

THE CLIFF BREWERY, IPSWICH

An agricultural district always lies under a certain disadvantage as compared with a manufacturing one, inasmuch as, generation after generation pursuing the same calling, and the members of various families holding much the same relative positions both to their neighbours and to the outside world, there are fewer of those sudden rises from nothing, and fewer also of those equally sudden downfalls which are more calculated to attract general attention than a humdrum and undeviating career of prosperity. From this point of view we might quote the celebrated saying, "Happy the country that has no history," and apply it to the commercial records of an agricultural neighbourhood. Among the most purely farming districts of England, must be classed the eastern counties, and it is probably the general quiet incident to the tillage of the soil that has caused a notion to be somewhat widely prevalent among those who have never visited them, that the eastern counties are uninteresting places hardly worth visiting, and with no records worth searching. Yet it would be difficult to consider any greater mistake than this. Barrow-in-Furness, Middlesborough, West Bromwich, Stoke-upon-Trent, and other such places, may present their points of interest as examples of what the enterprise of a few men may accomplish in an incredibly short space of time, but after all there is little for the visitor to examine but the triumphs of steam, and little for him to reflect upon, but the vast fortunes rapidly accumulated by *parvenus*. In the Eastern counties the interest is of an altogether different and, we venture to think, of an infinitely higher, character. No history, forsooth! Why, every step we take, every name we encounter, carries us back to some important epoch in the history of our nation, and a moderately short walk compels us to call up before the mind's eye a panorama of every century from the days of Alfred to those of

Victoria. Nor is there more truth in the idea that life is stagnant and commerce unknown in the east. Take Ipswich, for instance, the town with which we have special concern in this article, and we have but to appeal to statistics to prove beyond question that this quaint and interesting old county town can show a growth and progress of which any one of the scenes of the much-vaunted Three Kings of Capital - King Coal, King Cotton, and King Iron - might well be proud. Thus, at the census taken in the first year of the present century the population of Ipswich was but 11,336, but twenty years showed an increase of 6000, or more than 55 per cent. Another score of years brought the population to 25,000; by 1861 it had grown to 37,949, and at the last census the number of the inhabitants was no less than 42,821, thus demonstrating an increase of 377 per cent. during the century, and as the population of the whole of England and Wales has only increased by about 250 per the same period, it is clear that the supposed quiet eastern town has by no means been a laggard in the general march of progress. And hence one of the great charms of the place. Of course, this enormous increase in the population has been accompanied by a corresponding enlargement of the town and suburbs, while at the same time the ancient character of the central portion has been scrupulously retained, so that we have a mingling of the old and new in a manner hardly to be matched in any other town in England of equal size.

On emerging from the railway-station, the visitor to Ipswich is somewhat surprised to find that he can count a considerable number of tall chimneys, unmistakably betokening the presence of large manufactories, while in the docks and on the quay he will find large quantities of shipping, foundries, and other works, telling in the aggregate of an amount of bustle and commercial

