

## **Papers relating to George Virgil Frankish**

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Smeashu  
Dec 17. 54

Dear Dr. Walker;

I return the  
papers written of  
Geo. Rankin -

To me the letter  
addressed to the  
Ms. B. is an  
evident sign that  
his mind has  
gone - 12 months  
ago he could not  
have written such  
a letter -

The history of his  
life - up to the time  
of his going to America



is a perfectly truthful  
and sane account.

But the account  
of his stay in the States  
& his subsequent  
proceedings bears  
evident marks of  
his present mental  
debility -

It is, altogether, a  
very sad case

Yours very truly  
Wm F. Carl

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C. V. Fran. Bush

not to be sent

W.B.

RETRAT  
★ K/17/2/7



Friends Retreat York  
12/10/94

John Wood

Sir I have written to you several times and had no reply of course if it had been some of the Elementary teachers I should have excused them but you cannot say you cant write.

I understand that R Hoskin S Doncaster & Wood were appointed a Committee to consider my resignation you are the only one of the three who have condescended to write me since I left home.

Now when I left Philadelphia under a strong sense of duty fully believing that God had a great field of labour for me in Sunday Schools & Missions but I either was mistaken or otherwise that saying of Christs is intended to be fulfilled once more.

(The time will come when they that Kill you will think they do God service) J H Barker Esq J P to Gt will perhaps explain it in Meeting or take it for his text next Sunday night.

I left Philadelphia Oct 11/94 and sailed on the 12<sup>th</sup> <sup>via New</sup> York the same night I had my bed taken from me by a Sailor.

On the 14<sup>th</sup> I was dragged out of my bed and cast into prison I call it prison because I was watched night & day and although I had so many watchers as 4 at a time I could not tell what time it was because the head Barker Mr Tazla had stolen my watch) Now this man is such a great fool as to send it after me to Sheffield (but of course it did not find me because I had been sent to a Lunatic Asylum by the Great Dam of Sheffield (J H B) what will Mr W Tazla say when I ask him to prove at a Liverpool Police Court (where I hope to me with justice even at the hands of J P) where he got my ~~my~~ watch from.

he cannot have forgotten that I saw him steal it because I reminded him a Dozen times on the way home that he had got it.

I arrived at Liverpool on the 28<sup>th</sup> of Oct and was met by A C Frankish a member of your class & J and W Smith my wife. Brothers we left Lpool at 11-20 for Sheffield.



I went into the cattle Market but saw no quinters to suit me therefore I went to W J Clegg Wons and instructed them to proceed against the Shep owners for false imprisonment and robbery with Assault

Then to the Caffee Hight where I saw C Doncaster however I thought it was he but he was very cool scarcely daring to shake hands with me I then went to the Auction Rooms of Nicholson Greaves (some other fool I almost forget the name) C D followed me he then decoyed me into the Bank George St where I was again made a prisoner but this time I had the consolation of not being by myself my wife being locked up at the same time by the same JP for fear that I should kiss her

Well my Friend you know that I then went Mad and was send to Wadsley which is the right place for such & I am happy to say that I am in the same state of mind today that I was then only that I have not the same faith in God as I had but C D & J H B will have to answer for that because if I die a Lunatic I shall be judged as one

Please read this at the Monthly Meeting tomorrow and ask for a Committee to be appointed to visit me or otherwise take my name of the books which means L V 7. H 7. Smith & about a dozen besides

An Early reply will Oblige  
Yours  
L Frankish

The Babby Monthly Meeting of Friends

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Friends Retreat  
York  
Jan 10/85.

