but the old Zulu and another 'boy,' so I had to set to work in earnest to get something fit to eat. I first locked up all the little ones in one room, in charge of Harry, so as to be sure that *they* were safe (!) and then the old Zulu and I managed to conjure up a respectable meal. While I was laying the table leaving my Zulu to see that my roast fowl, a great treasure which I fortunately happened to have that day, and curry, did not burn in the kitchen—(having no wood or coal we had just smashed up an old chair or two for firewood), the General and Arthur and some of the other officers, arrived on horseback all in full uniform, and looking lively, well and happy. The children were enchanted to see their father again, and had much to say to General Clarke also. He made himself most agreeable, and took in the whole situation at a glance, insisted on cutting bread and butter and helping to give the children their dinner. Arthur meanwhile helping me to finish laying the table, We had great fun over it all, with barely room to turn round in the little cottage with

its mud floors. The said cottage soon became full of officers, who crowded in to see the General. There were not chairs enough for all to sit down upon, some having been impounded to cook the luncheon, (!) so some sat on the table, others on boxes, while the rest stood up. After some conversation the General and his staff went off to see the camp close by, and Arthur had to leave at four o'clock the next morning and march back to Mafeteng with the convoy of waggons. On arriving there, he changed his horse, and went out again with Colonel Carrington, and had a slight skirmish near, exchanged some shots with the enemy, and after burning one or two villages returned to Mafeteng.

I was pleased to hear that General Clarke had made out a very flattering 'general order,' thanking Colonel Carrington and my husband 'for their gallant defence of Mafeteng under overwhelming odds' etc. etc.

On the 31st October, the Premier received a message in Cape Town to say that 'The

military operation in Basutoland satisfactory. After success at Lerothodi's village Commandant Barkly issued Government Proclamation, offering protection to all surrendering with their arms and ammunition. 4000 Europeans called out to proceed to the Frontier.' Another telegram stated, however, 'Position critical, neighbouring tribe of Pondos in rebellion, had murdered Mr Hope, the Magistrate, destroyed his house and telegraph station. Several families taken refuge in the prison, hope to hold out until relief comes. Pondo chief half-hearted Tungukeli sitting still. Fingoes quiet.'

On the 3rd November 1880, my husband wrote an account of the attack of Moletsane's Mountain called in Sesuto Makwaisberg. 'This was never intended, and grew out of a reconnaissance we made in some force, to complete one Carrington and I made, with only twenty men the day before—whilst the General, with the three Yeomanry regiments went round the other side of the mountain, to burn Moletsane's village, and to reconnoitre the other opening

of the kloof, which runs under Makwaisberg, and where the old chief has most of his grain, etc. Carrington and I rode towards the opening on this side, about five miles from here, in a line with Lerothodi's mountain and village. Makwaisberg and the kloof lie to the right of Mafeteng and Lerothodi's village is right opposite to it (Mafeteng). Carrington and I got pretty close, and tried to get up the gorge, but one hundred and fifty men came out in front of us, and we were obliged to retire. Next day, the General ordered out Carrington and one hundred and fifty C.M.R. and sixty of my contingent, and a gun, and we went out to reconnoitre the gorge, he going with us, but not in command. We found Moletsane's mountain being schantsed, the natives were at work as we came up. My contingent was scouting in advance, so I galloped up to them, and finding the vedette falling back under the rebels' fire, took a couple of men and galloped up to the opening of the gorge and got a look at it, and a very bad place it is.

