



Mr Robert R. Corbould
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Edward Henry Corbould

Words can be so transmitted! I thought I could readily procure & forward those Mustard papers. I had seen them of course at the Book stalls, but at a time when it would have been highly inconvenient to purchase & carry them about with me. I am at the present time awfully busy in various ways - and not too much open to leaving off painting in these short & dark days to attend to any foreign matter. However I had to go away from home - & stay for a week with a friend in Sussex - in order to get out of the way - while my Studio was turned in a warehouse - to receive all the furniture of the Drawing room - where my numerous folks were to dance. Had you been able to look in by some Telegraphic means - you wd. have seen a few Corboulds. There was one Rupert Corbould - the son of the Rev. Edward J. Corbould - when we got to know in about as strange & roundabout a way - as we got to know your branch; it commenced by seeing in a Newspaper "The wife of the Rev. Edward J. Corbould - of Woodpecker House, Newbury, Berks. & a daughter? and we have since lighted upon the wife of that branch, consisting of 2 Clergymen. 1 D. of Medicine & 1 Wine Merchant. & Curiously though they know nothing of Ancestry - owing to their having been left an Orphan when a mere child - he was brought up in Norfolk by some friends who were unable to give him the desired information on the subject. Your brother William intends to do his best to keep the name free of taint - & if possible to add to its brilliancy. & such must be the aim of you & your house. Truly yours Edward Henry Corbould Robert R. Corbould.

7. Trebovir Road, Earls Court, S.W. Kensington, Jan. 17, 1890.

Dear Mr. Corbould. I fancy I did once tell you that my uncle George James Corbould - many years ago whilst walking in Bath with a friend who resided in the name of Smith, & the subject struck up about names, then my uncle said that the Smiths were very scarce - that you could scarcely name without stumbling over dozens at a time - whereas the name of Corbould was a sort of rare coin in terms - perhaps more scarce than any one you could think of. - when his friend Smith said "I think be so sure of that! what do you read on that board being you?"

CORBOLD'S ACADEMY. That board must have been the property of your Grandfather! I know that all Corboulds whom I have in my mind, were under the impression that the tribe might (as individuals) be counted on the fingers of the left hand. That they have - thousands or another, hung on as it were by their eyelids. Through many centuries, is true, and yet I doubt whether any of them ever made any particular mark in the world - since the days of Garbold the Viking. I dare say that he made his mark; & was proud to have it witnessed by two other men. Most likely he could not write his name - very few Scandinavians I imagine could - at that time - though in those early days - many may have been able to say (as most English speaking Peoples in the present - can) "All right!" You people at No. 42 Sturt Street who form your door - can see the statues of Burns & Tom Moore in Beloeast - have doubtless been under the impression - that perhaps you were the only Riggers that could rightly wear the name of Corbould (?) at any rate, that you were the only ones in Australia, not knowing that a ton of mine was in the Country of St. Kilda. Now perhaps you are not aware, that at New Wellington, in British Columbia, there is a CORBOULD who is the Mayor? This is a thing which even I, was ignorant of until last Sunday evening. I had heard that an old friend

of mine had been ill. & thought I would go and look him up, and, may be, cheer him up - & I did, as I purposed doing. and he did something towards cheering me, in as much as he decanted a bottle of Port. w^h would have been 200 years old in another two years - but we put a stop to its advancement in age. It came out of Don Pedro's cellar. I believe it had been placed there at the time of the French Revolution in 1792. My friend's name is Thomas B. Edwards. and his little wife is in some way related to somebody of the name of Dunsmuir - a very wealthy man - i.e. if being the sole owner of an entire Railway - and as report says "worth 20 millions of pounds" (not dollars.) and, that a certain Colonel Houghton had had the means of mind to marry the daughter. After telling you that much - I ought not to forget to rectify a mistake I made - when mentioning about the gum leaf - which you sent. & upon which you said there was a painting. Well! I looked - but could see no painting. True there was the gum leaf stuck against a piece of paper. & as I imagined for the sake of serving the double purpose - of a background, & also as something to strengthen the leaf & prevent it being broken. Well! on the morning of 3rd Jan^y it being the birthday of my son in Law George Harris Hayward, I was looking for something in my Studio which should be worthy his acceptance. but I thought in vain - unless I saw him something - that would actually adorn the my walls. My son Victor was in the Studio, & said "if you see him the gum leaf?" but I said "Oh! that would never do!" for - (as I wrote to Robert R. Corbould) the painting - however splendidly executed - had entirely faded, & there was not a trace of it left. The only thing that remains

was the name of the artist - which - from being in ink, had withstood the changes of atmosphere & temperature. &c. &c. - My son removed the paper which stuck to the leaf - & behold - there were enough figured the painting - fresh & vivid in colour - so I handed it over to him, - and he was highly delighted with it, and it now hangs in his Dining Room - rendered still more charming by being mounted on a broad margin & framed & glazed, At his house, it will be more generally seen by the family - than if it remained here. because his place is a trifle more central. in Sothing of Central - I should like to know whereabouts the Country is - on the face of the Globe (at present constituted) that is not Central. (?) A murder may be done this night at the dead end in Cornwall - & it is made known all over the World in perhaps less than 24 hours. The winner at any Race in England - is known in America, before the course is cleared of the people. and it strikes me that Newspapers from London to Bellarot are a force - since by the time you get them - viz in five weeks - you have read all they contain - more than a month back. so that the stale news must fall heavily flat & uninteresting. Had I been able to procure the Christmas numbers of the Illustrated London News & the Graphic (w^h could not be got at any price) 3 days before Christmas Day - they might have been worth receiving - because pictures are not easily wired from one part of the World to another.