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# Boer Atrocities.

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The Pretoria Lunatic Asylum  
and its Inmates.

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**MR. F. B. HIGGINSON'S STATEMENT.**

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A TERRIBLE INDICTMENT AGAINST THE  
TRANSVAAL GOVERNMENT.

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PUBLISHERS NOTES

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*1 in High Col.*

## PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

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**H**AD I consulted my own feelings this work would not have seen the light of day through my assistance. The reading of the manuscript, before placing it in the hands of the printers, has been a most painful experience, and I almost dread to think what will be the effect upon the hearts and minds of the majority of the public when all the horrible facts narrated are before them in cold print. The truth must, however, be told that justice may be done, and I believe every word that Mr. Higginson has written to be literally correct. He has sworn to the truth of his statements, as will be seen by his solemn declaration on the succeeding page. I have had some opportunity of making inquiries concerning affairs in the Pretoria Lunatic Asylum, and the evidence I have been able to glean only goes to corroborate Mr. Higginson's statements concerning the deplorable proceedings which have been allowed to continue under the immediate cognizance of the law officers of the Transvaal Government.\* Mr. Higginson pleads for justice and compensation. I hope his appeal will not be in vain, for his own sake and in the interests of those poor creatures who were confined in the Pretoria Asylum at the time of his leaving there.

W. TAYLOR.

Cape Town,

December 26, 1899.

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\*See Appendix, page 29.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES

## DECLARATION.

I, FREDERICK BLABLAY HIGGINSON, now of Cape Town, do hereby solemnly and sincerely declare that the whole of the statements made by me in the pamphlet entitled "Boer Atrocities," in which I have narrated my experiences and sufferings while in the Pretoria Gaol and afterwards in the Pretoria Lunatic Asylum, are absolutely true and correct. The whole of the matter has been read over to me since being in print by the publisher of the pamphlet, MR. WILLIAM TAYLOR of 11, Church Street, Cape Town, and I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true, knowing full well the very serious nature of the charges made by me in the said pamphlet against various persons in the service of the Transvaal Government, or who were in such service at the periods mentioned in the pamphlet.

FREDK. B. HIGGINSON.

W. TAYLOR, Publisher,

11, Church Street, Cape Town.

29th December, 1899.

# BOER ATROCITIES.

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## LIFE IN THE PRETORIA LUNATIC ASYLUM

Mr. F. B. Higginson's Statements.

[A CASE FOR BRITISH INQUIRY, COMPENSATION TO THE VICTIM, AND PUNISHMENT OF THE TRANSVAAL GOVERNMENT'S BRUTAL AGENTS.]

My name is FREDERICK BLABLAY HIGGINSON, and I am now twenty-nine years of age. I came to Cape Town from London about the end of September, 1894. Before leaving home I was engaged as organist at the South Place Institute, Finsbury, having held the post for two years. During this period I was also engaged in giving organ recitals in various parts of London, and had a number of pupils for the organ and piano. Up to eighteen years of age I was at school, from fifteen to eighteen at St. Mark's College, Chelsea, where I took first and second prizes in several departments. My father was an officer in the ——— Guards, but died when I was but an infant. My mother, who still resides in London, looked after my education and general welfare until I was able to earn my own livelihood, but I continued to reside with her up to the time of my leaving for the Cape. I had always been passionately fond of music, and, through my mother's kind assistance, was enabled to pursue my studies under good masters from the time of leaving college until I accepted my first professional engagement at the Institute mentioned. (I may mention that my uncle is Mr. E. WORFOLK, commander of the Clan liner *Clan Forbes*.)

On my arrival in Africa, whither I had come for the benefit of my health and, if possible, to improve my professional career, I took up my residence at a respectable boarding-house in Bree-

street, Cape Town. Having funds in hand I made it my business to have a good look round before deciding what course to adopt. It was fully three months before I concluded to start giving lessons on the piano. I removed to Upper Kloof-street, and there I took pupils or attended at their homes. However, this professional work did not prove sufficiently remunerative for a stranger in Cape Town to continue the work, so I made up my mind to proceed to Johannesburg, having heard that there were good openings there for professional men.

I arrived on the Rand on the 11th November, 1895, but my sanguine ideas of obtaining professional employment were speedily dispelled. It became necessary to do something to pay the inevitable cost of living, so I sought for a situation as book-keeper, clerk, or store assistant. Through the kindness of the proprietor of the boarding-house where I was staying in Plein-street I succeeded in obtaining an engagement as book-keeper and coach agent to Messrs. M. Green & Co., Buffelsdoorn, and proceeded to take up the appointment early in December. On arrival at Buffelsdoorn, which by the way is nothing more than a thinly populated mining camp, I found a portion of my duties would be to act as postmaster under the immediate superintendence of the postal authorities at Klerksdorp, the nearest township. My period of service with Messrs. Green & Co. was a brief one, as at the end of six months from my time of starting with them they became involved in financial difficulties, and eventually the business was taken over by Messrs. M. Lipman & Co., storekeepers, of Klerksdorp. I left Buffelsdoorn and made my way back to the Rand, but failing to get remunerative employment there, I left in October for Ladysmith, Natal, having been informed that there was a good opening there for a professional musician. I stayed in Ladysmith about sixteen months, engaged in teaching, accompanying at concerts, parties, etc. While here I was appointed Hon. Secretary for the Trinity College (London) Musical Examinations directly through the Board of that College.

It was here, in Ladysmith (March, 1897), that I first became aware that I was suspected by Transvaal agents of being in possession of information relating to the disposal of guns and ammunition in Buffelsdoorn. The first intimation I received of this was the receipt of a letter from Mr. P. L. A. Goldman, then cabinet secretary to Dr. J. W. Leyds. The letter\* was sent from Pretoria, and was in English. It was to the effect that the Transvaal Government had documentary proof that I knew where a number of rifles and a quantity of ammunition was hidden by agents of the Reformers in the Buffelsdoorn mine, and offering to pay me the full value of the whole of the arms and

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\*This letter is (or was) amongst my papers and effects which the Transvaal Police took possession of when I was afterwards arrested.

ammunition, &c., concealed if I would disclose the place of hiding. The writer further stated that Government detectives would attend me at the border and to these I could give the information desired for the consideration offered.

I replied immediately to Mr. Goldman's letter stating that I was at a loss to understand his communication, and that the Transvaal Government must have been misled in supposing that I knew of arms and ammunition being hid in the Buffelsdoorn mine. I heard nothing more on the subject for about four months, when I received a communication, similar to Mr. Goldman's, from Mr. Philip A. Eloff, then acting as private secretary to President Kruger. To this letter I made no reply, thinking it best not to take further notice of the matter.