enterprise for which he was probably not prepared. The road from the station into the centre of the town is, too, through and by roads and streets the names of which plainly enough declare them not to be older than the days of the Franco-German war. But he will soon pass beyond these efforts of the modern builder to other streets telling of earlier times. First there is, perhaps, Friars'-street, on the site of which formerly stood the Priory of the Grey Friars. It is, however, by no means our intention to write a guide to Ipswich, but as our destination is at the extreme end of the town, we may fairly point out some of the special features of not, perhaps, the most direct, yet a most interesting, road from the railway-station to the Cliff Brewery. It is necessary to pass up Prince's-street, at the head of which is the new Town Hall, a new building opened only some eight years ago, and built from designs of Mr. R.C. Ransome, in the Italian renaissance, at a cost of £16,000, and which, as will be seen lower down, has a close connection with our present subject. In King-street, a continuation of Prince's-street, is the old King's Head, one of the many ancient taverns for which Ipswich is justly famous. The present building bears very decided marks of antiquity, and the spacious courtyard tells of the room in the coaching days; but it is asserted that a tavern has stood on this spot at least since the days of King John, in whose reign (1199-1216) we are assured the trade guilds were in the habit of taking their ale here in the course of their processions. And here we may fairly quit for a moment to look at another tavern of world-wide celebrity, which has given the name of Tavern-street to the busiest thoroughfare in Ipswich. This is the old White Horse, a house never likely to be forgotten by the readers of the "Pickwick Papers," for here it was the worthy old gentleman who gave his name to that immortal volume had his never-to-be-forgotten adventure with the lady in yellow curl-papers. Charles Dickens's description of the White Horse is one of his happy, if slightly exaggerated bits, though, in several respects, the house has considerably improved since the book was written. "Never," he says, "were such labyrinths of uncarpeted passages, such clusters of mouldy, badly-lighted rooms, such large numbers of small dens for eating and sleeping in beneath any one roof, as are collected together between four walls of the great White Horse of Ipswich." It will be remembered, indeed, that many of the most amusing scenes of the book in question are laid in Ipswich. Here is still shown in Angel-lane the identical green gate from which Sam

Weller saw Job Trotter emerge when he was preparing for his "return match" with that redoubtable gentleman, and through which Mr. Pickwick was taken by Grummer and Dabbley to answer for his sins before George Nupkins, Esq., the mayor, Mr. Jinks, his clerk, and Muzzle, his footman. But, to proceed on our way, we now retrace our steps to the "Old Butter Market," on one of the most ancient streets in Ipswich, and in which every passer-by must find his attention attracted by the unique appearance of an old building known as "Sparrow's House," or the "Ancient House," which is certainly one of the most perfect specimens of the domestic architecture of the Tudor period to be found in the Eastern counties, or perhaps even in all England. The date of the house is 1567, and the exterior is most lavishly ornamented in what is called "pargetting," the effect being exceedingly rich and picturesque. Most of the devices are either floral or mythological, though there are some capital allegorical carvings representing the four quarters of the world, while in the centre of the front are the arms of Charles II., evidently a later addition, and put up to commemorate the fact of that king having been concealed in the house after the battle of Worcester. At right angles to the Butter Market is Brook-street, another most interesting portion of the town, for a full description of which we would refer the reader to the Rev. R. Cobbold's novel of "Freston Tower," a work full of information and interest respecting the antiquities of Ipswich and the neighbourhood.¹ Here, on the site of another well-known inn, the Coach and Horses, formerly stood the mansion of "Bluff King Hall's" brother-in-law, Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, while lower down is the house in which Gainsborough lived, and in which his daughters were born. In this house he painted many of those marvellous and thoroughly English landscapes, and especially the well-known Gainsborough Lane, which now fetch something like their weight in five-pound notes. Now we pass through Tacket-street, pausing to look at the Theatre Tavern, formerly known as the Tankard, and once forming part of the mansion of another famous Ipswich man - Sir Anthony Wingfield, Vice-Chamberlain and Privy Councillor to Henry VIII. And now we may go on through Fore-street and the Fore Hamlet to Bishop's-hill, or inspired by the *genius loci*, retrace our steps in order to find St. Nicholas-street, in a passage out of which was born the most celebrated, if not the greatest, man the county of Suffolk ever produced - we mean Cardinal Wolsey. It is impossible to be long in Ipswich without thinking of the proud cardinal,

for his spirit pervades the entire place. Naturally enough, we have close by Cardinal-street, and other similar names; while College-street, with Wolsey's Gate, which alone remains of the building, recalls the story of the short-lived and ill-fated college, which the all-powerful minister intended should rival the more ancient seats of learning on the Cam and the Isis. From this point Key-street - which, be it understood, is not a corruption of key, but refers to a large key on the steeple of St. Peter's Church, commonly known as the Key Church - leads to the Custom House, whence a by no means short walk along the docks brings us in time to the quaintly-named and decidedly comfortable-looking Ship Launch Inn, where "Cobbold's ales" may be tasted in perfection, and where inquiry may, if necessary, be made of Mrs. Curtis as to the rest of the journey, which, however, is nearly over, for a few yards more brings to view the pretty Swiss chalet-looking Cliff House, adjoining which is the Cliff Brewery itself.

