

MEMOIR
OF
SUSAN DIMOCK,

*RESIDENT PHYSICIAN OF THE NEW ENGLAND
HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.*

"By pureness, by knowledge, by long suffering, by kindness, by the
Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned."

—••••—
BOSTON:

1875.





*So long this faith to some ideal Good,
Under whatever mortal names it masks,
. . . This ethereal mood
That thanks the Fates for their severer tasks,
Feeling its challenged pulses leap
While others skulk in subterfuges cheap,
And, set in Danger's van, has all the boon it asks,
Shall win man's praise and woman's love,
Shall be a wisdom that we set above
All other skills and gifts to Culture dear,
A virtue round whose forehead we entwethe
Laurels that with a living passion breathe,
When other crowns grow, while we twine them, serene.*

LOWELL.

MEMOIR.

EARLY LIFE.

SUSAN DIMOCK was born in Washington, N. C., April 24, 1847. Her father, Henry Dimock, was a native of Limington, Me., and the son of a physician in that place. He obtained a collegiate education by his own exertions, and in 1831 he was head-master of the High School at Roxbury, Mass. He afterwards removed to North Carolina, where he first taught a school for young gentlemen, and subsequently studied law. He was also editor of the "North State Whig." Her mother, whose maiden name was Mary M. Owens, was a resident of Washington. Both her parents, so far as is known, were of English descent. Although regretting the existence of slavery, they owned the few slaves necessary for the service of the household, — preferring to have control of them by purchase rather than to hire them of their masters.

Susan Dimock was what would commonly be called a precocious child; but although her development was rapid, it was gradual and healthy, and, under the careful guidance of her mother, the judgment and reasoning faculties were strengthened at the same time that her memory was exercised and her imagination quickened. The peculiar balance of mind which distinguished her in after life showed the good results of her training. She was taught entirely at home, by her mother, until she was seven years old, and had learned to read at the age of five. Seeing the importance of having the little girl educated with other children, when she was seven years old Mrs. Dimock opened a school for young ladies. Susan was modest and unassuming in her deportment, and was always more ambitious of excellence for its own sake than for distinction; but she easily kept her place at the head of the class and of the school. Her engaging manners made her always a pet among the older girls in the school, and her superiority did not seem to excite jealousy or envy.

She was especially fond of grammar, and mastered its difficulties with ease. She was also very quick at arithmetic; and, as her mother would not give her difficult exercises, she would go among the older pupils and copy the exam-

ples from their slates, that she might have the pleasure of working them out.

Her mother was very careful not to overtax her mind, and studied with her, and simplified her lessons, to bring them within the scope of her powers. Her health was always good.

She once remarked, "I was always slow in taking an idea; I did not feel the sin of slavery until I was eight years old." Considering how carefully this subject was at that time excluded from general conversation at the South, it shows uncommon vigor and independence of thought, in a child of eight years, to perceive the evil of a social custom sanctioned by the example of those whom she most loved and respected.

She soon became very fond of reading; and light reading was one of her favorite amusements, as relaxation from severer studies.

At the age of thirteen, she went to a young ladies' school kept by Mr. Boghart, where she studied Latin and other higher branches. She remained only about twelve months at this school. She was fond of Latin, and seems to have read the "Materia Medica," at first, from her interest in the language. Her father spoke of her as understanding Latin verse better than he did

when he left college. About this time, however, she began to show the fondness for medical studies, which determined her future career. Her father said one day: "Sue says she wants to study medicine, and I tell her she may." Her mother considered it only a childish fancy, and discouraged the pursuit, wishing her to give her time to the study of general literature. Susan, however, read every medical book which she could obtain, and from this time never seems to have lost sight of her purpose. In 1864, the death of her father developed her character and her sense of responsibility, and her mother having lost much of her property in consequence of the war of the rebellion, then going on, they determined to remove to the North. They came to Sterling, in Massachusetts, where they had relatives, and Susan went to school for six months. She was often with her aunt, at Oakdale, in the vicinity. During her residence here, she formed that acquaintance with Miss Bessie Greene which had so happy an influence on her after life. Miss Greene herself, a highly accomplished young girl, fond of deep and serious study, sympathized with the feelings of her new friend, and aided her to procure medical books to continue her favorite study.