I stayed in Ladysmith about sixteen months, engaged in teaching and accompanying at concerts, parties, &c. I then returned to the Rand. This was about the end of January, seven months after receiving the second communication from the Transvaal Government. I did a little professional work on the Rand, but times were bad. In April (1898) I went to Pretoria to have a look round, putting up at the Transvaal Hotel. Whilst there I was waited upon by Mr. R. J. H. Fortuin, confidential clerk in the State Secretary's Department. This gentleman told me that the State Attorney, Mr. J. van Leeuwen, wished to see me very particularly. I asked on what business he wished to see me, but Mr. Fortuin said he was not in a position to inform me of the business the State Attorney wished to see me upon, but that it would be to my advantage to see him as early as possible, and if I liked I could proceed with him (Mr. Fortuin) at once to the State Attorney's office. Taken off my guard, I went with Mr. Fortuin to the State Attorney's office. I may here state that at the time I had no idea what position Mr. Fortuin held in the Republic. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning, and we found Mr. Van Leeuwen in his room. Mr. Fortuin introduced me, and the State Attorney shook hands with me, and was extremely courteous, asked me to be seated, &c. After a few common-place remarks the State Attorney said:—"Now, Mr. Higginson, we want you tell us what you know about the concealment of arms and ammunition in the Buffelsdoorn Mine." Then I became aware of the business forward, and at once replied that "I knew absolutely nothing about arms or other war material being hidden in the Buffelsdoorn Mine." Mr. Van Leeuwen said, smiling sarcastically, "We have documents in our possession proving that you assisted in the work of stowing away guns and ammunition in the Buffelsdoorn Mine just after the Jameson Raid, and that there were seven Kafirs who had made affidavits before the Landdrost at Potchefstroom stating that 'they had seen guns on the mine.'" I said, "I cannot help what may have been said or written upon the subject; I know nothing about it." The State Attorney then said, "Well,

Mr. Higginson, we are convinced that you do know, and we will give you the full value in cash of all the rifles and ammunition you may cause to be handed over to us, and we will make you a full Burgher of the State. Think it over and let us know." Immediately this was said, the door of the room opened and a gentleman stepped in, who Mr. Van Leeuwen introduced to me as Mr. D. E. Schutte, Commissioner of Police. Mr. Van Leeuwen said, "Mr. Higginson is going to think the matter over, and will let us know." The Commissioner of Police then opened the door for me to leave, and I left, convinced that this sour-looking police official had been within hearing during the whole of my unpleasant interview with his superiors. The conversation with Mr. Van Leeuwen was in English, but that gentleman and Mr. Fortuin were conversing in Dutch—which I do not understand—at intervals during my examination.

*I will here explain, to the best of my knowledge and belief, how it was that the Transvaal authorities came to suspect me of knowing anything about guns and ammunition being at Buffelsdoorn.*

As coach agent for Messrs. M. Green & Co., it was part of my duty to pay transport riders arriving with goods consigned to Green & Co., and all parcels, books, boxes, letters, etc., etc., arriving by coach for any one on the mine, or any person in the village, passed through my hands. The story must have been put about that arms had been delivered at the mine, and had been passed through my office. The mine was searched on three different occasions for concealed fire-arms within a day or two after the Jameson Raid, but no arms or other war material were ever discovered. My office was also searched, and everything, desks, books, etc., carefully overhauled by Feld-cornet Cronje, of Klerksdorp, but the search proved abortive. Mounted Burghers, fully armed, were stationed round the building while the search was proceeding. As I was then, and am now, aware, no arms or ammunition were at any time delivered at the Buffelsdoorn Mine.

I returned to Johannesburg from Pretoria on the evening of the day of my interview with the State Attorney, and received no further attention from the Transvaal Government until about the middle of May this year. I was then staying at a boarding-house in Fox Street. About 5 o'clock one afternoon I was informed by one of the boarders that I was wanted by someone outside. On going to the door I saw two well-dressed strangers, who introduced themselves to me, one saying, "I am Mr. Ernest Ueckermann, and this is my friend, Mr. Van Dyk, of the detective department. We have come to demand from you the information in your possession concerning the guns and ammunition at Buffelsdoorn. The Government want this matter cleared up, and if you don't give the information without further obstinancy *we shall make it hot for you.*" I replied that they were mistaken in supposing I knew any-

thing at all about guns or ammunition at Buffelsdoorn. They said that they had documents in their possession which proved that I had knowledge of the affair. They then left the house, and for several days afterwards I was shadowed by detectives, and on one occasion they actually forced themselves into the house of a friend of mine, thinking I was there. I may mention that this friend was lately living at Salt River (a Refugee). They at last decided to use force to enable them to extract the information they were so anxious to obtain. The consequence was that they arrested me but did not at once confine me in gaol, as they thought I would be intimidated into giving the information. TJAARD KRUGER (one of the President's sons) and Commandant Schutte (Chief of Police) actually employed a woman of fascinating appearance and manners to be with the detectives, so that she could use her blandishments on me on purpose to obtain the information in question. *The lady (Mrs. Constance Hamilton), employed by the Secret Service Agents was considered the best-dressed woman on the Rand, and it is without doubt that the Transvaal Government employed her to spy on people's actions and worm secrets from them. Mrs. Hamilton, who says she is an American, was at one time an assistant in the "Welsh Harp" Bar at Johannesburg.*

Within a day or two after this, however, I was taken to Buffelsdoorn by Commandant Schutte, E. W. Ueckermann, Detective Van Dyk, accompanied by the notorious Mrs. Hamilton. We were met, on the arrival of the conveyance at Buffelsdoorn, by a number of mounted police, who were all armed. I was escorted to the mine and taken down into the workings, and was told to point out the place where the guns were hidden. Meanwhile every suspicious-looking nook and corner was dug out by the police. Mrs. Hamilton held a loaded revolver at my head, and threatened to shoot me if I did not disclose where the guns were. What could I do?

The mine was searched three times, and, of course, no discovery made.

I believe they excused themselves in the newspapers by stating that I had volunteered the information! This is absurd on the face of it, as I had no information to give.

Being under arrest of course I could not see the newspapers, neither could I defend myself against any slanderous remarks.

I was alternately threatened and cajoled, but the information not being forthcoming, they at last decided to do their worst and I was taken to the Pretoria jail. I never was brought to trial and from first to last was refused any opportunity of appealing to the British Agent.

The chief parties who had been trying to obtain the information were in 1897, P. L. A. Goldman (acting for Dr. Leyds)

and Philip A. Eloff (acting for President Kruger), and Dr. Van Leeuwen.

Those concerned in my recent unhappy experiences were Tjaard Kruger, Commandant Schutte, the State Attorney (Smuts), E. W. Ueckermann, Detective Van Dyk, and Mrs. Hamilton. Tjaard Kruger, I may say, is the head of the Secret Service Department.

When arrested all my letters, documents, &c., were taken from me and never returned. Whilst in the jail I suffered from weakness on account of not being able to eat the prison food. I am not, at the best of times, blessed with particularly good health. I saw the Doctor, but he refused to alter my diet.

The detectives occasionally visited me, promising to obtain my liberty for me if I would give the information, if not I would "see trouble." I refused to answer, but wrote to the State Attorney demanding my release from unjust imprisonment.

