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HOW DID IT COME THERE?

THE POISON FULTON BEVERLY USED TO KILL HIMSELF.

The Coroner Fails to Find a Clue so Far—What the Evidence Pointed out—Much Comment Over the Tragic Affair—Another Death in the Asylum Since.

When the news reached the city last Sunday about noon that Fulton Beverly had died in the Provincial Lunatic Asylum by his own hand, there were many who would not believe it and only after confirmation could they be prevailed upon to think that the enterprising Garmain street merchant had taken such a method to pass out of this life.

Mr. Beverly has been a subject of melancholia for some time and last summer or fall his friends decided that a change of air might do him good. So, acting upon their advice he went away for a time but the results were not as beneficial as they hoped for and when Mr. Beverly returned he went into the asylum where he had the privilege of a private ward.

That was on the 15th of January of this year and since that time he has often enjoyed a drive about town in company with his relatives or friends.

When Dr. Atherton gave the certificate that admitted him into the asylum he spoke of his symptoms and warned the authorities of the institution that Mr. Beverly had suicidal tendencies, and, acting upon this hint, the authorities kept a sharp lookout upon him. Still in spite of their efforts he succeeded in procuring a package of strychnine—enough to kill many people—and in destroying himself.

It was on this account that there was a small gathering of people in the chapel of the asylum on Monday afternoon. They assembled to discover the means of Fulton Beverly's death. There was no doubt that he took poison but there was something more than that to find out. How did such a package of poison find its way into the small room of Beverly? Did he conceal it himself with the cunning of a lunatic or was it taken into him?

The evidence submitted by the superintendents would support the view that it was impossible for the patient to take such a package into the asylum with him, and that it was almost as impossible for any of his callers to take it to him, without the knowledge of the keeper.

Thus it was that when the new coroner Dr. Frank L. Kenny, took his seat in the asylum chapel, and opened his court there were many matters of importance to be sifted and the necessity, therefore, of arriving at the facts of the same.

So far this has proved to be a difficult matter. The inquest which lasted for hours Monday was not finished but adjourned until next Monday. Perhaps there will be some new facts then.

There was no crowd of curiosity seekers at the examination but all, or nearly all, of those present had some business in connection with the affair. A strict watch had been kept upon the locked room of the deceased since his death and the jury with Capt. William Hamlyn as foreman were the first to visit the apartment after it had been closed.

Mr. Beverly was a paying patient perhaps some of those there, unused to asylum quarters, had not a little curiosity to see just what accommodation the provincial authorities extended to those unfortunate enough to get within the asylum walls.

The room was clean—scrupulously so—and there was a small table with pencil and writing paper upon it. In addition there was a looking glass and other accommodations for the toilet. There was a sternalade jar upon the table which had evidently contained some whitish fluid but anything else of importance had been secured by the coroner the day before when he was called.

Mr. Beverly was lying upon his back, his features peaceful and the only marks upon his body the discoloration natural after death from such a cause. He was in his shirt sleeves but fully dressed otherwise. There was little, if anything there to enlighten the jury, so they returned to the improvised court room and began the investigation.

The evidence of the physicians in charge of the asylum—George Alfred Hetherington and his assistant John Boyle Travers—while valuable as bearing on the case, was none the less so from the standpoint of those who are interested in the institution, and its inmates. That of Dr. Hetherington

showed that Mr. Beverly was melancholic when he arrived at the asylum and that his physical condition was only fair. The fact was brought out that a patient whose friends paid the support of had not much, if any favors in the way of privileges from those patients who did not pay. The doctor admitted that perhaps there was some difference in the furniture, although not much, and that there was some difference in the diet. In all other respects they were treated alike except that perhaps the paying patients might be associated with a better class of inmates than those who did not pay, and had the privilege of seeing friends oftener. So it will be seen that there are social grades in the asylum as well as out of it.

The right of patients to see their friends came up in connection with the case because Mr. Beverly was visited frequently—as often, in fact, as his friends wished to see him. But the doctor said that they were not permitted to see him always alone but usually in the presence of an attendant. It appears that the patient had some additional privileges in this connection. The usual rule of the institution is to let the condition of the patients determine whether they should be seen or not. The visiting days were on Monday and Thursday but it was a difficult matter, the superintendent said, to prevent people from coming on other days. Sometimes they came from long distances in the country not knowing the rules and it was next to impossible to refuse them if the patient was in a condition to see friends.

