

OULTON WAS MURDERED,

But the Mystery Is Who Killed Him and Who Fired the House.

The Evidence Brought Out Last Night Before Coroner's Jury—Some Side Lights on the Eccentric Man's Life

Police circles in St. John are seldom disturbed by any very serious or mysterious occurrences other than the petty robberies, assaults, etc., that are common to all cities. They have, however, now in hand a case of grave importance and one that may be difficult of solution, or again, the explanation may be of the simplest kind. As matters stand at present it looks like a very serious affair.

The facts, in brief, are these: Last Wednesday I. G. Oulton, commonly referred to as a miser and a rag picker by occupation, was found dead in the house in which he has lived for years on Douglas avenue. His head is covered with bruises, while considerable blood is congealed about his mouth and chin. Shortly after the discovery of the body, and while no one was supposed to be in the house, fire broke out, part of the bed on which the body lay was burned, with portions of the old man's clothing. These are the peculiar facts that the police have been called upon to investigate.

Since the death of his wife, which occurred some few years ago, Oulton has lived alone, and while he has considerable property and a good bank account, continued to frequent garbage dumps. In one of his houses, number 50 Elm street, lives Thomas Gillespie, an axe helper in Campbell's axe factory. Gillespie for several years has cared for the old man when ill and looked after some of his business for him. Oulton got his meals at Gillespie's when the weather was fine enough for him to go out, while during the winter and wet weather the old man's meals were taken to him. He kept his house closely barred and it was next to impossible for any one to get in without using force. With Gillespie, however, he had a set of signals. Tuesday night Oulton had his supper at Gillespie's. Breakfast and dinner time passed yesterday and the old man did not put in an appearance, so when Gillespie returned from work and had finished his own supper he went at once to Oulton's house, taking some supper with him. He found the door closed as usual, and after waiting several minutes, his signals not being answered, went home for a light. Going back he took his son, Thomas Gillespie, a lad of twelve or fourteen, and Wm. Marshall, a lad of about his son's age. After some little difficulty he succeeded in getting in, and went at once to the corner where the old man slept. The old man was lying face down, his body resting on the bed, his feet on the floor. Gillespie lifted one leg on a chair, and seeing that the man was dead, went out, fastened the door and went to look for a policeman. He finally went to Dr. Roberts, and after asking him if he was a coroner told the doctor that he had "found a dead man." The doctor questioned him closely, and he told the story as above. It was just five minutes of ten when Gillespie first spoke to the doctor. He said he had spent quite a little while looking for a policeman, and thought it was about 9.30 o'clock when he left the house where the dead man was.

Coroner Roberts telephoned to the north end police station asking for the sergeant, and later that an officer be sent at once to his office. Gillespie remained with the coroner till about twenty minutes after ten, when the clang of the gong of the fire apparatus from No. 5 station attracted him to the door. Fire had been discovered in the Oulton house and a still alarm had been sent in. A little later the hook was pulled. Coroner Roberts and a Sun reporter were among the first to enter the building and the scene that met their gaze was one not to be forgotten for years to come. A narrow hallway, perhaps twenty feet long, filled with rubbish of all kinds, from broken chairs, over which one had to climb, to an old stove long since useless. Through this filthy passage, filled with smoke, a pleasant odor compared with what might have offended the nostrils, could be seen the glimmer of the fireman's lanterns. At the end of the hall a door, heavily barred on the inside, led to a room of ordinary size, in which was heaped and piled all manner of trash, rags, pieces of leather, barrels, etc. In the far corner was a filthy looking apology for a bed, and on it rested all that was mortal of Isaac G. Oulton. A crowd had quickly collected and many were trying to force their way into the premises that for years had been barred to all but one or two. The salvage corps quickly cleared the hallway and street, the flames, or more correctly, the smoldering bed and wearing apparel of the old man, were soon extinguished or stamped out, and the body carried out and placed on one of the salvage corps wagons. Coroner Roberts having ordered the removal of the remains to Chamberlain's undertaking establishment.