At the time I was in the Pretoria Jail, the sham reformers Pattison, Nichols, Hooper, &c., were also there, and one of their number, named Mitchell, was told off to pump all he could out of me on behalf of the Government, but I had nothing to say.

The prison diet consisted of mealie-pap for breakfast and supper, and a pint of watery soup, a little meat (impossible to eat on account of its being so tough; it might as well have been leather for all the use it was for food) and some bread for dinner.

The cells are narrow and confined, brick floors, and the windows consist of three bars across an opening in the wall. There is no glass, consequently when it is windy or rainy the unfortunate inmate has a rough time of it.

I was given two blankets without any mattress or pillow, and had to sleep with one blanket on the bare floor, and one over me. The weather was exceedingly cold, and I suffered greatly. To add to the discomfort, the floor bricks were unevenly laid.

Every night between twelve and one o'clock the night-guards would come round and open the door in a noisy manner, the excuse being that they had to see if their "guests" were safe. This naturally broke one's first sleep, and it was very trying to be startled out of sleep in this manner night after night.

Pattison and the others were kept in a separate building and were not treated so badly, having bedsteads, more liberal diet, etc.

One evening just after "lock-up" time my cell-door was opened and the sergeant told me to get ready to go, as the State Attorney had written to the jailor to the effect that I was to be released.

My readers can easily guess how delighted I felt at the thought of being free at last from my troubles, but alas! my delight was premature, for no sooner had I prepared myself and stepped out of the jail door, than I was seized by two men in uniform and hustled into a cab, which apparently had been waiting purposely, and driven away. Upon demanding to know the reason for this treatment, I was told to "shut up" and I was handcuffed. I was dumbfounded at this treatment, neither could I imagine where I was being taken to. The road was free from pedestrians and vehicles, or I should have shouted for help. It was impossible for me to get out and run away, as I had a warder on each side of me. They had spoken to the driver, and it was of no use my speaking to him. He was grinning and talking to the warders the whole way. At last we reached a building about two miles from Pretoria, and upon being told to get out, I stepped down to the ground, and was immediately surrounded by five men in green and black uniforms. I was told to go into the building. I then asked for what purpose and also what place it was. I was brutally told "a mad-house." Naturally, I hesitated and said I was not mad, and that no doctor had ever signed any certificate as to my being insane, nor had any doctor or any other person ever doubted my sanity. I was then literally pounced upon by the said five warders and dragged into the Asylum. I was taken to a cell, searched, and then stripped in a very rough manner. I protested against my treatment, but all the reply I could obtain from the warders was that I must speak to the Doctor, and I was also told to keep quiet, or they would "knock hell out of me."

After this my hands were placed behind my back and then handcuffs were put on. I was given two blankets, but no necessary toilet utensils were in the cell. I then laid down on one of the blankets on the bare floor. I was locked up and left in total darkness and to my thoughts, which I can assure my readers were the reverse of pleasant.

I could not sleep on account of the unearthly noises made by the wretched patients. I was dreadfully thirsty and managed to knock at the cell-door with my feet; a warder came round and wanted to know what I was making that "b— row for" (as if I could make much noise with my bare feet! The warder must have been just outside the cell-door, or he would never have heard me). I asked him for a drink of water, as I was so thirsty. He replied with oaths that he wouldn't give me any. After kicking me on the shins and bidding me to sleep, he locked the door. I found out next day that there was a water-tap quite close to my cell, and it would have given the warder no trouble whatever to have obtained the water for me.

At this time there were six warders connected with the white male section of the Asylum, to wit, P. Jooste, S. J. Oosthuizen, S. E. Pretorius, B. Hattingh, H. Smit and B. Erasmus. Of these,

Smit and Erasmus were by far the most brutal. When war was declared the four others were sent to the front, and then indeed my life became harder than ever, as the sane patients had left the Asylum, and Smit and Erasmus (partners in cruelty) could brutally ill-use me without any fear. God knows it was bad enough before war was declared; but since, my sufferings were dreadful. Day after day I was shockingly knocked about and I prayed that I might die. But I will give the particulars anon, as I wish first to describe the early part of my confinement.

My first morning in the Asylum happened to be on a Sunday. The cell-door was opened at daybreak. I got up, but there was no lavatory, no place being provided for inmates to wash in, except once a week (Saturday), when they are given a bath. For the remainder of the week the bath-room is locked, and the patients have to be content with *one wash* per week. Soap and towels are unknown luxuries! Their clothes are changed once a week or a fortnight. Most of the patients are *covered with vermin*. No cleanliness is observed in this barbarous institution.

I begged hard from the kindest warder (Pretorius) for a piece of soap, which he gave me; but told me not to tell the others.

When I went into the yard I was horrified at the appearance of the inmates. There was a sane man, however, who was amongst them, named Alfred Goodwin, who had been there since February last and had long since recovered. When he first came to the Asylum he was suffering from a slight attack of sunstroke. He had been most shamefully maltreated, the particulars of which I will relate further on. He was discharged just prior to war being declared, and is now, I have been given to understand, in a Convalescent Home in this Colony.

The mad patients seemed to be aware I was a fresh arrival, for they continually annoyed me. It was of no use appealing to the warders to let me be by myself. They only laughed at me. Goodwin advised me to say nothing and to take the situation philosophically. Breakfast was served about 8 a.m., consisting of some very weak coffee and thick stale bread with a microscopical quantity of rank butter on it. This is invariably the same, no change ever being given regarding diet. After breakfast my hair was cropped hideously close and I was left to wander about the yard with the lunatics. It was enough to drive one crazy!

At length Dr. Smeenk arrived, and I politely asked him the reason I was confined in a Lunatic Asylum, and asking him for my release as there could possibly be no doubt of my sanity. He simply glared at me through his spectacles, and presently said that I must be very quiet or he would have me locked in the cell, day and night, and fed on bread and water.

I tried to explain to the Doctor the circumstances of my being sent to the Asylum, but he would not listen to me and the warders pushed me away. He afterwards said that I was placed in the Asylum by order of the Government, and that he (the Doctor) knew perfectly well that I was sane.

I will now write a little respecting Dr. Smeenk, who is the Director and Doctor of the State Lunatic Asylum in Pretoria. He is a Hollander between 50 and 55 years of age. He receives a salary of £800 per annum and a large house, free of rent, in the Asylum grounds, free forage for his horses and other advantages. I never knew him to do his duty. He never examined the patients placed in his charge, and when they are sick from other causes besides what they are in the Asylum for, he gives them no treatment or medicine, although he has a large surgery stocked with various drugs, &c. Sometimes Goodwin would ask him for something to read. He used to say, "Yes, yes," but never fulfilled his promise. I remember on one occasion an English patient asking the Doctor for something to read. The Doctor went out and returned in a few minutes with a few old Dutch papers and gave them to the patient in question, who was naturally disgusted, as he was unable to read the Dutch language.