A better example of the antiquity of the families of East Anglia need hardly be demanded than is furnished by Messrs. Cobbold and Co., of the Cliff Brewery. The name, it must be evident to the meanest etymologist, is pure Saxon, therefore, although the Cobbolds cannot claim to have "come over with the Conqueror," they may more proudly boast that they were here before him. At all times the name is to be met with in the history of the county, but for our present purpose it is unnecessary to go back beyond the middle of the last century, when the head of the family was Thomas Cobbold, born in 1745, of Holywells, Ipswich, one of the present seats of the head of the firm, and of the Cliff Brewery. Whether John Cobbold was the first member of the family connected with the brewery we are not certain, but probably not, as it is certain the establishment is of considerably older date, and in all probability it was always more or less an appanage of the Holy Wells estate. This domain, around which clusters many literary and antiquarian associations, has a magnificent situation between the town of Ipswich and the racecourse, and from its splendid grounds many charming panoramic views of the town and of the River Orwell can be obtained. The name of the estate is derived from a well, the water from which in "the days of old," was believed to possess miraculous curative properties, and consequently was dedicated to a patron saint, and placed in the charge of one of the Carmelite friars belonging to the Priory, formerly standing where Queen-street now is. There was

perhaps more foundation for the faith in this particular water than is always the case with similar shrines, as the well being supplied from one of the many springs found at the junction of the London clay and the overlying beds, which nearly always contain iron, the water is necessarily chalybeate,² and therefore possessed of certain medicinal properties. From the time of John Cobbold it is certain there has been little fear of any early extinction of the family, for very large families have been the rule. He married first Elizabeth, daughter of James Wilkinson, Esq., and by her had John, and six other sons and eight daughters, the first-named of whom succeeded him; but before coming to him we must refer to the second marriage of the first John Cobbold, in 1791, with Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Knipe, of Liverpool. This lady was born in Watling-street, London, in 1764. Her mother, whose maiden name was Waller, was a descendant of the poet of that name, and to no small extent inherited his genius, which she seems to have transmitted both to her own descendants and to the members of her husband's first family. At a very early period of her life Miss Knipe discovered very considerable talent, and soon attracted the notice of many distinguished literary characters. In 1787, she published "Six Narrative Poems," dedicated by permission to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Three years later, she being then twenty-six years of age, she was married to William Clarke, Esq., a portman of the borough, and comptroller of the customs of Ipswich, a gentleman of twice her age. He died within six months of the marriage, and soon after his decease Mrs. Clarke married John Cobbold, Esq., of the Cliff Brewery, who was at the time, as we have seen, a widower with fourteen children. Her biographer informs us that the "Cliff" at once "became the home of her dearest affections, the residence of taste, and the scene of hospitality." In the course of a few years she herself became the mother of six sons, two of whom died early, and a daughter, who died in infancy. Of the remaining four, we may add here, Robert Knipe and Charles were brought up in their father's establishment, and Richard and Edward went into the Church. After her marriage, Mrs. Cobbold published "Cliff Valentines," in 1813, a second series with the same title the following year, an "Ode on the Victory of Waterloo" in 1815, and a volume of "Poems" in 1825. Mrs. Elizabeth Cobbold died in July, 1824, "distinguished for her numerous virtues and accomplishments." Her son Richard, before-mentioned, who became rector of Worttham, was destined to achieve a higher literary fame

