

Letter to Lovell J. Procter, 15 March 1862

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[0001]

Shupanga 13th March
1862

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

[0003]

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 D^o 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