Another important point that was brought out was the manner of the reception of patients. They were always stripped and searched carefully for anything that might assist them in their idea of self-destruction. This was done with Mr. Beverly both the physicians said and he was searched most carefully. And yet in spite of that fact he was permitted to go out driving with his friends from time to time. His son George had him out several times for a drive and so had Mr. Fraser Gregory. The latter, who was present at the inquest, had driven Mr. Beverly out the Sunday before he died. The statement was made, however, that any one who took him was cautioned not to leave him for an instant. So far as the doctors knew this caution was observed. Further testimony disclosed the fact that Mr. Beverly was supposed to be searched every time he returned from such drives. If anything had been found upon him the keeper would have taken it to the office for examination. Nothing, however, had been found upon him.

Of course the object of the coroner and the drift of his questions was to find out where the poison came from. The evidence of the witnesses seemed to place it beyond a doubt that Mr. Beverly could not have brought it in with him since he was stripped and searched so carefully when he arrived. Not only was he searched but his trunk was thoroughly examined and nothing was found. Particular attention was given to the parcel question. He was allowed to receive parcels but always in the presence of a keeper who was supposed to examine such presents and if anything was wrong to report the matter.

The assistant physician, Dr. Travers, described the scene at the death bed of Mr. Beverly and he placed the limit of time from when he was called till death took place at from five to ten minutes. He had time to get to the room and return for some medicine, regain the room again when he discovered all the symptoms of strychnine poisoning. Before he could get back again from the medicine room the patient was dead.

During his first visit Mr. Beverly seemed anxious to impress upon him the fact that he poisoned himself saying so in about these words. And at the same time he referred to a paper with writing upon it on the table. The statement is the more remarkable considering the terrible agony the man must have been in; the doctor said his spasms were of a terrible nature indicating a very strong dose.

After his death the doctor examined the table and found the note he had referred to. It was written upon one side of a small piece of thin white paper, which looked like the outer covering of a small druggist's parcel. The writing was in pencil, and of an uneven and scrawly nature, and stated in brief that he had brought the poison in with him. Then it was signed, but in order to make sure that

suspicion would rest upon no one he added as a sort of a postscript, that he had the poison in the house for rats.

Truly, looked at from every stand point, that was an extraordinary note for a man in Mr. Beverly's condition to write. There was no attempt made at that part of the inquest to identify the hand writing upon the note. Still it had the general contour of his penmanship. The writer saw a note of hand made by Mr. Beverly in 1885 in favor of a city firm and upon the back of it this memo, evidently made some time after the note had been paid, "the last note I ever made." There was a similarity between the two signatures but in the short glance at both it was impossible to tell how great the similarity was. The coroner had taken possession of the packages and produced them to the court and jury. The packages were ordinary druggist's parcels and did not appear to look as if they had been carried about for months. The paper about them did not have that soiled condition which would make it appear that the purchase had been made so long ago as Mr. Beverly's note would indicate. One of the parcels contained alum crystals and the other strychnine. The crystal of alum was quite large and if the paper that contained it had been carried long the edges of the crystal must have surely worked their way through. In this connection Mr. Fraser Gregory, who was there, he said, in the interests of the friends of the deceased, asked the question whether it would not have been possible for the deceased to have concealed the poison in the lining of his clothes before he entered the institution and yet for it to be undiscovered by the keepers. The doctor said it was possible. That was the only question Mr. Gregory asked but he was particular to see that it got down in the coroner's evidence.

The only other witness examined was Mr. W. C. R. Allan, the King street druggist, who examined a portion of the powder contained in one of the papers and found it to be strychnine. Mr. Allan told something about the sale of poison, and how the purchase had to be registered under the act. Any druggist who sells poison requires the purchaser's name and address, then the name of the poison and the purpose for which it is to be used. It is quite likely that when the inquest begins again on Monday efforts will have been taken to ascertain from local druggists whether Mr. Beverly purchased any poison within a certain period.

