

on Sunday, March 30th, 1783, William Hunter died—sixty-four years old. The illness came on with an attack of gout. He was a very sick man then, but his lectures at the school were due, and almost when death stared him in the face he hobbled from his house to the school. After the lecture he fainted from exhaustion, was taken home, and two days later sustained a paralytic stroke, which hastened his death. It is comforting to know, however, that the two brothers were together again in those last days. John was at the sick bed continually and gave him tender and skilful care to the end.

When John settled down to practice in Golden Square he was thirty-five years old. First came the years of waiting for practice, that rise from the river of Time like the lean kine in Pharaoh's dream—"poor and very ill favored and lean-fleshed, such as I never saw in all the land of Egypt for badness." Everard Home says that his income for the first eleven years of practice never amounted to a thousand pounds. There were great difficulties in the young man's path. He was only a young surgeon, and there were leaders—men of great experience—then handling the scalpel, Percival Pott towering above all. Then there were Sharp and Warner at Guy's Hospital, and Hawkins and Broomfield at St. George's. "What happened to John Hunter," writes Jesse Foot, "happens to every surgeon in the beginning; there was not employment enough furnished by the practical art to fill up the active hours of the day. . . . He opened a room for dissections and demonstrated subjects to his pupils; he began to make preparations upon his own account. . . . He had not at this time exacted those rigid severities of temperance to which he was observed to adhere at his latter part of life. John Hunter, at this time, and for some time after, was a companionable man; he associated in company, drank his bottle, told his story and laughed with others." Ottley states, too, that in order to witness an interesting or extraordinary case, he would take any trouble or go almost any distance without a chance of pecuniary recompense. And, again, when a call would come to him, often he would throw down his dissecting knife rather unwillingly, and exclaim: "Well, I must go and earn this guinea, or I shall be sure to want it to-morrow."

John soon tired of his home in Golden Square. He wanted more elbow-room, a large place in which he could carry his researches to more successful issue. In 1764 he found a place dear to his heart, a spot called Earl's Court, about two miles from London. He bought two acres of land and built a house thereon. "It so expressed his work and character that the accounts of it suggest something endowed with life; and the news of its demolition, ten years