I got well peppered and rode back, when Carrington ordered an attack on the schantses. Two were taken, but the enemy appeared in such numbers that the General ordered the attacking party to withdraw, and we returned, having effected a very good reconnaissance and seen all we wanted with the loss of three horses only. On the 21st November we were ordered to parade at midnight, every man but the garrison at Mafeteng underlined. The main attack, with which I was with eighty of my contingent (called Barkly's Horse) was under Carrington but the General went with us as before. We had two guns and a mortar, and about fifteen hundred men, C.M.R. Mafeteng contingent, Cape Town Volunteers, and Diamond Field Horse in advance and two yeomanry regiments in reserve. Grant with some C.M.R. Grahamstown Volunteers and thirty of my men, about two hundred and fifty in all, was to hold Lerothodi's village and the flat kopje near it, and cover our left rear, as large commandos of the enemy were known to be not far off in

that direction. After the usual sticking in sluits, upsetting of waggons, losing the road, etc., inseparable from night-marching in this country, we reached our position at five A.M., having been just five hours marching five or six miles. I was commanding the advance guard alone for part of the time, afterwards with Carrington himself. It was awful work halting every five minutes for the waggons, we were too late of course, only getting into position in broad daylight. However, we lost no time when we were there, got the guns unlimbered and sent the storming party forward at once. The mountain was not well held, and we took it with the loss of only two wounded. The enemy began to appear on the hills to the left, and I went down to reconnoitre. They pelted me kindly, as usual, with bullets, but I am so used to it that I hardly notice it now. I was about to return and report, when a troop of C.M.R. came down to hold the rock I was on, and drive the enemy back. They lay down and fired, and I dismounted and walked about with the officer, Carstensen, a German artillery-lieu-

tenant, who was all through the Franco-Prussian War. The Basutos had the pull of us, for they were behind the rocks and their bullets fell all about us. I had several close to me. We were doing no good whatever, but I didn't like to say so. However, at last Carstensen got tired of it and said, "They have got the laugh; we do no good here. Will you not go back and ask if I shall retire to the village on our right?" Just at that moment the order came to do so, and riding back as far as the village, I left him and went back to Carrington, very glad to have escaped with a whole skin.'

At this time Arthur had several appointments, Resident Magistrate of Mafeteng, Commandant and Staff officer to General Clarke.

On the 2nd of December he wrote to his father as follows:

'I think, that as we have so few men, it would be better if they would abandon Leribe, if not Maseru itself, and bring the

whole force together at Mafeteng, as then, we might strike a heavy blow at the enemy. As it is, we can barely hold our own. In a month or two's time it will be necessary to destroy the crops, a service which would require a very large force, and if we fail in doing it, and they get fresh supplies (and the crops will be very good this year), we are in for two years of it. I am afraid if they don't reap their crops, they will be starving in six months, by their own confession.

'The General is kindness itself, and very pleasant to work under. There is any amount of work to do. The enemy's position is now very strong. I do not myself think that we ought to attack it at present. They are in great numbers. I fear that the Bacas will fail us; they seem most unwilling to turn out, and I expect the Basuto chiefs have been intriguing, and no doubt the Transvaal reverses have had something to do with it.

'25*th November*.—I am still here on sick leave, the doctor says I have had too much

work "mental strain," as they put it, and want me to go away for a change, but I shall not do this, as I am getting better, and shall go in again in a few days. We have not half men enough for the force against us, in this mountainous and difficult country. One thousand two hundred burghers are coming up in course of time. We want a large native contingent, but that is just what we have not got, we are badly off for natives, and both Surmon and I have but very few in our contingents.

'Harry made a speech on disarmament the other day, much to the delight of the natives. One of the Basuto servants came and told Fanny. His audience consisted of his nurse, two or three other women, who had brought fowls and eggs, etc., to sell, a constable, and two prisoners, who were sweeping the yard. He first took the popular side and told them that government had "praated" to them to give up their guns; bnt he added in Dutch, "If you will not do so, I must speak to Morena (his father) and he will have you put in the Tronk" (prison).

He also told them that although he knew that they wanted their guns to shoot the birds with, also pigeons and dogs, still it couldn't be helped, and they *must* give them all up to him, and Morena.'