The case is a mysterious one and is exciting a great deal of interest not only in the city but in the province. The management of the institution so far as the immediate oversight of the patients is concerned is, to a certain extent, upon its trial. While the result of the inquest may exonerate the management, unless at the same time it locates the source of the poison there is bound to be a certain feeling of unrest. And those friends of the deceased who visited him so constantly naturally wish the matter to be fully ventilated and the facts known. They are in the same position as many others who are supporting friends there and who hold the institution responsible in a great degree for their lives and safety.

It may be held that, after a successful attempt to commit suicide a few years ago by means of a looking glass that the patient broke for the purpose, no looking glass should be found in the room of a patient with suicidal tendencies but there was one in Mr. Beverly's room.

What makes the apparent lack of these little but necessary precautions more noticeable is the fact that since Mr. Beverly's death, another patient under strict guard found it possible to secret a case knife and attempt his life. The coroner's jury said his death resulted from natural causes, as the wound from the knife was not sufficient to cause death, but the fact that it was possible for him to make the attempt is an unpleasant one nevertheless.

A Staple Act of Respect.

Those who had read the morning papers Thursday were surprised when coming to their business to see the flags on many mercantile houses and other buildings flying to the breeze at half mast. A single enquiry however elicited the fact that Gladstone, the greatest of all Englishmen was dead. Surely no greater tribute to the memory of a man, thousands of miles away, could be given than this simple act of respect.

THE PEOPLE WERE MAD

BECAUSE THE RINK WAS NOT OPENED ON TIME.

The Godfrey Band Management Scared for the way it Treated the People—Some of the Incidents of Thursday's Big Concert—Why Truro is mad at Mr. Godfrey.

Dan Godfrey's great military band has come and gone. Like most other good things it is being pushed rapidly along—so rapidly in fact, that before the men who compose it have realized that they have arrived in Canada it will be time for them to bid adieu to this part of the world. There is need for this haste too, for with trouble brewing in various quarters for the old land, England expects every band to do its duty—and what would the English army be without Dan Godfrey's band and "the greatest band master of the century." Whatever little grievances the European powers have against England, they must perforce suspend active hostilities until the return of these representative warriors, these bronzed veterans who have served their country in India, Egypt, Africa or wherever their Queen has need of them.

The band, which during its tour, is under the management of Mr. Harris of Montreal, who it will be remembered brought Albany here, arrived in Canada a few days ago, and up to Thursday had given concerts in Halifax, Truro, Moncton, and this city, the latter being a matinee performance on Thursday afternoon. They had an elegant time in Halifax—so the papers said. At the conclusion of the concert there, the mayor, on behalf of the City Corporation presented Lieut. Godfrey with an address of welcome and a gold medalion. Most people are wondering what the medalion was for, but as Halifax people are always up to the proper English caper, there is not the slightest doubt it was the correct thing to do. There is no record of the gallant Lieutenant's reply to the honors showered upon him in the sister city. It is not likely Mr. Godfrey made much of a reply, for medals are no novelty with him; in fact he has medals to burn, if he wished to dispose of them in that way. Anything Halifax could do in that line wouldn't add very much to the great musician's pleasure. Still it pleased the citizens of the Nova Scotia capital, and that is something.

It is difficult to keep everybody in good humor, however, and as a result of the band's visit to their town the citizens of Truro are mad, fighting mad, so the papers say. It appears that when the English band's visit to Truro became a settled fact the members of a local band decided to give the visitors a hearty Canadian welcome. They didn't strike a medal for the occasion, and they didn't do a great many things they might have done, but they got new uniforms, and they practised up several airs appropriate for so auspicious an event. That they were properly impressed with the importance of the occasion was evidenced by the fact that they resolved to make it their first appearance of the season, and to do it in a blaze of glory. After the English band's arrival the Truro band went to the hotel to serenade the members. They played several airs in excellent style before they realized that it was a rather one-sided affair, and that so far as appreciation on the part of the foreign band was concerned they were wasting a lot of time and good music. They played on and on but Godfrey's band might as well have been in India, so indifferent was it to the serenade. No notice whatever was taken of the Truro men and finally in the midst of a brilliant and difficult piece of music the visitors went to dinner. That settled it. The Citizens band packed up its belongings, flicked the dust from its new uniform, and went home; and now Truro is mad clear through. For the time being hostilities between the white and colored population have been suspended, and the cold touch given by the famous military band has made the whole town kin. What in the world did Truro want anyway? Surely it was a very great privilege for the local musicians to be allowed to stay on the earth while the other band was in town.

