

Experience is by industry achieved
And perfected by the swift course of
time.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 3.

Mr. Robert R. Corbould

Dekin Avenue.

MILDURA · VICTORIA.

Australia

Edward Henry Corbould.



MAY

13

WEDNESDAY

The golden occasion we call Opportunity,
Rarely's neglected by man with impunity.
Barham.

MILDUR
JE20
91
VICTORIA. A.

I am not in the least astonished that you should have thought that I had forgotten you! You ought to be told - that Henry Corbould (my brother) was of all men I ever knew - the most generous & unselfish - and, since he would have done any amount of service to help a perfect stranger - it would be hard indeed if I did not willingly & of all in my power to help his widow who with her son & the Edward are striving to live on as best they may upon the slender means at their disposal. The prospect is not inspiring - where the supposed Blood-winner possesses no talent for his profession. The least that can be said for both - is - they are Grateful. It has fallen upon me - me alone - to find and to furnish and decorate a house for them - and though I say it, The place assumes the appearance of a residence worth more than three times the rent that is paid for it. The House was built in 1737. remarkably quaint as you may judge - but by its harness, is made to represent quite a Fancy article. & very unlike the usual Cut & Dried horse of the present day. but as I say they are happy, contented and Grateful. Thanks for your note just lately to Land, & also for your box of raiments which are not yet to hand. Are you quite sure that the glue which enables the vine to grow so bristly & fruitfully, and is enough to pull you horse's hoofs off - is not also calculated to make people grow old as soon as they are young? Is some vile, beneficial to the growth of trees, if in anything but beneficial to the growth of health in Man. I am all you say of Milderere it must be a wonderful place! & the two Chappys' wonderful men! They evidently have long heads. & intend having long purses, & what has cost them for things - they purchase turning into Sovereigns. Doubtless you will not do badly! and I trust your wife & family will do well from first to last. And dont imagine I forgot a Corbould!

Yours very truly
Edward Henry Corbould. R.I.

7. Treboon Road. Lamb. Court. May 13th 1891. - two days before departure.
Dear Mr Corbould. The reason for writing now - is in order not to fail to have written in acknowledgment of your note & saying that by Friday the 15th I might not be in condition to write at all. You fancied I had given you the go by "Well! I have to confess that to a certain degree I had neglected writing - but then there have been a heap of things that were the cause - although not strong enough exactly, as to fully account for the milk in the Cocoa note." One thing was that a son of my deceased Brother - Henry - having taken to the Fine Arts - & though he has been at it for some years - is in my humble opinion slightly deficient in all that goes to make an artist capable of impressing others with the notion - that he is a Painter of the first Water. And in order to cause people to fancy that he possesses an amount of talent that I feel sure he never will, I have made vast sacrifices of time and health, to patch him up to Concert pitch, & thus - to convey to their minds - through their eyes, - I have devoted myself for many days in succession - standing up on high steps (when I knew that I ought not to stand at all) decorating the walls of his Studio - with subjects in which Thought & Ladies - Egyptian Statues &c and Ancient Buildings were rendered (the foreground figures Life size) in Colours - to make the place look thoroughly the abode of an Artist - whose refined taste and judgment could not submit to such paltry decoration as was satisfactory to the general run of the population.

Of course they would never dream of doubting but what that which their eyes beheld - was the work of his hand - since he is not wealthy enough to pay for the labour of others so much above the ordinary decorator whose talents are held within the limits of flat painting - or beyond that to painting scroll work - with a few flowers or perhaps birds. Another thing was - that by painting before my Nephew subjects of the Olden time (such as he never attempted, having no original ideas - or powers of invention, being only able to copy such things as he can track his knuckles against -) I was in point of fact giving him lessons in Art - as he should in the end learn the power of creating in his muddy brain - fresh thoughts, & all not out of thing. Then again - though feeling heartily ill myself, rather my son Victor Albert - nor my daughter, Rosina felt in the slightest degree incapable of getting up a performance and inviting a hundred people to witness the Plays which were to take place in my Studio. By this means the necessary preparations - such as constructing the Stage and having Gas pipes carried within & thither, & arrangements for the foot light, - the curtains & scenery &c. actually just a dead stick to my painting and comfort. By the way - it did not put a stick to my Paint 119 - since it fell to my lot to paint all the scenery - for the credit of the house of an Artist - for in such a place, indifferent work would scarcely be tolerated - but my reward was, that

The Scenery was satisfactory, & as many said, materially tended to perfect the whole thing. Then again - it is said "there is no peace for the wicked" - and I have to attend to Squads of things that I care nothing about, - and all to please other people, or serve some end. Charitable or otherwise. Then there is the having to go to Exhibitions in response to the receipt of Private View, Tickets - and Dealer tickets - The going out to Dinners - Private & Public - and the hundreds of little bothersome nothings - which swell & swell. & yet add nothing to one's health or wealth, & yet have to be gone through. Perhaps the saving from destruction the Newspapers, w^{ch} the servants are apt to carry into the Kitchen - first to read & then to light the fires - will not be deemed a worthy Herculean labour, but still that requires looking sharp after - As your Father likes to see them - and to say nothing of English News being refreshing where no news of any kind reaches - such as for instance of the Central Proker - Hill Silver Mines - where your brother William Henry is - & who in his writing says "since having been much about in various places especially in Europe & Great Britain in particular - I feel a keen interest in all that goes on here - so that News published in London is highly valued. For this reason - your Father has had to keep short of papers from my house - in order that you brother's den may profit. But then I have told W.H.C. to account to his father for what might appear neglect on my part. Well! what I want you to understand is this. I am so dreadfully ill & in acute agony of times, that positively I am unable to write, & get I do my utmost to please others.