

**Typescript copies of letters (1855-1857) to his family from Surgeon Major Francis Reynolds, attached to the Royal Artillery in the Crimean War, and later serving in Canada, and of a letter (1887) informing Reynold's sister of his death**

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COPIES OF LETTERS FROM AND ABOUT SURGEON-MAJOR FRANCIS REYNOLDS  
F.R.C.S.I..  
OF KILKENNY.

The spelling and the punctuation in most of his own letters have made it difficult, at times, to know what he meant and there are some quite illegible and many doubtful words in them. The letters to "Nancy" are those written to his (unfortunate!) wife who was my grand-aunt. Neither she nor his family ever saw much of him and there is reason to believe that his rare visits to them were attended with repercussions which did not endear him to the Richmond (his wife's) family! His wife's youngest brother Surgeon-Major Alexander Richmond (also att'd. R. Artillery) died of T.B. resulting from wintering in Canada under canvas! I am trying to find out if the latter qualified in the R.C.S.I. as there is no record of his taking his degree at Queen's College, Belfast although he studied there after leaving the Royal School, Dungannon. He was removed from this school owing to his work interfering with his social activities! All I know about A.R. is as follows:-  
Alexander Richmond (youngest son of Alexr. Richmond, C.E. of Poyntzpass, Co. Armagh and later of Warrenpoint, Co. Down.)  
Born 1832.  
Educated Royal School, Dungannon, Co Tyrone. (Dates unknown).  
Entered the Queen's College, Belfast in the Academic Year 1851-52. in the Faculty of Medicine.  
Died in a Dublin Nursing Home in the 1870's (1877 I think)

From:

C. W. MANN,  
HOP GROVE FARM COTTAGE,  
MALTON ROAD,  
YORK.

Before Sebastapol  
Left siege Train  
Royal Artillery.

Undated

My dear Father,

I received your most welcome letter last night and I need not tell you what real pleasure it gave me, you will I hope forgive me for writing so peccatinly and take as some excuse my present position, separated from all those who are near and dear to me 3000 miles distance from those ----- has, believe me, a powerful influence on our tenaciousness of even apparent forgetfulness in our friends, and more particularly in our relations, and even circumstanced as I am in the midst of a crowd of kind and agreeable companions I often feel lonely and desolate in the extreme. I received your other letter by the last mail and both it and the present one convince me that, as you say, I am not forgotten nor undelved in old Ballyhack.

I am sorry to find Mother so delicate but I trust those stomach affections from which she suffers will turn out as they usually do but temporary. They are truly a most (distressing?) clap of ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ disorders but by paying attention to herself I trust they will prove as little dangerous as they are disagreeable. I have had lately rather a serious attack of (diarrhoea?) but thank God I am now quite well. I had a letter from Pat along with yours enclosing one from my own dear girl. He is a right good honest dellow and I sincerely congratulate you on your son-in-law and Bessie on her partner. I wish from my heart I was as good a man. I should then have much less apprehension from the results ~~xx~~ (as far as I am concerned) of this hazardous expedition and no less dangerous climate. I knew the seal of my letter would puzzle you it was produced by an impression I made from the one on your letter in bread which I used before it was dry. I am glad to be able to dispel any doubts you had of others having meddled with it. Your account of the (grimness?) of the weather quite agrees with those which Nannie and Mr. Norton give the latter states that he never recollects.....

N.B. No more of this letter remains, but later it will appear that he was upset by having had no letters from home.

Camp before Sebastapol,  
15th May 1855.

Ramc 399

My dear Father,

I am very sorry to learn from Bessie that poor Motner has been so delicate but I trust ere this that the fine weather which has doubtless set in has restored her. I have been on the lookout for a letter from you for the last month but I suppose that your spring work very much occupies your time. The weather here is getting extremely hot which, however, does not very much matter so long as we are allowed to remain quiet but if we take the field, as it is supposed we will, marching under such a sun will be anything but agreeable. The siege progresses in the same slow and unsatisfactory manner as ever. The Russians make frequent "sorties" and are always repulsed and always with more or less loss on both sides. It is thought here by many that if the place is not perfectly invested it can never be taken and in truth it is very amazing to see droves of camels carrying provisions into the place without being able to put a stop to it. I shall not attempt to describe camp life in the Crimea it is certes ver queer and would ~~xxxx~~ require larger space than the compass of a letter to do it any justice but if I ever get home I shall spin a few yarns that will amuse you. When that may be I have no idea but I care not now soon for after all there is no place like it. Kiss Mother for me and Nannie.

Ever your affect son

Frank

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Camp before Sebasatpol  
Left Siege Train  
Royal Artillery  
28th June 1855.

My dear Father,

You doubtless think it strange that I do not write more frequently but when I never receive a letter from home it is not to be wondered at that I should not be so solicitous to write you letters which I have no means of judging will be welcome or not. My last two to you were written under peculiar circumstances and I did expect that at least they would have been acknowledged but I have in vain looked forward to receiving a line from you. The last letter you wrote informed of poor Motner's illness and as neither you nor the (P...s?) have written to me lately and as my wife never hears how you get on in Ballyhack of course I am quite in the dark as to her health and other matters which it is not strange I should feel at least some interest in. Pat being

(contd)

