

The Messrs. Corbould
42 Sturt Street.
BALLARAT.
AUSTRALIA.

EARLS-COURT
1 C
DEC 20



Dec 20
1889.

Edward Henry Corbould

R.I.C.





and have you all before me. A Merry Xmas.
Thanks to Photography & the power of reading your
letters - I have become quite familiar with you
all. When I think of the Viking Garbold I pity
him sorely! In his day - Tobacco was not invented,
and all things must have been slow. No Rail-
ways, no steam ships, no Telescopes, no
Newspapers, - but there were Native weapons, &
they were perhaps instruments that did rapid
work & sent man to the grave in double quick
time. W. Henry Corbould may be convinced that
the old Viking called himself Garbold & not Gorbald.
99 out of every 100 people of the present day
Call & write Corbould. GARBOLDISHAM
is the name of the place
where the worrying old warrior drove away
the former inhabitants. & fixed his abode in Norfolk
GOR - may be a lion truly, but Gar is a spear!
and it may not be so very long, ere I dis appear
from off the face of the Earth. & the place shall
know me no more. It would be a comfort to
be able to take a seat at the fire side (if it didn't
scare what remained of the tribe) & have a pipe!
but it is to be hoped perhaps that after death none
of us will trouble unless Cremated, but be that
as it may - Believe me to be - till Cremation
ever among you. Edward Henry Corbould
To the Corbould tribe at Ballarat, Australia.

9, Teoborn Road, Lords Court, 5-W, London
To the entire bit of Corboulds Dec^r 20th 1889.
My dear Brother. Any one possessed of the faintest
knowledge of that wonderful people, the race of
Corboulds - might pick you out of the huge population
of the Universe! A very peculiar set of Niggers
are the Corboulds! and in many respects, many
other families cannot, and do not attempt to
hold a candle to them. They are (like Angel
vint's) few & far between. Of course not a few
have been buried in the bowels of the Earth, and
the whole richness of the belly of the World separates
a number, - but what does that signify, when
once it has become known that they exist - &
mentally they reach out the hand and grasp
each other most lovingly! My experience goes
this far - that where chance has brought
a couple together - each arising from birth the
highly esteemed name of Corbould, and their
names are made known to each other (though
perfect strangers up to that moment) the feeling
instantaneously arises - that something desperate
ought for worth to be done on the spot - and if
there is such a thing as a fatted calf, that calf
must be killed & devoured tooth and nail.
- yours my dear brother the Viking ever
Edward Henry Corbould

Toom & Mail - suggests Savages & Native Weapons.
(and that draws my attention to what is called, the
Bill of Lading - of a box of Native weapons which
is dated at Port Darwin on 3rd August, A.D. 1889
stating that it was on board the Steam Ship Elmore
whereof is Master for the present voyage, sometimes lying
in the Port of Port Darwin & bound for Calcutta & the
freight paid here, £11.0. The Elmore will carry the
box as far as Calcutta where it will be transhipped
to London, directed to Pelham Colbold Esq. 7 Fenchurch
Road, East London, S.W. Newington, London, England. &
All that, is as clear as a Pike Staff! nevertheless up to
the present moment, it has failed to put in an appear-
ance - and hence no written acknowledgment has
been sent to William Henry Colbold Esq. to any
quarter of the Habitable Globe. Doubtless some day
it will turn up - if indeed it has not gone to the bottom
of the Sea to feed the fishes! but if it never does, the
Bill will be taken for the deed - & the Corboulds think
be abundantly paid for all the damage as if it had.
By the way - Many thanks for Newspapers received.
In all cases - they fold better - if the leaves are cut.
and are lighter - if devoted of advertisement sheets.
Local advertisements are of little value to those who may
peruse them at the Antipodes. & for this reason I
cut them away from London Papers; and in truth, it
would seem to be of little use sending the thin portion -
since it appears that every thing of importance
is wired across the World and in print within 48
hours

or so. So that if there is the most charming and
romantic murder committed at the East end of
London - the full, true, & particular account is
circulated in Ballarat in the course of a day or two,
and consequently to be worried with a repetition
a month & a half after it has taken place.
really appears to be "Cruelty to Animals."
The New Year's Cards - I beg pardon; The Christmas
Greeting Cards for myself & family - & for Alfred
Manthey Colbold have come to hand. You, on your
side of the Universe ^{are} far more thoughtful than
me on this Northern part of it appears to be!
We never thought six weeks ago to write or
send you any thing of the kind - and yet we
thought of descent from the Great Viking as well
as you - & therefore, though blood relations, it
would seem that the Gore in our veins is
more frozen. W.H.C. when writing to me from
the Northern Territory - suggested that it was better
to stay here - and wished he could get hold of a cold
day - & be able to sit and smoke in front of a
jolly fire. Well! I can understand his feeling!
There is something remarkably pleasant in the
idea and in the fact - of sitting round a good fire
with a few friends and an abundant supply of
first rate Tobacco - and may be, a little Whiskey
or Punch - and listening to adventures & tales.
On Christmas Eve I shall mentally make a pipe