



Robert R. Corbould



MILDURA; VICTORIA; AUSTRALIA

Edward Henry Corbould

Decr 24<sup>th</sup> AD. 1895.



I trust that the forthcoming year 1896  
may make so far a change for you, as to  
cause you to confess that you never knew  
such prosperous times. Things generally  
have been about as flat and devoid of good  
as can well be conceived. If I understand  
rightly, you are thinking of going in for  
fruit growing? Doubtless, if productive,  
& there is facility for conveying the same  
to a profitable market. Good, but if not  
why then perhaps the game wd. not be worth the  
candle. And it wd. never answer for a man,  
his wife, & a tribe of children to sit in the  
field and devour the fruit till they got such  
achings in their bodies & became unaccountable  
for their acts, and commenced destroying  
one another. Instead of sending the card off to  
the lady - I might have enclosed it with this, in  
order that you might see how lovely it looked when  
it reached Earl's Court. do with. Clean, & fresh.  
As I am turned eighty, I ought to be a sort of Uncle  
to you & William Henry. It was ill when last I heard  
& had to go to New Zealand for a couple of months & soon trust  
Robert R. Corbould Esq. Edward Henry Corbould.

7. Trebovir Road. Earl's Court, S.W. London  
December 24th/1895.

Dear Mr. Corbould.

I suppose (considering how near  
is the relationship between us) I ought properly to say  
My dear Bob. The card which you sent me from  
Melbore - on which kindest greetings for Christmas  
were imprinted in Tibora - as well also, a representation  
of a Norfolk Broad - of which locality The Great  
Viking Garbold - knew more than you ever did,  
as it res in that quarter - but he took possession of  
about the most lonely place I ever set eyes on, in  
the County of Norfolk. & w<sup>ch</sup> he named Garbold's  
- ham - but whose home it was, prior to that time,  
History does not enlighten us; - at all events he  
sized upon it - & was strong enough to keep it,  
but by degrees has entirely slipped out of Corbould's fingers.  
Your great-grandfather was Pelham Corbould  
Born at Horne Abbey, Silem, Norfolk. #  
There have been some few Corboulds, Christened Pelham.  
One of my sons is a Pelham. Another of my Sons, is  
Victor Albert Louis Edward Corbould, M.D. L.R.C.P.M.R.C.S.  
he has gone to Egypt as private Physician to an invalid Officer,  
probably terminating with having to accompany him into India.  
His godmother is Her Royal Highness Princess Louise - Marchioness  
of Lorne. # The very spot from w<sup>ch</sup> so many of our family sprang.

Your brother William Harry recently sent me another splendid pipe - silver mounted and chased - w<sup>h</sup> arrived in perfect safety - but as it was something like being the sixth - that he has sent me - I handed the last over to Dr. Corbould to smoke in the land of the Pharoahs. I knew your brother could not find fault with that - as he & Victor were the very best of friends. The receiving a Present, enables one to acknowledge & return thanks for it. It is a splendid entertainment! You send me a lovely Christmas Greeting, a distance of fourteen thousand miles or more - and the same card, had to go the same distance before reaching you. It comes to hand as fresh as though it had only come from round the corner in Earl's Court Road. & so I have forwarded it to a lady to whom my son is engaged. Telling her that as my son is away, I take upon myself to do, what he himself would do, were he in England. Thus I shall be thanked for the same card - for which I now thank you.

One gentleman sends another some Game. It is acknowledged with thanks, but if gets sent off at once to somebody else - who at once writes in acknowledgment - with thanks. He however has already got a Turkey for his own table, so he packs the game off to a "particular friend" to whom

he would have sent nothing but for this event, and his "particular friend" becomes most grudging and writes "My Dear Old Friend. it was just like you - to think of me, whilst toiling over the County of Kent with your Gun & moreover, weighted with a heavy quantity of Game! I fully appreciate your thoughtfulness, and I fully believe that I am constant & in your thoughts. Thank you ten thousand times!!! & you know that game for the most part, needs to become a little high - or you might just as well be eating any thing else, Mutton or Muffins, but this delightful method of pleasing people all round - and producing a multitudinous lot of thanks - is not only in itself charming! but the Birds become delightfully high after they have been tossed about in various trams, & been kept here & there - till it could be remembered - who in the land of the living they could be sent to. and when settled - the result is that those same 2, or 3 Birds - have been the means of giving birth to Oceans of thanks. Well! so long as everybody is pleased! there remains no discontent whatever!