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14.
March, 1890
Australia.

42
R. R. Corbould
Sturt St. Ballarat.

Edward Henry Corbould



To a certain extent it seems to be in the blood of that particular branch.
as his Father was Mean - beastly Mean - & did things that any other man
w^d have been thoroughly ashamed of thinking possible. - and what he himself felt
to be quite the right & proper thing to do. And, since his Grandfather was
treated with the same disgusting brusk - perhaps he can't help his Nature.
How is your Father? he must have a wonderful constitution to stand
the heat w^{ch} you describe. I can't think that it is the sort of
thing that is enjoyable. I would rather be without it. Like
wormth - the warmth of a jolly fire & a circle of friends, and
plenty of tobacco &c. &c. - but when it comes to feeling a desire to
sit in a Refrigerator divested of every thing but your bones - I would
prefer doing without that heat & to appear to be the rule with you
in Australia. Doubtless - New Covers can't stand it. &
soon give in - & turn up their toes - and the place knows them no
more - and I dare say - not a few, who leave England
to better themselves - when they arrive in Australia - every the
Crew that are paid wages for returning with the vessel.
My son Arthur felt that feeling - & would gladly have returned.
He died in five weeks. You are accustomed to things as
they are! and "USE, IS SECOND NATURE!" Your wife's mother
you say - has been to Australia many times - but then, she has returned
as often! Perhaps she likes the voyage so much. & after a short time
she thinks she will cross the SEA again - & that brings her to England
once more. Of course you don't envy people that are in England
any more than we here - every those who long eaten at the
North-pole by White bears. All's well - that cuts well, & if
people are happy & healthy and contented with their lot in life
and have sufficient - coin of the Realm to enable them to give to
those who are less gifted in every way - why it matter to nobody
else whether the weather is hot or cold. Yours most truly

Edward Henry Corbould.

7. Trebovir Road Lealy Court, 3rd Mill, Kingston.
To Mr Robt. R. Corbould. 14th March 1890.

Dear Mr Corbould - as I cannot possibly
guess the proper address of your brother
William Henry Corbould (though I imagine
he is probably in Japan, but Japan not being
a very short Street containing only 4 houses)
I am unable to tell him that the long looked for
long box of Native weapons came safe to hand
on Wednesday 12th (the day before yesterday),
so much to the delight of Master Pelham,
that he found it difficult to sleep. & was
up before daylight yesterday - to refresh his
eyes by gazing upon them. He had no notion
that they would be - many of them 12 feet long.

You will find that one of the Newspapers
12th March is full of holes. Caused by his
early practice before breakfast - in throwing
the javelins at it. I shall esteem it a favor
if you will convey to him ^{W.H. Corbould} - very sincere thanks
for the handsome way in w^{ch} he responded to

*: he entirely forgot to wash his face & hands, or brush his hair &c.

Pelham's desire to possess those things. They are already grafted upon the Wall of our hall - at least - about a dozen - whilst he had reserved three of the smaller ones - to practice with in his garden. It is a strange fancy he has for spears! It may be that the spirit of Garbold (or Bold Spear) is in him. Curiously "Garbold" was the name written upon a form from the Docks - apprising us of its arrival, The letter C on the label was taken for a G, - from its having a tail - thus

C. Of course I had to write in answer - & there - had to state that the present way of spelling the family name - was in the same fashion as had prevailed for upwards of 250 years - & perhaps considerably more, but that originally it was Garbold. & I also said that certainly two thirds of the tradespeople, called it Carbold. & so also do many of our friends. Be sure you let your brother know about the

Box.



I should sorely regret - that he - or any one else should for one moment imagine that beauty & greatness was the part of my Member of my house! I could lay my hand upon a man named Corbo (who is composed of Meanness, Selfishness & Ingratitude; he has never at any time called upon me - though I was the means of him & his brother entering an office - where - as Clerks they receive between 4 x £500 a year each - and when they get their month's holiday, are given £40 each towards expenses. He is sad & vexed at my suggesting (when writing to his Mother) that there were few things to which I actually "hated" Meanness, Selfishness & Ingratitude. and in the same letter I mentioned that he had never once during his life - either been to my door - or written one word - though he owes his position & income entirely to my recommendation. I never said that he was mean &c. - but having caught sight of my letter - he then wrote a very long one to me - which doubtless he thought clever & a clencher, in which he stated - that he never went any where without being asked to come. (I should never dream of asking him!) and he asked me whether I wished to accuse him of being mean &c.? I did not write him any reply, but to his Mother I did write saying that her eldest son seemed to have concluded that what I wrote - was meant for him. At all events, if he found the cap fitted him unpleasantly tight - of course it was not for me to interfere, & day, that he was not at liberty to wear it to the end of his days. He is a mean Sneak! It is a pity that that should be the character of any one named Corbold!