CHAPTER XXII

FRESH TROUBLES

February 14th, 1880. At this time the Basuto war seemed to be interminable, fight succeeded fight, and still our troops seemed to make little or no impression on the rebels.

Our good friends, Sir Bartle and Lady Frere, had ere this left the Cape, and the new Governor and High Commissioner, seemed to be determined to bring this miserable 'Gun War,' as it was called, to a close, at any price, and to this he was strongly urged by the officials in Downing Street, and the war indeed having already cost the Cape Government an enormous

sum, everybody was in favour of peace. At first it seemed as if the Basutos would never give in, and though Pitsos (councils) were held by the chiefs, fighting still went on all over the country. Meanwhile, a great trouble befell us in our little cottage at Wepener, my poor little boy Harry was kicked by a horse as he was crossing the road, a mounted orderly came suddenly round a corner at full gallop, and knocked him over. Harry saw him coming, and rushed forward to save his little brother Hugh, who had run on a little way in front of us. I was just behind them with Nancy. The orderly pulled up sharp, but poor Harry got a very nasty cut on the head; half-an-inch nearer the temple, and he must have been killed, as it was, it was a deep scalp wound. We were close to the hospital, and I rushed in and fetched two doctors, and the little fellow was carefully brought home on a shutter, when he was immediately put under chloroform, and the wound sewn up. For some days he was in danger, and had to be most carefully watched, and not left for a

moment. I had to take the strongest coffee to prevent myself from going to sleep, for some nights, and at times he was delirious and very violent. The greatest kindness and sympathy were shown us by everyone in Wepener, and numbers of people offered to help nurse the poor little boy. Arthur came out as soon as possible, but could not get away for some days from camp; gradually Harry got better, and then it was decided that the P.M.O. should lend us an ambulance waggon as soon as he could be moved to go down to Aliwal, and I consented at last to take him there, as we saw signs of the war coming to a close. Besides we could not keep our house on any longer, as the Dutch boer wanted it for himself, so I was obliged to turn out in any case. We had a sale of our effects, said 'Good-bye,' to all our friends and acquaintances, and started off for a three days' journey to Aliwal North. Harry bore the journey very well, and we rather enjoyed the trip. We had no nurse with us, but a black policeman helped me with the children, and Miss

Aschmann came with me as far as Aliwal. We were charmed with Aliwal, it is quite a fine town on a very pretty river, good broad streets, and large shops, quite a civilised looking place, and not having seen a regular town for three years and a half, we were quite delighted.

Unfortunately the rooms which we had taken for a time at an hotel there, days before, had been let over our heads, and we could not find a place to go to anywhere, every house was crammed, the town being so full of troops going and returning from Basutoland. At last two young officers very kindly turned out of their room, and lent it to us, it was a good big one, and we managed to sleep in it, by making some beds of blankets on the floor. These officers were very good-natured to us, and went under canvas themselves for a few days, until we managed to get into the hotel. At that time there was a plague of large flies everywhere, which were supposed to be the cause of the epidemic of opthalmia, which was going about. I managed to catch it, and

for some days was perfectly blind, and suffered agonies, nothing could have been more awkward, as for a week or so I couldn't get a nurse, or write a note, or do anything for the children. Captain Hunt, the Civil Commissioner, and his wife were kindness itself, and sent us in dainty little trays of food, very often. Miss Aschumann would have helped us, but had to go on to King Williams Town at once, by the post cart. And we could not even get food sent us from one of the hotels, all the inhabitants were far too busy to do anything for us, and what to do, I knew not.

