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"There is no disguising the practised hand of Miss Braddon. It would be hard to compute the many weary brains which have been soothed by her facile and able pen. It is marvellous to note the immense strides this writer has made from the time when her early and powerful fictions showed a certain lack of maturity from the literary point of view, to the present time, when she adds her thorough experience in the 'craft' to those undoubted gifts which would have come to the front in any case, but possibly with less of absolute finish and success than the fiction-reading world is proud to accord to all she touches. That the author should be at home in Venice is not surprising—where would not that bright spirit be at home? And the reader is made at home too in a manner that fascinates. . . . So I leave this most powerful, most pathetic, and beautiful work, in which the reader will find a thousand charms, and on which I have no space to dwell, but of which I am fully sensible."—*Manchester Courier*.