In the spring of 1865, they removed to

Hopkinton, where Mrs. Dimock took summer boarders, and Susan took charge of a district school. She continued her systematic reading of medical books, under the direction of Dr. Pratt, a physician of that place. Dr. Zakrzewska furnished to Miss Greene a list of medical books, which she procured and sent to her friend. After she had taught for a single term, her mother, becoming convinced of her entire devotion to her medical pursuits, gave consent to her thorough preparation for the profession, and ever after gave her all the assistance in her power. By Miss Greene's advice and aid, Miss Dimock applied to the New England Hospital for Women and Children, for admission as a student, and was gladly welcomed to its advantages.

STUDENT LIFE.

MISS DIMOCK entered the New England Hospital for Women and Children in Boston, Jan. 10, 1866.

Although this institution was only then in the fourth year of its independent existence, yet, owing to the high character of the physicians already connected with it, it offered very great advantages to the young student, who here found opportunity for practical work, combined with valuable theoretic instruction. Miss Dimock entered with great zeal and thoroughness into the work of the hospital, and was soon distinguished by her teachers as possessing remarkable abilities. Dr. Lucy E. Sewall, the resident physician, took an especial interest in her, which secured her every opportunity for completing her education. The hospital at this time reported 174 patients in its wards, 198 visited at their homes, and 4,079 in the dispensary. In all this

labor Miss Dimock took her full share; and, as the care of patients treated at their homes comes very largely upon the students, she learned thus the great lessons of responsibility and self-reliance. The students often took charge of poor women in child-birth, and Dr. Sewall says that "these labors increased so steadily every year that it was difficult for the assistant physician and students to find room, consistently with hospital duties, for the many claims made upon them by the sick poor, who supposed the physicians to be paid by the city, and that they had a legal right to their services." So eager for improvement was Miss Dimock, that she gladly seized every opportunity of taking the other students' work, when they wished to relinquish it from any cause; and she has often offered to take charge of a confinement case at night, — allowing the students who had charge of it to go to bed, — that she might gain experience from it.

But all this was not enough for Miss Dimock, if it was possible to obtain fuller instruction or larger experience anywhere; and in 1867, in connection with a fellow-student, she applied to the Harvard Medical School for admission, and for opportunity for clinical study in the hospitals. The request was warmly seconded by

some of the most esteemed citizens of Boston; but it was refused.

The following year, however, Dr. Zakrzewska says in her report: "Many physicians opposed to female practitioners, a few years ago, have not only become convinced of their professional capability, but several have been willing to give aid and instruction in any way possible." Accordingly, an arrangement was made by which the women students were admitted to the Massachusetts General Hospital, on separate days from the Harvard medical students, where they enjoyed the clinical instruction of Dr. Cabot, Dr. Ellis, Dr. Minot, Dr. Gay, and others. They were also admitted to the Eye and Ear Infirmary, under the care of Dr. Hasket Derby, where they gathered experience in these important specialties.

Miss Dimock won the approbation and the lasting regard of the medical gentlemen with whom she was thus associated, by the unassuming modesty of her manners and appearance, by her clear intelligence, her earnest zeal, and indefatigable devotion to her work.

Her habits of study were marked by singular thoroughness. She would give her undivided attention to any case that came under her care, and could not be diverted from it,

even by the importunate claims of others, until she had made herself master of it. She pursued her objects directly and unflinchingly; and, in her student life, the training of her own powers for future use, and not the good that might be done to others at the present moment, seemed to her to be the imperative duty.

But, firm and methodical as she was, she had also that precious quality,—admirable tact. She seldom offended any one's taste or feelings, and would accomplish her own purposes, however opposed to the previous wishes of others, in a way that left them well pleased with her in spite of her victory.

While fully appreciating the experience thus gained in Boston, Miss Dimock's friends felt that her fine talents entitled her to the highest possible education; and that, if her own country would not afford it to her, she must seek it elsewhere. Accordingly, she applied to Dr. Biermer, the Dean of the Medical Faculty at the University of Zurich, and received from him the following satisfactory answer:—

ZURICH, May 6th, 1868.

DEAR MADAM,—I reply to your letter of March 17, which has just come to hand. I have the honor to inform you that there exists in this University no

lawful impediment to the matriculation of female students, and that female students enjoy equal advantages with male students.

There is here full liberty, and every one can attend the lectures as long as he may desire. The majority of the students need from five to five and a half years' course, before taking their degree. In answer to other questions of yours, I send you some printed regulations of the University.

I am, with great esteem, yours,

BIERMER,

Professor and Dean of Medical Faculty.

