worthy, surely, of being set alongside of one of his brother's Idylls: but we quote it only for its striking contrast to his daughter's predilection for large tracts of country, born, perhaps, of her inland upbringing. This is expressed with much of the same graphic word-painting, though, as it seems to us, with less poetic grace, and with an almost masculine forcefulness. "I greatly prefer a tropical continental land mass, with thousands of square miles of dark forest, swamps, and mountain-ranges —not mere peaks which have got adrift and anchored out at sea,—a land with great rivers which come from a thousand miles away, and swing past you in a cavalry charge over rapids, mark time in dangerous muddy estuaries, bound seawards ever, whatever their pace may be when you see them--things that mean business,—a spacious land you have no fear of falling over the edge of into the ocean, when either a pack of misguided heathen or an isolated big-game lunatic makes rapid action advisable, whether you have a boat ready on the beach or no."

Of school-life Mary Kingsley knew nothing; but the object-lessons which surrounded her on every hand were sufficient incentives to study, and in helping her father and brother she was unconsciously educating herself. Home duties were always paramount; and, as Dr Kingsley had a perfect horror of "blue-stockings," she rose early,

and late took rest, in order to make time for those intellectual pleasures in which she soon found a delight that was hers by inheritance. Science had a special charm for her, and in order the better to understand it, she learned German, though leave was not given her to do so until she had satisfied her father that she was able to starch and iron a shirt both properly and well.

For sixteen years—1863 to 1879—the family lived at Highgate, and on sunny days Henry Kingsley, ex-stockrider, miner, and mounted policeman, might often be seen basking on the little lawn in a haze of tobacco smoke, telling hair-raising tales of bush-life in Australia, and thinking of the "hot grey plains and the great wooded ranges" of the Antipodes, rather than of the fame which he had achieved as the author of 'Geoffrey Hamlyn' and 'Ravenshoe.'

In 1879 they removed to Bexley Heath, where, upon drier soil, it was hoped that Mrs Kingsley might have better health than she had hitherto experienced. Here the friendship of Mr Varley, an electrical engineer of no small repute, was a great advantage to Mary Kingsley, and for five years she worked steadily at her home duties and mathematics. She was then what is colloquially known as a "slip of a girl""—thin and colourless, with straight pale hair, high forehead, and large, splendid blue eyes, of quiet habits and well

accustomed to the decorous domesticities of an unpretentious and frugal English household.

These domestic habits proved of great use to her in after-life, but do not quite fit in with the " slap-dash" roving disposition which we generally presuppose—though often erroneously—in a lady explorer.

All the same, it seems to us that to one who, as 'The Times' says, "had an hereditary love of living in the byways rather than in the highways of civilisation," the conventionalities of life must sometimes have appeared not only irksome but absurd.

"I was my mother's chief officer from the day I could first carry a duster, and I had to do the tidying up—that is to say, I became responsible for everything lost in the establishment."

This is her brief epitome of her life at this time, and between the lines we can read plainly that such an office was no sinecure. George Kingsley's "awful temper" was as harmless a factor in the household as sheet-lightning in a summer sky, but to be responsible for everything, in a house which was nothing less than a miniature museum, was, to say the least of it, "no joke." She seems, however, to have discharged her duties with the cheery whole-heartedness which was natural to her, and a book thrown at her head occasionally was merely something to be "dodged," as we dodge an April

shower, and to be reckoned with philosophically as a mere incident in the day's work.

Her account of the fighting-cocks, that seemed always and only to burst into full crow when "the master" came home, is full of humour, and reminds us of Carlyle's description of the "demon fowls" which caused him and his faithful Goody such infinite discomfiture. But the vagaries of "Ki-ki," and "Chickums," and "Attila the Ostrogoth," were a great amusement to Dr Kingsley when he happened to be in the mood; and like fathers who alternately spoil and spurn their children, it was difficult for the "chief officer" to foresee what the course of events might be.

All the members of the little household were on their best behaviour when the master was at home, and the loving welcome of his reception was only equalled by the regretful "speeding" with which, after two or three months—often less—he once more started on his travels, to the Rocky Mountains, or Africa, or the South Sea Islands.

His love for his wife and family was true and faithful, and it was warmly reciprocated. When on his most delightful cruises he longed with a very real longing' for their sympathy and companionship, but unfortunately he loved the "bright eyes of danger" better than aught else.

Some chapters in 'South Sea Bubbles' (published by Bentley in 1872), recording a trip to the South

Seas with the Earl of Pembroke, a few magazine articles and his letters home, are the only writings extant of this many-sided man, who might have made a name in the literary world. In these few specimens, which he deemed most unworthy, we can see the same sparkling vivacity and "straight from the shoulder" style of writing which characterises every page of his daughter's light-hearted log-books, and the earnest thoroughness in *doing* which we loved in Parson Lot.

Mary Kingsley says that "the Kingsleys were all fishers," but, equally, they were all fighters. By hereditary instinct and by natural development they all loved fighting—victory if possible, but at any rate the bracingness of struggle.

In 1884 they removed to Cambridge, and there she had fuller scope for mental activities, though never did she allow the fascinations of learning to allure her from those filial duties which it was her delight to render to her father and mother, It has been said truly that "Duty can be either a bracelet or a handcuff, according to the light in which it is regarded," and to Mary Kingsley it was an adornment only, never depreciated or cast aside until Death, in a few short weeks, deprived her of the parents whom she had served so faithfully and well.