Rmc 399

a business man I thought him the best person to send an order to on my agent for £50. 45 of which were for Nannie and £5 for himself which he kindly lent me. He has not written to me to let me know whether or not he was paid the money and sent it to Nannie and as it is now two weeks since I have had a letter from Nannie I am most anxious to know whether she has been sent it as I know that she wanted cash very badly. You might enclose this letter to Pat and I am sure he will (if he shall not have done so before) with his usual good nature let me know now the matter has terminated I trust he(.....?) and the children are getting on well. I fear I have not been a good correspondent with them but I have suffered no little anxiety since I came out here and I know that I have been too selfishly engrossed with my own family cares to write as often as I should do to my friends. This excuse will I hope be taken by you too as I know it is my place to write even if my ~~letters~~ letters should not be answered. I have been attached to the Artillery since the 7th when the series of bombardments commenced which with so little advantage to us has been attended with such serious and melancholy loss. It so happened that I was present at all these attacks but they all appear insignificant when compared with that on the 18th inst. It was by far the grandest thing I ever saw. The assault commenced at 3 o'clock a.m. simultaneously by French and English the former attacking the Malakoff and the latter the Redan, both (you are aware) are strong Russian outworks which, if in our hands, would ensure the taking of the place, however neither storming parties succeeded, being repulsed in the most gallant manner by the Russians. It is said our loss on the occasion is somewhere about 600 including 100 officers, that of the French 1,500. What we are now to do next it is hard to imagine. Lord Raglan is, it appears, dead at least so report states this morning. Who is to succeed him and what their tactics may be remains a mystery. It is, however, strongly suspected that we shall remain here another winter.

I see plenty of surgery here and I am beginning to think myself no contemptible operator and I am happy to be able to tell you that my exertions have been taken notice of by Dr. Hall who has sent my name home recommending my promotion, or rather, my permanent appointment and I think it not improbable that I that I may ultimately be gazetted to the Artillery which is as good a service as a medical officer could join. I shall now say goodbye. Give my best and fondest love to Mother, Nannie and remember me most affectionately to Uncles and Aunts etc.

(contd)

RMC 399

(Cholera is very fatal here this regiment often losing as many as four in the 24 hours.)

I am, my dear Father,

Ever your affect. son.

Frank

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Before Sebastapol,

Left Siege Train

Royal Artillery

17th July 1855

My dear Pat,

Your kind and welcome letter I received in due course. I had been very uneasy about my poor girl lest there might have been some difficulty <sup>in getting the</sup> ~~arranging the~~ money for her and your letter telling me all was right was therefore most welcome. I have now for the last month been attached to the Artillery and I like it exceedingly. The work is no doubt very hard especially during Bombardment but at other times, though there is a great deal of Hospl work, and I am not obliged to go to the Trenches while the Bombardment lasts, however we have by far the hardest duty of any medical officers as then half our time is spent in the Batteries. I think it is not at all improbable that I shall be gazetted to the Ordnance department which is considered the best in the service. I have been twice recommended by Dr. Hall and (-----?) my being a little over the specified age should very much operate against me. I do not see how Dr. Smith can well help giving it to me. It is very astonishing how ignorant of their profession most of our Army surgeons are, even those in authority, and if I am appointed it is almost entirely attributable to my happening to treat a broken thigh properly. I do not mean to say that many of them are not accomplished surgeons but many more (----?) do not know how to put on a bandage. Since Lord Raglan's death there has been a lull in our operations but (it?) is expected that about the 20th something considerable will be attempted. We shall make another assault on the Redan and the Malikof which I trust will be more fortunate than the unfortunate 18th of June business. I understand that those who are fortunate enough to survive the taking of Sebastapol will be allowed two years service and a years pay for their trouble, this is not so bad. Cholera, diarrhoea, dysentery etc. have been very prevalent and though they are still making sad havoc they are not so frequent, severe or fatal as

(contd)

RAMC 399

as they were 2 weeks since. I have thank God continued to enjoy very good health since my former illness but there are few whom this climate does not severely test. If I ever get home you will no doubt see me greatly altered. I am getting very gray and I doubt very much whether you would at once recognise me if you met me embellished as I am with a beard and mustachois which even here are considered formidable. Now my dear fellow accept my sincere and grateful thanks for the great trouble I have so often given you and also for the encouraging letters you wrote me when my spirits and almost my heart were broken. Give Bessie my ~~love~~ fond love. What is the late arrival like-but sure I need not enquire-of course it is the "pickster" or its daddy and a ("duck or diamonds"?) give them a kiss all round from their uncle Frank. I wish I were there to do it myself. Write soon and tell me a lot of news.

Ever your affect. brother,  
Frank

P.S. I wish you would call on Mrs. O'Neill of Frederick Street and give them my best wishes. I would have written to her but I forget her number. Please send it to me.

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Lupatoria(?) Oct 28th 1855.

My dearest Nannie,

I returned safely from the first cavalry expedition on the 24th but rode about 30 miles on the 22nd and recommenced our march at 3 o'clock a.m. on the 23rd and about 11 o'clock we came in sight of the Russian army in great force placed in a beautiful position at the opposite side of a small valley. They did not appear at all inclined (sic) to commence fighting and as we had no infantry but some wretched Turks we did not attack, so we remained looking at each other all day and merely exchanged a few complimentary discharges of Artillery. We could plainly see two or three Russian horsemen knocked over by our balls but our men all escaped. It is a great pity that we had not sufficient men as there could not possibly be a better place for a fair fight, the country being quite flat and the ground even and every way suitable both for Cavalry and Artillery. The second expedition started yesterday and will be back tomorrow as they can only take with them provisions for three days. I am left in charge of the General Hospital here with an Assist. Surgeon Henderson under me. It is rather unpleasant as during the last expedition he was in charge but, not having given satisfaction, I have taken his place.