Two generous friends gave her the necessary pecuniary assistance; and, as they did not wish her young life to be hampered by the sense of a debt which she might not be able to discharge for many years, they told her to consider the money as a gift, which, when she became rich, she might in turn bestow upon any young student needing assistance. She afterwards borrowed five hundred dollars of medical friends, which she subsequently repaid from the profits of her profession. Her mother, who entered heartily into her plans, consented to the sacrifice of parting from her, and herself returned to the South, and resumed her labors of teaching, that she might send all her income to her daughter.

A further relief from anxiety for the future

came from the suggestion that, on her return from Europe, she would be welcomed to the position of resident physician at the hospital, which would give her at least a support for three years.

Under these favorable auspices, she sailed for Europe on the 7th of September, 1868. She remained a short time in London and Paris, and then entered upon her studies.

Her life at Zurich was entirely to her taste, and she was very happy there. Every opportunity was open to her as freely as to any other student; and, as usual, she at once won the favor and interest of her instructors. She had been preparing herself for a year by the study of German; and, with her natural aptitude for language, she acquired the use of it so rapidly that she understood much of the very first lecture, and could soon receive the instruction of the professors in German almost as easily as in English.

Her relation with her fellow-students was very pleasant, and she formed lasting friendships among them. She did not confine herself unwisely and unremittingly to study; but, while she worked hard through the day, she devoted the evenings mainly to recreation. She always took care of her health, and enjoyment was a

necessity to her. She loved work, and performed a great deal of it; but she required also, not at long intervals, but every day, hours of relaxation, social enjoyment, and æsthetic pleasure. The following extracts from letters to her mother will give a picture of her life abroad:—

From Zurich, she writes of her pleasures and enjoyments, and concludes with: "I enjoy, most of all, my lectures, dissecting, &c. The students are so nice and considerate, — just like brothers. They take such an interest in my progress. They correct my German, and give many other kindnesses; which shows good will."

In a letter from London, September, 1870, speaking of the hospitality of strangers, she says: "I do declare, I am in amazement. I do not know what it is that makes people so kind to me. It frightens me sometimes; I fear that I must have trouble, some time or other, to balance."

OCTOBER 18th, 1868.

Sunday finds me safely through with last week's herculean labors. You know I had a hundred formalities to go through with, and no German to speak of. Looking back upon it, I do not see how I managed it; however, it is all plain sailing now, and I have nothing to do except to listen to lectures, study hard, and learn German, &c. Oh, it is so nice

to get here, at a word, what I have been begging for in Boston for three years! I have every medical advantage that I can desire. I told the professor of anatomy, for instance, that I wanted a great deal of dissecting; and he immediately bowed, and said so kindly, "You shall have it; I only desire you shall tell me what you prefer." And so it is with every thing. I only have to go through the necessary formalities, and pay the fees, and I find that in every respect I have equal advantages with the young men; and then I find also the warmth and protection and feeling of interest which a young man finds in a university. And it is delightful; the professors are all very kind to me.

OCTOBER 25th.

I am all well settled, and fairly started to work, and exceedingly happy. My lectures began last week; and, whereas I expected to understand nothing for two weeks, I find I can follow most of the lectures right along. I rise every morning at 6.30, breakfast at 7.15, and start for the university at 7.45. From 8 to 10 I dissect. I began the first day of lectures, and have worked hard at it; I enjoy it so much. The professor, whom I like very much, is in the dissecting-room most of the time, and the students are as quiet and polite as possible. They smoke, and I dare say they joke, as I used to be told with a horrified air that they did; but the smoke is pleasant, and the jokes I cannot understand even if I could hear, which I do not, my table being at the other side of the room. It

is too funny to see Professor Myer come up, look at my work, and remark, with a pleased look, "Ganz schön!"—quite beautiful. From 10 to 11 I have an anatomy lecture, which is made perfectly fascinating by having every thing that is lectured about right before me. From 11 to 12 chemistry, which is in another beautiful building at some distance, so we have a nice five-minutes' walk in the fresh air. At 12 I run home with an appetite for my dinner, and at 1 o'clock I saunter out to get the air and sun for an hour; go to the "Hoch Promenade," a beautiful walk on a high hill, in the middle of the town, and overlooking the lake and the mountains. From 2 to 3 anatomy again; from 3 to 4 microscopical anatomy, the professor of which is a famous man; from 4 to 5 osteology; from 5 to 6 zoölogy; then home to supper, and then study: so pass the days. Saturday morning, I dissect all the morning; and in the afternoon I do a little sewing and go for a long walk; and Saturday night I sleep soundly, I can tell you.

NOVEMBER 1st, 1868.

