

# LETTER

George Clarke

to Andrew Coltée Ducarel (1713–1785)

*Andrew Ducarel's mother, a French Protestant, fled to England with her three sons in 1721. By 1738, Andrew had earned a Bachelor's degree from Oxford and began studying at Cambridge for his doctorate in civil law.*

Stockport [Lancashire], 20 February <sup>1740/1741</sup>

I was in so great a hurry when I wrote my last letter to you that I scarce remember what it contained, and though I have not received a line from you since, yet I cannot omit writing to you by this post to let you know that I have made what enquiry I can about this rectory, and find that with proper management it may be brought to upwards of six hundred a year. I likewise wrote to the person who purchased the next presentation, to know whether he was inclined to dispose of it. And I received for answer that a twelve-month ago he offered it for £1450, which is fifty pounds less than he gave for it, but that his son's health was so greatly increased since that time he would not part with it upon any account. So that the matter is at an end, which I am very sorry for as I think it would have suited you, both on account of health, company, and a pleasant country better than any living in England besides a quick possession of it, for the rector is attended by two physicians, who tell me he will never get abroad again.

I have sent to Macclesfield for an impression of the pardon granted to the Leghs of Lyme,<sup>1</sup> which I will send you with my picture when I receive it from Manchester, and will let you know the post after what carrier it goes by and at what inn it will be left.

I wrote to Lloyd last post to desire you to go to John's Coffeehouse in Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, there to buy me a quarter of a pound of the best broccoli seed. And to direct it to me and send it to Miss Fitzherbert at Mr. Maynell's in South Audley Street, near Grosvenor Square, who would take care to forward it to me, and I will re-imburse you when I get to town.

I hope Piero has by this time got his commission and that I shall receive the news of it by the next post, for I have it very much at heart and do wish him all imaginable success in the Army. If he is in town, pray remember me kindly to him, and to Potter and Cholwell, and tell them I often remember them over an honest bottle.

I should be glad when you have leisure that you would let me know all the news that's stirring, and what the grand Council of the Nation is upon, for you know that I have a small turn towards politics and am in a part of the world where I hear but of one side of the question, and that very partially represented.

Pray give my best compliments to Mr. and Miss Jerardau. And when you see the Miss Sermons, tell them that they are not out of my thoughts.

Adieu, dear old man! I am your most affectionate friend and obliged servant.

P.S.—When you write to your friend Camin,<sup>2</sup> I desire you will get him to send you an Italian what do you call it, to put over children to preserve them from being overlaid by the nurse.

John Nichols, ed. *Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century* (London: Nichols and Sons, 1822), IV:596–597.

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<sup>1</sup> Many people believed Peter, Baronet Legh murdered Sir Thomas Butteler, though Legh never faced trial. On the 1509 accession of Henry VIII, Legh obtained a general pardon.

<sup>2</sup> J. Camin, an English factor living in Livorno (Tuscany) since at least 1729