

A ludicrous occurrence took place <sup>early</sup> - An exhibition for the first time was opened here of the work of the living artists - Dr W. Verone painted for Mr. Birch - "Ariel on a Peacock wing" (I recollect yours by Nothard) Over the head of the Ariel he put a peacock feather - On which also the Cardinal Camerlengo sagaciously discovered in the picture an attack on the Papal Church - The picture being manifestly an angel bestriding the Devil and the feather being a jeer at the benediction given by the Pope to the Faithful - On which occasion two cardinals stand by the Pope's side each having a huge fan of peacock's

My dear friend -

Rome 26<sup>th</sup> May 1830

Most acceptable was your letter - tho' its tone was not quite so cheerful as I could have wished - The assurance of the friendship of such as yourself and M. D. tho' not needed is always a cordial - And just that which is wanted to cheer the spirits of a traveller - But that on the whole I need cheering, for my journeying has been accompanied by as many pleasures and as few drawbacks as can well be and my spirits have never failed me once - One source of vexation has indeed flowed somewhat too thickly for my self satisfaction - And that is the discovery I have made that a new language cannot be learned easily at 55 - I am also rather sad when I think of my career because tho' I have all the means of enjoyment which a man of my age can need I cannot being no longer the member of a profession conceal from myself or others the worthlessness of my life - I have no one talent or faculty whatever that I can sacrifice for the benefit of any human creature - But let this pass - It has been always so with me - I have always been happy in my present state & always fearing that the next change would be for the worse -

I cannot pretend to send you a narrative of my journey - My letters to Mrs. Miles you will probably see and Baynter occasionally calls on you - So the shortest possible mention of my journey will be sufficient - I spent a fortnight at Vienna & met there with a very worthy friend of the King a Mr. Levesque thro' whom you probably heard of me - I then proceeded thro' Styria to Trieste - Venice - Padua - Verona and to Florence - Here was Miss Gore I was not admitted on calling - She was about to set out for Nice and indisposed - I therefore sent her a note - Telling her whence I came &c. - I was admitted at last, but I could not succeed in bringing myself to her recollection - But the account I gave her of the good Dushops - (tho' also gone as you of course know) and of Kriebel was very interesting to her - And thro' her received me as a stranger - she parted from me almost as from a friend - You recollect her sweet voice & her dignified manners - She is grown old & has suffered both in health & from various causes, but she is little changed - I am grateful to you for the call and do so repeat that I can see no more of you - I was with <sup>her</sup> but

And now my dear friend for the present farewell - In the spring you may expect to see me delighted as I am with Italy there is nothing among the Italians which we would make me take up my residence among them - My kind remembrance to our few common friends - The boys when you see them - The ladies if possible - To Mrs. Gore my affectionate regards - And to all those of her family with whom you are on cordial terms my respectful Compliments -  
Affectionately yours  
H. C. Robinson

My address continues at Rome  
a letter will be most gratefully read



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Tisbury Square

half an hour - and yet the talk was delightful to me - unhappily, at this same  
Florence I received very disappointing news from England - The death of my nephew,  
only child - To return to Mrs G. - she has been most afflicted in having a worthless &  
even profligate sister (Lady Cooper) whose vice & brutality towards her, had nearly been  
the death of her - She told me she expected to be in England soon -

After 4 months in Rome I went to Naples - and from thence made a tour on  
mule-back thro Sicily!!! I do not recollect whether your brother went to Naples  
If he did you will not want any account from any one else - For after having had the high  
privilege of living so many years with a man so gifted with sensibility & taste, there  
is nothing connected with either the arts or the beautiful nature of that glorious  
country which must not be familiar to you - I feel unaccountably that I am unworthy  
to have been there - But it is felicity - not merit - to have seen - the Phlaegeean gulf,  
and the bay of Naples, <sup>and Vesuvius</sup> and Sorrento & Amalfi and the Tombs  
of Paestum, and Palermo, & the mountain above Messina & Taormina & Syracuse  
and the temples at Agrigento & Selinunte & Segeste - Oh! what names! what  
recollections they will bring me - Instead of saying a word about either Rome or  
Naples let me exhort you to buy beg borrow or steal Torrey's travels in Italy  
he is the very best English traveller I have ever read - I found a perfect concurrence  
in opinion on all points on which I dared to have an opinion - When at Agrigento  
I saw Plett - the author of the Stancio which I recollect Mr. D. showing me - he  
is seemingly an ardent enthusiast - He has been buried all his days in Sicily  
having never left the Island, he has wanted those advantages which one would have  
thought afforded to him by his proximity to Italy - He had never seen your brother's Dante  
till lately and possessed only the Aeschylus - but he was delighted to see one who could  
speak with him about the great man whom he so highly venerates - The treasures  
of art every day brought to light particularly in terra cotta are surprising - as well in  
Sicily as in Italy - no one living can so perfectly appreciate them as he could whom

you still and will ever lament - I returned to Rome only a few days ago  
During the winter it was as gay as London on a birth day - how it is a solitude -  
I never in my life went so much in company as last season - I took a letter from Mr  
Clyne to Mrs Finch - I was not till after I had been several times at the house that Mr  
Trasked me if I had known the Padens - He had an imperfect ~~knowledge~~ recollection of  
me - Mr F. has a capital library and he & the ladies (Mrs F. & two sisters) are well  
kind to me - And it is the refuge which ~~at~~ his house will afford me real winter  
that chiefly inclines me to stay here one other season, but my plans are by no means  
fixed - When at Trieste I fell in with a young American with whom I have been  
living these seven months - and with whom I shall make a journey this summer  
into some part of the north of Italy perhaps of Switzerland too - He is to be a clergyman  
and I have attached myself to him - ~~But with one man~~ seven months travelling  
with a man does not make one acquainted with him - nothing will  
be so as a warm hearted impetuous young man - with a great  
love for every kind of beautiful thing - I shall give him a note  
to you as to rest of my friends in England and I will thank you to show  
him your treasures - he is a constant visitor of Thorwaldson's studio - And T.  
has much more in common with your great Scianman than ~~any other~~ has  
for whose works (tho' the idol of Italy) I never could acquire any taste  
yet C. seems to have been an excellent man - His Magdalen - a juvenile work I do love.  
While Thorwaldson's works seem to be congenial with those of your brother - one or  
several ~~points~~ points are in his very spirit - Geyseringer however prefers the classical  
to the christian taste of T. - Geyseringer is the German painter who was at Mr Alders  
& Co Richmond - (my American) are become very intimate - On the whole sculpture seems  
to be flourishing here more than painting - There are two young sculptors who enjoy great  
reputation - Gibson & Hargat - Sawlake is the painter most esteemed here - I saw his paintings  
The Cave of despair and the Bonetti before they were sent to England - which did you prefer?