

Mr. Passmore Edwards, whose liberality in connection with hospitals and convalescent homes is well known, has once more come forward with an offer to build a convalescent home for friendly society members, at a cost of not less than £6000, on condition that the site is secured. We wish some friend of nurses would draw the attention of this generous gentleman to the needs of nurses, and of holiday and convalescent homes for these hard-working members of society.

We are glad to observe that the donations to the Queen's Jubilee Fund, in the County of Bedford, which at present amount to £1200, are to be devoted to building a new Nurses' Home, in connection with the County Infirmary. It is estimated that the total cost of this home will be £1700. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the remaining £500 will be speedily subscribed. The question was raised at a recent meeting of the Governors of the Bedford Infirmary, as to whether the old infirmary could not be adapted as a Nurses' Home; but it is obvious, both on hygienic and financial grounds, that the decision of the committee, to erect a new building, was a wise one.

The Barton-on-Humber District Nursing Society has issued its Eleventh Annual Report. During the last year, 132 patients have been visited, the number of visits paid being 4239.

Professional Review.

JOHN HUNTER, MIGHTY MAN AND MARTYR.

WE have received from Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, of Paternoster Square, "John Hunter, Man of Science and Surgeon," by Stephen Paget. The book is the first of a series entitled "Masters of Medicine," and if the following volumes equal the first, the series will be an exceptionally excellent one. All nurses will do well to read "John Hunter," first of all because it is their duty to know something about one who was indeed a giant amongst the men of a profession with which their duties closely connect them; secondly, because they will find it absorbingly interesting and last but not least, because it comes to us from the pen of Mr. Stephen Paget, whose warm appreciation of the work of nurses is well known. Those who have nursed for Mr. Paget will bear out the statement that if a critical case ends well, Mr. Paget says openly that the credit is due to the nurses, while if anything goes wrong he as certainly comments upon the terrible responsibilities of a surgeon. Nurses are not always so generously treated, and it is well that they should know and appreciate their friends. It is characteristic of Mr. Paget that he should for the most part have left John Hunter to tell his own tale, and has shown his skill as a journalist chiefly in weaving together the fragments at his disposal, with the happiest result. John Hunter, and his elder brother William, of whose life also we have a glimpse in this volume, came of an old Scotch family; and on doubt their nationality accounts in a large measure for the indomitable perseverance, and tenacity of purpose, which is characteristic of both men. Like so many of their countrymen, the brothers eventually

found their way to London, William, the elder, paying the way for John, giving him every opportunity for becoming an expert in the art of dissection, and invariably acknowledging his indebtedness to his brother in his lectures.

William Hunter was himself a keen anatomist, and thought little of those of his professional brethren who deprecated the need of the acquisition of a sound knowledge of this science. "Who then are the men in the profession," he asks, "that would persuade students that a little anatomy is enough for a physician, and a little more too much for a surgeon? God help them! They have it not themselves, and are afraid that others should get it."

With their north country love of justice the brothers were exceedingly tenacious of being accorded the credit of their own discoveries, and denounced Mr. Perceval Pott and Professor Munro for adopting their views, without acknowledging the source, in no measured terms; but the saddest thing in the whole history is the account of the estrangement of the two brothers, and their public dispute, in letters addressed by both to the Royal Society, over a dissection which John Hunter had made twenty-six years before—an estrangement which lasted until William Hunter lay dying. John Hunter's love of comparative anatomy led him to collect about him all kinds of animals, and the house which he built for himself at Earl's Court was, we are told, "a farm, a menagerie, an institute of anatomy and physiology, and a villa decorated in the fashion of the period." In 1768 John Hunter was elected surgeon to St. George's Hospital, and, only five years later, suffered his first attack of angina pectoris, from which disease he eventually died.

Although, at the time of his appointment to St. George's, he had a large and fashionable practice, his museum was insatiable in its demands upon his purse, until at length he had spent £70,000 upon it. He never saved money consequently, and when he died scarcely left enough to pay his debts. His position at St. George's brought him into contact with Jenner, who was first his pupil, and afterwards his life-long friend, confidant, and loyal admirer. One whole chapter of Mr. Paget's book is devoted to reprints of Hunter's letters to Jenner, and they are models of what the letters of friends should be. But there is no space to quote from them; those interested must, therefore, read these delightful letters for themselves.

A man of Hunter's directness and force of character could scarcely go through the world without making some enemies, and he was no exception to the general rule. Perhaps his most unpardonable faults were his success and his popularity. For fifteen years Hunter worked fairly well with his colleagues at St. George's, but he desired and strongly advocated reforms in the management of the hospital. He saw that more should be done for the pupils; there were no lectures given in the hospital; no notes kept by the pupils; no museums, no classes, no hospital examinations. Hunter believed, and said, that these things were necessary for the success of the hospital, and then the fight began which was fought at the risk of his life, and, we are told, only ended with it.

"To some of the staff, his passionate love of science was wholly unintelligible; to him, for example, who said that Hunter's museum was no more use than so many pigs' pottitoes. Yet they could bear with his superiority, but what galled them was the crowd of

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