In the watches of the night, which her mother's long illness rendered necessary, she kept herself awake by the study of oriental languages, and her

mental grip grew stronger and more self-reliant from intercourse with such men as Darwin, Lubbock, and Huxley. Her health, too, improved astonishingly at Cambridge; and, though never robust-looking, it was difficult to identify in the alert, resolute, and wiry figure whom we afterwards knew as the West African traveller, the delicate girl of Bexley Heath. This dual life of mental effort and physical fatigue, combined with the responsibilities which attached to her position as nurse and housekeeper, early made her a woman; and, had it not been for her wonderful faculty for looking on the bright side of things, it would have made an *old* woman of her. But we cannot think of age and Mary Kingsley together. She must always have been young in heart, had she been spared to live among us for twice the length of time allotted to her. Bubbling over with vitality and enthusiasm, interested in everything, and with a keen sense of humour that exalted every discomfort into a source of amusement, she is one of those people who seem to stand apart—a *rara avis* whose like we may not expect often to look upon.

She had need of all her inherent tact and hopefulness during Dr Kingsley's absences; for, she says of her mother, "no amount of experience in her husband's habit of surviving ever made her feel he was safe," and all Mary Kingsley's loving ingenuity was needed, to in any way lessen or brighten the

anxious hours of the delicate woman while he was facing death and clanger in every quarter of the globe. For months at a time she lived in a constant state of nervous anxiety, and those long silences, during which she suffered so acutely, were indirectly the cause of her serious illness.

But "man is immortal till his work is done," and not by shark or grizzly bear, not by massacre or shipwreck, was George Kingsley to meet his end. In February 1892, when only sixty-six years of age, while quietly sleeping in his own hired house, all unawares the pulses of his human life grew still; and six weeks later his wife followed him into that pleasant land whence there is no returning.

Of Mary Kingsley's mother we know but little, but the devotion of her daughter almost speaks for itself; and when we read that "the only thing that ever tempted her to go about among her neighbours was to assist them in mind, body, or estate," and that, so strongly marked a characteristic was this of the home life, that it seemed to the daughter as if she too had no right to associate with people unless there was something the matter with them, we feel sure that she was one of those gentle saintly folks whose quiet influence is not fully realised until it is taken away.

"I had been sitting up all night with mother *as usual*," says Mary Kingsley in her brief account of

her father's death, and the two words which we have italicised give us a hint of the faithful service which she had rendered so unswervingly to the patient invalid. The continual strain of her life at home was far more trying to her than the worst adventures which she subsequently experienced in Africa, and we do not wonder at her outspoken contempt for those who, on the score of sex alone, were amazed at her exciting exploits and hair-breadth escapes.

She was not one of those who are for ever

> "Seeking for some great thing to do,
> Some secret thing to know."

Not until she had done all her duty to those dependent upon her did she feel free to indulge her innate love of travel, and then, worn out as she was with sorrow and nervous exhaustion, she determined to recruit her health in the Canary Islands. She was now thirty years of age, and, as far as we are aware, had never been farther afield than Guernsey. Hitherto we have spoken more of the influences which surrounded her than of herself. It was necessary to do so in order rightly to understand the woman whose 'Travels in West Africa' so astonished us all in 1897.

While visiting the Canary Islands in 1892 she heard much about West Africa, and was stirred into a sort of defiant curiosity and determination to see

and judge for herself as to that country, its products and its inhabitants.

During her first visit in 1893 she gleaned a great deal of miscellaneous information, and evidently enjoyed herself thoroughly, though not on such strictly scientific lines as she afterwards pursued. The "fine hearse and plumes" which had been promised her on behalf of the Wesleyan Mission, by a friend who wanted to discourage her from visiting that part of the "Dark Continent," was not required; and, had she been spared, it was her intention to spend the next few years in studying on the spot the fishes and the fetishes, and above all the tribal differences which must for so long make the Imperial riddle so hard to read.

Miss Kingsley had more than a "slight interest in ichthyology," and the officials of the British Museum, who are always ready to make choice of fit persons to serve in the ministry of Science, enlisted her services to collect fishes and insects on their behalf. The combination strikes us as being curious, so little kinship does there appear between the cold-blooded denizens of the water and the airy fairy flutterers in the summer sun, or the business-like insects that do their work in the world with such silent deftness.

Through bush and swamp, undaunted by danger, inspirited by difficulties, she made her way, and returned to England with a number of specimens of

rare fishes which she had collected principally in the Ogowe, a river north of the Congo. Of fatigue and privation she had plenty; but while she says that the treadmill life of a society woman in London would soon kill her, she speaks of her adventures—of which so much "fuss" was made—with the indulgent satire with which, in England, we describe the self-sought discomforts of a picnic.

It was not, however, until after her second visit that Mr George Macmillan induced her to write of her experiences, the result of which was one of the most wonderful records of womanly pluck and endurance which has ever been published. In this somewhat ponderous volume of seven hundred and thirty pages there is not a dry paragraph. Every chapter is full of incident, related with the bubbling vivacity which characterises her writings—always perspicuous; racy and pathetic by turns.

It was in December 1894 that she once more started for West Africa—and this time she set to work earnestly to study not only insects and fishes but the "animistic-minded inhabitants," of whose virtues and failings we know so little. Ethnologically we fancy that we know a good deal; but is it not a fact that, as regards the natives of vast continents, we are too apt to generalise?

Robert Louis Stevenson and Mary Kingsley would have been the first to disclaim their right to be entitled ethnologists, and yet their practical know-