Our Basuto policeman was very stupid, and could only summon up sufficient intelligence to go out and buy a few sponge cakes for us. However, after a few days, things got a little brighter, and we were fairly comfortable at the hotel. My brother Alfred came down and met us there from Leribe, having been invalided to Aliwal. He also had gone through great hardships and dangers, but soon had to return to his post. Eventually we were fortunate in getting a nice house

and garden next to the Civil Commissioner's, and found some servants and made ourselves very comfortable there. Harry and Nancy went to a day-school close by, which they liked very much, and Harry soon recovered his strength again. We were close to the hospital, and the doctor there looked after him very well. I met some very nice people in Aliwal, and everybody called upon me at once, so that I found it much pleasanter than being in Wepener, but too far off from Arthur, which increased my anxiety very much. Major Giles of the Cape Artillery was invalided to Aliwal. His wife came up to meet him from King William's Town, and I asked them both to stay with me until Major Giles got better. She brought two very nice little boys up with her, which delighted my children. It was a great pleasure to me to have them both with me, as I was very lonely.

CHAPTER XXIII

ALIWAL NORTH AND HOME AGAIN

In June 1881. Arthur was taken very ill, having caught a chill, sleeping out in the open, in uniform, and getting constantly wet without being able to change his boots and clothes. The exposure and heavy hardships told upon him and he was sent down to me at Aliwal North invalided, in an ambulance waggon as before—he was terribly ill for some time and suffered acutely. When he got a little better he wrote to his father as follows:

'I am getting much stronger, but suffer greatly from neuralgic pains, rheumatism and

stiffness which at times make me really helpless. However, I daresay, it will disappear by degrees. I am anxious to be back at the camp again, but there is a difficulty about conveyance. I hope to get away soon. The weather is fearfully cold, and this is against me, no doubt, but I am picking up strength though, and if I don't have another relapse shall do well enough. I fear that there is but little chance of permanent peace.

'The armistice was very convenient for the natives, as it gave them time to make all their little arrangements, get in their grain, etc. Luckily the Kaffir corn is not yet ripe. I should be very glad if you would send me out a good sword, I do not suppose that I should ever use one, as I should trust to a revolver in preference, but it is a necessary part of one's uniform, also a pair of field-glasses. The Basutos don't like the look of swords much.'

Arthur had an orderly with him, but could not bear him to come into his room. Had it not been for the kindness of

Captain Kerr, who was commanding the communication to base and who used to come in constantly and help me to pour nourishment down his throat, and lift him up, he must have died, so very ill was he, and his sufferings were terrible to witness. As soon as he got better, a consultation of doctors pronounced him to be quite unable to return to the front, so that he was obliged to resign his appointments, and take leave for six months on full pay as resident magistrate. An ambulance waggon drawn by mules was sent for him, and we had a very trying journey down to Queenstown.

At last we arrived in Cape Town, en route for England, where we were very kindly received by Lady Robinson at Government House, Sir Hercules, being unfortunately away. Lady Robinson took much interest in our accounts of the Basuto campaigns, and all we had gone through.

Meanwhile, various telegrams had been sent by Mr (now Sir James Sievright) to Sir Henry Barkly, in order to relieve his anxiety

about my husband's health, during his journey down from Basutoland. Sir James, was most kind all through our troubles on the frontier, in helping us, by forwarding telegrams and sending us information whenever he could do so. After waiting a day or two in Cape Town, we joined a homeward bound steamer, and soon arrived in England. Meanwhile peace had been proclaimed in Basutoland, and all was quiet there. The following letter, (sent to Arthur by order of General Clarke, accepting his resignation) will, I think, fitly close this narrative :

'ALIWAL NORTH,

'30*th May*, 1881.

'SIR,—I am directed by the Brigadier-General commanding to acknowledge your letter of to-day's date, in which you tender your resignation of the command of the Mafeteng Contingent, on the ground of ill-health.

'The Brigadier-General desires me to convey to you his regret at the cause which

has compelled you to take this step, a cause which he knows is only too well founded.

'I am also desired to convey to you General Clarke's most sincere thanks, not only for your exertions in command of the contingent, but for the services you rendered as Staff Officer to Colonel Carrington, and as assistant Staff Officer, when the forces returned to Basutoland.

