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Mr. Robert R. Corbould

42 Stuart Street.

BALLARAT. Australia

Edward Henry Corbould.



November 1st 1889.

about - by the various ways in which it has  
been the habit of certain individuals to pro-  
-nounce it - to say nothing of the custom  
in former times of spelling any how.

I will give an instance, in the name of  
an old friend of mine who was in my  
Studio yesterday afternoon - Colonel  
Worthington Wilmer - formerly the  
family name was De Wulfmere.

There was the Sea, and as I can't  
see to write more - & having nothing  
more to say in particular, I will  
take the Bull by the horns & shut up.

DHC

T. Trebovir Road. Earls Court. Nov<sup>7</sup>. 1889.

Dear Mr. Corbould. About three days back  
I received Illustrated Newspapers from you & also  
from your brother William as well as a letter.

Now as I am at a loss to know where on the face  
of the Earth he may chance to be, I am not able  
with any degree of certainty to make known to him  
that I have received what he sent, nor can I tell  
him that the box of Indian weapons which he  
said were on their way & had been sent to Darwin  
- Port a month (I believe) before he wrote that they  
were coming for my son Pelham. A formal  
paper from the Agent at Darwin Port arrived some  
weeks ago - stating by what vessel they would be  
carried via Hong Kong to Calcutta - when the box  
w<sup>d</sup> be taken to England by another vessel which  
he mentioned by name. but w<sup>h</sup> up to the present  
time has never turned up. I should not wish your  
brother to consider that receiving no word from me,  
constituted a perfect state of indifference.

He spoke of leaving Florence Bell Mues almost  
immediately. Very well! - his letter took about  
6 weeks coming to me - & a reply from me - by the  
very next post out, would be about another 6 weeks,  
which w<sup>d</sup> amount to a quarter of a year, when

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possibly the place had been vacated by him fully two months and a half - and nobody aware of where he had gone to. My letter might return to me through the Dead letter office 3 months after I had written it, and this being the case I abstained from writing to him. He said he wd write from that quarter of the Globe - whether Africa or America - which ever place it turned out that he had gone to.

By the time this reaches you - it is possible that you will know somewhat of his whereabouts & can write whatever you please to him - w<sup>ch</sup> I cannot. My son has been to the Office of the Graphic News. I had seen a view of the West of London a few days back - and thinking you might like to put it on one of your walls. I told him to procure it. He yesterday went, and it will be forwarded from the office - & consequently will not be directed in my hand. I read with much interest in the Argus several articles. & when I had finished it. I sent it

to an old friend of mine at Bath, who used to be private tutor to my son Arthur who is buried at St Kilda.

I beg to thank you for what you sent. I have been making the most of the light of this day - to get on with my painting for the Exhibition. The days are short & dark, & as the post closes for the receipt of letters at 5.30 - I shall cut this short - put on my boots & post it - otherwise it will remain in London for another seven days.

You must therefore excuse my hasty scrawl - and believe me

Yours very truly  
Edward King Corbould.

P.S. Your brother was uncertain whether the Vikings name was Gorbald, or Garbold. - because the word Gor - means Lion, & Gar spear. I have been to the place which was his home

The people do not forget names!  
TO GARBOLDISHAM  
LEWESTOFF. though names do undergo changes - some wonderful changes, brought