

Transcript of a letter To Thomas Pellatt Esq. from Legh Richmond. Undated.

My Dear Friend,

It is common in this vicinity, when any person is subject to epileptic fits, that they go about from house to house, begging for a piece of silver money from each. When they have obtained as many sixpences and shillings (the more they apprehend, the better) they get them all melted down into one amalgamated thumb-ring: this charm they wear, and they fancy it cures their fits. This may or may not be wise; but I have also my sort of fit, and that is, the building and caring of a pastoral school, under my own care and labour for **all** the poor children of my parish, without exception; and local resources being inadequate, I beg about for precious metal, to be amalgamated into a ring of personal friendship and general benevolence, for the support of my school: not that I expect to be cured myself of my fit of anxiety for the poor's sake, but that I do hope for the cure of much sin and ignorance in their hearts, lives and houses, through God's blessing on this union of charitable aid.

Having said thus much, do you feel it right to give my poor children either a donation, or annual subscription, or both or neither? Your name is already incorporated, not only with my heart, but with my child. It would gratify me to record it in my parochial book also. But be assured, that if you refuse me (and pray do so without reserve, if you see good reason for it,) I shall ascribe your non-compliance solely to the purest motives. My school, both in its erection and countenance is, and will be, a monument of personal esteem to me, and the charity of my poor children.

Your faithful friend,

Legh Richmond