'The Brigadier-General can only deplore that he should be deprived of your valuable advice and assistance, which were always so freely placed at his disposal, and he trusts that you will soon be restored to perfect health.—I have the honour, etc. etc.

'W. F. D. COCHRANE, Major,
'A. A. G. COLONIAL FORCES

'To Commandant Arthur Barkly,' etc. etc.

THE END

THE SATURDAY REVIEW says:—

A new work by Mr Wicks is an exception to the rule upon which the average modern novel is constructed. The incidents packed into 'The Veiled Hand' are very numerous and dramatic. His plot, which is exceedingly ingenious, involves a wide variety of urgent topics, all of which Mr Wicks treats with familiarity, shrewdness, and vivacity. The legislators, who are endeavouring to devise means by which the British public may be protected from adventurers under the Limited Liability Acts, will find in the chapters narrating the rise and fall of the Great Coradell Company, as much inspiration as they are likely to derive from many ruminations in committee. The chapters dealing with the great strike in the coalfields are equally instructive, . . . and Mr Wicks will have contributed much to the services of man if his novel makes the proletariat familiar with the 'true inwardness' of the movements to which they lend themselves when high-strung knights of labour take the field. It must not be supposed, however, that 'The Veiled Hand' is a didactic work. Incidentally it is capable of teaching much which the community would profit by knowing; but this teaching is casual only, and subservient always to Mr Wicks's purpose, which is to tell a story with the thoroughness of treatment in detail which a plot such as his demands. In the matter of construction, 'The Veiled Hand' is extremely skilful.

THE ATHENÆUM

reviewing the year 1892, says:—In his recently published story, 'The Veiled Hand,' Mr Wicks revealed himself as a writer of quite uncommon subtlety and strength.

THE ATHENÆUM

commenting upon the book at length, says:—There is a completeness and rotundity in the delineation of the characters, which gives them the air of being types of humanity rather than individuals, though at the same time their dramatic individuality is not sacrificed. Thus, it is not the passing interest in fraudulent or idiotic directors, large though it may be, that renders the book great, but the feeling that the particular form of villainy or folly attributed to these men is merely an accident, and not of the essence of their presentation. . . In reading it one is reminded more than anything else of Thackeray's wonderfully broad and true pictures of manners, and of Thackeray's genius for universalising the snob and artistically glorifying the flunkey. It would follow, then, that it is totally unlike any other English novels of the present day. These are, broadly speaking, of two classes: the study of character, a novel of which Mr Meredith is the chief exponent, or the book of adventure, which depends almost exclusively on plot, wherein lies Mr Stevenson's chief claim to distinction. But since Thackeray there has hitherto been no considerable writer of the novel of manners which describes a state of society rather than an individual character.

'The Veiled Hand,' likewise, deals with very much the same society as Thackeray delighted in—the proud, impecunious, and foolish inheritor of a long line of ancestors; the cool, cynical villain, succeeding by irreproachable manners and unscrupulous employment of more stupid villains as his tools; the gentlemen's gentleman, calm and imperturbable, with his consoling tags of commonplace philosophy; the Bohemian in chambers, who combines with his one enthusiasm, the stage, a laxity of principles which permits him to earn money for it by any dirty job; and a host of others whom it would be tedious to enumerate. The heroine, also, by her insipidity, reminds one of the Lauras and Amelias who are the weakest point of Thackeray's novels. Indeed, if it were not for the well-known veracity of title pages, and the allusions in the latter part to such modern institutions as School Boards and South African mines, the reader would be tempted to suppose that the book had been written thirty years ago, under the full inspiration of Thackeray's genius. It is not, however, intended to suggest that Mr Wicks servilely copies Thackeray's methods, and is devoid of originality; he resembles him because he treats of much the same sort of people, and, like Thackeray, looks at society from the point of view of the good-humoured cynic. . . . It would be difficult to praise the style too highly; it is quite in the grand manner, broad, deliberate, and uninterrupted. The language is terse, crisp, witty, but the narrative is never hurried; indeed, to the present generation, accustomed to take their fiction in small and strong doses, the book may seem too long; but this length has the advantage of satisfying the desire for completeness, which is merely tickled by the *hors d'œuvres* of modern fiction. The digressions are not infrequent, but they are never out of place, and hardly a word is wasted; one feels in reading the book, as in that of any true artist, that there is a reserve of force out of sight—that much more might have been said, but that the writer has rigidly confined himself to the absolutely necessary. . . . One of the best scenes in the book—too long, however, for quotation in this review—is that describing the death of George Adolphus Leuchars Delfoy, Jun. It begins with an admirable bit of fooling, and leads up with a marvellously dramatic abruptness to the fatal ending of a drunken frolic. In the artist, M. Jean de Paleologue, the author has secured a most valuable ally. The numerous sketches which illustrate the work are not all equal in merit, but most of the principal characters are admirably rendered. Among the best, we should pick out the large illustration called 'Filial Restraint,' and 'A Formal Introduction,' together with the sketch of M. Blanché, and of George Augustus suffering from an unquenchable thirst.