I do not find that the work is one bit hard, but the contrary. Eight hours slip by like beads, and then between every hour there is a change, nearly always, from one building to another; and night comes, and I can sit down cosily and study, and can be sure of sleeping all night. I am often asked if I am not doing too much, but I can't think that I am; for I feel well, have a tremendous appetite, sleep soundly, and am always ready to rise in the morning.

ZURICH, November 15th, 1868.

My lectures grow more and more delightful the better I understand them. It is so nice to have good professors, and to have them kind to one! I think I shall all my life feel the advantages of having come here, where I am admitted on an equal footing with men-students, where professors are kind and interested in one's improvement; and I am sure I shall be a better doctor, for I am learning all the foundation studies so thoroughly, and I never was so well and strong, it seems to me, in my life. I hardly know what fatigue means, either of mind or body.

ZURICH, March 15th, 1869.

I have now the signatures of all the professors whose lectures I have attended, and they all write that I have shown "great diligence." I now look back upon the five months with a thankful heart.

Letters to Dr. Zakrzewska.

30 BRANDSCHENKE ST., ZURICH,

January 9th, 1870.

DEAR DR. ZAKRZEWSKA, — I thank you heartily for yours of December 1st, which was indeed a "greeting from home."

My expenses for the last year were as follows:—

Board, washing, and lights	frs.	884.91
College expenses	"	689.10
Travelling	"	262.75
Clothes	"	263.51
Sundries	"	30.00

From Oct. 13, 1868, to Oct. 13, 1869 . . . frs. 2130.27

Travelling expenses might have been avoided, but my mother authorized this expenditure. In fact, you see it is little, while the pleasure and advantages which I have thus enjoyed have been very great. In the year which I have spent here, I have seen a large part of Switzerland, and chiefly upon my feet. I have upon principle spent my holidays in new places, because one returns then with renewed zest to home and quiet and study.

I have been very fortunate in making friends. The D— family, with whom I have lived for a year now, are delightful people to be with; and Mrs. D— has made her house a real home for me. In the spring she will go probably to England; and then I go to the friends whom I like most of all, most kind, happy, fresh, and learned people. There are two sons and one daughter, who is of my age, and one of my best friends.

The Swiss society here, which is most valuable, is just that to which strangers do not generally find entrance. In this society I have had the good fortune to make many friends, and I find it most satisfactory.

I have had many invitations during the holidays,—one of the most delightful of which was to Professor Heer's, professor of botany. He and Professor Escher von der Linth are my favorite professors.

The clinical advantages to be enjoyed here are really very good. The manufactories supply many surgical cases. People come from every part of Europe to Horner, the realist; and Zurich is unhealthy enough in the poor quarters to keep the medical wards full. The lying-in hospital is also quite full generally, I

believe; I have not been there myself. Next summer I shall spend nearly all the day in the Klinik, and shall review the natural sciences; at any rate, botany and zoölogy. With physics, mineralogy, and chemistry, I shall have quite finished this winter. I have enjoyed these things very, very much. I have been very much interested in geology this winter, because I have some friends who are geologists. Last summer the geologists, with Professor Escher von der Linth, went on the long excursion in the mountains with us (the botanists) and Professor Heer. I hope they will do the same thing this summer. I go on Saturday afternoons to an Italian lecture from the Italian professor on Italian literature, which is very pleasant. I do not know whether Dr. Sewall told you that I had the great fortune to make friends with Mazzini last summer. He has since sent me his letter *Ai Nemici*. I am only learning Italian a little, so that I may fully enjoy my Italian journey when it comes. German is now very easy,—that is, to understand; but I believe I make very laughable mistakes still in speaking and writing. The students laugh at me very often, but politely and kindly, so that it is not unpleasant.

I am very glad that we will have a new hospital in Boston. It will be good both for physicians and patients. I shall be very glad to send you any suggestions which might be advantageous, when I go to Vienna, &c.

I shall be so much obliged to you if you *will* send me the report of the hospital for the last two years.

When you have opportunity to write to me, you

will know that a letter from you will give me the greatest satisfaction. Please accept my best wishes for the new year, and believe me,

Yours very truly,

S. DIMOCK.

I shall send you a report of the late congress in Berlin. I received an invitation to it.

57 ZELTUNG, ZURICH, Dec. 10th, 1870.

DEAR DR. ZAKRZEWSKA,—I thank you heartily for your kind letter received yesterday. This is the week of the Fair. I hope it has been very successful, so that we may have a new hospital soon.

