

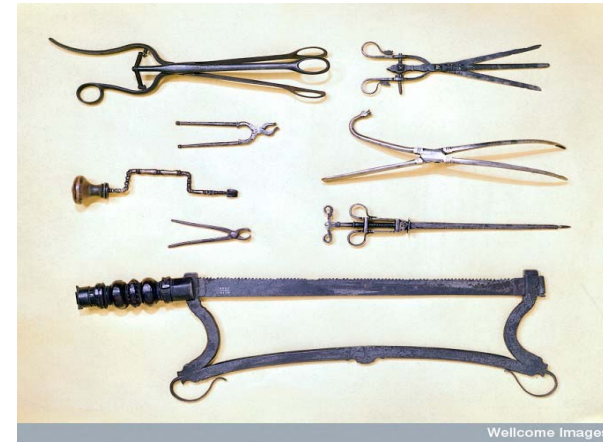
Ninety wounded were brought down during the fighting, when the whole cockpit, deck, cabins was covered with them. For a time they were lain on top of each other at the foot of the ladder. Sixteen died before I could get to them. Joseph Bonnier, a landsman from London had his right thigh taken off by cannon shot close to his pelvis so it was impossible to apply a tourniquet (a tight bandage to stop the blood flowing). His right arm was shot to pieces. The stump of the thigh was mangled flesh. In this state he lived for nearly two hours.

**Robert Young, a surgeon aboard HMS *Ardent***

A tourniquet was applied above the wound to stop the flow of blood. This helped the surgeon to see the wound more clearly in the dim light of the candle. We held him while the surgeon cut off his leg above the knee. The task was most painful to behold. The surgeon used his knife to cut through the flesh and then his saw on the bone. The arteries and smaller vessels were then sown with silk threads. The skin of the stump was folded over and taped with the threads hanging out. All this was done as if it was a butcher's shop!

The man whose right leg I had amputated had not uttered a groan or complaint from the time he was brought down and several other wounded, learning that we had won the battle, declared that they did not regret the loss of their limbs.

**Robert Young**



What do you think these surgical instruments would do?

Wellcome Trust

Among the wounded was a brave fellow named John Wells. After the surgeon had amputated and dressed his arm, he walked about in fine spirits as if he's only received a slight wound. Indeed during the operation he had remarked to the surgeons, 'I have lost my arm in the service of my country; but I don't mind it, doctor, it's the fortunes of war.' Cheerful and gay as he was, he soon died. His companions gave him rum but he was attacked by fever and died.

**Samuel Leech**