9contd)

Ranc 399

However we are getting on very amicably so far. I am glad to hear that there is a chance of our getting away from this place as, although the place is in itself not so very bad, I am perfectly miserable at not hearing from you and, worse, than all I cannot tell where your letters are. I have written to Balaklava, Left Siege Train, Constantinople, but have not heard from any of them yet. God knows that I have done all for the best but I seem to be making matters worse every step I take to improve my circumstances. My first mistake was leaving you at all and every one I have made since I cannot attribute to anything else. I have made several ineffectual attempts to get home and at present I ~~cannot~~ <sup>could not and cannot</sup> resign without very great prejudice to my prospects. I feel, however, that I cannot endure this state of uncertainty any longer. May God bless and protect you my own darling and our little ones the constant prayer of Ever your own Frank.

(Written across this letter:-" Excuse this writing I have no table in my tent and I write on my knee. Remember me most affectionately to the Nortons and the girls. The Schoales and Biggars I should wish to think that I enquire after (them?). You may send this letter if you like to Dr(?) Pat as I must confess my indolence in not writing to him or to Bessie for a long time. I am almost afraid now to write to my Father I have neglected it so long. I really must do so tomorrow.

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(It is hard to say if the year barrack hospital,  
is '56 or '55.) Scutari. 30th May 1856. (?)

My dear Father,

That I have a decided distaste to letter writing is I am aware a poor excuse for my utter negligence in this respect. I cannot indeed call it forgetfulness for scarce a day passes that I do not resolve to write and we all of us experience the fatal effects of procrastination. My mind too has been subjected to harassing anxiety lately in consequence of not receiving letters from any of my friends for three months that I could not settle myself to write even a letter. At last, however, I have received two letters from Nannie which have quite reassured me and put to flight those doubts and fears which had nearly distracted me. I had also a long and affectionate letter from <sup>very</sup> Dr(?) Pat in which he says that he has not seen anything of you for a long time. I am very comfortably circumstanced here at present. Comparing it with my life under canvas it



(contd)

is indeed quite luxurious. I have got quarters in a Turkish House, one of many rented from the Ottoman Government as Officers quarters. I find it, however, more expensive than the Front as I am obliged to keep a Greek servant to whom I pay £4-15/- a month. A handsome ruffian who does not know how to do any single thing, nor does he understand a word of English and as I do not speak Greek fluently our conversation is in strict accordance with that recommended in the Sermon on the Mount. I have written to Nannie requesting her to come out but she appears to dread the effects of the climate on the children -----? cause of apprehension as nothing can be more beautiful. The days are so warm even now that bathing in the Bosphorus is commonly resorted to. My house is on the top of one of the magnificent shores of this prince of straits commanding a perfect view of the city of minarets and of the harbour with its -----? of ships of all nations from the French and English 120 gun three-deckers to the Grecian coasters which, if I may judge from old pictures, which I have seen, are precisely similar to those which Homer describes Ulysses' Fleet to have consisted of. Speaking of Homer; on a clear day; Mount Olympus is visible from my lobby window. Touching my duties I have plenty to do. I have two wards each of twenty beds to attend to, but the cases are not serious here at present, chiefly invalids (sic), the victims of a Crimean climate acting on bad or broken down constitutions. I have picked up some Turkish which I find very useful in buying anything I may want and I fear that I am contracting some of their habits. At table, for instance, in dining with a friend the other day, we had some delicious Macrel which, much to his astonishment, I dispensed (sic) with the use of a fork in eating. It is a great secret, however, in eating fish. If you don't believe me try it. I fancy Mamma will agree with me if you don't as I recollect her partiality for that Eastern custom. Fish here are plenty but dear. I bought, however, the other day, a hundred of oysters and a knife to open them for 5 piastres-about 9d. I have my Russian horse still. He is a perfect picture but low in condition and he won't fatten. I have been offered, however, double what I gave for him but I think I will do better in the spring. I have never lost by a horse yet and don't think I will by this fellow though he is a Crim(?) Tartar. I sometimes call him Timour and try and recollect some of Mother's stories of her incomparable dog of that name. He is the most-----? animal to ride if he does not meet with a Camel Buffalo or dead horse, on which occasions he takes some sitting. I have no news, as you perceive,

(contd)

There is talk of peace but I fear it is too good to be true. Give my most affect. love to Mother and Nannie tell the latter to write like a good obedient sister and if she does I promise her I shall bring her something she never saw the like of from the Sultan's dominions. I wish I could get home. I am full of queer stories which I purpose letting Mother have the first addition (sic) of. Give her again my love and a kiss and tell her, what ~~is~~ indeed you safely may, that she has not a son in the world like me.

Ever your affect. son

F.Reynolds.

\* Apparently a sister was "Nannie" as well as his wife.

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Malta.  
Transport Lancashire  
June 4th 1856.

My dear Father,

I have just time to write you a line to let you know that one third of our voyage is accomplished safely. We left Scutari on 10th ulto. Have had beautiful weather without either wind or rain, just enough air to keep the sails full. The weather is delicious. We have 200 invalides on board. I had an opportunity of visiting the Slammer and the plains of Troy while taking in additional invalides in Renkior(?) in the dardanells. Don't call me ill natured, I have just an opportunity of going on shore for two hours, the last visit I dare say I shall have an opportunity of paying to this stronghold for some time, so I shall just send my best love to Mother and Nannie and confess myself to be as ever your affect. son Frank.

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(Affixed to the top of the following letter is a cutting of Macaulay eulogising Boswell with the comment by F.R. - "Is this not lovely?"

Bravo McCaulay"(sic)

Pembroke,  
Canada West.  
15th August 1857.

