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Mr. Robert R. Corbould.
MILDURA.
Australia.

Edward Henry Corbould R.I.
June 8th 1894.



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A.V.



I know this - that many a gentleman who has left all that he has near & dear to him in England, in order to seek a fortune in a Foreign land - has parted with what ready money he possessed for outfit & passage - only to feel upon landing - that he was only one more added to the millions - in search of the means of living: and has been glad to work his way before the mast for his passage home. My eldest son Ridley Edward Colthur Lantheor Corbould left England and all his relations & friends - & went to Melbourne, but on the voyage he met with an accident - & in five weeks died at Melbourne & was buried in St. Hilde Comting. I had to pay £40 for 3 weeks medical attendance & £60 for funeral & monument - besides £30 for instructions by telegraph. Of course he never had the opportunity of working his way back to England - but a gentleman who did return - called upon me, to tell me how my son was going on - he mentioned that prior to leaving Melbourne he went a couple of miles out - on Sunday to see him (he found him looking very ill in bed) he told him he would on the Wednesday be returning to England, & called to ask if he had any message to send to his Father (?). He also told me that to his great astonishment - about $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour before he pressed started - my son had come down in haste into Melbourne expressing the wish that he himself was going. This gentleman was awfully cut up - when I told him that I had known for a month that my son was buried at St. Kilda. By remaining where you are - you spend nothing for travelling abroad! Mark that.

Sincerely yours

Edwards & Thomas Corbould F.R.S.

MELBOURNE.

7 Trebovir Road. Paris Court. June 8th 1894.

Dear Mr Corbould. Four days ago I received your letter which was posted at Melbourn on 26th of April. You mention that at certain seasons you are cut off from the rest of the World, but whether caused by the water of the Murray or something else - I know not - but what I do know as well as you do - is that at Boolgardie and at Hamons Hill - they would gladly part with a quantity of their Gold for a little of that Water you speak of! - I admit that the thirst for Gold is universal - it glitters and pleases the eye - it is heavy & massive - but not liquid of that peculiar description which maintains & cools the heart. Pray a man doubtless has accumulated a tolerable pile & the result has been - that some Thundering Thief has coveted it, and the hoard of the collector has suffered materially, & his Gold has departed with the other man. I can assure you that all the World is in touch of you - so far as this - that everywhere the badness of the times is severely felt. It was only a few weeks back, that my former pupil - the Emperor Frederick William - sent for me (before she left England for Germany) - to talk over old times &c &c - and speaking of the present times she said - that like an epidemic - distress from want of money, seemed equally spread over the entire Universe! and it is quite true! - I stick it to be the end of it - nobody being there! It is very little use for any one to imagine, that by changing his place of abode - he would find fortune smiling upon him! and

for providing comfort & luxuries at Cot's meat price -
He would be glad to return to London with his colours,
and all his belongings - but then there w^d be the cost,
and the sea sickness, & the loss of time - to say nothing
of being laughed at - for thinking he could do better in
a place where he was a perfect stranger, than in
quarters where he was well known. All this
I have just before him - (a cheerful picture,
but I don't think I have shaken him much.)

It is a common saying - that "Rolling stones gather
no moss!" but those inclined to try the experiment -
will say "but they gain polish!" Well! supposing
my nephew **F** landed at Sydney or Melbourne and
took a house and waited at home all day
until he became thoroughly well known as an
Artist who painted horses - I wonder whether
he would discover that there was such a growing
taste for such works of Art - that it was worth his
having left all his born friends & his connections, and
having broken up his establishment - & disposed of the
hundreds of things he possessed - at considerable loss, and
having paid for outfit & Passage for self & family, & earned
all the hearings of various kinds before reaching Australia?
I rather fancy not! However, it is said that every
man understands his own business best! and
therefore every man has to pay for his own experiences.

Yet some men have the idea that anywhere else,
things must be more prosperous than in the place
where they are dwelling - and where every mortal
thing is as flat, dull and uninteresting, as well as destitute
of profit. One of my nephews - **C** of Hartley Corbould
an artist whose talent is - for portraying horses in action -
has got a notion strongly impressed upon him, that he
could do better out in Australia than residing in
Huntington and Paul's Court - as he had done all his life
(except when out in the Serbian War), but I tell him -
that prior to his leaving England - he has to stand free
of debt - he has to dispose of all his numberless
curiosities & works of Art &c. - Let his house & Studio
[at the very time that every body is depressed for money]
and then to stand the expense of the Voyage for himself
his wife & his son, & a servant (if he takes but one,) and,
that he may exercise his artistic brain, and depict
himself, family & luggage having reached some Port
in the Antipodes - and having ascended a lot of steps
slippery & covered with sea-weed & other stony things,
standing among a crowd of Niggers who squabble as
to who shall carry the gentlemen's luggage - & having
numberless cards thrust under his nose - relating to
countless Hotels - each one of which is "the best & most
highly esteemed by the Nobility &c" - and through knowing
nobody - & fully aware that Hotels are not the places