

To The Rev. R. Corbould

42 Sturt Street.

Ballarat

Australia

Edward Henry Corbould

28th March 1890.



quietly sitting opposite to you in the cool of the evening!
I think it would be calculated to inspire more horror
than delight. Some people do take care of the Graves of
departed relatives - plant shrubs & place flowers fresh
and fresh - but I care for none of those things, if Grass grows
or moss covers the stone - I say "let it alone." Sooner
or later - weather will wear the stone away - but anything
which covers it may tend to protect it. I could not stand
to see a mural slab within a Church destroyed, but on
the contrary would do all I could to preserve it & restore
damage. In Kensington Church there is a Monument
to commemorate Arthur & his Mother with a head
of each in White Marble. You speak of sending
a parcel for me by the hand of Mrs Bean (a
wife's Mother when she returns to England.
I will write as you suggest to Mr J. H. Bean (a
Beau?) of Albion Street, Leeds - to find out when
he is likely to come to London to meet his wife, so
that I may have the pleasure of seeing a living sample
of one connected with a Corbould, & actually "Grand
-Mother" to a few. I have shov'd together portions
of The Standard, some directed to you, & some to your
Paternal Father. The Offd & Cambridge Post-ree
is among them. I don't know whether it is packed off
to you, or your Father. All all counts - I suppose it is
not far to go from Street Chalk & Drummond Street?
Remember me to every mortal Corbould & believe me
to be yours very truly
Edward Henry Corbould.
Rd R. Corbould.

7 Trebovir Road, Carlisle Court, 5-W, LONDON.
28th March 1890.



Reverend Sir -
You can I presume address
in which the Secy & Manager
of the St. Fielda
Cemetery has rendered your
signature of R. R. Corbould?
For several generations the Corboulds used to be in the Church.
Perhaps the awful heat 105 in the shade of the Street
may have driven you to seek shade & shelter where formerly
the family were content to rest (?). Now it needs some
little explanation about my son who died at Birmingham's
house in South Yarra. He was always called "Arthur,"
and in that way - all letters were addressed to him.

The Princess Royal said to me - that though Christened
Ridley Edward Arthur Lane the Corbould, he should
always be called Arthur. and by the Royal Family
he was called by that alone; indeed his own particular
friends & his relations - called him by no other - and it
was quite natural for the Birminghams to order the
same to be engraven on his tomb. I have not heard of
the Birminghams for some years now - & rather believe that
Mr B. died some two or more years ago - & that his widow
moved. The son in Law was in the Law - & I think his
name was Will duck or something very like it - and that
he resided next door. This I do know - that the whole
family treated Arthur as though he belonged to them.

and that their kindness & consideration for him, was without bounds. He went to them as a perfect stranger. merely with a note of introduction from a Dr. Young (who I believe was brother to Mrs. Dickinson). — As you say you like to have certain details of news rather than the skeleton telegraphic short cut notices it are given in your local papers — I send you what I fancy will meet your wishes — from time to time. cutting away much of the rubbish of no mortal interest viz advertisements &c &c in Herald on this subject. I may as well ask you to tell your wife that it was very good of her to think that it was very thoughtful of me to send her the lady's Newpaper, since I don't believe there was a shadow of thought in the matter. it happened in this wise. I went to get illustrated Christmas Papers for you Corboulds that I will find that those who sell such publications, had not possessed a single copy for upward of two weeks (& Christmas Day had not at that time arrived) so I just grabbed hold of anything I could lay my hand on — & naturally sent the Lady's Newspaper to your wife rather than to your father — or to the Governor of Antiochia. your brother William Henry — has not written to me since the time he was contemplating leaving the Store

Bell Silver Mines — & could not then say from what quarter of the Globe he might next address me. The response he sent off at that time to my son Pelham — arrived as I told you safe & sound about a fortnight ago. I had given them up as lost — down among the millions of curious things scattered about at the bottom of the Sea. What a wonderful sight of things must be accumulated there! what a sight it would be — if we could but behold it! We can imagine perhaps faintly & in a dreamy way — the crawling living things that are down in the lowest depths — over hauling dead things, but the sight would be unpleasant & so perhaps we can content ourselves with not being at the bottom of the sea to see the wealth that is heaped up there. It is very kind of you to offer to see the grave of my son Arthur & to write & tell me the state it is in, but as I saw it up to the Dickinsons — knowing that I should never want the other three sides of the square block on which the Cross is fixed — & should never at any time cast my eye upon it — it is left for the living members of that family — to see that it is kept in proper order. I personally — have no sort of practical interest in visiting the spots where members of my family are buried. I lament their loss — i.e. that I can never again in this life hear their voice as formerly — but it gives me no pleasure to walk round about where they have been buried. If you could see some dear friend, one whom you had loved most truly — & who had been buried since