Dr. Smeenk leaves everything to the warders, and does not attend to anything regarding the Asylum itself, such as superintending the sanitary arrangements, &c.

My *personal* experiences of Dr. Smeenk's ill-treatment I will refer to later. He speaks but very little English, and hates the British most cordially.

Dinner consists of soup (of a kind), boiled beef, very tough (always boiled, no roast meats of any kind), some rice and about two small potatoes for each man. The dinners are invariably of the same description, and always badly cooked. Supper (4.30 p.m.) consist of bread as at breakfast and tea tasting very strongly of the water. As I have previously stated, there is never, by any means, any change in the diet. I had to sit at the same table with the mad people, who, not being responsible for their actions, behaved in the most filthy manner conceivable. Their actions made eating out of the question. It was horrible!

After supper we were locked up for the night, *i.e.* about 5 p.m. No lights of any description are allowed in the cells. No amusements are provided for the poor wretched patients, they are simply allowed to moon around all day in the yard without any attention whatever. Day after day the same monotonous routine took place. Day after day I witnessed harrowing sights, almost incredible to believe.

I was not actually knocked about at first, as the Detectives thought that the very fact of being confined in a Lunatic Asylum,

although perfectly sane, would make me disclose the information they required.

Some weeks after my arrival in the Asylum a man named R. Andrews was brought in as a patient although he was perfectly sane. He was in a weak state of health through a bad attack of fever. Dr. Smeenk promised to let him out in a few days, but it was some weeks ere he regained his liberty.

Another man was shortly afterwards brought in, perfectly sane, but he cleverly managed to effect his escape in a few days.

While these sane men were about they were afraid to ill-treat me too much, but they were only awaiting their opportunity, knowing full well that war was inevitable, and that once it had started they could do exactly as they liked with me. From time to time I was visited by the Detectives, who promised me my liberty, a full Burgher's right (this was an honour certainly!) and a sum of money if I disclosed to them all I knew. I protested that I knew nothing, but it was no good; they said they possessed documents proving that I knew of certain information of great value to themselves.

I once told the Doctor that I was a musician by profession; and as there was a harmonium in the Housemaster's house *belonging to the Institute*, I asked permission to practice a little, but the doctor "jumped down my throat" and ordered me to be locked up.

My life was indeed "a hell upon earth." I was not allowed to write any letters; and respecting patients, they were allowed to write, but the letters *were never sent away*. On one occasion I was walking near the surgery whilst some rubbish was being swept up. Amongst the rubbish I noticed a great many letters. I picked up one and found it to be one written by Mr. Andrews to his brother at Krugersdorp, but which had never been sent. This I found after Mr. Andrews had left the Asylum. The warder happened to see me pick it up, and I received a crack over the head with the broom-handle for my pains, and a few kicks into the bargain.

Visitors (Burghers of course) sometimes, but not very often, came to the Asylum. Patients are not allowed to speak to visitors.

There is a committee for the Asylum, but they *never* trouble themselves about the Institute. The members (2) now consist of Landdrost Schutte (brother to Commandant Schutte) and Pretorius. The late General Kock was a member of the Committee.

Every-day life in the Asylum was exceedingly wearisome. Until war was declared we had exercise once or twice a week, but none after. The food was becoming daily worse when I left, *dry bread* being given for breakfast and supper, and *no vegetables* for

dinner. Clean clothes also were only given about once in three weeks. As some of the patients were "too far gone" to keep themselves clean, it can be imagined what a state they were in. They smelt horribly, and flies settled on them in myriads. When it came that these unfortunates were allowed to come to the meal-table, wallowing in their filth, and stinking vilely, can it be wondered at that I could not eat my food and that I became literally half-starved? When I complained I was only jeered at and kicked. The patients are permitted to smoke, this being the only luxury allowed them, but in October last Dr. Smeenk gave the warders instructions to the effect that I was not to be allowed to smoke; I was thus the only exception to the rule. My pipe was taken away from me, and the tobacco from my pockets. I begged hard to be allowed to retain my pipe, &c., but Erasmus (who took the pipe from me) struck me on the face and locked me up until the next morning without food or water. My nose was bleeding on account of his blow, and he would not give me any water to bathe my face.

The taking away of my pipe was an incident of Dr. Smeenk's petty spite towards me.

No religious consolations are offered to the inmates of the Asylum. I have heard that it is the custom in Lunatic Asylums belonging to civilised countries to hold Church services, but nothing of the sort is done in the Pretoria Institution.

There is a half-witted Boer boy, named Izaak, who is employed by the warders to sneak and spy around the patients. If he saw, or *fancied* he saw, one of the patients doing anything amiss, he would report to the warders and the unfortunate victim would be thrashed without mercy. I have heard him deliberately lie to the warders, so that he could have the morbid pleasure of seeing a patient suffer. He had strict instructions to watch my actions, so that I could be prevented from any attempt to communicate secretly with the outside world by throwing any letters over the Asylum wall, or to escape. In fact, I was rigorously searched two or three times a day, the object being to discover if I had any pencils or paper on my person.

On one occasion I became possessed of a piece of pencil, but, as ill-luck would have it, the pencil was discovered on me by the Warder Smit. He took it away, and then called Erasmus, and I was kicked all over the yard. I tried to defend myself, with the result that they called a strong and powerful man named George to their aid (this man is insane), and I was speedily overpowered and put into a cell, where I was punched all over the body by the two warders until I thought all breath had left my body. George also administered a kick or two (he had heavy boots on) by way of a change. I often wonder how I retained my reason. They did their level best to drive me mad. I gave up all hope of ever seeing

the outside world again. I thought out plan after plan to escape from the awful place, but the result was I could think of no possible way. I was too closely watched. I had really thought I should have been discharged when war was declared. Instead of that my worst experiences took place then.

The warders took a keen delight in reading the newspapers about their success in the war in my hearing. They would run down the "verdomde" Englishmen, bragging about the English prisoners they had on the Race-course at Pretoria. They told me that at the battle of Elandslaagte 400 English soldiers were killed, and only nine Burghers. They also stated that the Boers had shot down the whole Regiment of 5th Lancers. The relation of these statements would excite them and then they would "fall on" the British patients, and myself, and make a war of their own in the Asylum yard. Needless to say they (the warders) came off victorious!

The patients were beaten most unmercifully for the slightest thing; it was never taken into consideration that they were not responsible for their actions. The shameful scenes I witnessed in that Asylum will dwell in my memory for ever. I often dream I am back again in that place, and when I wake up how thankful I feel to know I have only been dreaming!

Regarding the clothes supplied to inmates, there is no distinctive uniform. Various articles of apparel are bought cheaply. The best of the shirts, socks, etc., are picked out and stolen by the warders themselves for their own use!

Patients have to remain in the yard all day, except when at meals. They are left to their own devices. One man I saw eating *glass*. The warders simply laughed and made no attempt to stop him! That patient must bear a charmed life, I think.

