

We hope it will not be long before some of them will be carried away—but to Kaffir College at Capetown."

Letter from Rev. Mr. Proctor.

"Magomero, Feb. 24, 1862.

"MR. LORD BISHOP.—The sad duty devolves upon me, as the senior priest of our mission, of communicating to you intelligence which will, I know, cause in you feelings of pain and sorrow, as deep as those with which the events themselves have filled every one of us here. I have to tell you of the death of Bishop Mackenzie, which took place on an island of the Shire, where he was waiting for Dr. Livingstone, and of Mr. Burrup his companion, who sank from the effects of the severe illness he had while on the island, about a week after his return to us here. I give the particulars as far as we were able to gather them from Burrup's own account. It will be needless for me to enter into details as to the cause which rendered this sad journey necessary, it only remains for me therefore to continue the narrative of melancholy events up to the present time.

"It was on the 14th of this month that the tidings of what had happened reached us. From the long absence of our friends, and silence about their doings and locality, we were growing both anxious and troubled, both on their account and our own; we feared that their stock of cloth and necessary stores must, like ours, be getting low, if, as we had too great reason to fear, from the reports of the Makololo, they had not yet been joined by Dr. Livingstone. On this very day we had considered the advisability of sending some one down to Chibisa's village, the late anchorage of the *Pioneer*; nay, we were in the very middle of a conversation on the subject, when, about 2 p.m., Zoniba, one of the Makololo, appeared at the door of our house, his unwonted looks of sadness filling us with vague apprehension. We questioned him, and soon learned the mournful and grievous truth, that our good and kind Bishop was no more. He said that Mr. Burrup and Job were coming behind, along an easier path; for the first was so weak and ill as to be obliged to be carried, while he had come on by a shorter cut with another of the Makololo. Soon after he arrived, lying in a sort of couch made of the rough branches of trees, and slung on a pole, which rested on the shoulders of two men who carried him. We scarcely recognised him: he had suffered so much from diarrhoea in the first instance, and afterwards from fever on the island, that he had shrunk to nearly half the size he was when he left us on January 3rd. He told us his story, after he had taken what nourishing food we were able to give him, but with great difficulty. After leaving this place the Bishop and he slept five nights on the road, arriving at Chibisa on the 8th of January. They were only able to get one canoe, with men to paddle, who, however, only undertook to go a short way down the river. At this place, however, they persuaded three of the Makololo who had come along the banks to go on with them, of whom Zoniba was one. They went smoothly down to the island, with the exception of an upset in a side channel of the stream, and much annoyance from mosquitoes, in two days. They do not appear to have found any ill effects from the wetting, but, most unfortunately, they lost a case in the water, as it was night, containing Burrup's things, the spare powder, and all the medicines they had taken with them. On arriving at the island, they were well received by the chief Chikanyi, from whom they learned that the *Pioneer* had only passed a few days before, though we scarcely think it likely. Soon after their

arrival at the island (Malo), Burrup said that the Bishop began to lose health and energy. When they left, both had the diarrhoea slightly, and though they got rid of this, they began to suffer from low fever. I may mention that I was only just recovering from an attack of fever, or, as the Bishop said when he went away, he should have asked me to accompany them. Burrup said very little about himself, though his own illness must have been almost, if not quite, as severe as that of the Bishop himself; he only alluded to it in connection with that. It was soon evident that the Bishop was attacked with low fever, which, from want of his usual employment and exercise, confined as he was upon an island, and the anxiety he must have felt on many accounts, together with the want of every kind of medicine, gradually increased upon him. About ten days before his death, Jan. 21, he lost his intellectual faculties, lying in his hut without speaking much, and when he did so, using quite incoherent language. He was, moreover, reduced to such a state of weakness that often, in getting out of his hut, he would fall forward and lie there utterly unable to help himself. On the 24th, while he was being moved, the rupture of a blood-vessel took place, causing profuse bleeding at the nose and mouth. He was now utterly helpless and speechless, and poor Burrup, in his own weak state, could render him very little aid. The three Makololo, however, were very active and useful, and gave all the assistance they could. On the morning of the 31st of January, the day on which he died, the chief Chikanyi, whom Burrup represented as evidently getting tired of them, or fearing the result, wishing them off the island, requested him to move the Bishop from the hut which they occupied, saying that he wanted to store corn in it. The truth most probably was that supposing the death of the Bishop to be inevitable, he was unwilling that it should take place in his hut, since from their superstitious notions about the spirits of dead persons haunting the places where they die, it would thenceforth be uninhabitable. Burrup protested that the Bishop was very ill and ought not to be moved, but the chief said that a great many of his people were ill also, and the Bishop must go into another hut. In order, therefore, to avoid giving offence, and fearing that the chief might order them off the island altogether, Burrup at last consented, and the Bishop was carefully taken by the Makololo into another hut close by. It is to be feared, however, that this was the means of hastening his death, as it caused the bleeding of the nose and mouth to break out afresh. In another hour and a half he breathed his last, about five o'clock in the afternoon, keeping up his full healthy look in the face until nearly the last. As soon as it was known, the chief ordered the body to be removed at once, and he would not even let it remain until the following day, nor would he allow any of his men to assist in the burial, doubtless from no feelings of ill-will, but from those of superstition. Burrup, therefore, with the Makololo, took the corpse across the river, and, choosing a secluded spot under a large tree, the Makololo made a grave with a hole lent them by the chief; there they buried the body, which they had wrapped in cloth, Burrup reading as much of the burial service as he could in the dim twilight.

