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Mr. Robert P. Corbould



42 Sturt Street,

BALLARAT.

Australia

Edward Henry Corbould.





two daughters - that he would see what best to do with the Farm  
at Cotton & Wadespades - without troubling them, and they  
were satisfied that if he (Seaman) could manage to sell the  
property, they would be all the better off, but they were mistaken  
- for after he had sold the property he was off & I believe  
gambled it all away. so that now - with the exception of  
the little dirt, w<sup>h</sup> each of us may have under our nails, we  
possess no land whatever. I suppose we are reaping the benefit  
of our ancestors wrong doing? for the chief gain we now get  
is all so much dead loss. Friends & relations have borrowed as  
much as they could (of course promising to pay in 10 days or so, but never  
paying at all) & thus I have lost hundreds of pounds. Now I must not lose sight  
of the fact of your having sent me the four photographs - for which I have now  
thanked you. the fact is I have been much occupied ever since, & when  
the days being short & dark (like a stunted Nigger) I at length came  
to the conclusion that instead of allowing more time to lapse, I had  
better take the Bull by the horns - and do my best to apologise  
for neglect - otherwise I should be branded as ungrateful.

Ingratitude, Meanness, & Selfishness, are the three things w<sup>h</sup>  
I consider the most abominable for any one to possess.  
I trust your Father's health is on the rise. I don't suppose it  
w<sup>d</sup> be any better for him - if at this present time he could  
be in London. I dare say you can scarcely comprehend such a  
fog - that it required two men with lanterns to walk at the head  
of a horse, one on each side - & a boy walking in front of them, with  
a flaming torch? nevertheless I had to go for the distance of a mile  
in a cab with my daughter - & we did it in that style, paying 3.6 and  
considered it cheap. Professions are not so flourishing as trades.  
A man in business could afford sovereigns, to the coppers of such as  
Mr. Robert R. Corbould. Yours very truly Edward Howard Corbould.

7. Trebovie Road, Earl's Court  
South Kensington - February 1<sup>st</sup> 1889.

Dear Mr Corbould,

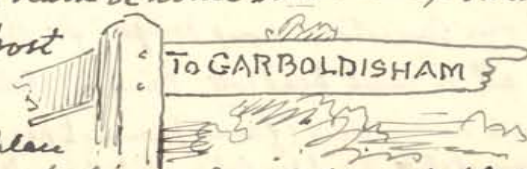
Your letter reached Sutton in  
Surrey on the 7<sup>th</sup> January. It has the post  
mark of Melbourne. Nov 27. & Ballarat Nov. 28. so  
you will see how long it was on the road, or, if you  
prefer it - on the Sea: or, how long on both between  
your house & mine. You could not have walked the  
distance in less time - even though you never rested to  
take refreshment of any kind. I should have thought  
that as you reside at Ballarat, that postmark w<sup>d</sup>  
have been before that of Melbourne, but of course  
the clerks at those offices understand the day of the  
month - & whether they advance or go back as they  
go forward, - & so I shall conclude it is as it should be.  
Well! I received the Photos of yourself & Mrs Robert, &  
also those of your son & daughter. The figure - the way  
you stand if remarkably like the posture of some other  
descendants of the Great Viking Corbould, whom I have  
known - & particularly so - in the sons of my Cousin  
Aster Chilton Corbould (who died a short time back) - but not  
much resemblance in features - i.e. no striking resemblance.  
A family likeness sometimes drops out for one or two generations,  
& will again come up. I have an old family portrait of a Chancellor  
Temp. Charles the first - representing features of that period.



24 23 22 21 20 19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

but in between this & that time, there have been differences. Features may so change in a family of sons & daughters born in the same house - that no one could trace the slightest resemblance to one another - and yet possibly if careful criticism were made - it wd be found that in some respect, each one bore a strong similarity to their parents.

One would have the eyes of the Mother, & the nose and forehead of the Father - & so on. but I think far more resemblance is perpetuated in the voice & the general mode of expressing ideas: and when you know that on the occasion of my brother Dr. Francis John Corbould calling to see some of the Corboulds at Bath (your Grand-father's family) he was talking to Mrs. Corbould - when the door gently creaked upon its hinges, & a young woman's head appeared - but she instantly drew it back again, & my brother having caught sight of it - said "are you a Corbould?" and she said yes. & he then said that one Corbould ought always to look another Corbould in the face without flinching. She - by way of apology - said "When I was upstairs, I heard a voice - & then I came softly down and heard it more distinctly - and I said - it is the voice of my brother from Australia - who had thought to give us a surprise - coming to see us - without having written to say he was coming: but I beg your pardon for intruding!" Consequently you see that the voice of the Corbould is still in the land, though no Poet that I

have heard of - has ever written to tell the World so. Beyond all question - the Old Danish warrior Garbold, who by force of arms took possession of certain property in Norfolk without money & without price (the rule that flourished in those times - being - that Might was Right) He came, he saw - he conquered, & had power to guard & protect that wd he had laid violent hands on - & furthermore he imparted to his ham or home - his name, & I have read it on a sign post  and seen Garbold his home: & a jolly place it must have been in his time - and a jolly place it still is - & beyond all question the most desirable place to dwell in, of any I had seen either in Suffolk or Norfolk! "GAR" is the old Danish word for SPEAR, & "BOLD" possibly, is the ancient Danish word for CHEEK - but I am not sufficiently up in the old Norse language to speak positively; at any rate - it required a certain amount of Cheek to sail up the Waveney - and go ashore spear in hand, & like a Cuckoo - turn out the rightful owners. However, we none of us have a square inch of ground there now - nor have the family had, for more than a couple of Centuries, but they had at a place not far distant, called Cotton, & also another close by, called Wadesyardes - but an infernal scoundrel named Seaman (whose Ancestor might have been a Pirate - a Viking (the same thing it wd be deemed in the present day)) married one of the Daughters of the Rev. John Corbould. & on the Old man's death - told the other