



Mr. Robert R. Corbould.

Deakin Avenue.

MILDURA.

Australia.

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Edward Henry Corbould

Dec. 24<sup>th</sup> 1893.

R.I.

I shall send you just another paper or two - & then go quietly on with my work and not trouble you with reading about matters which do not concern you. In order to lighten the Newpapers - I remove all useless matter, such as about servants wanting places, whether Coachmen, Grooms, Cooks or House maids, or such things - as "a gentleman possessing a fleet and handsome carriage, with a splendid pair of horses 5 years old, & harness better than New - is anxious to exchange the same for a worn out old flannel petticoat, or a box of worthless matches."

By the way - that reminds me - that a gentleman who had a pair of ponies, that were such "splendid matches" that he gave them the names of Bryant & May, sent them to Fattersell to be sold. & told his coachman to be present to show them off - and, to be sure to mention their names (for that was essential). The coachman went & the coachman returned, saying "them party Critters went off wonderful well" &c. &c. And the gentleman said of course you did as I told you - mention their names? "Oh yes! I did not forget that their names were Day & Martin!" This may not be too clear in Australia, where it may not be known the difference. Bryant & May are manufacturers of the best matches - whilst Day & Martin are makers of "blackings in the Strand" and this brings a stupid epithet to a close. You are the only vendor of clothes in your part of the world - so that that is not bad for you.

Yours truly  
Edward Henry Corbould.

7. Victoria Road. Earl's Court. Dec. 29<sup>th</sup> 1893.

Dear Mr. Corbould. Some people so clearly see their way before them, and believe all things so truly, that they can so accurately picture us to be able to post a letter or card at Melbourne in Australia - that on Christmas morning it shall be on the Breakfast Table in Earl's Court South Kensington, LONDON.

NOV. 15. 93 was the Post mark.

Curiously enough, also - another letter arrived from a brother of that accurate measurer of time &c. &c. He had become well known to a large number of people in London, during a brief stay in England, and one and all held him in the highest estimation, and all waited with the greatest anxiety to hear whereabouts on the face of the Earth he might be, and to know what he was doing; but perfectly convinced, that whatever he was about, it would be unselfishly for good. He was constantly being spoken about by his numerous friends, though nobody was aware where he might be - until on Christmas morning a letter was received by Thos. B. Edwards Esq of Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park (a very true friend of mine) to say - that he was upon the richest Gold Field in the World. It was posted Nov. 9. 1893. His name being William Henry Corbould and his tent pitched at Coolgardie, Western Australia, where water fit to drink can be had at eighteen pence a gallon, but salubrious stuff can be had - by digging down a few feet. Nice & healthy!

The brother whose place of abode was in Mildura had sent a Photograph of the same, and then he was standing in the doorway - which every body present was evidently aware of the movements and aims of the Photographer. There are standing five persons opposite a clothing establishment. One of them has a dog at his feet, and when the Photo was seen by some ladies living in Cottermore Gardens, Flemington, one of them said "Why there is Willie Corbould?" and all present were certain that it was so. There was no doubt of it. Evidently however they were miraculously out in their reckonings - in as much as he must have been some few miles distant from Mildura & Deakin Avenue at the time. The Photo conveys accurately the idea as to the character of the Country - and there is not a single lofty & snow capped mountain but what is so clearly defined, that it would not be difficult for any one standing on the spot in front of R. R. Corbould's Establishment - to reckon how many hours it would take to reach the top (when once starting the ascent) allowing that an extreme half day might be thrown in gratuitously, for lots of time sustained through precipitous & difficult climbing. But where there appears to be no hill worth the name of "Hills" - the country looks as though well suited for swift travelling, whether by Rail or Road.

I have to thank you for all your good wishes for Christmas & a happy new year - and I return the same good wishes for you & yours. The Newspapers which my servants fail to light the fires with - I generally send on to an old gentleman residing at 4 Drummond Street Ballarat. but - feeling that he would see all about the Ardnamont Shooting Case - in the Ballarat papers, & that the details might not be properly detailed in Mildura - I sent them to somebody there instead. This mysterious affair has been the talk of many many thousands of people in various parts of the Habitable Globe - & all their verdicts have been crushed by the murder not having been Proven. The majority consider that Moutson either shot the young man himself, or paid J. D. to do it - & then bolted for the benefit of his health. And clearly he seems to have managed the bolting, whether innocent or guilty, for he has not been found. Just you try how difficult it is to get clean away and leave no trace as to where you have gone! I have borrowed £5,000 of either Messrs. Lavater and Hutton, or of A. Bryce Barn, the House Agent, with a solemn promise to return it in a couple of hours with interest at 12 per cent - and you would find running of much use.