Dear Friend

Mr Barber

Your figures of yesterday make things fearfully black we have now no home no income & no friends & that you have no idea where my poor wife is

If she believes from my letter of yesterday that I think Dr Banks spoke the truth when he tried to comfort me by telling me that she had consented to my being sent to a Lunatic Asylum she is more likely to commit Suicide than I ever was because she never had a strong Brain & I can never rest until I see her

The figures you showed me respecting the firm were most astounding if your Father will allow you to see the Banking A/c you will find that ~~it~~ had only been going about 3 weeks & that J D Frances first deposit on Account of the Partnership was only a few days before Mary's departure for America and the bank book is the only thing in this world to show that either J D France or J Delaney were in any sense legally or morally my partners & therefore they and you did not bring the Accounts with you that I ask for in my letter Now I repeat that J D Bruffton was never worth £300 pounds in his life but according to your own showing I was worth £600 or more last July that's about 6 months & you and my late Friend Charles Doncaster have let the whole of that slip through fingers (Pretty good that) for 4/4

You say that Frankish Bruffton & Co. claim 1/5 as 1/5 of Frankish's share of the first three weeks loss of the firm now I think 1/5 multiplied by 4 make £300 and £600 for patent makes a grand total of £900 in 3 weeks. I can't understand it.

Please ask them as kindly as you can without any cross questioning whatever they did with the brick stone mortar Engine Boiler Iron Steel tools English & Bessemer and all the Reaper sections made from my Patent Steel because it strikes me that they had told you very little about either of my Patents



and you will remember reminding me that 5 years since  
I should not have thought of questioning my friends <sup>in that way</sup> ~~and~~  
Now my friend let me remind you that if you had thought  
that Mr Wortley or Mr C Barber your partners had wronged you  
and that when you were trying wring from them information  
which they were afraid of giving respecting my Patent for fear  
of implicating themselves and I had rose up white hot and sat  
upon you as you did upon me you would have shocked me  
out & I should have said serve me right whereas I said nothing  
but simply thought just like Mr Barber he trying to do me  
a kindness backwaidsway and the result as usual was flat  
Failure because I did not get to know all that I have a right  
to know and if you had been calm & not have interfered have  
known more of the story of which I ought to be the head that you  
do know at the present time as it is I can with the little knowledge  
I have thank God that I am neither head nor tail but only  
a pauper which nobody owns therefore pays everybdy in Sheffield  
Rattle his bones over the stones

Please get to know all you can about F B & Co believe  
me to remain what there is left of George Frankish  
In the mean time I will sing if I can

No one cares for me. no one cares for me.  
Not a friend in all the world have I  
None to sooth my fears nor to dry my tears  
Alone at Wadley may I die

Please ask Sam Donaster if he can send anyman  
to repair a small hand machine they <sup>make</sup> me to weigh  
19 lbs more than I was when I left them and I am sure that  
either the machine or GVT is not right and if we should get  
into the Bankruptcy Court and sell me as a finished article  
by weight somebody we be sucked in I hope it would be H & T

is since  
ids <sup>with</sup> ~~and~~

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Meers Barber Bow & Mottley  
Accountant & C  
George St  
Sheffield

not to be done  
JH

urgent

I was born in the year 1843 at Hull in Yorkshire

My father was a Coal Merchant a Cab & Coach owner but giving way to drinking habits he got into difficulties and before I was 7 years of age he had to leave Hull secretly for fear his Creditors should send him to prison for debt which was of ten times in those days. He came to Sheffield in the year 1850 but was many weeks before he could meet with anything whereby he might be able to earn a living. My Dear Mother was left with 4 children to do the best she could and finding that she could not possibly get a living for all of us I was packed off to Sheffield with my brother Abraham who was 2 1/2 years older than I was there were not many Railways in those days so we traveled from Hull to Gool in steamer thence to Doncaster by stage Coach & on to Sheffield per rail then forward to Solly's Delight on foot where my Mother's parents lived.

My brother Abraham went to my Mother's Uncle to learn to be a Knife making my father took a Coal yard in Sheffield & began to drive a donkey but when I was just over 7 years old and those who know what driving was 34 years since will not be surprised to hear that I turned out a very fast & bad lad I was never sent to school but graduated for a drunkard a thief & every that is bad in the Calkins on Coalpit banks & with the Blind Lane roughs one of the worst set of lads & young men in Sheffield from 20 to 30 years since.

My father continued to drink heavily and led my Mother a most wretched life she often found razors hid by him under the pillow with which we thought he intended to take our lives in his drunken fits and I have often spent the night on such occasions in filthy & wretched buildings with my poor Dear Mother.