My dearest Nancy,

Still no letter though I have taken every means ingenuity could suggest to try, and these I give you credit for writing, for since it cannot be that you have been altogether silent, I trust you got my last letter which I wrote you on my way from Montreal here as I took some pains to put you in possession of my ways and means, my hopes and fears. I dated that letter from Pembroke so that you might make no mistake in address-

~~in your but, as of no de aware~~

(contd).

RAmc 399.

ing yours, but as it made you aware I had not reached my journey's end. I am now, however, after a fortnight's experience, able to inform you more minutely of my adopted city. I am not disappointed. It is really a most delightful little place and one which I know you will like above all things. I have met very great kindness from the folks here and everyone I have spoken to appears to think I shall succeed to admiration if I do not tittle, which is here and elsewhere in Canada a very general accomplishment. Now that point is settled, for three months I have not touched a drop of anything stronger than tea and with God's (help) never will. I am stopping at a Hotel here in the very focus of "imbibition" but I have not the very slightest inclination for the "bowl!" For the first 10 days here I did nothing but I have been called on several times within the last few days. The Parson-Mr. Baker, an exceedingly elegant man has engaged me to attend his wife, almost a bride, a very nice but very delicate creature. I pity her exceedingly. She has been brought up in a city and feels the change, to a place where she has no suitable society, very much. She is most anxious that you should come out since I told her I thought you would like each other. Her affection for her husband appears almost idolitrous (?) and it appears to be all returned. He is doing all he can with his people to forward my interests and I have also very ~~frisk~~ friendly towards me the Roman Catholic and Presbyterian divines. My purse was all but exhausted till within the last day or two and I should dread very much the appearance of penury(?) so if you can safely manage to send me £5 on the Bank at Montreal or Ottawa do so. I may not and, I trust will not need it but, in case I do not on its arrival I shall return it. The weather is --- (a sheet seems to be missing here and the rest of the letter continues written across the sheet) ---- "direct you and, for obvious reasons do not like to enquire here. My greatest plague are the mosquitoes who have taken quite a fancy to me. There (sic) bites kept me awake for two successive nights this week. I went out for a few hours last Thursday to shoot pigeons and they made me pay my entrance fee to the bush. It appears they are always politely attentive to strangers. Tell me about your health and ----?---? and all other news which you know I am most anxious to hear. Above all don't forget to tell me again what you told me in that sweet letter you wrote me to Plymouth which, had I a shilling for every time I read it, since, I should not want for money. Do, Nancy, write me such another and I shall forgive your long, long

(Contd)

silence, or rather, forget it. I will now say good night love. Give my love to all -----

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Berkeley, California.

Sept. 26th 1887.

MRS HARRISON.

My dear Madam,

Your letter dated Sept 7th is just at hand and I reply thus promptly to acknowledge the same, hoping to procure you the information you desire later on. Your esteemed brother, Dr. Frank Reynolds, and myself served in the same Army in the war of the Rebellion and there I first became acquainted with him. At the close of the War he entered the Regular Army and we again met on the frontier first(?) in Oregon. We served together some two or more years at Camp Hanney (or Harney?) an isolated Post in the then wilderness and by the experience of such service ~~thro'~~ thro' heat and cold became quite well acquainted and, I assure you, my regard for him never waned. He quitted that Garrison in 1872 and I did not see him again till I met him, quite accidentally, in San Francisco two years ago. I had then been living there for more than two years. Having my family there residing I exacted from the Dr. a promise to visit us tho' he was then living on ~~the~~ <sup>this</sup> side of the Bay distant from the City some ten miles but with our R R (rail road?) and Ferry facilities, only one hour away. He never came, much to the disappointment of my family and self. When his death was announced in the Oakland paper last March (about the 1st.) I immediately proceeded to attend tho' almost unbidden. I took my daughters, aged respectively 16 & 14, who well remembered the Dr. and, after some search, found his residence on Brush Street, Oakland, a neat cottage situated in avry genteel part of the City. I found there the Hearse and two Carriages about half (a) dozen gentlemen summoned by the Undertaker and the Rev. Dr. Akerley, an episcopal Clergyman. Tho' the absence of demonstrable family ties was noticeable yet everything that propriety and respect could demand was apparent. Here I was introduced to the young woman who, for his last few years, had acted as his nurse and housekeeper. Her (grown?) brother was present and they both impressed me as quite decent respectable folk. I questioned this lady concerning the illness and death. She stated that he was in his usual health the day before but had been for some ~~time~~ months previous



(concluded)

Rtmc 399

I am most respectfully,

Your obedient friend,

J. G. Trimole,

Capt. & Brvt. Major, U.S.A. (Retired)

MORE LETTERS FROM & ABOUT S/M. FRANCIS REYNOLDS, F.R.C.S.I.

RAMC 399

OF WHICH SOME WERE WRITTEN BEFORE & SOME AFTER THE LOT ALREADY COPIED.

302, Strand, London 26/11/54.

My dear Father,

I have only just time to tell you that I have passed a very last examination and got my commission this evening. I go to Chatham on Saturday until further orders. Money is the thing I want now. My uniform will cost £36 and I will get no pay till I leave Chatham. I wish you could lend me or get me the loan of £20. Mr. John Taylor might give it to me if you cannot. I would pay him interest for it and I would be able to give him the principal in 12 months. Mind, I have no idea of asking you for money only as a loan and as I would a stranger. ~~XXXX~~ If I get my outfit on credit they will charge me about 20% per cent more. Do not too hardly criticize my writing as I did not get any sleep I may say since I saw you. My address will be Assistant Surgeon Reynolds Fortpit Chatham. Give my best love to Mamma and Nannie. I spent the evening with <sup>Pass(?)</sup> ~~Port~~ and Bessie but I was dreadfully sea sick coming over the night was so very rough.

