

August 14<sup>th</sup>

I have been becalmed four days within  
a hundred miles of my destination and the  
current against us. I have much to do to  
keep my sweet temper - the thermometer  
night and day 84 - I am in a constant  
state of dissolution and you will find  
me as perturbed a figure as you could  
desire - we have all felt the heat more  
than on former occasions, but all  
continue well except a very fine

young man one of the best who died  
of a dysentery - I wish I had one of  
my own to fill his place - there are  
none of them on the Astor I have  
recommended to them to endeavor  
to get into ships on this Astor they  
will then be in the way, but they  
must not come out unless employed,  
the misfortune is that if I write  
to them it gives hopes that I cannot