VANITY FAIR says:—

Mr Frederick Wicks has again written a book which for interest and abiding value deserves a high place. . . . 'The Veiled Hand' tells a story marked by the qualities at once of photographic fidelity and artistic selection. It is full of honest work without being laboured;

it is shrewdly, sometimes even mercilessly, observant without preaching the decadent gospel of pessimism, and above all it has that essential quality which so many modern novelists seem to avoid as a damning literary crime—namely, exceeding interest in the conception and evolution of the story as such. The subtitle of the book is 'A Novel of the Sixties, the Seventies, and the Eighties,' and no one will deny that the author has taken hold of two of the most prominent developments of social relationship of this period in the apotheosis of the plutocrat and the descent on the city of the aristocrat. No small part of the interest of the story centres in the formation and fortunes of the Great Coradell Copper Mining Company Limited; and the strange companionship thereby engendered of the aristocrat, the stockbroker, the solicitor, the financial pressman, and the 'nominal vendor,' provides Mr Wicks with excellent material, of which he makes most excellent use. Another product of this age is the professional agitator, and in 'the notorious Bowlder' we are presented with a creation which we would fain hope is not typical, which we are inwardly convinced is so, and which, whether or no, is extremely entertaining. By far the strongest portrait is that of Geoffrey Delfoy, the gambler in love, in money, in politics, and in the reputation of men and women; a man who, having divested himself of the inconvenient attributes of heart and conscience, moves from poverty to the verge of vast wealth through the ruin of others with the relentless concentration of a chess-player who sacrifices his pawns the better to attack his adversary's king. Muriel, the good woman of the story, is somewhat colourless; but it is at least an arguable retort that good women are not infrequently characterised by negative and passive excellences. The book is a workmanlike production, to be classed not only among 'Books to Read,' but also among 'Books to Buy.' The drawings by M. Jean de Paleologue are very clever and genuinely illustrative.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH says:—

The plot of this ingenious fiction is at least as elaborate as any to be found in the earlier works of Sue, De Balzac, or Dumas the elder.

FAIRPLAY says:—

'The Veiled Hand' is life-like and full of life. The plausible, but cold-blooded cynic, who begins his career, with a social crime, plunges into promotion of the worst kind as readily as a duck takes to water. Around him are the gang with which the company prospectuses have made us familiar, of the type of the broken-down baronet, the half-pay colonel, and the pauper peer, all anxious to make use of their names, which, having ceased to be productive on bills, still count for something on companies. The low-class company lawyer is there in evidence, together with the wily stockbroker to work the markets. The financial journalist is well represented by Mr Marmaduke Bray, a character whom most city men will recognise.

