



Mr. Robert R. Corbould.

Dekin Avenue.

Mildura. Victoria.

Australia.

Edward Henry Corbould R.I. Dec 14th 1893.

if it was not for his love of Fox hounds &c &c &c
that causes him to go among hunting men when within
reasonable driving distance - I don't suppose his name
among them would last much longer than an April
shower. I think he sees things, as I for told they would
be - and from living as he did for 40 years on
the ground where Otto, Archbishop of Canterbury
had his Palace - he has come down to living in
a place - little above a Cottage! It is true there
are plenty of rooms - & he can still give a good
dinner to a friend - but the majority of his so called
friends - do not now so very near him, and being
in his 79th year - it naturally follows, that what
from being rheumatic - came through horse accidents,
Deaf (considerably), & getting less able to see than formerly,
he can't very well go about and look them up.
Moral - Attend to business first - keep your shoulder
to the wheel whilst your strength admits of your doing so.
And then in your latter years - you may take your ease,
sit with your feet on the fender, your pipe in your
mouth - and read the newspaper, & books that
speak of still better times! No man needs more than three
Books! The Bible, Shakespeare & Johnson's Dictionary, is what
a Clergyman once said to me! The third one, was required only to
explain the meaning of any word - as he did not clearly understand.
This may be useful knowledge to some who can't afford a large library.
Yours very truly
Edmund Henry Corbould.

7. Trebovir Road. Earl's Court. S.W. London.
To Corbould of Mildura.

Dear Mr Corbould. The Newspaper which
you sent me - I received about 3 days ago, and
after reading it myself - I posted it to my very old
friend Dick Russell at Farmingham in Kent.
That was the place where I first met him at
School - & where I remained for several years.
He has resided in that quarter of Kent - pretty
nearly all his life - at one time living at Offord
Cottle for 40 years - where he farmed 300 acres
of land. Those Chaffey Bros have evidently
got heads on their shoulders, & useful brains within,
and with their half a million of acres of land -
ought to do well - i.e. - if those who hold under
them - know how to handle the soil. It would
have been a curious thing - had there been a
Photo taken of the property when they first ac-
quired it, - and - as it may be seen, even in
the present day. Of course it is impossible
for me - to imagine what the country generally
looks like - & therefore - what it appears like now
under proper treatment? Planting - watering &c &c.

As I have posted Newspapers to you w^t. tell
all about the interesting murders & attempts to
blow up Parliaments &c. it saves the trouble of
describing such things with pen and ink, besides
which - I have no time for writing, as my
work is fully cut out - in painting 3 large
pictures upon which I have been engaged
for a frightful length of time - i.e. about 2 years,
however - they are gradually approaching an
end - but it is just the finishing of a work of art
that is most difficult to please the Painter (unless
he be a concerted fellow - delighted with every
thing he does). The man who has thoroughly succeed
in pleasing himself with the work this our hand
once in half a century, may pat himself on the
shoulder - and say Bravo! - what would you like
to take? - give it a name, and you shall have it!
Dick Russell appears at last - almost to see, that
having devoted 60 years to Hunting & Pleasuring
when he should have done as his father before him
had done, viz. kept his shoulder to the wheel and

attended to business, I have now and then
gone hunting with him - but that was not all
and exclusively what occupied my head & hand.
Russell shot thousands - upon what men call
Sport. He kept a pack of 800 hounds and
I believe 500 hounds. Many horses & lots
of servants: he also set apart for purposes
of forming a Race Course - an extensive bit
of land. Built a Grand Stand & Stables
on the spot. - kept open house &c liberal
table. so that he always had a goodly supply
of hunting men &c. - and as I told him
several years ago "all this splendour cannot
last for ever! and the day will come when,
if you cease to keep up the Races, nobody
will be found to carry it on & the Grand stand
will be as a White Elephant on the land to starve -
& will be pulled to pieces by Gypsies & rustics for
fire wood. nobody regarding their plundering act.
and when you cease to entertain your Company,
they will not give you a single dinner, nor be
able to recollect so much as your name.
Things have come to an end with him through losses
Come sort or another, and