

The Battle of Trafalgar

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21 October 1805

The determined, weather-beaten sailor, here and there brightened by a smile, was well suited to the terrific appearance which they showed. Some were stripped to the waist; some had bared their necks and arms; others had tied a handkerchief around their heads; and all were ready to fight. I was with some officers and about thirty men. The shot began to pass over us. An awful silence came over the ship, only interrupted by the commanding voice of Captain Hargood, "Steady! starboard a little! steady so!" A shriek soon followed - a cry of agony was produced by the next shot - and a sailor lost his head, the destruction increased. The captain was injured but carried on. Only who have been in a similar situation have an idea of the scene I am describing. My eyes were horror-struck at the bloody bodies around me, and my ears rang with the shrieks of the wounded and the moans of the dying.