The warders amuse themselves chiefly by playing cards and knocking patients about. The ages of the male patients are from 9 years of age to over 70 years of age. Children and old men receive no distinction; they are all knocked about brutally.

The Housemaster and his wife the housekeeper, Mr. and Mrs. Smit (this Mr. Smit must not be confounded with the warder bearing the same name), endeavoured to treat me kindly, but they were prevented from doing so by Dr. Smeenk. They would have undoubtedly lost their situation if they had persisted in their endeavours. I should have been sorry had they done so, as they are old people.

It would seem almost impossible that such an Institute should remain at the close of the Nineteenth Century in a so-called civilised country.

I will now give an account of the buildings, yard, drainage, etc.

The Asylum is divided into two main parts, namely, the men's ward and the women's ward. The buildings are situated in grounds which are tastefully laid out in flower gardens; there is also a large vegetable garden. There are plenty of trees giving shade from the sun. Of these grounds and gardens the patients of the Asylum receive *no benefit*, as they are not allowed to walk about these parts of the Asylum, *why*, I am at a loss to understand. As it is, all the ground the patients are allowed to exercise in is a yard barren of even grass or plants of any kind, *without any shelter from the sun*. The yard is surrounded by a ten feet wall, completely shutting out the view, for the inmates, of the surrounding country. There they are day after day forced to spend their time in the yard, with the blazing sun pouring its rays upon them and no relief for the eyes. The warders only have shelter. It is painful to behold some of the patients walking up and down this yard hour after hour, *without hats*! Is it possible that these should ever be cured?

This yard (known as the "big yard") is not paved, but is just bare sandy ground, causing great pain to the eyes when the sun is shining upon it.

Of the women's part of the Institute, I of course know very little, but I gathered a great deal of information by listening to the conversation of the warders.

The women's ward is attached to the men's part and their cells face the "big yard." Their groans and shrieks can be distinctly heard. I have often distinguished the sound of blows rained on a victim's bare back. The shrieks of pain were pitious to hear.

I have very often seen the female patients when they come out for exercise. Some of them are quite young and good-looking. One day I managed to hold a few minutes' conversation, unseen by the warders, with one of these patients. She was a young Irish woman, who stated she was not insane, but had been placed in the Asylum through her husband, who was tired of her. She has already been in the Asylum *three years*. She also stated that some of the warders had immoral connections with her, of which the nurses were cognisant. She further stated that she dare not protest against their actions as she would get badly beaten. Amongst the female patients were two good-looking French women, who appeared, as far as I could judge, but temporarily insane from some cause or another. I have seen these women ill-used by the female warders, and they were frequently confined in a dark cell for whole days, with no food of any kind except a pannikin or so of water. These poor creatures were made use of by the male warders

—so they boasted in my hearing—as the other already mentioned. My own opinion regarding these women is that had they been under restraint in any properly-conducted institution, they would have recovered from their mental incapacity in a very short space of time; as it is, they are more likely to be rendered hopelessly insane.

I have heard both Smit and Erasmus boast of their deeds with the insane women. By the way in which the woman I have mentioned spoke, and by her general manner, I feel perfectly convinced that she is quite sane. There is also a young girl (white) about 18 years of age there, sane.

Erasmus possesses a key which passes him into the female ward, and he goes there with Smit of a night for purposes of an immoral description. This is undoubtedly a disgrace to civilisation.

When I left, one of the female patients who is *insane*, but who is very pretty, was in the way to become a mother, although she has been in the Asylum two years!

The nurses are just as cruel as the warders with the exception of Miss Loggenberg, who does treat patients kindly. But what is one among so many?

The nurses amuse themselves by relating coarse experiences to each other, with the exception of Miss Loggenberg.

One of the women's cell windows is close to the ground, and as there is but a wire blind at the window, the male patients can look right in. In this cell is generally placed a young girl who is mad and about 16 years of age. She is invariably *quite naked*, and some of the male patients crowd around the window and laugh at her, passing unseemly remarks. No attempt, on the part of the warders, is made to stop these proceedings.

The Kaffir male and female yards adjoin the "big yard." The natives receive exactly the same kind of food as the white patients!

Dr. Smeenk's residence is some distance from the Asylum and is a large and handsome red brick structure.

The warders' houses (married men), 5 in number, are situated on the side of the Asylum opposite to where the Doctor's house is placed. These are comfortable stone buildings.

The housemaster and housekeeper reside in rooms in the front part of the Asylum.

The sanitary arrangements are shocking. The smells which abound in the place are terrible, and I only wonder why all the inmates have not been swept off the face of the earth by fever.

The cells are scarcely ventilated and are quite dark. There is only a small window at the top covered with wire. The cells are very small, and the majority have two inmates. The smell coming from the cells which are occupied is exactly similar to the odour arising from a filthy, unclean, wild beast's den. Some of the patients have bedsteads, and some only *one* blanket without bedstead, mattress or pillow. The latter thus have to sleep on the bare floor.

No necessary toilet utensils are placed in the cells, and the stench and appearance of these cells of a morning are indescribable.

Two of the patients are blind ; they receive no special attention on this account. Their pitiable state is terrible to behold, as they literally have to wallow in their filth ! They are just cleaned and clean clothes given them once a week or a fortnight as the case may be, never more.

Another man, named Harley, is a helpless cripple ; he just has to manage the best way he can. If one of the comparatively sane patients did not good-naturedly assist him, God knows what would become of him, as the warders never troubled themselves to do anything for him. I have seen this poor, helpless old man knocked about cruelly by Erasmus.

I have seen old men of *70 years of age* dragged out of their beds on Saturday mornings, very early, in the depth of winter, and placed under a *cold* shower-bath. One, I was told by Goodwin, had died through the effects of a chill caught in a bath of this description.

One man was very ill and naturally could not eat the ordinary food. He received no attention from Dr. Smeenk, and he died from sheer starvation. One of the warders called the Doctor's attention to the man's weak condition, but Dr. Smeenk calmly stated that there was "nothing wrong with the man."

My readers may possibly exclaim, "Can such things be ?" But I can assure them that there are no exaggerated statements in this pamphlet. My description of the treatment of patients is *absolutely true*.

The cells are full of vermin, and some of the most helpless of the patients are covered from head to foot with lice.

A recently arrived patient named Brunell had a horribly unclean disease on him, I do not care to mention its name. He was not isolated from the others on this account, but allowed to mix freely with them. He had received no attention from the Doctor up to the time I left, and he was covered with sores.

