

**TO ROME AND BACK:
FLY-LEAVES FROM A
FLYING TOUR**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649722662

To Rome and Back: Fly-Leaves from a Flying Tour by W.H. Anderdon

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
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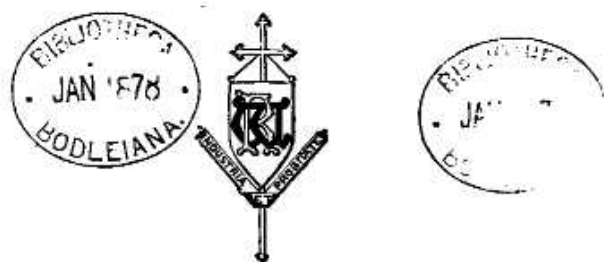
W.H. ANDERDON

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EDITED BY
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LONDON:
R. WASHBOURNE, 18 PATERNOSTER ROW.
1877.



PREFACE.

THE publication of these graphic and vigorous sketches would be interesting at any time, to those who have traversed the same ground with the writer, and to such as from habit or circumstance prefer a "voyage autour de ma chambre" to the fatigues and discomforts of actual travel. On the principle propounded by the old Roman in such magnificent verse, but with so pagan a sentiment, that it is pleasant, while seated on a rock, to watch a vessel labouring amid the tempestuous waves beneath, a soothing spirit of favourable contrast is apt to steal over us, on reading of such minor disasters as even the facilities of modern travel entail on those who accomplish "long lengths of miles" within a given time. The reader of such a narrative occupies the position of a critic surveying the literary efforts of one

whose personal energy he might be slow to emulate, and of the spectator of some drama of varied interest, sitting at ease while it is enacted before him. This facility of placing oneself in the circumstances of another, who details his experience for our benefit, accounts for the interest and the charm attaching to most narratives of travel, from Herodotus or Mandeville to the present day. They bear the same relation to a mere work on topography or archæology, or to the facts of a gazetteer, which the concrete actual doings, not to say sufferings, of our fellow-men, have to the abstract and impersonal.

But the rapid notes here offered to the reader have their special interest by reason of date, no less than of place and scene. They were written and sent home as private letters to a near relative, during a part of that time when Catholics throughout the world were united in one deep stirring of emotion towards the Vicar of our Lord. Though not enrolled among the pilgrims who represented the Church of S. Augustine, S. Edward, and S. Thomas at the feet of the Holy Father, the writer, as will be

seen, was admitted with them to audience, and shared the Apostolic blessing. The records of the Jubilee of Pius the Ninth would form a chapter in the literature of our century. His own answers to the addresses offered to him day by day, characterised, as they are, by wonderful freshness, vigour, and variety, would live in the page of any national history, had they come from the lips of a secular prince, or chimed with the spirit of the age. A sketch, then, even in outline, and by almost an accidental view, of the occurrences in Rome during the early summer of this year, must be of interest, so long as Pius the Ninth is enshrined with reverent love in the hearts of his children. Again, the "beautiful death" that crowned, almost at the feet of the Holy Father, a beautiful and devoted life, could hardly be touched with a truer pen than we find it in a page or two of this little volume. The name of Cecil Lady Lothian will always be inseparably linked with the memories of the English pilgrimage to Rome for the Jubilee of 1877. In promoting it, and taking her active share in its events, she overtasked a strength unequal to the

promptings of a nature energetic in act, and intense in its devotion. And if, as is more than indicated, the valuable life whose withdrawal from among us leaves such a chasm in our London charities, was offered for the Vicar of Christ, then a notice, however incidental, of its end, possesses some portion of the interest attaching to the account of a martyrdom.

Thanks are therefore due to one who has here become an authoress in spite of herself; whose depreciation of her own sketches has made her reluctant to see them now reproduced, even as their first appearance in the *Weekly Register* was due to friends who gave no opportunity of withholding consent. At all times, and not least in our day, that book is a public benefit which unites two characteristics, not always, certainly, combined—justness of view, interest and attractiveness of manner. The true is often so ill stated, and the lively so often untrue, that we are fain to resign ourselves to the lack of one quality, for the secure possession of the other. Such smart epigrammatic writing as our present time specially affects, is only too able to secure admittance for the

fallacies often disguised under its brilliant and off-hand utterance. The immediate victory seems to remain with the light skirmishing party, as compared with the more ponderous phalanx round the standard of truth and right. We hail, then, each recruit, or (as in the present case) each involuntary conscript, who will bring into the wide battle a weapon of the keenness, readiness, and force that characterise this "pen of a rapid writer."

W. H. A.