Ever your affect son, Frank.

CORK BARRACKS  
9th December 1854.

My dear Father,

I have got so far on my way safely and soundly. I am to wait here for the vessel to bring me out to the Crimea in charge of drafts from the 9th, 14th & 39th Regts which it is supposed will sail about the 12th inst. I was sorry that I could not make time to go down to see you before I left Dublin but it was quite impossible as the utmost leave I could obtain only enabled me to go down to Cavan by the Mail, stay there a day, and then return by the same way. I stole a march at some risk to see Uncle Tom and ---? who were indeed very glad to see me. I am very busy here. I have just come off hospital duty now, where I have 150 patients to attend to. I shall write immediately to you when I get to Turkey, or Russia, for as yet I do not know where I may be permanently stationed. Give Mother my best love and tell her that it will not be long, if the Lord spares me, before I again see her. Give my love to Nannie and accept the same from your

Ever affectionate son,

Fras. Reynolds.

----- P.S. I have met the greatest kindness from the Mr. Richardson here. I have a general invitation to Andrews which I occasionally avail myself of when I have time but I am kept very busy

CORK BARRACKS  
7th January 1855.

RAME 399

My dear Father,

Before I ~~wmbark~~ for the east which I expect to do in a very few days a sense of duty impels me to write and ask you to what I am to attribute your long silence. I have so much confidence in your affection as a father that I cannot think that it is want of interest in my welfare keeps you from making any enquiries, but on the other hand I am at a loss to understand how it is my welfare seems to be regarded by you of so little moment. If I have deserved your neglect in any way (which I am unconscious of) do be so good as to let me know how I have erred and in future it shall guide my conduct. I cannot help blushing to acknowledge to Mr. Richardson who has been very kind to me, and who constantly enquires for you, that I have not heard from you since I came to Cork. Do not think I write this letter in an undutiful or disrespectful temper. I do not. I write to you with feelings of grief and apprehension lest I should not henceforward find you the affectionate father which I have always experienced you. Give my best love to Mother and tell her not to fret about me that I am strong and healthy and feel confident that I shall return and see her at least once more before either of us quits the stage. Love to Nannie and accept the same from your ever affectionate son. Frank.

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EUPATORIA  
CAVALRY CAMP  
17th Oct 1855

My dearest Nannie,

I seize the first opportunity of sending you a line as I judge from my own state of mind that you will be anxious to hear how I am getting on since I last wrote. I embarked from the "Brandon"; in which I came from Scutari on the 10th; in the "Medway" which after a prosperous voyage arrived here on the 13th. We disembarked on the 15th and as 220 horses are not the most agreeable ship mates I was not at all grieved at coming ashore. Our Camp is situated immediately on the beach and but for the heat which is excessive hereat present it is tolerably comfortable. We have at least sea air and bathing. Water and provisions very bad both being salty. The town affords nothing better than apples and onions with a scanty supply of fish at high prices. I write this on the chance



(contd)

from

RAME 399

of getting it forwarded ~~an~~ the flag ship. I wish however that I had as good a chance of getting one from you as you have of this. I do not know where to tell you to direct, the Left Siege Train is now God knows where so I suppose the best thing you can do is direct it to (here the words "Balaklava Post office" are crossed out and the following written in) - the Cavalry Camp Eupatoria, Balaklava. Oh how I do wish and long for a line from you. Did you get the money I sent you. I sent you two cheques, the last for 10£. I shall send more when I can get my pay. There is a very large camp of French and Turks here the former are still pouring in and it is thought that in a very few days we shall take the field with the intention of driving the Cossacks out of the Crimea and taking Simpheropol. It is not improbable however that I may escape campaigning on this occasion as it is likely a hospital will be established here as I understand 30 tons of Medical Stores have just arrived and they cannot well drag all those things through an enemies country. However I have no positive certainty of what they ~~may~~ <sup>may</sup> do with me as I have already had sufficient proof that the Medical Staff are nobodys children. There is a large population of Tartars here a poor, half starved, civil race. One of them will work half a day for you for a piastre (2d) but though they are so wretched very few of them desert their new friends. The French with their usual (brass?) seized all the available houses in the town so that canvas is our only shelter, which is rather a cool look-out ~~out~~ as this place in winter is 10 degrees colder than our old camp and hotter in summer. Continue to write regularly which I am determined to do. Ever your own Frank. (Written across the corner of this letter)

My health is now quite good I am as strong as ever. Give my warmest love to the girls (and) Mr. and Mrs. Norton. You may send this to Bessie with a request to forward it to the Governor to whom I will write on the first opportunity.

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(Address and date missing except "Steamer.....Decem....." consequently there will be some words missing from the other side of the sheet to))

My dear Father,

I take the first opportunity which has offered for some time, of letting you know something of my movements. In my last letter, I think, I gave you some account of the proceedings of the Cavalry Expedition in Eupatoria where I have been stationed from 11th Oct. to the 4th inst. n

4. (contd)