The origin of the fire is a mystery, unless Gillespie dropped a match at the time he found the old man dead, or else some one visited the house after he left. Mrs. Gillespie was the person who discovered the fire. Not understanding what detained her husband, and becoming a little anxious, she decided to go to Oulton's house. When opposite the vacant lot on the north side of the Oulton house, she saw smoke issuing from a boarded up window of what she knew to be the old man's room. Finding the door locked, she alarmed the family of Charles O'Hara, who lives next door. Mr. O'Hara soon forced the door, and in the meantime word had been sent to No. 5 fire station. Coroner Roberts, who in the cooled up dusty room filled with smoke and with no other light than a fireman's lantern, had been unable to properly view the remains, followed them to Chamberlain's undertaking rooms. Here came startling developments. The old man's head showed several bruises, and it was at once apparent that he had met with an accident or there had been some force used against him. It seems altogether impossible that a man by falling could receive so many injuries. All the marks are on the left side. On the top of the head is a deep indentation, discolored, and with a slight abrasion of the skin. Nearer the temple is another almost similar mark. The left cheekbone and eye are terribly swollen and blackened and slightly out. The little finger of the left hand bears peculiar marks, slightly burning the skin, and a portion of the flesh is scarred as if gnawed by rats. If, as is suspected by many, foul play caused the old man's death the hand might have been injured when being used as a guard.

Coroner Roberts at once communicated with Chief of Police Clark, Sergeant Hastings and Kipatrick, Detective Killen and Officer Greer, who examined the premises as minutely as possible, searching both for evidence and for trace of the wealth supposed to be hidden there. Nothing of definite value in either case was discovered. Two old trunks, papers, examined, revealed bundles of deeds, mortgages, deposit receipts and unpaid promissory notes aggregating thousands of dollars, but all ancient. The most interesting document brought to light was an old yellow parchment-like paper, bearing a roughly drawn map of a locality near the city, with a diagram, distances and foot-notes directing to the seeker where hidden treasure might be found. The spot indicated was 159 feet south of the door and the line of the trunk, in a dirty and well handled envelope, was an old fashioned daguerotype of a woman's face, not a handsome woman nor attractive to casual eyes, but the wrappings told that some one had looked at it often. Another paper was found in a man's trunk was a scrap of paper with verses written in Oulton's cramped hand. The lines were, almost unintelligible, but the first two read: "Thy day of life will soon be done, "The lengthening shadows say."

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During the afternoon a more thorough investigation was made by Sergeants Hastings and Kipatrick, Detective Killen and Officer Greer, who examined the premises as minutely as possible, searching both for evidence and for trace of the wealth supposed to be hidden there. Nothing of definite value in either case was discovered. Two old trunks, papers, examined, revealed bundles of deeds, mortgages, deposit receipts and unpaid promissory notes aggregating thousands of dollars, but all ancient. The most interesting document brought to light was an old yellow parchment-like paper, bearing a roughly drawn map of a locality near the city, with a diagram, distances and foot-notes directing to the seeker where hidden treasure might be found. The spot indicated was 159 feet south of the door and the line of the trunk, in a dirty and well handled envelope, was an old fashioned daguerotype of a woman's face, not a handsome woman nor attractive to casual eyes, but the wrappings told that some one had looked at it often. Another paper was found in a man's trunk was a scrap of paper with verses written in Oulton's cramped hand. The lines were, almost unintelligible, but the first two read: "Thy day of life will soon be done, "The lengthening shadows say."

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Hot Debate in the British House of Commons, Last Evening. The Government Sustained by a Large Majority, Although Several Unionists Went With the Liberals. (Associated Press.) LONDON, April 24.—The forcible detention of South African of Albert Cartwright, who while editor of the South African News, charged Lord Kitchener prior to the engagement with Gen. De Wet, with ordering his officers to shoot all prisoners, formed the subject of a heated debate in the house of commons this evening.