as the author of "The History of Margaret Catchpole, a Suffolk Girl," "Freston Tower," "J.H. Steggall - The Real History of a Suffolk Man," "Canticles of Life," and numerous other works. Many of these books are perfect encyclopædias of information on the history of Suffolk. Margaret Catchpole, the reader may remember, was a female horse-stealer, who, among other achievements, contrived to break out of the Ipswich Borough Gaol, make her escape, steal another horse, and ride to London in male attire. For a long time she was engaged as a domestic servant at the Priory Farm, which figures largely both in this work and in "Freston Tower," and the circumstance of her most daring adventures having been committed in the immediate neighbourhood of his birthplace doubtless accounts for the reverend gentleman's somewhat singular choice of a heroine. "Freston Tower" in like manner owes its origin to a somewhat similar cause. The tower itself is a picturesque but peculiar castellated brick edifice, a few miles down the river from Ipswich, in Downham Reach, said to have been built as a study for Lord Freston's daughter, a young lady of singular talent and learning. The tower is six storeys high, containing one room on each storey, and these are so designed as to give six distinct views of the fine river scenery. Ellen Freston used to occupy all the rooms daily for separate purposes.

Among other members of the family who have been distinguished in literature, may be mentioned the Rev. John Spencer Cobbold, who wrote a number of theological works displaying considerable learning and argumentative powers, about the years 1793-1804; Robert Henry Cobbold, whose writings were of a miscellaneous character, and Thomas Spencer Cobbold, joined the medical profession, and produced various valuable treatises on "Entozoa," and other medical subjects. Having thus demonstrated the high culture of various members of the Cobbold family, it is time to return to the direct line. As we have said the eldest son of the first John Cobbold, by his first marriage, was John Cobbold, born 1774. This gentleman, who succeeded his father both as proprietor of the Holywells and as head of the Cliff Brewery, added a wine and spirit branch to his business, and also became a partner in the banking firm of Bacon, Cobbold, and Co., at Ipswich. He married, in 1796, Harriet, the third daughter of the Reverend Temple Chevallier,³ of Aspel Hall, Suffolk, and had six sons and seven daughters, of whom the eldest was John Chevallier Cobbold, Esq.,

the present head of the firm, and died in 1860, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

Mr. John Chevallier Cobbold was educated at the celebrated grammar-school of Bury St. Edmunds' which has given education to so large a proportion of the leading men of Suffolk during the past three hundred years. At an early age he entered the brewery, and very shortly afterwards took a leading part in its management. Endowed with great energy and consummate business capacity, he soon acquired great influence in his native town, filling many important local offices, and enormously extending the connections of the brewery. In 1847 he was chosen to represent the Conservative party for Ipswich, and sat continuously for the borough for twenty-one years. During the whole of this time the representation of the borough was divided, his colleague being throughout Mr. Hugh Edward Adair, a Liberal, and at the contests which accompanied every general election the two sitting members were almost alternately first and second on the poll. For the first time he suffered defeat in December, 1868, during the wave of excitement that swept over the country after Mr. Gladstone's "pilgrimage of passion," but, as will appear presently, he was fated to see this mischance splendidly avenged by his son. John Chevallier Cobbold, Esq., is a deputy lieutenant and a justice of the peace for the county of Suffolk. He is a banker at Harwich and at Ipswich, being a member of the firm of Cox, Cobbold, and Co., at the former place, and of Bacon, Cobbold, and Co., at the latter. He has been for many years chairman of the Eastern Union and Ipswich and Bury St. Edmunds Railways, was also a director of the Royston and Hitchin Railways, and is a member of the Carlton and Athenæum clubs.

