

From the Cliff whilst the Orrell glides placidly by
this letter I date the fourteenth of July

AL/2122

Dear James

I with pleasure sit down to Indite
for Betsey declar'd my Intention to write
as soon as the Ball and the Races were over
and I from the hurry could fairly recover
that could not be long, for with Spirits screeam
I haste to Retirement and fly from the scene,
where weariness oft dissipation reproaches
and Languer succeed to the rattle of Coaches
nor will I delay or Apologies make
'twould be time Thrown away if I do not mistake
to Chear a spare hour you will like to peruse
the chat of the day, and the Tea-table news
first let me begin with the spoart of the Races
where some had long purves, and others long faces,
On Tuesday Lord Egremonts horse Cineliber
outran Mr. Pyleys brown Pharimen far,
on Wednesday Esper siken not without care
and toil to Himself, worsted Bunburys mare
on thursday the betters had much better fun
Four Heats well contested, Esper siken won.

But the news of the Ball you will rather approve
where the fair and the gay in the Dance lightly move
and first with regret and surprise you will hear
the Cartwrights could not obtain leave to appear
restrained by the rigid commands of their Duty
at Sawth they had in Retirement their Beauty
However the Room looks exceedingly well
as the Ladies in Elegance strove to excel
the Company being select, tho' but small
it prov'd on the whole an agreeable Ball

Apropos of Dancers, here's one on our Stage
would all your attention and plaudits Engage
for lights as a Silph in the Dance when she moves
the Graces attend her and gay laughing love
one thing she offends in - to Decency's eye
She winks up her petticoats rather to high
that fault once corrected, she Princes might claim
She's lively, young, Handsome and Frederick's her name.
I have one piece of news that my Pen must impart
will cause some good wishes to spring from your Heart
'tis this, that the Parson has Bound with a ring
Your Quondam good Friend Mr Sharp and Miss Thing
may Health and Prosperity ever unite.
Their Union of Virtue to Bless with Delight.

But how will surprise fix your Eyes in Expansion
when I tell you your Father has bought a new Mansion
A House which perhaps you have oftentimes seen
that, late Mr Norton, on Margerets Green
Nay more, that the Family mean to reside there
and Betsey good management then must be tried here
for Happy to see any Friend that will call
Son Jack at the Cliff must keep Bachelors Hall
and sweet little Betsey as well as she's able
will look to the House & preside at the table
This new purchased Mansion, your Fathers Retreat
is agreeably seated, both spacious and neat
It cost ~~it costs~~ in pounds sterling as I am alive
two thousand three Hundred and seventy five
No hold, I mistake the odd five was not given
three Hundred & seventy makes the sum even
If you think like us you'll be sorry to know
from the Cliff that Miss Birkinson shortly must go
She hopes her Remembrance you will approve
Your Father sends Blessings, your Sisters their Love
to give thanks to the Dobsons pray do not neglect
and to Mr Richardson every respect
And now through three pages of verse, having hobbled
I remain Your Affectionate Paragon
E Cobbold

From the Cliff whilst they wait the Crowell

No. 12

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COBBOLD, Elizabeth (1767-1824)