

ago, came like the announcement of a man's death. It was not only alive but highly organized, a most complex or heterogeneous structure; a farm, a menagerie, an institute of anatomy and physiology, and a villa decorated in the fashion of the period."

Paget gives us the following interesting description of the place: "At the east end of the grounds, near the gates, was an artificial mound of earth having an opening in its side which led into three small vaults, or cellars, beneath it. On the top of the mound was a little rampart of bricks and tiles, making a toy fortress of it; and there is a tradition that a gun was put here and sometimes fired. This mound was the Lions' Den; here he kept such animals as were most dangerous. In a field facing his sitting room was a pond, where he kept for experiment his fishes, frogs, leeches, eels, and river mussels; and it is said the pond was ornamented with the skulls of animals. The trees dotted about the grounds served him for his studies of the heat of living plants, their movements and their power of repair. He kept fowls, ducks, geese, pigeons, rabbits, pigs, and made experiments on them; also opossums, hedgehogs and rare animals—a jackal, a zebra, an ostrich, buffaloes, even leopards; also dormice, bats, snakes, and birds of prey. Sometimes the larger beasts were troublesome."

One day two leopards escaped from the outhouse and got into quite a "mix-up" with some dogs around. Hunter sprang into the midst of the fray, grabbed the two leopards and carried them back to their den. It is said Hunter did not realize the great danger he was in at the moment of rescue, but, later, when he had time to reflect upon what had occurred, he was so worried and agitated that he almost went into a fainting spell.

Earl's Court, in time, grew with Hunter's growth, and developed into a beautiful spot. The house contained Hunter's study, a drawing-room, a morning-room, artistic bedrooms and a conservatory.

It has been said that a surgeon without a hospital is like an artist without marble. Hunter had done without the marble a long time, but before long he was to chisel out for himself a beautiful career. In February, 1767, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and two years later—great honor that it was—he was elected one of the surgeons of St. George's Hospital by a majority of seventy-two votes over his opponent, Mr. Bayford. His brother often used to say to him: "Were I to place a man of proper talents in the most direct road for becoming truly great in his profession, I would choose a good, practical anatomist and put him into a large hospital to attend the sick and dissect the dead."

John Hunter was now forty years old and had twenty-five more