During his father's lifetime, Mr. J.C. Cobbold's principal seat was at his pretty estate at Felixstow, known as the Lodge, between the Bath Hotel and Bawdsey Gap, the richly-wooded grounds of which stand out in delightful contrast to the storm-beaten cliffs below. Since he has resided at Holy Wells. Mr. Cobbold has made many and most extensive improvements in the splendid *demesne*, the value of which to the townspeople may be estimated from the fact that within its boundaries are both the racecourse and practice grounds, and butts of the First Suffolk (Ipswich) Rifle Volunteers, where are held in alternate years the prize meetings of the County Rifle Association. On May 14,

1827, Mr. J.C. Cobbold married Lucy, third daughter of the Rev. Henry Patteson, rector of Drinkstone and of Wortham, Suffolk, and sister of the late Mr. Justice Patteson, and has had issue eight sons and five daughters. Of the former the eldest is

JOHN PATTESON COBBOLD, ESQ., M.P.

This gentleman, whose portrait appears on the opposite page, was born in Ipswich on the 12th of July, 1831, and has consequently just completed his forty-fourth year. He was educated at Eton, and thence following in the footsteps of his ancestors, took his place in the Cliff Brewery. But he was destined to draw closer in after-life the ties binding him to the school of his boyhood, as in 1858 he married Adela Harriette, daughter of the Rev. George John Dupuis, vice-provost of Eton. Besides entering into the various branches of his father's business as banker, brewer, and wine-merchant, Mr. John Patteson Cobbold soon found time to devote to a multiplicity of local affairs. He entered with much zeal into the volunteer movement, and is a major in the 2nd Administrative Battalion of the Suffolk Rifle Volunteers. He took an active part in municipal affairs, being elected mayor of Ipswich for the year 1867-8. Mr. Cobbold's mayoralty proved a memorable one, as it fell to his lot to signalise his year of office opening for the transaction of public business the new town-hall, a building of which the inhabitants are justly proud. It has already been remarked that in the December following this event Mr. J.C. Cobbold was defeated at the general election. It is no secret that nearly everyone was surprised at this result, and that very many even of those who had opposed would willingly have undone their work if possible. By a narrow majority of 151 the electors had defeated their faithful representative for twenty-one years, and there was no possibility of repairing the evil until the general election in February, 1874. Then Mr. J.C. Cobbold made it most distinctly understood that he would never contest the borough again, so many of his old supporters, with others who valued the son for his own as well as for his father's sake, presented a most influential requisition to Mr. J. Patteson Cobbold to allow himself to be put in nomination. It was determined, moreover, that as the Liberals had gained both seats in 1868, when the Conservatives were willing to avoid a contest, so now a determined effort should be made to win the entire representation of the borough for the Conservatives. The attempt was decidedly a daring

one, considering the personal and family influence of Mr. Adair, who had represented the borough for twenty-seven years, while Mr. West had also the advantage of being in possession, which, as we are told, is nine points of the law. But fortune favours the brave, and it must be admitted that the Conservative candidates were well chosen, Mr. J.P. Cobbold's colleague in the contest being Mr. J.R. Bulwer, Q.C., who had previously been the Recorder of Ipswich. The result was that both gentlemen were triumphantly returned, Mr. Cobbold, who was at the head of the poll, not merely having a majority of more than 550 over Adair, but actually polling the large number of 3059 out of a total constituency of probably, when deaths, errors, etc., were erased from the registrar, of a trifle under 6000. This was by far the largest number ever polled in Ipswich, being 738 more than at the previous election had sufficed to place Mr. Adair at the head of the poll. It is certain that since the election Mr. Cobbold has done nothing to forfeit the confidence and esteem of his supporters, and is probably at this moment more popular than ever with all classes of his fellow townsmen. Mr. J.P. Cobbold's Ipswich residence is at Cliff House, adjoining the brewery, a pleasant seat, having the River Orwell before, and behind the woods of Holywell. Before quitting what may be called the *personnel* of the Cliff Brewery to write a few words about the *matériel*, there is one little fact that should be mentioned as interesting to our readers and appropriate to the subject. It need hardly be remarked that Suffolk is not generally numbered among the hop-growing counties of England; nevertheless, at various periods a fair quantity of hops have been cultivated, and not without good average success. At present, however, the hop-gardens of Suffolk are decidedly infinitesimal in extent. What small ones there are, however, would appear to belong almost exclusively to Mr. J.C. Cobbold, for Suckling, in his history of the county, published in 1846, writes: "A small extent of land is still employed in hop-gardens in the neighbourhood of Stowmarket, and at Rushmere, near Ipswich. Mr. Cobbold, the proprietor of the hop-grounds at the last-mentioned village, has also a garden of about twenty-three acres at Foxhall." Having recorded this little incident as one showing the widely-spread connection of Mr. Cobbold with every interest concerned in the production of beer, it is time to turn to the Cliff Brewery itself.

