

Mr Gold, midshipman, fell from the gangway overboard, and every means to save him failed, thus died a friendly young man, respected and beloved most by those who best knew him. Fresh breezes and hazy weather.

Collingwood, Log (March 30th 1773)

For the first time in my life, I saw one of those awful and massive bulks, an island of ice. The fog was very thick and we did not see it until it was half a mile from us.. Had our ship struck it we would have been sent to a watery grave.

Aaron Thomas

The wave burst in all our windows, window frames and rushing into our cabins... we really thought we were going down as the crash was so great, which with the loud thunder and all the confusion, that no one could get away till washed in a heap together: tables, chairs all swimming about, the water above our knees before it rushed put between decks and half drowned the sailors.

Captain Marmaduke Wybourne

Our ship was covered in fogs. We constantly fired our fog guns to warn other ships. You can see but only a few yards in front of you and by getting on deck you will be wet to the skin.

Aaron Thomas



Ship being driven on to rocks

National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, London