Mr. Morley (liberal) moved the adjournment of the house, which practically amounted to a vote of censure on the government in general and on Lord Kitchener in particular. Mr. Morley pointed out that Mr. Cartwright, who had served a year's imprisonment for libel, now desired to come to England, and that his detention was illegal, unconstitutional and tyrannical. He added that the explanation of Lord Stanley, the financial secretary of the war office, that the government did not think it desirable to increase the number of anti-British propagandists in this country, was the most outrageous heard in the house since Simon De Montfort invented parliament.

The secretary of state for war, Mr. Brodrick, in the course of a reply, raised a storm by saying that although Mr. Cartwright had served his legal sentence, the question of his liberation was still sub judice. This brought forth a vehement protest from Sir Wm. Vernon Harcourt (liberal), who declared that such a proposition was scandalous and contrary to the elementary principles of freedom. Winston Spencer Churchill (conservative) also delivered a few caustic sentences, saying he hoped the house would force the government to withdraw the limits of the law and observe the constitution of his liberation.

Mr. Balfour, the government leader, came to the support of the sorely harassed war secretary, and contended that the government was justified in persons in a British subject if it thought his wandering were calculated to injure the interests of South Africa. Those voting for the adjournment would be condemning Lord Kitchener and Lord Milner, in whose keeping, at this moment, rested their hopes of peace. James Bryce (liberal) and Sir Robert Reid (liberal) twitted the ministers for again interposing Lord Kitchener as a buffer between the government and the house. They both indignantly denounced the present action of the government as a gross abuse of power.

The spirit of revolt spread to the government benches. Ian Malcolm (conservative), who is said to have been heretofore an unwavering supporter of the government, warmly repudiated Mr. Balfour's argument that those voting for the adjournment would be showing themselves careless of British honor. After such an incident, he no longer felt sure the members of the government could stay their hands in this regard. War, or peace, would not be facilitated by such violations of the liberty of the subject. Other supporters of the government followed in the same strain, even Lord Churchill Guest (eldest son of Lord Wimborne), a conservative and a cousin of the Duke of Marlborough, urging the government to realize that its position was untenable and to make some concession.

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STRUCK BY A WHALE

A Bark Stove in on St. Patrick's Bay on Coast of Brazil.

NEW YORK, April 24.—Among the passengers who arrived today on the steamer Madiana from the West Indies were Chief Downman Manuel Viero and seven members of the crew of the whaling bark Kathleen of New Bedford, which was struck by a whale and capsized. The whaleboat containing the Chief Downman and his crew succeeded in reaching the island of Dominica, March 28. The other members of the crew, some 30 persons in all, including one woman, were picked up and landed at Pernambuco. Manuel is a mulatto. The seven survivors of the crew are Cape Cod men. They told the following story: "We were stove in St. Patrick's bay in the afternoon. We had been cruising all season on the east coast of Brazil. About noon on March 17 we ran into a school of whales. Four boats were lowered. The captain, the cook and the cooper stayed on the bark. We killed three whales without any trouble and had one alongside before dark. Two more were being towed to the bark, when the lookout saw another spout, the skipper told us to get after him. We approached boldly and drove the iron up to the whale. The whale heaved, as they always do, but did not go down deep. He came right up beside the boat, thrashing about with his tail. He seemed to sight the bark, for he started for it like a streak. The whale rammed the Kathleen just about midship and stayed in the side. He drew back and gave her a couple more blows with his tail, then came right up and struck her with his head, and she went down. The Kathleen was clear and strong. The Kathleen was on her beam ends and taking in water. She filled and sank in about 10 minutes. We eight men were in an open boat, 1,100 miles west of Barbados, the nearest land. The boat had in it a tank of water and a box of biscuits. We fitted her up with a jury rig and started for Barbados. We were nine days in the boat. "At 6 o'clock in the morning and at 6 o'clock in the evening a gill of water and two biscuits were served to each man. The weather was clear and the sea was smooth. On the 24th we made the little island of Dominica and were taken care of."

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THE MORNING HUMORS.