I continued to drive the donkey upon I chiselled Charles Frank's till just before the war with Russia when I went to work at Spring Knife cutting but trade became very depressed on account of the war & I was browned out of work in consequence. I afterwards got work with a man named Cotton a Brass & Silver Caster but he was a very great drunkard & I got very little good from him.

After the war settled I went back to Knife making and was bound apprentice when I was 15 years old having already



walked 8 years

My Master was very steady for about a year but finding money come rather more easy it led him to the Club where he spent it rather freely and of course God had health in return, he was never able to walk the day after he had been drunk and a long time before I was at age he use to spend a fortnight at a stretch drinking and <sup>would</sup> blow me up because I could not earn enough money to keep the family in food and him in drink

I continued to mix with my old companions and being able to sing a good song (although I could not read one) I became a favorite among them and was in a fair way for becoming a drunkard myself young as I was, but there was an unknown hand watching over me and restraining me from going to the same extent of riot and the same depth of sin and wickedness that my companions and I often looked upon myself as a great coward not knowing that eye which was gazing in me (I will guide thee with mine eye) Psalms 128

When I was about 18 years old my father was taken ill which proved to be the last illness for him and although I was the worst abused of all my brother & sisters of which there were now 9, my father always wanted me to sit up with him at night I suppose it was because I was very old fashioned and could talk to him more like a man than those that were older of my brother & sisters and for many weeks I watched by his bedside all night 3 nights a week and did a hard week's work besides for at this time was an apprentice and had a drunken master

It so happened that I sat up with my father the last night of his life & about 2 hours before he died being sure that the end was very near I said to him: Father are you going to Heaven he shook his head very sadly, said no perhaps remembering the words of Christ (Ye drunkards shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven) and he died as he had lived a poor drunkard, he was buried early in August 1862

Just before the death of my father I commenced to attend the Church institute St James St & Mr A Thomas who died last month was one of my first teachers at this night school I became acquainted with Mark Brewer & J T Brufton who were much better scholars than I was





Lady P 4

Yes although she is poor Hannah Frankish and he husband shut up in an Asylum she is a Christian which is the highest title any one can bear

We were married June 2<sup>nd</sup> 1865 and from that time to the time I went to America June 17/84 our life has been one of happiness contentment and love we never had any children but our father still continued to find <sup>for</sup> one or two who had lost their earthly parents to love and care for and of course he paid us as we went on

My wife had been brought up a Wesleyan and I began to attend her Chapel & class but fired before I had done the first quarter year I liked to listen to the still small voice which always seemed to be drowned there so that I joined the Friends and my wife as a sensible woman said where thou goes I will go where thou liest I will lie & where thou diest there will I die

I pushed on all I could with my learning to read & write but of course I had not time for night school when I was counting so that I made the best I could of the lessons on Sunday morning and other morning I continued to put in an hour or two before going to work

In time I became a teacher which I continued to be until I went to America 22 years in the same class

I don't know how it was but the Monthly Meeting took it in to its head to appoint me an Overseer about 14 years since and when the Meeting of Ministry & Oversight was established I was made an Elder and remain so until Dec 11/84 when I asked them to take my name off the books

During this 22 years I have been used in various ways by the Dea Master I remember once when organising a Committee to distribute tracts being told of a poor man who had had a paralytic stroke and lost all the use of his limbs & speech I went to visit him regularly for many weeks until I believe he saw himself a sinner and Christ his Saviour in course of time he was removed to the union work house where I visited him One Sunday when I was talking to him I saw Mr Cotton with <sup>whom</sup> I had worked as a lad he was in a wretched state I spoke



to him in as kindly a way as I could and said how sorry I was to find him in such a place. Ah! he said Gods will be done what I said do you charge God with sending you here when you might have been driving your Carriage if it had not been for the drink he left me it was too straight & I never pain him more