Only one man there receives any visits from his friends, and this man's name is Joel Jones, by trade a mason, who has worked in Pretoria for some considerable time. He is without question quite mad. His wife (a coloured woman) visits him, and the visitors to patients see them in front of the building; visitors are not allowed inside. Whenever Jones received a visit he was, prior to being sent to his wife, hastily washed and put into some clothes so as to create a favourable impression on his visitor as to the way he was being treated. His wife used to bring him fruit, etc., but as soon as he returned to the yard the fruit, etc., was either taken from him by the warders for their own use, if they happened to require it, or stolen by the other patients without protest from the warders. This same man (Jones) was at times extremely funny. He would suddenly commence singing "Hail! smiling snowball," obviously thinking he was voicing the glee, "Hail! smiling morn," as he got very near the air of that composition. Hour after hour he would be dancing without cessation, the perspiration streaming down over his body. If interfered with he would start cursing and swearing in a horrible manner. He used to address me as the "Prince of Wales," and when being ill-treated would often shout, "Prince of Wales! come and help me." But it was very little help I could ever render the poor fellow. One other peculiar infatuation of Jones's was that he could see a pig on a flea's back. On many occasions he called to me "Prince, come and see; there he goes along there—a pig on a flea's back." I used to humour the poor fellow, hence his being friendly disposed towards me.

I will now give some details respecting the cruelty practised on the patients by the warders. I will give the case of Alfred Goodwin first. I have already mentioned that he was suffering from a slight attack of sunstroke. He was sent to the Asylum last February, and remained there until just before war was declared, when he received his discharge.

Goodwin was incarcerated in the Asylum by the order of the Landdrost of Johannesburg, simply because he (Goodwin) insisted upon receiving justice over a trivial Police Court case. It appears that Goodwin engaged a cab, and that there was a dispute between himself and the driver over the fare. Goodwin refused to pay the amount demanded by the driver as it was extortionate. The driver then had Goodwin arrested, and upon the case coming before the Landdrost next morning, Goodwin demanded that justice should be done. He no doubt was a little excited, owing to his complaint, but he said really nothing out of place.

The Landdrost lost his temper and had him removed to the Asylum. No medical evidence was ever produced to show any cause why he should be placed in the Asylum. Goodwin was certainly unwell, but it was more a case for the hospital than an

asylum. A slight attack of sunstroke does not prove madness. Goodwin soon fully recovered but could not obtain his discharge. The Doctor continually insulted him, and he remained in the Asylum several months after his recovery.

Goodwin is a highly respectable man and is now about 50 years of age. He held a responsible position in the firm of Messrs. Pears of soap renown for over 10 years.

Upon the first night of Goodwin's arrival, he was put into a dark cell. Feeling strange in his new surroundings he knocked at the door and asked the warder in a civil manner if he would kindly oblige him with a light. For reply he was dragged out by two warders, one of them being the blackguard Erasmus, on to the stone pavement outside the cell. He was then overpowered, knocked down, kicked, beaten and *jumped on*, with the result that he had two ribs broken and a tremendous gash on the back of his head, on account of Erasmus beating it on the pavement. The scar is to be seen to this day.

On another occasion he was kept in a straight-jacket for 48 hours. He was in a pitiable state, and begged hard to have it removed, but the warders were inexorable.

Last September Goodwin became very ill and was unable to leave his bed. He was unable to eat the Asylum food. Dr. Smeenk gave him no attention whatever, and was heard to remark to one of the warders that "there was nothing wrong with Goodwin."

*He was for three days without food or nourishment of any kind whatever.* Luckily after the third day one of the warders (Pretorius) took compassion on him and gave him a few oranges. Goodwin recovered, by sheer force of will more than anything else. The Doctor, I know for a fact, would have liked to see him die. Goodwin left the Asylum more dead than alive, and he remarked to me that he would have been afraid to have taken any of Dr. Smeenk's medicine if he had given any, as he doubtless would have administered poison. It is well known amongst the warders that Dr. Smeenk administered slow poison to a man.

I have omitted to mention anything about the young children who are inmates of the Asylum. They are all huddled together in one room under the care of a half-witted girl of 16 years of age. The room is badly lit and ventilated, they are provided with no toys or amusements of any kind. As with the case of the other patients, they are beaten for the least thing. They have supper at a quarter to four in the afternoon and are in bed and locked up by four o'clock.

They are not released until 6.30 the next morning. No attempt is made to keep the children in a clean condition. Their

lot is indeed hard. One boy's head is completely covered with scars on account of being beaten with various implements. Their cases are hopeless, as it is impossible for them ever to get better as they receive no attention or treatment. This lad's name is Clarke.

Smit and Erasmus took a keen delight in treating patients, especially Englishmen, with all possible cruelty.

The patients who still remained in the Asylum when I left were all more or less insane. I must mention one man named Webster, a Lancashire man, who with a little care would become quite well very shortly, but by the way he is being treated must eventually become hopelessly insane. On one occasion he escaped, but was recaptured. He was having an exceptionally rough time when I left. I do not think it is possible for him to live much longer.

An Englishman named Gomm, a native of Great Yarmouth, was nearly sane some months ago, and would undoubtedly have fully recovered if he had received proper attention. He is now hopelessly mad, having been driven so by the treatment he has received from the hands of the warders.

On one occasion he attempted to escape and was very badly treated in consequence. Shortly before I left he was one day taken into a cell and beaten with a "sjambok" on the head and back, by the two warders.

There have been a great many fresh patients brought to the Asylum since the war has commenced. The place is overcrowded.

One of the recent arrivals was most horribly ill-treated. The poor man needed medical treatment but received none whatever.

He was chained all day to a seat in the yard without a hat to shelter him from the sun, and ever and anon was beaten in a shameful manner by the warders, especially on the head and ribs. Sometimes they allowed him to walk about a little, and on purpose to amuse themselves, the warders would knock him down and kick him about the ribs.

One day he was stripped naked and beaten with a "sjambok," until the blood streamed in torrents from his back. He was then put into his cell, just as he was, and locked up, and the poor fellow, driven almost raving mad by this shocking treatment, managed to climb up to the window; the glass was broken in some places, and he tried to get out by further breaking the glass with his hands. The consequence was that his hands and wrists were terribly cut and the blood pouring in streams outside and inside the window. The warders were outside watching his actions, but instead of attending him they simply laughed and shouted at him, saying, "You can cut yourself to pieces for all we care, you b——." He eventually became exhausted with his efforts.

One night he happened to be singing in his cell, and upon hearing it Erasmus opened the cell door, to kick him out, handcuffed his hands behind his back, and then dragged him out on to the stone pavement and beat the man's head upon it until he became insensible. The blood was thick on the pavement the next morning.

This man has exceedingly bad wounds on his ankles and wrists through continually being compelled to wear leg-irons and handcuffs.

Sometimes the warders chain two madmen together who may happen to disagree with each other. They naturally start struggling and fighting, to the amusement of the warders, who never think of interfering, although the two opponents may be covered with blood.

An old man, named Peters, a butcher by trade, and who has resided in Colesberg, is shamefully treated. Whenever a warder passes him a kick or cuff is administered to him with such force that he is generally knocked down. For some time before entering the Asylum Peters made hop-beer and sold it in Boksburg. He appears to be getting into his "second childhood."

If the Transvaal Government wish to dispose of any person they have a spite against, he or she, as the case may be, is sent to the Asylum, where they become "dead to the world."