I am very glad that you approve of my plans for the next two years. I hope to be examined in June or July in the written theses, in July in the vocal examination, and in August to graduate. I shall then probably spend the vacation in Switzerland, and go in September to Vienna, by the way of Munich and the Bavarian Highlands, where I have an invitation which I should be glad to accept. I shall be in a different atmosphere in Vienna, Zurich being directly opposed to the Prague and Vienna school, siding generally with Virchon and Berlin. Whether I go to Paris or not will, of course, depend upon the state of affairs in Paris. I hope then to spend four weeks in London, to visit the hospitals and the grand collections of natural history. That I am able to spend a fourth year in Europe I owe to my mother, as indeed I owe most of the good things which I have had in my life. As

regards my finances, I am quite contented; till now, the money which I received from my friends has sufficed. In May, I shall receive a remittance from my mother, who has been very prosperous with her schools, as well as with her business matters. If I should not have enough in my last year, on account of increased expenditure, which is necessary in large towns, I shall not hesitate to borrow.

It is a mistake about the fifty-two lectures. I had in summer fifty-two hours a week in the University, but the greater part of the time was spent in clinical work, microscopy, autopsy, the surgical course upon the dead body, &c.; in short, work in which my hands rested my head. Nevertheless, it would have been too much if I had not just returned, fresh and happy, from six weeks of uninterrupted rest and pleasure in Italy, and if the term had not been so short, Easter falling late in spring. This winter, I have much less to do. I practise in midwifery, medicine, and surgery, and read up for my examination; recite in anatomy once a week (topographical anatomy), attend the percussion and auscultation course on Sunday mornings, and hear the lectures upon forensic medicine.

I have also plenty of pleasure beside my work. I go to-morrow, for instance, to Locher-Balbus', the Professor of Materia Medica, to coffee and wine with the class of gentlemen. On Tuesday evening, I am invited to a grand concert. I have many more invitations this winter than I can with pleasure and profit accept, and so I decline.

I hope that Dr. Sewall is better by this time. Please remember me to her, to Dr. Buckel, and Dr. Morton; and believe me

Yours most truly,

SUSAN DIMOCK.

IM THURM, ALLY-KRANKERHAUS.
Alsergrund, Vienna, Nov. 22.

DEAR DR. ZAKRZEWSKA,—I thank you heartily for your letter, which was forwarded to me from Zurich,—I not having waited for it, because, upon thought, I found that a winter in Vienna would serve me as private physician as much as one as hospital physician. That I shall be glad to be hospital physician instead of private physician, I do not need to say; since, although my *zeal* would not, I hope, be diminished, my courage might, perhaps, be less. But in each and every case, I shall never forget the physician's oath which I have taken; namely, to devote my knowledge and strength and zeal and life to science and the welfare of my patients.

Of my pleasant life here in Vienna, I have given more detailed account in my letter to Dr. Sewall. You, who are interested not only in my medical but also in my social relations, will be glad to hear that both are extremely pleasant and gratifying.

And, to my satisfaction, I find that living here costs hardly more than in Zurich, so that I shall have plenty of money. With the check which you are so kind as to offer me, I purpose buying an excellent microscope, &c. If you will send it to me at any

time convenient to yourself, I shall be much obliged to you. My address is exactly as at the heading of my letter,—Dr. Susan Dimock, Im Thurm, &c.

Dear Doctor, if you have leisure to write during the winter, I shall be very happy to hear from you. In July, I shall probably pass through Boston, and hope to see you then. If I can execute any commissions for you here or in Paris, it would give me great pleasure.

May I beg you, with kindest regards to Dr. Morton, to remind her of letters of introduction for Paris, which she offered me? The excellent letters which I brought from Zurich hither have been of great service to me.

Once more thanking you for your kind letter, I remain

Yours truly,

S. DIMOCK.

From a Berlin Newspaper. By Prof. Böhmert.

In July, 1869, I accepted an invitation to take part in a four-days' botanico-geologico excursion, which my colleagues, Professors Heer and Escher von der Linth, the most competent botanists for Swiss and mountain plants, undertook with their assistants, and more than thirty students of the High and Polytechnic schools.

At the assigned hour of starting from Zurich, I was not a little astonished to find among the members of the excursion, armed with alpenstoffs, botani-

cal boxes, and travelling bags, two young ladies. Professor Heer told me that these two ladies were regular attentants of his lectures; and that, so far from producing any disturbance in the class, their modest and discreet behavior had such a good influence on the manners and behavior of the students as to make their presence in the longer excursion very desirable.

