

1858

Remarks on board of Ship *Magister* Tuesday August 3rd

Comes in with light breezes from the E N E on the wind with main topgallant sail and flying jib at 6 Pm the wind veers to the Southward Tacked Ship at the same time Capt May of the *Dromo* came aboard Capt Macomber being delirious the middle part steering per compass S by W at 11 Pm the wind veers to the S E by E at 3 Am spoke the *Roussau* of Beyer in company with the *Octagon* both bound South. we at the same time kept off S W. Capt M continues to get worse being delirious most of the time and unable to retain any thing on his stomach the weather thick and rainy Lat 69.5

Remarks Wednesday August 4th

The weather thick and rainy steering per compass S W by S under main topgallant sail the wind light from the N E at 2 Capt May came aboard to see Capt Macomber but could not help him any. at 6 Pm the wind veers to the S E. at 7 spoke the *Omega* of Edgertown. Capt Sanborn came aboard. also Capt May Capt Macomber continues very low. at 8 Am Capt M had a very severe fit which lasted about 5 minutes the remainder of the day he was more easy. gave him arrow root and rice water. funeral tea &c but he could not retain it on his stomach Captains May and Sanborn. Thinks he cannot live.

the latter part steering S E. with light breezes from the Northward in company with the *Dromo* the weather thick nothing occurring

1858

Remarks on board of Ship *Magister* Thursday August 5th

These 24 hours light breezes from the Northward and thick. steering per compass S E. in company with the *Dromo*. at 4 Pm spoke the *Addison* of New Bedford and Capt Lawrence came aboard Capt Macomber had been about the same refusing to take any thing. at times he has no pulse. hands and feet cold. and at times delirious. Capt Lawrence could not help him any. he does not suffer from any pain. but appears to be stupid. the stuff that comes from him resembles sediment in coffee grounds. Capt May Thinks it is the coating to his stomach. at 12 part 2 Am veered to the wind on the Starboard tack. under topsails. at 20 minutes of 3

there was a decided change in Capt Macomber. it appeared that every breath would be his last. but at last

exhausted nature could stand no longer and he died at 12 part 3 Am.

at the ~~same~~ colours half mast. Capt May came aboard I and we laid him out on deck under the house and 3 hours afterwards he began to bleed and froth at the mouth and his face to turn black he also smelt very bad. and at 12 part 10 Am we buried him Capt Mr Stone 1st mate of the *Dromo* read the funeral prayer and also a chapter from the Bible the remainder of the day lying aback in company with the *Dromo*

Lat 68.36 North Long 176.56 West