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M^r. Robert R. Corbould

BALLARAT.

Australia.

Edward Henry Corbould. Sept. 20th 1889.



a house at Cat's meat price - nothing can be got under
an annual rent of £500. It is constant change up & down
backwards & forwards. Our climate is ever restlessly changing.
The man - once tolerably well off - finds he has no change -
a filthy condition of things - where he cannot pay his debts -
& is at a loss to conjecture where he will be able to earn
the coin that another would gladly get rid of.
Our lot is perhaps to undergo a grim thing & orientated
spirit. One man has abundant health, but no money.
Another - Boundless wealth, but no health - whilst
Others seemd blessed with neither health nor wealth
about which to grieve. From father's health I hope
it on the mend, & that he is enabled to rejoice & to see
that the Fashions in Ballerob keep going on steadily
in the days of yore - Causing no anxiety for the future.
I never had a Dubinin head! Otherwise perhaps I should
have feathered my nest - better than I did. I have had
certainly spend'd opportunities, but I looked perhaps more
to the pleasant side of things - than to the profitable, more
to the honour of being treated as a familiar friend by Royalty
& Nobility - than as to see on whose business was that
I should have pay for every thing I did for them. I see.
Too late - I know - that it wd. have been better to make
money - & not be so satisfied with the Company of Princes &
Princesses - & breathing the breath of Royalty - feeding on
the same food provided for them - rather than lay up a store
for declining age. All that now remains is to cheat the Cuck of
Remembrance & think over the many years in which I enjoyed the friendship
of some of the highest Boms of the Age. Yours very truly
Edward Henry Corbould R.S.

7 Trebovir Road. Earl's Court - South Kensington.
Dear Mr. Corbould. Sept. 20th 1889. LONDON.

On the morning of my departure
from home - and in fact - just as I was starting off,
letters arrived - both from you & your brother
William. All was hurry & bustle, as you may
perhaps imagine - and as I was absent for
some months - neither of them received
my answer or acknowledgment from me.

First of all I had to fulfil an engagement to
spend a month with one of my nieces, who resides
near Liverpool - & from there - to go & spend a month
with one of my brothers-in-law, at Douglas, Isle of Man,
that having been finished off, I returned to Liverpool,
only to accompany three gentlemen into North Wales:
& on my return to town - finding that my son Victor Albert
had arranged to go to Port-Laven, Finistere, near the shores
of the Bay of Biscay - with one or two fellow students
from the Charing Cross Hospital, I was induced to go with them.

We remained there a month - and on my return
I went into Northamptonshire, on a visit to one
of my daughters at Denford Vicarage. & after spending
some weeks there - I am again at home, but find
that the servants - in putting things to rights, have

† Relatives who poured upon me
and carried me fairly away.

So complicated every thing. That it will be very long before I shall be able to discover where many things have been put for safety and neatness. Among some of the articles so put away - are the two letters which came just as I was leaving home. It may possibly be that I myself have placed them in such safe place, that it would defy the ability of Old Nick to put his hands upon them? I got some day when not looking for them - they will turn up, but which they seem not at all inclined to do at present.

My memory serves me that in your letter you make mention of some box or packet that would come by the same Mail, but I have very confused recollections of that subject - for I had many things at the time wh^{ch} occupied my thoughts. It may be that mis-read your letter - & thus came to the conclusion that something else was also coming. At all events I have heard of no box or parcel having arrived to be carefully put away. I have not felt quite up to high-water mark as regards spirits - feeling heartily dull & down cast, but that may be the natural consequence of having been born too soon - Family expenditure too overwhelming, and Trindlers being too many for me to contend with, any way

I have no right to complain or grumble - for generally - I have enjoyed good health, & had enough of this World's goods, to enable me to live & to feed & educate a family &c. &c. but the purse has got emptied - and Fortune seems to have turned her back upon me. The fact is simply this, that "The Fashion of this World passeth away" - Nothing remains stationary (except writing paper &c. &c.) or endures beyond a rapidly changing hour. That which is "all the go" to day - & the mark of the highest quality - is tomorrow "Out of fashion" - & deemed exciting vulgar.

In Art as in all other things, the kind of thing to admire changes. Take for instance a neighbourhood, that particular part of the Fashionable West End where the chief of the Nobility were pleased to shine upon - becomes, Curiously to be looked upon as antiquarian & Old fashioned - because a New Style of Architecture has sprung up - upon a fresh quarter of the Land, and as History repeats itself - so do the Fashions & tastes. I have seen a neighbourhood - once the abode of Nobles, gradually fall in general estimation - & then - where splendid Mansions could be got for mere nothing, a sudden Change sets in - first rate firms of Builders come to the fore - take the ground - pull down the houses, and erect Mansions thereon - so that, instead of being able to get