When I left there were 47 white male patients, 35 women ditto, a great many children, and over a hundred Natives (both sexes). On one occasion I saw a Native flogged unmercifully with the "cats." But he would not give way but continually sang, "*God save the Queen!*" although the warder who was giving the lashes used extra force when he heard the singing.

Another Englishman, named A. S. Parkin, was suffering, and had been suffering for *some days* when I left, from diarrhoea. He received no medical treatment and was lying about the yard in a most filthy condition, he being in too weak a state to do anything for himself.

His cell was in a most unclean condition as he was allowed no necessary utensils. No attempt was made to better his condition. By the appearance of his face I could only come to the conclusion that "his days were numbered."

Dr. Smeenk is, in my opinion, guilty of murder. The death-roll averages one per month amongst the white male patients alone. The deaths would never have occurred if the men had received proper treatment.

The bodies are buried somewhere on the veldt, without any ceremony whatever, a few hours after death. No inquest is ever held.

The patients are simply left to themselves, and many cases would have been speedily cured if they had received proper treatment. I give a few of the names of these patients—J. Harley, Webster, Gomm, Sarel (a Colonial), Ashburnham,\* Patrick Bourke, Cheseman, Bendelssohn, Storke and Joel Jones.

Of these Webster, Bendelssohn and Storke should become quite well, even now, if they were to have immediate and proper attention.

Ashburnham's days are numbered. Some time ago he was unfortunate enough to poison his foot and it became very bad. He asked Dr. Smeenk for some ointment, but the doctor took no notice, calmly stating that he (Ashburnham) had not long to live.

Ashburnham stated to the Doctor and warders that he was a very near relative to a Baronet of the same name. He was ridiculed for saying so, the Doctor stating he was mad to say such a thing. Now for the sequel. Many readers, I daresay, will recollect reading my experiences in the *Cape Times*. I briefly mentioned Ashburnham's case. The next day a lady called at the *Cape Times* office in evident distress of mind, asking to see me. I happened to be on the premises, and this lady, who belongs to the Ashburnham family, asked me to give some further information respecting the Ashburnham in the Asylum. The result is that he is undoubtedly connected with the Baronet as he himself stated. His friends have lost sight of him for some considerable time.

Bourke has been driven *raving mad* by bad treatment. I believe some friends of Bourke are in Cape Town. I should be very pleased to see some of them. Before becoming absolutely mad he gave me some messages for his friends if ever I should meet them. Their names are Messrs. Sexton, Tearney and Wilson. If any of the gentlemen are in Cape Town, I should esteem it a favour if they would communicate with me over this matter.

Bourke is locked up day and night in his cell and *never* allowed the least exercise. He has no blankets or mattress to sleep upon, and is moreover half starved. He is treated in this manner on account of his attempting at one time to retaliate on the warders for ill-using him.

I will now give an account of the manner in which I have been treated since war was declared. Towards the latter part of October I was interviewed again by the detectives, and they said the Government was getting tired of my silence. They acted on instructions given by the State Attorney and Tjaard Kruger.

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\* After this matter was in type a lady called at my office and said her name was Ashburnham, and that she had ascertained through the British Consul that the name of the man in the Pretoria Asylum was *Ashburner* and not *Ashburnham*.—PUBLISHER.

They pressed me to give the information, but I reiterated again and again that I knew nothing. They then said, "Don't be a fool; nobody is left in the Transvaal to interfere with you if you gave us the information." I replied to the effect that I could do nothing. They then changed their tactics and threatened me, stating that I should be kept in the Asylum for the rest of my life. I protested against my treatment, but to no effect. After they had consulted privately with Dr. Smeenk and the warders they took their departure. Then came the nightmare of my life. The warders said, "Now, you English b——, we will make you smell particular hell." I was stripped naked, and my hands placed behind my back and handcuffed, and leg-irons put on me. I was then placed on a bed and pounded on the face and ribs by these two fiends in human form. After they got tired of doing this they spit a great number of times on my face. They then locked me in a filthy cell without removing the irons, &c., and I remained there for over twenty-four hours, receiving no food or water during all that period.

On one occasion I asked Erasmus to change my tea as it smelt badly. He replied, "It is quite good enough for a dog of an Englishman." I then said, "Smell it yourself and you will see that I am right." For reply he called Smit and I was knocked down, handcuffed with my hands behind my back, and beaten about the ribs and face most unmercifully, the blood streaming from my face.

Another time Smit threw a bunch of keys at me spitefully. They struck me on the mouth, with the result that my gums bled and I suffered severely from toothache for several days.

On one occasion I remained in my cell on account of the excessive heat, as I knew I could find no shelter in the yard. Dr. Smeenk happened to pass by, and, seeing me, came inside and forcibly dragged me out. He gripped my throat so severely that it became bruised in several places. He was then aided by the warders and I was bundled into the yard. During the struggle my hat was left behind, and I asked permission to fetch it, or have it fetched. My request was refused, consequently I had to remain hour after hour with the blazing sun pouring its rays on my bare head.

On several occasions Dr. Smeenk laid violent hands upon me for simply asking him "when he was going to let me go." Although an elderly man, he was exceedingly strong, and it would have been of no use contending with him in the weak and semi-starved condition I was in.

Once, upon catching sight of me as he came for his few minutes' daily visit, he called me "a d—— scoundrel," and followed up this remark by stating that I "must clean out the W.C.'s." I replied, "I would rather die than do such work." This appeared

to put him into a terrific rage. He then summoned the warders aside and whispered to them, about myself, I was convinced, on account of the glances directed by them in my direction.

After Dr. Smeenk had taken his departure I was seized by the two warders and put into stocks, my hands handcuffed behind my back, and my head forced into an unnatural position. I was bare-headed and left in the sun in this terrible way until sunset.

The agony I suffered was awful. Not a drink of water could I obtain. To crown all, some insects (small) of some kind or other were placed down my neck! The consequence was I became frantic, as the whole of my back was itching and I was powerless to rid myself of it, as my hands were not free.

Times out of number I have been most shamefully ill-used. I led a life of absolute misery, in fact a "living death."

I think my worst enemy would pity me in my sufferings.

On Saturday morning, December 2, a messenger came to see me from LANDDROST Schutte's office (*not* Commandant Schutte), stating that I was to see him as the Government wished to compensate me. I could hardly believe my ears. At last I was to be released!

I went down to the town with this man, named Snijman, but instead of seeing the Landdrost, I was taken by Snijman to the Railway Station, and a passport was given me for Lourenço Marques. The train was ready at the station and Snijman stated he was to escort me over the border, by order of the Landdrost. Now, I found out afterwards that the detectives, etc., who wished for the information were not aware of my release. My release in fact was *an official blunder*.