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on which day I came on Board her in charge of the Detachment of Land Transport Corps which accompanied the Brigade but, as the weather was unfavorable for embarking horses; of which we carried 170; we could not leave that port till the 8th.....(Here the torn portion seems to have described the wrecking of two boats but there are only a few words to suggest this)....Those were the first disasters I had ever witnessed at sea, and the sight of a fine vessel running to destruction (sic) is sufficiently melancholy. We are now lying in the Golden Horn of the Bosphorus, it is a dreadful day the wind very high and rain descending in torrents. I am ordered to report myself to the Authorities here at Scutari but the weather is so rough it is impossible to get ashore. I have no idea what duties are in store for me but I suspect I may be attached to the general Hospl. at Scutari. For the last four ~~xx~~ months nearly I have not had more than four letters from Nannie so that I am tortured with anxiety. I but partially express my uneasiness. I am now thank God in good health and am as strong as ever I was. I was nearly starved in Eupatoria but <sup>shall</sup> the good living on board has quite set me up. Should I remain here I ~~should~~ have comparatively ~~good~~ comfortable quarters for the rest of the winter and I shall be able to write (and I trust in God receive my letters) with more regularity. I have ~~been~~ been living on the hope of getting a whole bundle of letters here on my arrival but I did not get one. I have become quite a sailor and can now laugh at sea sickness but I have not yet acquired facility in writing in a rolling ship as you may perceive from my present production. I have continued to write as regularly as circumstances would permit to Nannie (who) I trust has received my letters. Direct your letter (for I trust you will write immediately) to the "British Army Post Office", Constantinople. Give my love to my darling Mother and Nannie remember me most affectionately to the Passes\* \* \* and Gilbert and believe me to remain ever your affect. son Fras. Reynolds.

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\*\*\*In earlier copies of these letters references were made to "Dr. Pat" or "the Pats" which was the result of my misreading the handwriting. I now believe all of them to refer to "de Pass" who was, I think, his brother-in-law, husband of his sister Nannie. The other "Nannie" was his own wife.

Scutari, Feby 17th 1856.

My dear Father,

Many thanks for your long letter of the 2nd January which I received 4 days ago. I was much concerned to find that you had been so ill but I trust by this time your health will have been quite restored. You really ought to take better care of yourself. You appear to me to go on in the old in the old style getting into those profuse perspirations which I remember you used so often to "cultivate". Now take a professional advice from a friend and take better care of yourself. You cannot be supposed to be so so strong as you used and it is treating a good constitution unfairly to test it either too severely or too frequently. Do not annoy yourself looking out for what you term my promotion. I do not wish for it or I could have had it long ago. I am too old to enter the Army permanently. I should be an odd man before I should reap any benefit I merely joined it at first as a kind of stepping stone to practice and I can see nothing in the Service so fascinating as to induce me to alter my determination. Were I not married and had I no experience of the comforts & happiness of a quiet home I might think otherwise but (if I know my own mind) I would not give up the happiness of domestic comfort for any Medical appointment in the Army. I hope to knock something out of the Crimean Medal yet better than Arva in old Ireland, but if I do not the world is wide. I think if I ever get a chance I shall make money as I fancy that I am getting fond of that commodity at last. There is every hope of peace at present and the wiser heads here think it is certain, but I have my doubts both of its certainty and propriety. I don't think for my own part that the Russians have been sufficiently well "licked" yet to let them alone. They never will keep quiet until we put the fear of God in their hearts. I knew it would be a match between the two Richardsons from their "gait of going". I wish them every possible happiness. Young George is really a very nice fellow and the young lady, saying the very least, is most amiable. I cannot write closer as you ask me for that takes time and the moment I begin to write I invariably run away but I shall do the next best thing I shall write often. Give Mother my warmest love and tell her I have not a thought that gives me any more pleasure than the hope of seeing her again well and happy. Love to Nannie. Ever your affect. son Frank.

Scutari April 17th 1856.

My dear Father,

In accordance with your wish you see I am beginning to compress my writing though (when news is scarce) the danger of not being able to finish the sheet is obvious, and if a longer letter than I am in the habit of writing proves tiresome you must be content to divide the responsibility. Oh the blessings of peace ! I do not allude to the late international arrangements at present-but to my private circumstances at this moment. No one who has not suffered as I have for the last six weeks can justly appreciate the advantages of a quiet evening -Up to the last 10 days I have been keeping (?) and living with a Parson, a Welshman, the most wonderful talker of the day -his tongue seems to have maintaining power it never ceases, not even the winding up process of thought appears to interfere in the slightest degree with its motions -Winding up, did I say ?- His tongue required nothing of the kind. For rapidity, regularity and continuance, no motions that I ever heard of can approach his powers of utterance, except, perhaps, those of heavenly bodies. When I met this divine first I was a bad, a very bad listener but I am cured and anyone who is at all imperfect in that accomplishment, let them live for a month; as I did; with the Revd. H. Williams Chaplain to the Forces- Well the very day, this enemy of silence disappeared ; in fact on my return from leaving him on board ship (where he had already commenced to make a listener of the Captain); I find occupying Williams' quarters an officer of the 14th with whom I sailed from Cork. He does nothing from morning till night but whistle "Yankee Doodle", "Jim Crow", or "Pop Goes the Weasel", dance polkas with imaginary young ladies in my room (and I think from the effects, that the flooring joists of my room must be either of whalebone or lancewood) or he occupies himself with blowing the flute in that particular style in which either every second note is absent or is a harmonic with astma (sic) -low D being one of those notes always absent. In fact one of his favorite exercises is trying to induce that note to come forth. I have noticed him exercising all his ingenuity upon this object by the half hour together. First he blows very hard then very gently, but his ~~favorite~~ favorite plan is to begin with B. and go down ~~slowly~~ in a painstaking way but he never can go beyond E. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ and that is generally an harmonic.

(contd)

These are some of my trials and I fear you will say I am making bad use of the first quiet night I have had for weeks by writing such a lot of stuff. Nannie is in Poyntzpass in a house of her father's. She writes in good spirits. Her brother David has been lucky he has got a situation from government in India of 700 a year. I am keeping up my heart with the hope of soon getting back to Ould Ireland. I have a great deal of work to do, and I do it. Give Mother my love and a kiss and same to Nannie. I had a paper(?) lately from De Pass. Ever your affect son. Frank. Do write a line very soon.