When I was working for J Doncaster & Sons, one of their old servants and Man 70 years of age who always used to say when we are dead we are done with meaning of course that there is no hereafter he was taken ill & I felt a my duty to go to visit him but when his Daughter a woman 50 years of age heard of it she warned me not to speak to him about his soul for fear he should kick me out of the house I visited him many times and wished to speak to him about Christ but lacked courage untill one day when we were in the house by ourselves I said Charles if I ask you a question you wont be offended will you, no he said if I can answer it I will Well I said if you should die in any of these illnesses have you any hope of going to heaven George he said I have none and I have been astonished beyond measure that you have not mentioned it before now so that God was prompting me to speak to him & the same God was preparing his heart to receive the message he had given me to take sure faithless things were afraid of each other I continued to visit him weekly untill his death he died like a little child laid upon my breast and now he is safe in the Arms of Jesus

I might speak of many others but have sounded my own trumpet long enough

As I said I went to America last June landing at Philadelphia on the 28<sup>th</sup> I had very little money and had to take lodgings at a Public house kept by a Dutch man on the Monday June 30<sup>th</sup> I wandered about (not like the men out of whom the unclean spirit had gone seeking rest and finding none) I was seeking work and found not for about 10 days & when I found it it was labouring at \$4/5 per day & I had to work 10 days before pay day came but it did come and I found it sweet to eat bread that I had earned by the sweat of my brow I had very bad health nearly all the time I



was in America yet I had fully made up my mind to stay there and make it my future home but God who know best what is good for us made it plain to me that he had work for me at home so that I at once prepared to return although I was expecting my Dear wife coming out every day I was hard up and borrow money to pay for my passage

I sailed from New York in the S S City Chicago Oct 18<sup>th</sup> 1894 I was dressed in my worst clothes and looked very poor & I suppose was thought to be a stowaway for I watched like a cat by all the mice on board, on the night we sailed one of the sailors stole my bed from under my head, on Sunday morning the 19<sup>th</sup> I was sick and did not turn out much and sat reading on Monday morning the 20<sup>th</sup> a sailor asked me for my passage paper & I promised to give it him when the other passengers gave theirs up not feeling disposed to leave of reading and get it out of my bag & feeling sure and did that I was suspected of not having one the said sailor fetched the Purser I told him the same that I would give it up when the others did he kindly promised to make me give it up so that I followed him into his office where I was searched by a Mr W Taylor another man told me to put out my tongue I asked him if he was the Dr he said he was I told him that if he would show me his diploma I would believe him but not without I then asked the man who had searched me for his name he said it was Taylor and I wrote it down in the book I was reading he again charged me with riding without a passage so I took down into my berth and showed it to him but he did not give it to me back again during the day the stewards did all they could to annoy me & in the afternoon dragged me of my berth and cast me into prison where I remained until the 28<sup>th</sup>

The said W Taylor visited me on the 21<sup>st</sup> and said he was the Dr I told him I did not believe him because the man who said he was the Doctor the day before said then he was a stout then he said he was Captain the Dr came afterwards and said he was Captain so that I was compelled to tell them that they were a pack of false men the Dr neither felt my pulse nor gave me any medicine but visited me every day and I had a guard to watch me night and day on the 22<sup>nd</sup> Mr Taylor again searched me & took



my watch I saw him take it and reminded him of it many times during the voyage home he also took from me a bottle of Sassafras & one of China which I had bought in German Town before starting out but I never saw them more, one day ~~the~~ when the Doctor came I was feeling very low and faint & which I told him, he said that I had better have a beefsteak I said I thought that boiled milt or rice would be more likely for a man poorly as I was when said that if it did my stomach no good it may be good for my head I was not aware said I that such poultices were used but if it was applied outwardly it might cool it a little bit

On the 24<sup>th</sup> the head Steward Mr Dean came in and when he was going out I asked him if he would leave the door open a little so that I might have a little fresh air thinking that Gods fresh air was free to every body, however he tried to shut the door & of course I tried to prevent him he then pushed me back and shut the door & being mad I kicked out a panel for which he caught me by the neck with both hands & when I was almost strangled he threw me down with my head against the wooden walls of my cell & and he like all other keepers of Lunatics reported that I was refractory and that in my madness I had kicked a panel of the door in when in fact I had kicked it out and a Carpenter with a hammer nails &c filled it in for me to kick out again the morning I landed which I did but I always told them before hand what I was going to do, I christened Mr Deans the man with the back inside and he remains so unto this day & since he has turned himself inside out which though clever as he is I don't think he is quite able to do for it remains true that it is impossible for the Leopard to change his spots & the Ethiopian his skin (don't forget it) (a Lunatic says so)

