again free.

For a month, Dives was the object of particular solicitude to the Warden and to the police. He made zig-zag tracks wherever he went and baffled his pursuers, so that no trace could be had of him till three days before his career was ended. He was seen to pass through the city on the Sunday morning preceding, accompanied by another person, the two mounted on horses stolen from about Centreville. An extra night force of police was put on, and his suspected haunts were closely watched. A week ago to-night his

whereabouts in the city were not very uncertain, but he escaped and made good use of his heels. On Thursday evening a guard invested the house which he had visited the preceding night; but Verulam was on other business.

Shortly after nine o'clock, a man was seen skulking from the passage way of the National Hotel; an officer disguised passed along and got a clear view of his countenance—it was Dives. The officer continued his walk eastward, while Dives proceeded on westward and passed two other officers on the watch for him. The officer that recognized him turned upon his track, and fully satisfied of the identity of Dives the three tried to pass unnoticed by the north side of the market-place, in hopes of making up to him and taking him prisoner. Dives saw the movement and ran westward, the officers pursued, calling upon him to stop, to which he was heedless; after he had got beyond the "Rhoades House" and was making a clear track for escape, the officers called upon him again and again to stop; but he was heedless, and then on the order of the Captain, revolvers were drawn, and, with the aid of Colt, Verulam Dives was "stopped" opposite the Fourteenth Ward school.

On the following day, an inquest was held and the subjoined verdict was rendered.—

G. S. L. City, March 4, 1864.

We, the jury called to inquire into the cause of the death of Verulam Dives, on the night of March 3d, 1864, between the hours of 9 and 10 o'clock p. m., find by the testimony, that said Verulam Dives was an escaped convict from the Penitentiary, and that the police were called upon and instructed by the Warden of the Penitentiary to arrest the said Verulam Dives dead or alive, and on the night aforesaid, the policemen discovered the said Verulam Dives on 1st South Temple street, and called upon him to surrender, which he refused to do, and endeavored to escape by running. He was pursued by said police for about sixty rods, being called upon several times to stop, which he refused to do, after which the Captain of the police ordered his posse to fire upon the said Dives, which was done, several shots taking effect, which caused the death of the said Verulam Dives, then and there, as above stated.

WM. B. WILKINSON.
CHARLES CRISMAN
B. Y. HAMPTON.

Jury men.

From various sources of information, we have heard of his bold deeds of daring since he left the Penitentiary, and we believe it was his intention, with the aid of confederates, to rob two stores in Main street on the night of his death.

The officers have traveled over seven hundred miles after him, in the various counties where he was reported, and by night a vigilant watch had to be kept around certain places that he had threatened with his vengeance. He was a desperate man, had threatened the lives of the Mayor, the Sheriff and the officers who had ever had relations with him. On Friday, the two saddles stolen from Centreville, were found up a canyon south of Emigration, and on Saturday, one of the stolen horses was found on the bench.

His career was infamous and his end was blood. We should have been glad to have seen him finishing his probation with hard labor and with the ball and chain; but the officers would have had little claim to the city's confidence, if they had reported such a desperado escaped.

We hope that his end will not be forgotten by those who live by iniquity.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—We regret to learn of a fearful accident at Payson, resulting in the death of a little boy of about six years of age—the son of Mr. Philo Johnson. Our informant states that a Mr. Oliver, of Santaquin, had sent there a gun to be repaired and gave no intimation of its being loaded. For two months it had been in Johnson's house and had been handled frequently by the boys. On the 25th ult., two of the brothers were playing in the room with the gun, and getting possession of some caps snapped away playfully. They had snapped quite a number of caps without reaching the powder, but unfortunately, as the little boy Reuben was coming into the room, one of the boys pointed at him, drew the trigger and the charge of the gun went right through him: he died instantly. We have no acquaintance with the family; but we can conceive of no more fearful calamity than brother slaying brother and deeply sympathize with the afflicted family.

It seems hard for some folks to learn a little good sense. We hope that hereafter there will be more carefulness and fewer accidents from firearms.