THE MORNING POST says:—

His story arrests and retains attention from first to last, the study of the unscrupulous Delfoy being thoroughly remarkable for restrained power and analytical discernment. Mr Wicks is effective without exaggeration, while his cynicism is tempered by a lively sense of humour. . . . strong human interest, and brilliant originality of manner.

THE ECHO

in an article on 'Morals and Manners,' by Meliorist, says:—Mr Wicks has attempted a task worthy of the highest gifts of genius. Zola has attempted it for France. . . . It ('The Veiled Hand') is full of ability, with frequent displays of a higher quality than ability. . . . Dickens himself would have laughed over, and might have owned, the rollicking, extravagant humour of Mr Wicks's description of the pork-butcher, Mr Joy, in the crush at the bank and in the bosom of his family. . . . Bearing in mind that Mr Wicks has selected his incidents from one manifestation only of the modern movement—and that, if socialism be more than an empty name, only a transient manifestation—his readers may accept him as a safe critic on the ground which he has occupied. For the burden of this novelist-preacher's message to his generation is the vulgarising and de-humanising, socially debasing, and ruinous effect of the race for wealth. Mr Wicks is a strong hater (none the worse for that). He hates the brutalising Materialism of the day, and with such intensity that the preacher sometimes swamps the artist. He hates the Materialistic creed and practice, that man is one appendage of wealth, instead of wealth being the servant of man. . . . There can be no doubt that, as far as it goes, this account of interaction between commercial politics and social demoralisation is correct. Mammon has been vulgarising all ranks of the community. Chippering, M.P., the vulgar, illiterate haberdasher, whose influence with the Whips is set forth by the satirist, has his dittoes—and many of them—in the Parliament which has just met.

THE WESTERN MORNING NEWS

under the title, 'A Notable Novel,' says:—At a time when people are deploring the decadence of English fiction, and asking who are to fill the proud position formerly held by such writers as Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot, it is pleasant to come across a novel displaying many of the best traits of famous English novelists. . . . Many of the passages are as good as anything to be found in 'Vanity Fair,' and there is not the slightest exaggeration in saying that the chapter headed 'A Party of Eight' is one of the very best things in English fiction.

THE WORLD says:—

The author makes his leading villain so hateful that we are positively glad when he is left in a condition of abjectness that no other English novelist has described; and to rouse that feeling in his readers means a writer's success.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW says:—

'The Veiled Hand' is Zolaesque in the thoroughness of its mastery of detail. . . . Mr Wicks is painstaking, vivid, and entertaining. . . . 'The Veiled Hand' is a highly superior work. . . . Many of the chapters are humorous in a measure and in a manner which would have done credit to Dickens; the pages sparkle with epigrams; and frequently, as by a flash of lightning in the gloom, we are startled by some philosophical reflection deep enough and wise enough to make Mr Meredith pause and admire.

Mr Frederick Wicks has inserted the following Preface in a copy of his able novel 'The Veiled Hand' which has recently been presented to the Queen:—'It is the misfortune of sovereigns that they seldom see behind the mask; and, as dissimulation is a necessary part of the dishonourable in social life, few are able to penetrate below the surface of social movement until the public mind is shocked by a catastrophe. The parable here set out—the result of thirty years' observation as a journalist—dramatically portrays some of those things that man may be and man may do without transgressing a single statute either extant or possible. Reviewing the work, the author remarks that no possible preventive can be devised for nine-tenths of the wrongs done within these realms other than by the cultivation of the individual sense of honourable obligation.'—Extract from the *Athenæum* 'Literary Gossip,' February 18th, 1893.

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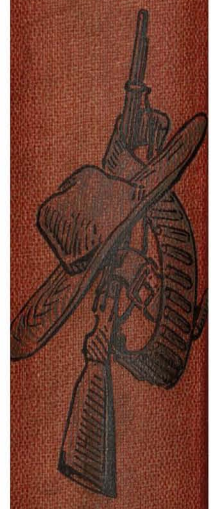

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