From the 24<sup>th</sup> I had one man to watch over me by day & by night I looked upon it as a grand of honour for I had the pleasure of watching them sleep scores of hours when they were supposed to be watching me about 4 o'clock on Sunday morning the 26<sup>th</sup> I remembered that it ought to be one of my birthdays for



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like all Lunatics of the same kind I had been born again but they like poor Nicodemus knew nothing about the 26<sup>th</sup> was my natural birthday so I thought I would have a country walk I left my Keeper sleeping soundly in their berth while I took a walk, when I had been out about half a hour the cats missed the poor little mouse so of they set ether skelter up and down the deck untill the whole were out of breath they must have thought that I was Peter but unfortunately like him I had not sufficient faith I might have jumped over board and swallow a Whale like Jona still I thought that wont do for I might be choked and then the work I had before me might be. At noon the same day a poor old woman jumped over board and was drowned and at first every body on board thought it was me but I knew that I was not a woman altho' I thought I was a woman.

On the 27<sup>th</sup> my friend Mr Taylor came & asked me if I had found my watch I said no but he had at which he poor man went mad very bad because he swore & that I could not do in all my mad<sup>ness</sup> he commanded the Keeper poor Tom to search all over the place in the berth boxes pockets everywhere poor man he that is Tom cried when he was compelled to turn out his own clothes to prove that he had not got the watch which his master had stolen (of course he did not find it because it was not there).

I had said many times that I would not leave the prison untill the Captain came to fetch me but when my Brother and Brother in Law came they could not persuade to leave untill he that is the Captain came when he gave the word of command I went out that was the first time I saw him & the last so far but I hope to see him again.

As soon as I got to Liverpool on the 28<sup>th</sup> I bought 2 Sheffield papers and found that all my property was advertised to be sold that day by Nicholson Greaves & Barber I telegraphed to my wife to bid them to sell my property & that I shall be at home soon.

We left Liverpool at 11-20 and reached Sheffield about 2 o'clock I went first into the Cattle Market to look round but really



really I wanted to collect my thoughts and decide what to do  
 I then called upon my friend Mr N Inman but he was out then  
 I went to W J Clegg Esq Solicitor and instructed them to take  
 proceedings against the ship owners for false imprisonment and  
 robbery with assault from there I went to the high St Coffee and had  
 dinner there I met C Doncaster but he was exceedingly cool  
 so much so that I thought there were something wrong I left him  
 and went to the Auction Room but was an hour early C D followed  
 me and invited me to go to the Bank to see Mr Barber which  
 I did my Brother Cron going with me J H B came into the  
 board room where I was & called me his old friend George Frankish  
 I said that I did not know whether he were my friend or not  
 he said why what do you mean I said you have been my teacher  
 and my fellow Teacher for 21 years and although you knew  
 I had wanted bread you never sent me a line, therefore I say that I  
 don't know whether you are my friend or not.

They send for Doctors Banham & Barber and when they had gone  
 J H Barber Esq J P in the exercise of his right said George you  
 will have to go York I said I shall not, then you will have  
 to go to Wadley (meaning the South Yorkshire Lunatic Asylum)  
 And although I did all that I could to prevent them taking  
 me they with a lot of trouble succeeded in dragging me  
 away from my wife whom they had locked up in another  
 room I suppose they were frightened that I should kiss her  
 at any rate they did not give me the chance.

C Doncaster kindly accompanied me on the Cab to Wadley  
 but he had sense to return home to Hannah Mary his wife  
 I left me there a Lunatic where I remained intill the 1st<sup>th</sup>  
 of November & they finding that they could neither cure me mad  
 nor cure me of that madness I had not got sent Me to Dr  
 Baker York where I am for anything know just like  
 any other Lunatic of the same type

To Mr J F Rountree  
 From  
 G Frankish

Please return  
 when read