I asked Snijman to allow me to see about my clothes and the documents and money, &c., the detectives had taken from me. He replied it was impossible; so I left the Transvaal in just what I stood in, nothing more. Of course I was quite penniless. The train stayed all night at Waterval Onder, but my escort would not allow me to sleep in the train, but I was locked up in a van without any windows or seats of any kind, and left there all night. I had no light or blankets. I was liberated just before the train started in the morning.

I had no means to supply myself with necessary refreshments for the journey.

I was escorted as far as Komatie Poort, and upon arriving at the frontier station of the Portuguese I had to alight, as I had no money to pay for my passage to Lourenço Marques. Some of the passengers, however, good-naturedly paid my fare for me, otherwise I should have had to walk the whole way. I am not

physically capable of such a feat, so I do not know how I should have fared. Probably I should have caught the Delagoa fever.

I arrived at Delagoa Bay on Sunday evening (3rd December). I was met by two Transvaal spies, who knew me. They are well-known men. They spoke to me and apparently desired to be friendly. They kept a close watch on my movements. The next morning, one of these spies who felt pity for me, told me that the other man had been interviewed by the notorious Erasmus, and that acting upon instructions received by wire from the Transvaal Government, there was a plot to send me back to Pretoria, as I was wanted by the detectives to give the information!

Naturally I was alarmed, as I knew what this meant, *i.e.* re-confinement in the Asylum.

I immediately went to the British Consul, Mr. CARNEGIE Ross, and briefly explained to him the circumstances in which I was placed.

He expressed great surprise at my statement and heartfelt sympathy with me for what I had gone through. He said that all he could then do for me, however, was to give me my passage to the Cape, and he advised me to get away as early as possible, and state my case to the Imperial authorities on arrival in Cape Town. Luckily the U.S.S. *German* was leaving for the Cape at 2 p.m. that day. Mr. Ross gave me an order on Messrs. ALAN, WACK & Co. for the ticket, and a gentleman connected with that firm at once made the necessary arrangements for my passage, and hurried me off by a specially hired boat to the steamer, he remaining on the look-out on the Jetty to see that no one interfered with my getting away. A well-known Transvaal Agent was on the Jetty at the time watching my departure, and appeared to be awaiting assistance to enable him to take steps to prevent my leaving. However, I got safely on board, and the good ship almost immediately weighed anchor and steamed out of the bay. I arrived in Cape Town on Tuesday the 12th December, in a very weak state of health—I was ill all the time I was at sea—through what I had suffered in Pretoria. If the *German* had not been leaving when she did I should undoubtedly have been kidnapped and at the present time be in the Pretoria Lunatic Asylum, or under the veldt done to death by the warders and their assistants.

My nerves are temporally ruined by my incarceration, and it will take months before I shall be in a fit state to work at my profession. As I have already remarked, all my property is in the hands of the South African Republic. The following articles and cash being taken from me by Detective Van Dyk on my arrival at the Pretoria Gaol, none of which have been returned:—Gold watch and chain, silver cigarette case, silver match box, private papers, two pocket books, Newmarket overcoat, walking stick, card case,

gold links and studs, bunch of keys, and £65 18s. 6d. in cash. And the following goods were left at the boarding-house when arrested and which there is no chance of my ever recovering:—Clothing, &c., to the value of £75; music to the value of £80; two leather portmanteaux, two trunks, and one Gladstone bag.

My story is now concluded, and I am thankful that I have had a chance of telling it to an audience under the protection of the British flag. Naturally the wrongs I have suffered make me feel very bitter towards the Transvaal Government and its cruel and remorseless agents. Is it too much to hope that justice may yet be done? While I feel it a duty to myself to demand compensation from Pretoria for all I have most unjustly suffered, and I hope to receive assistance from the British Government in enforcing this demand, still it will afford me everlasting satisfaction if my sufferings and the exposure herein contained should result in for ever making it impossible for the horrors narrated to be perpetuated in this country, or in any other where British paramountcy is supposed to prevail.

FREDK. B. HIGGINSON.

APPENDIX.

A Boer Lunatic Asylum.

SOME CORROBORATIVE DETAILS.

The remarkable statements made by Mr. F. B. Higginson in reference to the treatment of those confined in the Lunatic Asylum at Pretoria have naturally attracted a good deal of attention, and many of the allegations he made have been fully corroborated by a young man who called at the *Cape Times* office yesterday, and who was for some time an inmate of the asylum. In reference to Mr. Higginson's statements, our informant observed that he preferred to say nothing regarding the circumstances under which Higginson came to be confined in the asylum, but he maintained that all the particulars regarding the treatment of inmates of the institution as given by Mr. Higginson are correct.

Our second informant, who for private reasons prefers not to give his name for publication, was imprisoned in the Pretoria Asylum for some time, though perfectly sane. This was about a month before the war broke out. Dr. Smeenk, the director of the institution, never called more than once a day, and even then only for a few minutes at a time. No medical comforts of any kind were provided for the inmates. The cases were left to themselves, and no attempt was made to do anything for the unfortunate people confined there.

There were several men shut up who were, our informant alleges, perfectly sane. One of these was named Richard Andrews. He had been sent to the asylum suffering from malarial fever. The authorities appear to have mistaken the symptoms, and then, afraid of the consequences of exposure, detained the man for several months. Andrews, it is believed, has since effected his escape, and is now in Cape Town.

Another man, named Goodwin, has been there since February last. Our informant could not vouch for the truth of his story, but he had been told by Goodwin himself, as well as by two of the warders, that the former had been incarcerated in the asylum upon the order of the Landdrost of Johannesburg. Apparently there had been some important case in the Johannesburg Police Court, and Goodwin, who was the complainant, was very insistent in his demands for justice to be done. The Landdrost lost his temper

and had him removed to the asylum, where he has been ever since.

One man who attempted to escape was most shamefully maltreated by the warders, and though he was originally comparatively sane, the brutal treatment to which he was subjected after his attempt drove him raving mad. The food at the institution was simply horrible, and the patients were only allowed exercise once a week. In regard to Higginson's case, our informant states that he appeared at times to be well treated by the officials of the asylum, and that he was frequently visited by detectives, who tried to extract from him some important information which they supposed him to possess.—*Cape Times*, Dec. 15, 1899.

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## The Pretoria Asylum.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CAPE TIMES."

SIR,—The startling experiences of former inmates of the above, as published by the *Cape Times*, even without the corroboration they have received, would have found credence with those who have resided any time in the Transvaal. For a considerable time such rumours have been circulated regarding the institution, and latterly the respected and energetic editor of the Transvaal *Leader* turned his attention towards exposing the existing abuses. Mr. Pakeman applied for permission for a representative of his journal to inspect the institution. Such permission was flatly refused. Nothing daunted, the editor set about to obtain the services of a suitable man, who would sham lunacy, and thus gain admission and afterwards publish his experiences. A volunteer had just been selected when the present war ended all negotiations. Time, with the aid of the press, will reveal to the outside world much that the average uitlander had to submit to in that mismanaged State.—I am, &c.,

A JOHANNESBURGER.

Cape Town, Dec. 19.