The Cliff Brewery, Ipswich, is a decidedly picturesque-looking building of red brick and wood, divided only by



JOHN PATTESON COBBOLD, ESQ., M.P.
(OF COBBOLD AND CO.'S CLIFF BREWERY, IPSWICH.)

a roadway from the River Orwell, and, forming a characteristic termination to the town, as immediately beyond it we come to market-gardens and open country of a purely English character, among the leading points of which it would be unpardonable to omit all reference to "Gainsborough's Lane," so called in honour of the great painter, himself a Suffolk man, who painted it in its entirety, and sections of it over and over again. It is, indeed, no wonder his artist eye was enamoured of the spot, for although some of the finest trees have disappeared since Gainsborough's time, it is yet one of the loveliest rustic lanes to be found throughout the length and breadth of England. Nearly a mile long, with a grove of fine oaks on either side, whose umbrageous foliage almost meets overhead to form a natural canopy and shelter from the summer sun, and with short green turf under foot, rutted here and there by cart tracks, Gainsborough's Lane is the *beau ideal* of a spot in which to idle away a summer afternoon. It occupies the crest of the rising ground from the river, which lies to the right, and with its numerous yachts and trading vessels forms, a pleasant portion of the scene, while beyond are richly-wooded slopes, with towers, and churches, and gentlemen's seats peeping through the trees. Indeed, as it has happened to us to say on previous occasions, that of all the breweries we have ever visited, we have never yet seen one without some distinctive feature which serves to fix it indelibly on the memory, and to distinguish it from all its rivals and fellows, we should pronounce at once that the chief speciality of the Cliff Brewery is its magnificent situation. This very position would seem to confirm the opinion we hazarded above, that it was originally intended as the private brewery connected with the estate of the Holy Wells, perhaps indeed was first established by the Carmelite friars, for we know that the various ecclesiastical communities of Suffolk from the earliest times took advantage of the busily growing capabilities of the county to gain a reputation for first-rate brews of "jolly good ale, and old." It must some years ago have been situated fairly out of the town, and the Ship Launch Inn was doubtless a country roadside house, but the growing arms of Ipswich are rapidly extended so as to embrace the brewery, and a large piece of open ground in front of the inn named is even now being laid out in roads, the names of which as Cliff-road, Patteson-road, etc., sufficiently mark their ownership. Immediately before reaching the brewery a wind in the road brings us in full view of Cliff House, the residence, as we have already said, of Mr.

J.P. Cobbold, and joining this is the brewery itself. In front is the river, beyond which is a splendid view of the opposite shore, behind, on rapidly rising ground, the woods of Holy Wells, and further away the open country. The brewery buildings proper occupy a long river frontage, in the middle of which are a pair of large white gates, giving access to the interior, and opening directly to the cooperage. In the red-brick buildings to the left, and facing the exterior, are mash-tuns being at the very end, in a partially wooden building designed expressly for their reception.

