Letter to Lovell J. Procter, 15 March 1862

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My Dear M^r Procter Yesterday evening we recieved the very sad intelligence of the loss of our good bishop with your note. It came upon us like a bewildering thunderclap and we can scarcely realize it as a fact. But for the living we got to work and quickly unloaded all that remained in the ship of 35 tons which we brought up from the Kongone - came [0002]over to Vianna's after dark and with Captain Wilson arranged that light canoes should go up at once to you with what provisions we have belonging to the mission. We have one cask of brandy & one of constantia - the latter D^r Meller thinks wanting about one gallon - in consequence of our being out of wine for quinine We took Miss Mackenzie M^{rs} Burrup, Jessie Lennox, Sarah and Blair on board on the 6th February - they brought no provisions for their own use, and we shared

with them- all we had till not an ounce of meat of any kind was left. All our wine & some got from the Gorgon expended. And all our flour Do We had to buy beans and sheep, the latter at £1 each. In these circumstances I thought that the bishop would not blame me if I took two boxes of flour and the wine which had begun to leak to continue the daily dose of quinine. I hoped to get up more [0004]from Kongone before we could communicate with you. I send the wine as it is - sugar - soap - and everything else selected by Miss Mackenzie to go with her to her brother We shall bring more in a week and despatch them by Vianna's canoes - Blair goes with this. Rev^d Hawkins will go with the next. i.e. if he feels able for the service.

Two mules came for the mission. the bishop did not want them & told me to send them back. I take them off your hands rather at the original price & will [0005] write to the bishop at the Cape to that effect.

We lent the bishop a bale of calico and repaid ourselves by a bale which turned out to be "tents" or remnants of prints. We tried another and that was table linen which we cannot sell we shall keep it for you loose as it is.

We are just about to start for the sea. No time will be lost in forwarding all we can It is impossible for us to come. Excuse this hurried note D. Livingstone