

I also received your cocks, which were very good. I have bought the print of Wright, viz., 'The Smiths,' which is his best. There is one more I would have you have. I mean Sir Joshua Reynolds' print of Count Ugolino; it is most admirable and fit only for a man of taste. We had a sale of bad pictures lately, but there were some good heads: I gave a commission for them for you, thinking they would come cheap, but unluckily there were some that saw their merit as well as I, and they sold above my commission. Pictures seem to be rising again. I will not send yours till I hear from you.

"I am told there is a skin of a toad in Berkeley Castle that is of prodigious size. Let me know the truth of it, its dimensions, what bones are still in it, and if it can be stolen by some invisible being. I buried two toads, last August a twelvemonth; I opened the grave last October and they were well and lively.

"Have you any queer fish? Write to me soon and let me have all the news.

"Anny sends, with little John, their compliments. From yours,
etc.,
John Hunter."

In 1787 Hunter had the honor of appearing before the Royal Society with three papers—his monograph on the "Structure and Economy of Whales" being the most important. The Royal Society in return gave him the Copley medal as a mark of appreciation. The same year he was elected a member of the American Philosophical Society. It was also about this time he sat for Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait, which is in the possession of the Royal College of Surgeons. Hunter was greatly averse to having his picture painted, but Sharp, the engraver, finally persuaded him. About this time, also, Hunter stood godfather to Jenner's first child—"sooner than the brat should not be a Christian," as he states jokingly in a letter of congratulation to Jenner about this time. In 1790 Hunter read another remarkable paper on "Paralysis of the Muscles of Deglutition, with the Method of Feeding the Patient Through a Tube." The year following he was inviting Jenner and Mrs. Jenner to town, asking, by the way, for more hedgehogs. His "Treatise on the Blood, Inflammation, and Gunshot Wounds" also received its finishing touches in those last busy moments. For twenty-five years Hunter had been surgeon to St. George's Hospital, but his years there were not peaceful ones. He clashed with his confreres continually. They were partly jealous of him, and a bitter quarrel finally ensued. Discussions and quarrels arose about things pertaining to the hospital. Hunter sent a pamphlet broadcast saying that "all his attempts to improve the teaching of the hospital had been frustrated." The other three surgeons—Gun-