

ing with all the fervor of youthful friendship and attachment on the commanding and engaging peculiarities of Mr. Hunter's mind. He generally called him the 'dear man,' and when he described the honesty and warmth of his heart, and his never-ceasing energy in the pursuit of knowledge, it was impossible not to be animated by the recital." The two friends were always corresponding, exchanging views on their various experiments on the one hand and asking advice about some particular disease on the other. Jenner sent Hunter animals for his museum, and Hunter sent him, in return, rare paintings and works of art for his drawing-room. Most of these letters are extant at the present time and make very interesting reading. They mirror the soul of friendship, pure and beautiful. We quote one below. It will give us an idea of the continual interchange of ideas and "things" between the two friends:

"Dear Jenner,—I received yours by Dr. Hicks, with the hedgehog alive. I put it into my garden; but I want more. I will send you the picture, but by what conveyance? or to what place? I have a picture by Barrett and Stubbs. The landscape by Barrett; a horse frightened at the first seeing of a lion, by Stubbs. I got it for five guineas. Will you have it? I have a dearer one, and no use for two of the same master's; but do not have it excepting you would like it, for I can get my money for it.

"I am glad you have got blackbirds' nests. Let me know the expense you are at, for I do not mean the picture to go for anything, only for your trouble. Ever yours, J. H.

"N.B.—I should suppose the hedgehogs would come in a box full of holes all around, filled with hay and some fresh meat put into it."

Toward the end of Hunter's life the daily attacks of angina became almost unbearable, and yet when face to face with death he was writing away for swallows, ostrich eggs, lions, chameleons, and other beasts and birds! Those about him expected that every attack would end the scene. Hunter himself never thought of death. He pictured it as something afar off. The thought of it did not seem to disturb the tranquility of his mind. He was not given to religious meditation; he believed in a God, but outside of this stood the bare walls of a religious creed that did not invite him to take shelter within. Once he did speak of death, however, and someone asked him if it was true that his brother William had praised the pleasantness of it all. "Aye, 'tis poor work, when it comes to that," was John's thoughtful answer. In Hunter's time little was known of the pathology of angina pectoris, hence very little relief could be given him in a medical way. Disturbances of vision and mind, in their turn, brought a long train of symptoms