The excursion went, on the first day, by railroad to Zug, by steamer to Arth, from there on foot by Goldau and the Lowerzer See to Brunnen; on the second day, from Brunnen the road led by Fluelen Altorf, Fluelen, into the wild Schachenthal to Unterschächen; on the third day, over the Kinzig-Kulm into Muottathal; and on the fourth, from Muotta over the Prigel into the Klönthal as far as Glarus, where we again took the railroad to Zurich.

On the whole tour, the ladies have shown themselves equal to the majority of the men, not only in scientific zeal and mental energy, but in endurance of the difficult labors of the two passes. They were always among the first to reach the end of the journey, which, on the third day, lasted ten hours. Nothing marred the pleasure of the journey. Professors and students alike felt that they had witnessed a triumph of womanly work and endurance; and when the male excursionists, old and young, met together for a few pleasant hours, Professor Heer gave voice to the general feeling, in reminding them how much the path of study was lightened for men, and what a high duty it was for them to help women to overcome

the obstacles with which they have yet to contend. The feeling with which this speech was received was to me a pledge that many a manly student youth of Zurich would prove a pioneer in the way of smoothing the way to woman's education and work.

Miss Dimock was fond of every form of art, especially music and the drama, and their combination in the opera. She had no technical skill, but her keen appreciation and enjoyment of art was a source of great delight both to herself and her friends.

She graduated in 1871, and took for the subject of her dissertation, "The Different Forms of Puerperal Fever." The elaborate essay is illustrated not only by a report of the cases occurring in the Zurich Hospital, but also by diagrams of the fever curves during the recovery of the patients. This treatise, which is admirably written, received high encomiums from her instructors, and justified the expectations of her American friends. It is too long and too purely technical to be of interest to the general reader.

After her graduation at Zurich, she went to Vienna for a short time, where she pursued her studies in the hospitals; and then spent a few weeks in Paris, for the same purpose. She also made a short excursion to Switzerland. A

letter of Dr. Funk, her teacher at Vienna, will give an idea of the impression which she made there: —

. . . Though we live in a time that is replete with strongly exciting scenes, and although our nerves are of necessity somewhat hardened by the action of events that daily and forcibly work upon them, yet our innermost feelings could not avoid being shaken and made to tremble to the core, at the news of the terrible catastrophe that had befallen the "Schiller." The one thing, however, that most affected me, — I confess it freely, — was not the great calamity in general, but the sudden, violent, and, alas! the so untimely death of an individual; the most worthy, thorough, so beautifully developed, and yet still so promising, Dr. Susan Dimock. Among those who attended my lectures in the General Hospital of this city, she was one of the most talented and most industrious; and all of my colleagues have expressed themselves to me as of the same opinion.

The hurricane has thus broken off a rose whose charms gladdened many hearts, and on whose fragrance it was not only the needy and weak that refreshed themselves. The rough hand of iron fate, guided by a higher and to us unfathomable power, has there felled a young tree, that in so short a time had borne such precious fruit and promised to produce still better. A life has suddenly been extinguished, which was splendidly developing, and gave authority for still greater expectations. I still see her before me, this charming figure, as she stepped into the sick-

room, full of propriety and modesty, and as though she were treading on holy ground; as she listened with rapt attention to my every word; as she examined the patient tenderly and with merciful hand, and yet thoroughly and completely; how she handled any and all instruments with skill, clearly comprehending all phases of a disease, accurately distinguishing the essential from the incidental (a rare gift in women); and then, after thorough examination, how she gave, though with due care, still a straightforward, unshaken, independent opinion. I may say, as to her classic repose and the beautiful balance of all her being and action, that it was to me a matter of constant, downright surprise.

Should it be required of me to produce a pattern for a young disciple of Æsculapius about to put forth, I should only need to say, "Make yourself to be like Miss Dimock." But, alas, Miss Dimock is no more! It is proper to mourn for her, for we shall not soon see her like again.

One consolation has remained to us. The question, whether a woman can be fit for the study and practice of medicine, has been definitely answered by the appearance of Dr. Susan Dimock. To be sure, this still leaves unsolved the question in general. On this point of controversy, which has been before the public for some time now, and has had light thrown upon it from many and the most unexpected quarters, I fancy that experience, our greatest teacher, will have to give the last and decisive judgment, as she has done upon so many other subjects. If, namely, such as

Miss Dimock will be found but sparsely distributed among us, so that they will rank only as exceptions among female physicians, then, certainly, every one will soon return to the old order of things; the whole movement will have become an unnatural one, and will die out, as many others have done before it. But if, on the other hand, there will be many Miss Dimocks, then will the medical profession among women have taken firm root upon society; they will hold their own in spite of all possible prejudice, and the powers that will attack them will be as naught against them.

