



Mr. Robert R. Corbould
42 Sturt Street
BALLARAT, Australia

Edward Henry Corbould

Ballarat - it would be troublesome to come to England as often as his hands required washing. Mr & Mrs Bean of Leeds - may frequently have been across - but would scarcely like to be forced to come as often as it might be necessary to use soap and water.

At my age 74 - I am not likely to cross to Australia. It was only on 3rd Feb? that I failed to come down the stairs at the Royal Institute of Painters in Piccadilly as I have done for upwards of half a century. For I pitched head long down to the Hall, & the wonder was that I was picked up alive. As you say you like the News-papers - I will send such portions of them as contain anything readable - & cut away local advertisements, which not one person in fifty thousand, ever troubles to look at, but which help materially to pay for the amount of printer's ink &c. Sometimes - the entire paper gets carried into the kitchen, & soon finds its way into the fire grate. You see, when I am busy, many things take place without my knowledge. I see very little of the News-papers - My time being otherwise occupied, but my wife having nothing to do (or if she has, never does it) cuts her breakfast - & then reads heavily on a wheel of wreats the paper. She bought the Daily Telegraph a fraud, & changed it for the Standard. I am no Politician & care nothing for what the paper thinks fit to state - but I wd certainly like the D.T for many interesting matters found in it. The transaction in Ballarat & the Imperial Resign must be about the same! Remember me to your Father & my body also but things of long time.

T. Ward Waverley Corbould.

7 Trewin Road, Fears Court, Feb 21st. 1890

Dear Mr. Corbould. Your letter of Jan 17th came to hand on Feb 17th. and that is as near as possible - the usual time that it requires to carry the Post - from your part of the Globe to this quarter. Thinking your wife would rather keep the letter of your son

Corbould Waverley Corbould, I return it. It is quite natural that she should think more of his productions - since she knows more about his infant ways (I would have said infantly more, only that the expression would be well & silly) than I can be supposed to be. Was Irome a Saint? or a Great Traveller? He might have been both.

and in the Capacity of one going about doing Good - might simply have got the name through having said "Rome for me?" or that he was Roman by birth - or a Roman by occupation, or a Romanist at heart. or, that he had boasted of his god his proficiencies, and so, got generally known as Rome - (?) His perhaps questionable - Who he really was,

and that

to put an end to doubt - you contemplated the giving the name to your Newson - but ^{if it} was misname to him - and you discover that he rebel - why then have him christened as he wishes to be!

Sometimes vast confusion arises - through two of a family being given the same Christian names. Take the families of the Smiths or the Joneses - I wonder how many John Smiths there are on the face of the Earth - or John Jones either?

Now Thunder and lightning Jones - certainly would distinguish a Jones from the general run of the name. And a Sam Viking Smith would be a name for a fellow to distinguish himself in the world, if he possessed any talent for any mortal thing: but let a man be the Cleverest rigger that ever smoked - and his name was John Smith, all his vast ability would but serve - to enable him to pay for what he might eat & drink & clothe himself. If in history it was recorded that one John Smith by name, - in the reign of Victoria of Great Britain - took down the Sun & Moon at 12 o'clock one Saturday - polished them both up with Pees-wax

and Gun-powder - & fired them up properly by a quarter to 4" - it would all go for nothing. "Give a dog an ill name - and hang him!" That is a saying as old as the hills - & I can fancy a John Smith, or a John Jones - saving anybody the trouble of officiating - by simply going and hanging himself - on account of his name being precisely the same as so many thousands living in the same place. Doubtless you might hunt the World over - & never come across another Charles Frome Corbould - any more than if it had been Garbold Waverley Corbould.

The two names Charles & Frome - may be after two very dear old friends of yours - who may feel anxious to look after the welfare of your youngest - whilst Garbold the Viking having been dead upwards of fifteen hundred years - he is not likely to be able to see after the boy - nor to present him with half a crown & a boat-rack, - but the Rev. Waverley (up which he sailed till he came to a lovely spot in Norfolk which he unceremoniously took possession of - & with his dog in his paw by his name, as his home) that River might serve for the purpose of mixing with his whiskey later on - and for washing himself all his life - but being so far off from