These buildings have a quaint appearance, with the penthouse tiled roofs, many gables and two tall chimneys, but are admirably adapted for their required purposes, and although not of the enormous size of the larger London and Burton breweries, are equal to a very large annual output. On the left of the yard, at right angles with this range of buildings, are the offices, situated in another red-brick building, over the front of which trailing and flowering plants are prettily trained in a manner happily characteristic of the rustic situation of the establishment. Here there is plenty of accommodation for the clerks, with private rooms for the principals and heads of departments, and a short inspection shows that "heaven's first law - order" is rigidly obeyed. Facing the gates, but slightly to the left, is the private residence of one of the chiefs, a pleasant brick building of the Queen Anne style, enlivened and relieved by Virginian creepers and other plants and flowers. To the right is another long range of red-brick buildings, the ground-floor of which forms extensive stores, from which, by a convenient arrangement, the vans and drays are loaded, not in the yard but direct into the road on the quay. Above the stores are the malt-houses, and separated from these by a narrow pathway is a large whited-brick building, with a penthouse tiled roof, the upper floors of which, reached by a couple of external staircases, one with a covering to protect it from the weather, form the malt and hop stores. On the ground-floor are more ale stores and bins. At the end of this range are the stables and cart-shed, in the forum of which may be seen a goodly number of the well-known Suffolk horses, while in the latter are pair-horse drays and single vans, for all of which full employment is found in supplying the demand of the numerous houses - some five or six hundred, we believe - which find it to their interest to retail to their customers "Cobbold and Co.'s Entire." A special reputation has been acquired by

the Cliff Brewery for its bitter ale, which we tasted in splendid condition, not in the brewery itself, but at the Ship Launch Inn, and can, therefore, the more unhesitatingly speak with confidence of its unexceptionable quality. Like other Suffolk brewers, Messrs. Cobbold also produce an old ale, which requires, like olives, a special education of the palate to enable a stranger properly to appreciate it, but it is esteemed in the district, which is the one thing needful. It should be mentioned also that in addition to their own brewings, Messrs. Cobbold and Co. are agents for the celebrated double stout brewed Mr. Patrick Sweetman, of Francis-street, Dublin. The wine spirit trade, conducted by the firm, is kept, to a great extent, distinct from the brewery, but is very extensive, as indeed a visit to the bonding stores would suffice to show. Of these, the principal is "Bonding Vault No. 16," in Key-street, a building nearly opposite the police-station and quay, filled almost to repletion with foreign wines and spirits.

Before concluding we may remark that besides their local connection Messrs. Cobbold have a large export trade, both in beer and spirits, for which their situation on the quay, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the docks, affords them special conveniences, so that, as not unfrequently happens, in spite of the sneers of utilitarian philosophers, the beauties of nature by which the Cliff Brewery is surrounded, so far from derogating from its prosperity, actually bestow upon it commercial advantages which it could not obtain in the centre of a town. It only remains to add that the fame of this brewery, which is a household word throughout the counties of Suffolk and Norfolk, has steadily increased as the business has generation after generation descended

from father to son, but that neither the house itself nor its product ever stood at so high a pinnacle of popularity as at present, an assertion easily to be verified by a visit to Ipswich, where it will be found that all over the town Cobbold's ales are the favourite beverage, while the two most popular townsmen are beyond doubt John Chevallier Cobbold, Esq., the late, and his son John Patteson Cobbold, Esq., the present, representative of the ancient borough in Parliament.

One word more. The very excellent and lifelike portrait we present of the member for Ipswich is from a photograph taken by Mr. W. Vick, of Ipswich, and it may perhaps interest some of our readers to know that it came to us from Mr. James Haddock, one of the principal booksellers of the town, whose place of business is that very "ancient house" in the Butter Market to which we made some slight allusion in the opening portion of this article, and which, after doing good service to its owners as a private mansion for centuries, is now devoted to the dissemination of useful knowledge and the fine arts.

Published 14 August 1875

Notes

1. *Freston Tower: A Tale of the Times of Cardinal Wolsey* (1850) was written by Reverend Richard Cobbold (1797-1877).
2. A mineral spring water containing salts of iron.
3. Temple Chevallier's seventh son, Reverend John Chevallier (1774-1846), gave his name to the variety of barley which he allegedly discovered in the 1820s.