

a couple of centuries or so back. It is curious that all bearing the name of Corbould or Corbold, Corbold, Garbold & Garrould - invariably come from Suffolk or Norfolk. & pert neighbouring the spot where Garbold the Viking landed & took possession - calling it Garboldsham (his home). I have been there & it is a most lovely place. & I don't wonder at the Old Pirate having fallen so much in love with it - as to take it without the consent of the owner. The Old Church at Garboldsham had nothing remaining except one side of what had originally formed one of the walls of a square tower. & this lofty structure is entirely covered with ivy, & the stems of that ivy are about as thick as the body of a man. Where the main body of the Church stood. & where a multitude of people must have been buried - only now looks like the green baize of some well kept Billiard table. I afterwards went to look at what the people call "The New Church," & though I have seen some hundreds of ancient Churches - I do not think I ever looked upon any that for antiquity & structure, has struck me to be one quarter as interesting. I could however see not a shadow of approach to any monument bearing the name of Corbould. but in Norwich Cathedral. the most ancient of all the monuments there, was to a Corbould

Yours very truly

Edward Henry Corbould R.I.

Mr. Robert. P. Corbould.

7 Trebovir, Road. Earl's Court. Kensington. LONDON.
Dear Mr Corbould. I feel I ought to write to you, but for several causes - I am impressed with the notion - that this brief "will have to be unmemorably brief! Considering the fact - that Life is short - and that in long - and that as I have turned the scale of three score years & sixteen, & that I have a work of lost in hand, which will occupy my attention possibly for several months. (which same work I trust I may yet live to complete) as it is a subject from Chaucer - & a favourite with an old friend of mine - whose desire is to possess it. & who is coming to day to see how the picture progresses. There are a multitude of figures besides horses & other things to be introduced - all of which require fully to be carried out in detail - not only as regards the faces - hands - feet & hoofs. but the costumes have to be particularly correct. (for it so happens that at the present day - heaps of people, who cannot paint, are able to detect the slightest divergence from the truth - just in the same way - that a man who could not play any instrument - if it was to save his life - has the power of detecting the faintest approach to a false note played by a performer in a full orchestra. or an error in the fit of a garment - though incapable of sewing on a shirt button.) Not only have I to paint

the large picture of which I have made mention. but I have to excuse several others for the same gentleman - from Chaucer, Spenser, Theophrastus & Seneca - to decorate the walls of a house which he intends building. At present he lives like a prince at Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park. I one day took you Brother William Henry Corbould there. I was invited to dine there - but meeting your brother in the Kensington Gardens - & walking within a stone's throw of my friend's house - I introduced him - & after that time he often dined there - even when I was altogether absent, for they became staunch friends. and even since W.H.C. has been at Bellona of the Ediacara Silver Mines, I know that correspondence by letter has been kept up. My old friend, whom I have known for hard on to half a Century - is not the man to take too readily to every one who falls in his path, but it was remarkable how rapidly the seed of friendship sprang up into a huge tree - and I believe will endure.

And now, as time will not endure & stand still to oblige me - but the day light will soon pass away - & my friend come to see what I am at - I shall be forced to cut this matter short - as I thought I should - and then sign my name - which

to my shame I confess you have not looked upon for a very long time. I am seriously reminded of the brevity of life - from the fact that tomorrow a cousin of mine is to be buried, & I am asked to attend the funeral at Bexley in Kent. but as I never make funerals I shall not go, & have written to say so. I hate funerals! As a sort of make weight, I enclose a card which might suggest the possibility of setting a figure or two in front of a notice board - on which could be printed or Painted - any mortal thing you please. And then the Photographer could take the entire group, which could be produced to any extent in the way that the enclosed is done - & as I fancy at Pat's most price. I trust that you find MILDURA durable enough as to keep a full amount of health and wealth sufficient to supply yourself, your wife & your children - with all that is desirable, & having expressed that sentiment I make my bow and retire for the present. As Mr. Frost & James Corbould at Ventnor. John Wright, has recently retired from business & gone to his grave. He was well & hearty this time last year - when I & my friend were staying in Ventnor. He is about as nearly related to me as you are. coming from a branch that struck off

about