There were no medals nor serenades visible in St. John on Thursday. It is doubtful if anyone ever thought of such trivial things. There was a general suspension of business, civic and otherwise, though, and no doubt Lieut. Godfrey and his musicians found this homage quite as sweet as any that has been offered in Canada so far. The concert was under the

distinguished patronage of "his Worship Mayor Sears, and officers of the Fusiliers and Artillery." His Worship knew just what was due the great military band, and the meeting of the Common Council which was to have been held on Thursday afternoon was postponed. Of course, that was strictly right and proper for the city business could be attended to at any time, but you couldn't hear Dan Godfrey's band any time.

Wednesday was Loyalist day and the school children had a half holiday. This is an old institution, and after the Easter holidays, the little folks look longingly forward to the 18th of May and the respite it brings. This week they had two half holidays in succession, an unparalleled event in the regular school term. The last was given in order that they might attend the concert, Mr. Harris having graciously placed the admission for school children at twenty-five cents. It can never be said that St. John did not properly honor the visiting musicians.

The concert was advertised to begin at two o'clock, and long before that hour hundreds of people were waiting for admission to the Victoria rink. Every ear brought more people to swell the waiting crowd, and when two o'clock came round there were over a thousand people jostling and pushing for a place. Everybody was good-natured at first, and the big crowd amused itself by speculating on the cause of the delay in opening the doors, and in watching the reflection of the throng in the large front windows of the rink, which made a charming picture. The reflections upon the management of the concert were not half so pleasing, by the way. About ten minutes past two the doors were opened for a few minutes and just as the people got properly into motion, they were closed again; this occurred every few moments and though no explanation was given it presumably was done to give the ushers a chance to seat those already in. Denunciation of the management was heard on every side, and several bold spirits even suggested smashing in the doors. The crush was terrible for awhile and as a clergyman remarked "it was quite like trying to get into the pit at Drury Lane theatre."

Mr. Harris was at the inner door taking tickets, and he heard a good many unpleasant things regarding the management, or mismanagement of the affair. "Let me tell you sir" said one angry man when he got near enough to Mr. Harris, "that this is positively disgraceful. I have never before seen anything so badly managed as this concert." Similar assurances flowed in thick and fast but to all Mr. Harris replied "It is not my fault, but that of your local management."

Just who the "local management" were nobody seemed to know, but it was generally understood that Mr. Harris had his own advance man at work here some time before the concert. The papers were well supplied with the usual notices, and though these were never a moment behind time in arriving, the usual press courtesies were not quite so promptly looked after. In fact it was late Thursday when this little matter was attended to.

Mr. Harris didn't name anybody in particular as the "local management" and as that mysterious person was not on hand he was obliged to take all the angry remarks from the crowd and parry them as best he could.

The ushers handed the people without any difficulty, and once the building was entered there was no trouble experienced whatever, if one excepts the trifling disadvantage of being obliged to listen to the performance without a programme. Of course that useful thing is not always necessary to a thorough enjoyment of a concert but it decidedly was in this case, for what with long waits and various other things the people had grown suspicious of Mr. Harris, Mr. Godfrey and everyone else connected with the band, and without a programme how did they know but they were being grossly cheated out of something they had paid their money to hear. As it is the papers can't agree on just what the opening piece was.

When once the band began to play, however, the long wait, the chilly air of the rink, the absence of programmes and everything else was forgotten. It was a grand triumph in the way of band music and easily surpassed all the other famous bands that have been heard here—Sousa, Gilmore and all the rest of them.

Mr. Godfrey is, as might be expected a most graceful leader, and one can easily understand the term "the greatest bandmaster in the world" has lots of truth in it. There was some talk of the Lieutenant and his men being entertained by the officers of the Fusiliers, and Artillery, during their stay in town, but the banquet or whatever the intended form of entertainment was, did not materialize. It would be interesting to know why it was called off. Was it a repetition of Truro's experience, or was the band just regarded as a "table for the