\* This was David Richmond, his brother-in-law. He retired as Deputy Chief Resident Engineer of the Bombay, Baroda & C.I. Railway in 1873. ~~XXXXXX~~, and died in N. Ireland about 1906 or thereabouts.

Her Majesty's Transport

"Lancashire"

Spithead 15 July 1856.

The undersigned has much pleasure in thus certifying to the thoroughly effectient and most trustworthy professional services of Asst. Surgeon Reynolds, Medical Staff during the passage of the Lancashire conveying 270 Invalids from Scutari to Portsmouth—With equal ~~truth~~ truth I can speak of his gentlemanlike conduct and kindly disposition under the trying circumstances of a two months intercourse on board ship. These are qualities medical and social, which ought to make his future employment in any similar ~~circumstances~~ capacity most valuable to all concerned.

Chas. Bryce, M.D.

in Medical Charge.

~~Chas. Bryce~~

THE ABOVE TESTIMONIAL WAS ENCLOSED & MENTIONED IN THE FOLLOWING LETTER.

Blue Posts Hotel,

Broad Street,

Portsmouth.

My dear Father,

I have the opportunity of again addressing you from old England; I arrived here on 14th by the Lancashire having been 9 weeks at sea and am detained here for the present, but expect an order every day, to either proceed to London or Chatham. I am disappointed much at not being at once discharged, as I looked long forward to seeing you almost immediately on my arrival but so many invalids have returned lately from the East that the Government cannot afford as yet to curtail their Staff of Medical Officers

8. (contd)

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I hope, however, that they will shortly "put me out of pain". I am now becoming morbidly anxious about my future prospects. The pay of an Asst. Surgeon in peace time would not look at the expenses which a family entail; but what next to turn my hand to is the point. I dread Irish dispensary work and if I can ~~manage~~ to procure employment in any other way I shall embrace it in preference. I grudge every hour after I am out of employment and it must be indeed a poor situation which I will not accept in preference to remaining inactive. I cannot tell (you see) when I may be liberated but the first possible opportunity of paying you a visit I shall seize with avidity. Give my best love to Mother and Nannie and tell her that, after all, the Crimean hardships have not made me look a day older than a "slip of a boy" of 30 ought to do. I send you a copy of my last superior officers' testimonial to show you that I have been a good boy. I have similar Testimonials from all those under whom I had the chance of serving since I went to the Crimea. I have no news, have not had a letter from my own dear girl for the last 10 weeks but I expect one tomorrow. <sup>Write</sup> ~~Write~~ a line here by return of post and let me know how you all are. I am, My dear Father, ever your affectionate son, Frank.

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KILKEEL, CO DOWN,

Sept 3rd. 1856.

My dear Father,

for

Since my return I have been strongly urged to set up ~~in~~ practice in Belfast and have been promised some very nice introductions. However, before doing so it will be necessary to obtain either a medical degree or the Fellowship of the College of Surgeons, so that I think it highly probable that I shall go soon to Dublin for three weeks or a month to ~~re~~ read with a Tutor for the necessary examination, it will cost me between £30 & £40 but I think you will agree with me that the money would not be ill spent. I should live while in Dublin most probably with my brother-  
\*\*\*in-law who is now preparing for the Licenciate's diploma. I have Nannie and the children here at the sea since Monday and it appears to be agreeing well with us all, it is quite a treat to the poor things and I love to see them enjoying themselves. We are stopping at a place called Greencastle and have beautiful lodgings with table linen &c. and vegetables for 10/- per week and the use of a boat. I am Bathing Woman and dip the children. Nannie is exceedingly thin but in good health.



9. (contd)

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We were up this morning at half past 5 digging for sandeels which we ate with an appetite at 8½. She joins me in love to you, Mamma, Bessie and Nannie. Ever your affect. son, ~~FRANK~~ Fras. Reynolds

\*\*\* ~~FRANK~~ \*\* The b-in-law was Alexander Richmond afterw'ds S/Major attd R.A.)

77, Charlemont Street, (DUBLIN)

My dear Father,

6th Jany. 1857.

I have this day lodged my papers & diploma with the registrar of the College of Surgeons he requires however, a certificate from you that I am over 25 years of age-one to the following effect will answer" I certify that Francis Reynolds is my son and that he is 30 years of age (or 29 as the case may be) Fras. Reynolds, Surgeon! Nannie has been very delicate since her return from the country her cough which was most severe is now, however, thank God much better. She was much grieved that the girl did not send you up stairs this morning. The Certificate must be in early on Friday so try and send it to me at once. My days for examination will be Monday & Tuesday the 19 & 20 inst. however, in case of the worst do not mention to anyone that I am going in so soon. Nannie joins me in best love and wishes (to) you and Mother. Very many happy New Years.

Ever yrs. Fras. Reynolds

77, Charlemont St,

My dear Father,

20th Jany, 1857.

You will be glad to hear that I am all right. I am now a bona fide Fellow, and was complimented by the President on my examination. I had rather a stiff examination which lasted till nearly 5oc. I shall not be able to go in for the Midwifery diploma until the middle of next week so that I am entirely at your service and disposal for the remainder of this, now that the reading and grinding are over I am quite at a loss for something to do. Give my best love to Mother and Nannie in which Nannie joins me. Ever your affect. son. F. Reynolds

F.R.C.S.I.,

Does it not look well?

Martin Luther,  
Liverpool,

9th April 1857.

~~My dear Father,~~

(over)



Martin Luther,  
 Liverpool,  
 9th April, 1857.