When the mist is on the river, and the haze is on the hills, And the promise of the springtime all the simple heavens fills: When the "why" blinks in the wood-haunts and the "why" on the plains, Catch up heart and soul a leaping life through winter-sluggish veins: Then the sunbeams of the morning like a bugle moves the blood, Then the soul of man grows larger like a flower from the bud, For the hope of high endeavor is a cordial half divine, And the banner cry of Onward calls the best in us to win.

There is glamour of the moonlight when the stars hide their faces below, But the air and smell of morning is a better thing to know, While the night is hushed and hollen and transcended by dreamy song, Lo, the dawn birds sing and fire and the rapture of the song! —Richard Burton in the May Atlantic.

DR. MORRIS' REPORT

On the Smallpox Outbreak in St. John. At Saturday's meeting of the Board of Health, Dr. Morris submitted a detailed report of the cases he had attended during the recent smallpox outbreak. The report said: Out of the seventy-three patients treated by me during the whole term of their illness, seventeen died, thirteen from confluent smallpox, three infants from variola and one adult from variola, complicated with septicæmia due to miscarriage. There were two recoveries from confluent smallpox. From the twenty-third day of October, 1901, until February 24th, 1902, there were seventy-one patients treated at home, during at least a portion of their illness, for an aggregate period of 1,165 days, or an average of sixteen days to each patient. The longest period of treatment for any one patient who recovered was seventy-one days (the patient treated for that length of time was suffering from other complications), and the shortest was seven days.

On the fourth day of December, 1901, there were thirty patients being treated at their homes. In connection with the cases treated at home there was a free use of carbolic acid in solution of one to twenty by those who were attending upon patients. All excreta was disinfected with a solution of one to ten crude carbolic. On diagnosis of cases all persons in the respective houses were immediately vaccinated and the patient isolated. On recovery of the patient the house was at once disinfected, the paper being removed from the walls of all the rooms, the ceilings and walls and floors washed with a solution of episo to five hundred parts of water. In the case of death the corpse was immediately wrapped in a sheet saturated with a solution of one to five hundred of chloride of mercury and placed in a hermetically sealed coffin and buried at once, no relatives or friends being allowed to attend the funeral.

Formaldehyde was used freely in disinfecting. The bedding and bed clothes of patients after recovery or death were removed and burnt. The inmates of all houses were required to take a bath and to have their hair or moustache, as the case might be, washed in a solution of one to six carbolic. I might further add that Harley McNamara was treated on the barge in the harbor for a period of twenty-four days.

THE MEGAPTERA BOOPS.

Cabin Boy Saves the Skipper. Pronounced "Em Wrong-Mate" Flabbergasted. (New York Sun, 14th.) The torn skin, Evadne is in port, a Nova Scotian speeder, just fourteen days from Zaza with a load of Cuban cedar, also a yarn of happenings along the coast Atlantic. The skipper put them in the log (he may be puzzled pedantic) in language that the choiced mate tried vainly to decipher, then gave it up, remarking: "What in thunder did I try fer?" "This is an extract from the log made by the sailing master, which was unto the simple mate worse than a sea disaster: "Cape Henry two points on the bow, the fishhawk seaward scope; we sight about the starboard beam the Megaptera boops. They dash below, they rise and blow, they swim about, in troops; I wonder what they're doing here, the megaloptera boops. I never saw a school like this, alighting thus the loops; oh, sportive young mammalia, big megaloptera boops." Note by the Cabin Boy—The m. b.'s are just humpbacked whales. The skipper's pronunciation of "boops" is wrong.

MATRIMONIAL CASUALTIES OF THE WAR.

(Ladies Field.) The South African war has occasioned an enormous number of marriages. Officers married hurriedly before they went out, some have espoused the fair enemy out there; many have succumbed to the charms of the plucky Zulu military nurses; great numbers invalided home have been promptly welded by their patriotic and generous wives into contented husbands. Capt. S. W. Dick, who has been at Barbados looking after the bark Lancafield, recently condemned and sold, is at New York.

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