DOCENT DR. M. FUNK,
Of the Vienna School of Medicine.

She made many warm friendships in Europe, and the influence of the years spent there was very apparent in the increased largeness of her views, and the capacity both for work and enjoyment.

HOSPITAL LIFE.

IN her report as physician for the year closing Sept. 30, 1872, Dr. Sewall said: "One of the pleasantest events of the year has been the return from Europe of Dr. Dimock (the one of our students who was the longest with us), to take charge of the hospital."

But the hospital was much changed since she left it, for it was now established in a new and commodious building, in a high and airy situation, offering ample accommodations for an increased number both of students and patients. The elder physicians had constantly gained in reputation and influence, and had secured a place in the community; so that the woman physician was no longer a monstrous anomaly in Boston, but was welcomed in society and honored in her profession. Dr. Dimock came to a place ready prepared for her, and where the remembrance of her student life and the accounts of her success at Zurich secured her

a favorable reception. But she came also to a place of hard work and severe responsibility, for the arrangements of the institution are such as to leave the resident physician very free in carrying out her own ideas, and therefore accountable, to a great degree, for the medical success of the hospital.

Dr. Dimock had no disposition to throw off this responsibility. She took control of the hospital, and introduced gradually and cautiously, but decidedly and thoroughly, such regulations as seemed to her necessary for its welfare. All her plans were carefully considered and talked over with the attending physicians, and she was not unwilling to yield her judgment to theirs when convinced of the wisdom of their objections; still, she made the plan her own before she executed it, and her mind was felt to pervade thoroughly all departments of the work. One of the patients said, "She ruled her hospital like a Napoleon;" and she certainly had much of that quality of mind so rare and so valuable, which subordinates all things and all persons to a ruling purpose. And as, month by month, her interest in her work deepened, all came to her aid, and all helped to carry out her plans, — directors, relatives, and friends, working in their own separate ways.

She did not introduce any very marked changes: her nature was rather constructive than reformatory; but she gradually remodelled many arrangements according to her wishes and to the new circumstances of the hospital.

One subject to which the directors desired her to give special attention was the training of nurses, and the present favorable condition of this branch of their work is largely due to her efforts. The plan was to receive applicants, after due examination, for one year; paying them a low salary, sufficient to cover their necessary expenses. The year was divided into four periods, devoted to different departments of the hospital, so that each pupil should be qualified for all kinds of nursing. At the end of a year, a certificate was to be given to those who had shown satisfactory proof of ability and devotion to their work. In her first report, of September, 1873, she speaks with great satisfaction of the work of the hospital, and especially of the surgical ward, in which no death had occurred, and where many successful operations had restored life and health to almost hopeless sufferers. She also says, "That the plan for training nurses has worked admirably;" and relates, with great pleasure, that the nurses, "having heard that the hospital was very much in need of money,

gave to it one-fourth of their wages for the rest of the year, saying that they should like to do this much for the hospital, since it had done much for them." She closes her report by thanking the directors and her medical colleagues, "who have made the labor light, the pleasure profound."

In addition to the clinical instruction given to the nurses, a course of lectures was arranged to begin January 21, 1873. The first year, Dr. Dimock gave three of these lectures, on surgical nursing. They were plain, practical lectures to the nurses, but were full of valuable information as to the care to be used by the nurse in the treatment of surgical cases, and in the minor accidents which do not call for the attendance of a professional surgeon. She made no pretensions to oratory, but her manner in the lecture-room, as everywhere else, was quiet, simple, and self-sustained; her thought was clear and her language appropriate, and she illustrated her subject very plainly and forcibly. She made so fine an impression in speaking at a meeting to consider the subject of training for nurses, that patients came to her in consequence. She repeated the same lectures substantially the following year. She also increased the time of instruction of the nurses to sixteen months,

that their training might be more thorough. In her second report, she speaks with great satisfaction of "the confidence and approbation which our trained nurses have earned in every direction." During the last winter of her residence in the hospital, however, her labors had increased so much that she asked the assistance of a committee of the directors to receive the applications of nurses, and to take charge of their oversight, except in medical matters. She found willing helpers who aided her in the work, and were enabled to carry it on during the period of change which followed her departure for Europe.