"And thus the mission has lost its leader, the church a true and earnest friend, and the christian world a rare and bright example; and what our own sorrow is, and what will that of those who have yet to learn the mournful tidings—which we can hardly bear to think of—it were as vain as useless for me to endeavour to express. In the evening we read the paper which he had left with

me on setting out for Mannsombas, containing his wishes in brief, should he not return, and which I have enclosed with the other papers, to be sent to his brother in Edinburgh.

"On the day following that on which the Bishop died, Burrup made preparations to return here. He could see nothing before him in remaining but death; he was already very ill, he had no medicines, and his cloth was all but finished. Leaving a letter for Dr. Livingstone with the chief, in which he stated all particulars as well as he was able, he started up the river on Sunday, February 2, in the little canoe, having persuaded the three Makololo with some difficulty to accompany him, and they wanted him to return by land, leaving the canoe behind; but, as it had been lent them by the people of Chibisa's village, he was unwilling to do that. They went on through the Elephant Marsh (as the Doctor has named that part of the country along the banks) for three days, finding only wretched sleeping places at night. On the third day, however, the three Makololo positively refused to go any further by water; and, on Burrup persisting that he would not leave the canoe, they wished him good-bye, and set off on land by themselves. Seeing their determination he soon followed them, and, after three more days, they got to Chibisa's, and found the people most kind and considerate after they had heard their sad story. The Makololo told us, though Burrup himself never mentioned it, that he had the utmost difficulty in getting along during those three days, on account of weakness. On arriving at Chibisa's, on February 8, he could walk no further, and had to be carried all the way from that place to this, in the way I have mentioned. Job had followed the Bishop from here on January 5, but had been detained eight days on the road, from sickness; and, on reaching Chibisa's, and finding he could not get a canoe to go after him down the river, he had remained waiting for his return at this place.

"For the first day or two after Burrup's return (on the 14th,) Dickenson had great hopes that he would soon begin to recover strength; but he began to suffer again from diarrhoea, which, from our inability to procure any proper food and stimulants, soon increased upon him. The native corn, on which we are now living, rather serves to produce and aggravate the disease, from which we have all suffered more or less, and some of us are suffering at the present time. On the morning of the 22d a great change was perceptible. His reason began to wander, and it was evident that we might now expect the worst. About ten o'clock he became speechless, and Dickenson (himself in a very weak state from a recent attack of fever) having pronounced that he was sinking rapidly, I read the Commemorative Prayer and one or two other collects. Exactly at eleven he breathed his last, our efforts to revive him having proved utterly fruitless. A rough coffin was made for him at once, and on Sunday, the 23d, we buried him in a quiet spot near this village.

"I do not wish to enlarge my letter with any expressions regarding our own distress and anxiety. I feel sure we shall have your own earnest sympathy and that of every friend of the mission. Our great difficulty is, by what means we shall be able to apprise you of these sad events, in order that you may receive instructions from you as early as possible: nor shall we be able to do anything towards it until the arrival of the Doctor, for whom we are now daily-looking, and to whom we sent letters requesting him to come to us as soon as he could, by the two Makololo who left this to return to Chibisa's village on the 16th. But there may be so many contingencies combining to detain him at the Kougone, in the Zambezi, or in the Shire, that it is a matter of extreme uncer-