



Mr. Robert R. Corbould.

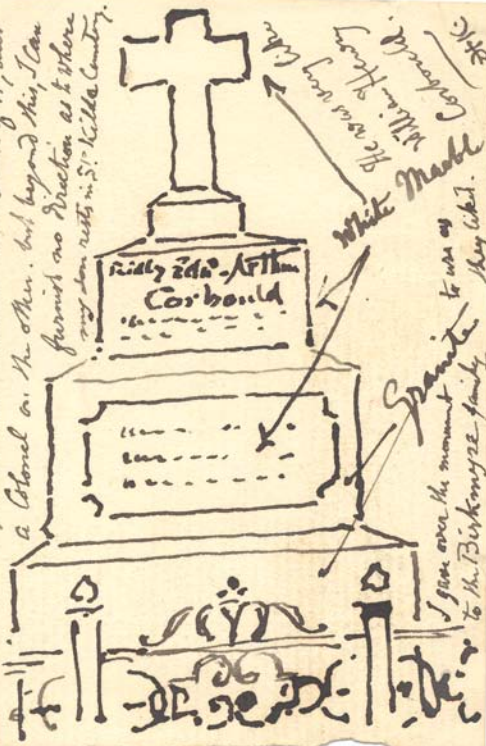
(near the Post Office) The Avenue.

MILDURA. AUSTRALIA

Edmund Benz Corbould R.I. June 2<sup>nd</sup> 1893.

The tomb is (or was) under a tree Oak.

Latter on - a Judge was buried on one side of it, and  
a Colonel on the other. but beyond this, I can  
find no direction as to where  
my son rests in St. Kilda Cemetery.



The new very like  
William Henry  
Corbould.

White Marble

Granite to use as  
I gave over the monument  
to the Birkenmore family  
they liked it.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24

& pay their taxes. Water, Gas &c. owing me £150.  
of various tradespeople, who were deluded by seeing  
that they lived like Princes in a house fit for a  
Prince to occupy, & accordingly furnished from end  
& end with ancient carved oak & painted glass &c.  
I am engaged to paint Her Majesty in her state carriage  
with the six cream horses, gorgeously trapped -  
three postillions. & six grooms (one at the head of  
each horse) & Highlanders riding at the back of the  
carriage - & the customary attendance of horse  
guards - & an appropriate back ground. His work  
is to be given to the Duke of York & his bride, besides  
another (which I have already finished) of Edward  
the Black Prince with an attendant Page who had  
the Princes' tilting helmet in his hands. all of which  
is most highly finished, & if not destroyed by fire, or  
an Earthquake - may exist for centuries after you &  
I may be utterly forgotten. One other hindrance is  
owing to my having damaged my right hand. & have it  
bandaged up! writing is possible, where painting is not so.  
You may believe me when I say that I have by no  
means forgotten - that you have said that you would  
like to have something that would enable you to look  
upon some work of my hand's. I can't however live for  
ever painting. & as I am over 77 years of age. I must  
remember to send you something before I am buried! by the  
way - a newspaper kindly buried me at Highgate Cemetery in  
Decr. 1861. stating that I caught the fever from the Prince Consort & died a  
fortnight after. but I am still alive. Edward Henry Corbould, R.I.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24

7 Prevoir Road, High Court, June 2. 1893.  
Dear Mr. Corbould. Nobody will deny that  
action is far more substantial than mere words!  
You must not imagine that what I promised to do,  
I never had the intention to perform! but it is  
nevertheless dreadfully apparent that up to the  
present moment - there is not the most remote  
sign visible of my having done as I promised.  
I said I would send you some work of art,  
something done by my own hand in accordance  
with your desire - but - what with one thing  
and another I have been sorely hindered.  
Three large pictures which I have in hand  
(As a mural decoration for a gentleman who  
is a very old friend of mine - I are still in a  
state very far from finished & satisfactory to  
myself. If all men - the most difficult to please  
with a work of art - is the artist who produces it!  
Others may pronounce favourably upon it - but the  
Painter is not so easily content - and as long  
as he sees the slightest defect, he is dissatisfied.  
Well! These 3 long pictures - are to form ONE  
when hung upon the wall of the room for which  
they are executed - is one source of hindrance!

Another arises from 150 items that day after  
day cross my path - in fact I can't exactly  
spare time by the ears, and to keep it steady &  
as of all things, painting in such a fashion as that  
it shall stand severe criticism of the sharpest  
kind) is far from being "the easiest of occupations."  
"Life is short - and Art is long!" is that which  
most school boys learn at an early age, it being a  
prowess which frequently they have to write out  
over & over again as a task in their play hours  
perhaps a thousand times. And men of all ages  
from ancient days down to the present have known!  
That which English people on this side the globe  
acknowledge as a fact - is doubtless felt to be  
true by those at the Antipodes! and I will only  
quote a single instance, viz that when once  
you set the Painters into the House - the Devil  
himself cannot say where you will set them out!  
and that saying refers only to Plain House painting;  
and if that is the case in such a simple matter, it  
is not so very wonderful - that when it come to  
more subtle & intricate workmanship there purely  
refined taste is concerned, the subject assumes  
gigantic proportions, and renders it impossible  
for the Painter himself to form the most remote  
idea - as to the time when his labours will come to  
An end.

Heaps of things accumulate - to such an extent  
as to drive some Artists off their head! The strong  
survive - whilst the weak - in order to simplify  
the problem - go and enlist as common soldiers,  
or commit suicide. I am not such a blithering  
Jackass as to do either! but stuck obstinately to  
it - trusting that sooner or later I shall get  
out of the thick and breathe freely. I have  
now however - before coming to that blissful  
state - got stuck fast to do at over three  
works gratuitously. One is to paint & to give a  
picture that shall go towards raising a sum of  
money to free "the Royal Institute of Painters"  
from a heavy responsibility. I happen to be the  
oldest member - the one remaining link of the  
Original body. All the others have died off one  
after another. The annual rent of our Galleries  
is £17,000 - and just at present there is little  
done in the way of selling, - owing to the fact  
that so many wealthy people have lost their money  
through the failure of others. Even in Australia it  
is made known - that Banks can go "smash", which  
results in the utter ruin of thousands who trusted to  
their stability. I myself have been plundered by  
swindlers whom I had thought to be honest. and  
not only have they bolted without paying their rent,  
but have damaged my property - leaving me to  
repair at great cost various deceptions. one of which is a window of Henry 8<sup>th</sup>.