My dear Father,

I am not a little dis<sup>ap</sup>pointed at not hearing from you in answer to my last. I know not whether you have been completely alone in the world among ~~utter~~ strangers, but if you had I think you would have dropped me a line there is not anything I know of which adds so much to the feeling of desolation which one feels under these circumstances as the thought that you are forgotten by those by whom alone you care to be remembered. I sometimes think that you are displeased at my asking you to settle my account with Brown but the sum is not a large one and as I had not the means of if I did not think the liberty too great of asking you to lend ~~me the money~~ it to me until I get something to do. I have got into a very unvcomfortable ship with 425 Emigrants on board. I dare say we shall be at least 5 or 6 weeks on board if you will write to me in a week or ten days to

Post Office  
 Quebec, Canada.

To be called for

it will be there as soon as I. I am very ~~low~~ spirited and dis<sup>ap</sup>pointed. I did hope that after obtaining that Fellowship diploma that I should have been able to get something good at home but instead of this I am obliged to commence the world over again as an adventurer withou money in my pocket. I left my Nannie in tolerable spirits and in a position to increase<sup>a</sup> family which the Almighty alone can assist me in maintaining. Her lot has been a hard one but she never yet complained. May God Almighty bless her and give ~~me~~ <sup>me</sup> the means of making her happy which <sup>best</sup> is the only object in my life. Give my darling Mother and Nannie my ~~best~~ love and accept the same, my dear Father, from Ever your affectionate son  
 Fras. Reynolds

Pembroke,  
 Canada West

My dear Joe (?),

14th Oct. 1857

I received yours and Bessie's letters in due course and the draft, which I shall return as soon as circumstances will possibly permit, with many thanks. I also had a letter from Nannie today which I answer by this post. It grieves me much to find that my Mother has been poorly



comfortable sitting and bed room and I write this upon my drawing room table which is also my surgery - Breakfast at ½ p.7 , dinner 1 , tea 6. Those are the hours for your all meals here at a public table where you never see the same face for three meals running. My dinner today- roast veal, french beans, cucumbers, rice pudding. Not bad for Saturday- There is no such thing as private lodging to be had. If you send the money be sure how you do it so that no one can get it but myself. It must be through a bank but you must learn the way from some one as I cannot ~~take~~ ~~take~~ ~~take~~.. (a sheet must be missing here again).....in Pembroke the great market for the Dr is then. All the timber merchants send their gangs of "Shanty Men" into the woods to "Make" timber, that is to cut and chip (?) timber, draw it out on the ice in the river and form it into rafts which, on the ice breaking up the following summer, are ready to be floated down ~~the~~ river to Quebec. This is a sketch of the "lumbering" trade as carried on here. I understand that in winter Pembroke is like a fair from the throng of business closing up the river. Houses are very high and the plots for building on range from £50 to £300 ! This will give you an idea of what property is expected to ..... at in these parts. At present there is a railway being Surveyed which when completed (in two years) will bring all the Merchandise of Western Canada in this route instead of, as now, through by the St. Lawrence. This it is which induced me to come to Pembroke and I would not leave it now, if I can stop, for any other place in Canada. I have made up my mind now to become a fixtute and try if I cannot collect some "Moss". I confidently expect that you can come out without any risk in the Spring or Early Summer so you may make up your mind to become a Canadian. You will, at home, kiss my wee brats and bold Ito \* particularly. I am waiting, anxiously waiting a letter from you. Ever my own love,

Your fond and faithful

Frank.

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\* "Ito" was the nickname of his daughter Rachel Richmond Reynolds.



13. (contd)

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"sent to the Dr's sisters". I do not know another family in the Army to whom he spoke of his family relations for, having to contrast his gentlemanly deportment with others of his profession whom we knew, we were very much drawn towards him and sought to show our feelings of friendship in ways, but I must state that we frequently met a stubborn resistance from our friend. Now to conclude I will enclose the paper I recd. concerning the matter enquired into and will promise to communicate again shortly. Also I thank you sincerely for your kind offer of reading matter. We are pretty well supplied with domestic literature and as I have been a member for years of the Mercantile Library we can always get the perusal of Foreign Periodicals such as the Graphic, News (?) &c. in all of which we delight ~~in~~ much. in fact where we live is the literary centre of California and my daughters beside enjoy some Musical advantages which attach to the University. My eldest is just eighteen the next most sixteen they both finish the preparatory Course before entering the University next month. The National Convention of Teachers meet in S.F. very shortly when we Westerners will be treated to the best exponents(?) of the "Yankee School Marm" our Country produces also a sprinkling of the foremost male instructors, so, with most respectful regards to yourself and ~~your~~ family from from all of mine ,

I am, My Dear Madam,

Yours Truly,

I.G. Trimble,

U.S.A.

The following letter should come after the end of the Kilkeel letter on page 9.

.....

44, Talbot Street,

Dublin

21st Nov. '56

My dear Father,

Back again & hard at work. I arrived here yesterday & the first lodgings I looked at took, & find them quiet and comfortable. Had I at first known the amount of work necessary for this examination I think I should have given the matter more mature deliberation e'er I undertook it, but I am in for it now and forwards is the word. Tell Mother I have brought back her little boy and Grandpapa (???) but she must not expect me to bring them to her until this business is over as every hour I should lose now would make me miserable. I am naturally laazy and disinclined to work but when I do begin I am as energetic as yourself until the job is finished. Give her and Nannie my best love. I forget De Pass's number or I should write to him, when in town next will you come and see me. If not here I shall be in ~~the~~ or about the College.

Ever your affect. son

Thomas Reynolds.