As a physician, she was distinguished by her great cautiousness, and by her deliberate judgment. One of her colleagues says: "I have never known a physician, man or woman, whose diagnosis and judgment, in regard to a case, I valued more than I did hers. It is a mistake to consider her pre-eminently as a surgeon; it was her reasoning powers which gave her such marked superiority."

She took high rank as a surgeon, however, for her age, and was an accomplished and skilful operator. It is an interesting fact, that so many women have excelled in this branch of practice, which does not seem at first thought

congenial to their feminine natures. But any one who saw Dr. Dimock at the operating table, where she was as calm and self-possessed as in the morning visit; who watched the extreme delicacy and skill with which she handled the tools, and the loving care with which she guarded the sensibilities of the patient, — must have recognized the eternal fitness of things, and seen that she was in her rightful place.

All who knew her in her practice speak of her remarkable consideration for the feelings of her patients, that she knew how to put herself in their place, and that she would suffer no inspection or curious questioning which was not absolutely necessary.

This care did not arise from tender sentiment alone, but from principle. She had a great abhorrence of that cruel indifference which considers a suffering human being only as a "beautiful case," or a subject for experiment; and she was so fearful that women physicians or her students might fall into this error, that some were inclined to think that she went far towards the opposite extreme. But she never erred on the side of sentimentality. The feeling of her patients towards her was less of gushing enthusiasm than of entire reliance upon her skill, and a feeling of trustful obedience towards her orders.

So strongly did she inspire this, that the assistants at the most difficult operation did not feel the sense of relief at its close, which is usual even with excellent practitioners. She was so calm and sure, that attention was absorbed in the work, and no apprehension felt as to the result.

As the months went on, her work opened more and more fully before her, and she saw the needs of the human beings under her care, as well as their want of medical assistance.

In her own words she says : —

Ever since my connection with the hospital, a great need has been constantly under my eyes. I refer to our maternity patients during the last months of pregnancy before they enter the hospital, and also when the time comes for their discharge, and they are, as often, homeless and friendless. During the past year, two ladies, moved by the cases of terrible suffering which we brought to their knowledge, have done much for these deserted wives and young mothers, who, though sometimes unmarried, are often still comparatively innocent. These have been saved from deeper sin and degradation, by the untiring efforts of these friends, who obtained subscriptions, paid the board of these poor women before labor and after their discharge convalescent from the hospital; and, when they became able to work, found them situations where the child could be received with the mother in

consideration of a decrease of wages. Now that a beginning has been made in this much-needed work, we trust that others will go on with it, feeling that they are not only relieving and preventing terrible misery, but also lending a helping hand to those who have fallen, and who without the help must inevitably sink deeper and deeper.

One of these two ladies was the constant friend, who was in death, as in life, close by her side; and others were soon added to them, who will surely not suffer the work to languish, which has become consecrated by such blessed memories.

But her main function was that of the physician; and, in her daily visits to the wards, she showed all the remarkable qualities of her mind and character. A patient described her appearance as she came in one summer morning: "She was simply but beautifully dressed in light garments, and followed by her train of students, who stood at a little distance from the bed, while she questioned the patient. Her manner was very kind, but dignified and quiet; and during this visit she never entered into any conversation with the patient which was not strictly professional."

Her first maternity patient was a colored woman. A little girl was born, for whom the

doctor stood godmother, and in whom she always took a strong personal interest. The child frequently visited her at the hospital, receiving many kind attentions; and to her was given the only doll which Susan Dimock ever played with, and which had been carefully preserved, as it doubtless will continue to be in grateful remembrance for many years.

Her dear friend, Miss Greene, having met with an accident to the knee, also became a private patient at the hospital; and to the intimate acquaintance which she thus gained, with the value of the work and the needs of the inmates, may be attributed her zealous co-operation in Dr. Dimock's plans for the maternity patients.

Dr. Dimock was very wise and very tender towards the erring sufferers. With the strongest sense of purity, she recognized the different circumstances which lead so many into temptation, and she never believed that one fault sunk a woman below redemption, or that even sin placed a fellow-being out of the range of human charity. Her charity was calm, wise, and discriminating, and she was deeply grieved if an opportunity for succoring a woman of this class failed her.

She took great interest in the surgical depart-

ment of the hospital, and performed several interesting operations with marked success. Her great anxiety was to maintain the purity and wholesome condition of these wards, so that recovery should be safe; and it is with great delight that she reports the freedom from mortality during the year. In fact, her treatment was largely hygienic, and the sun-bath was one of her favorite methods of restoring the health and vigor of her patients. The same trait which she exhibited in her school-life appeared here. With an unbounded desire for attainment in her profession, she was almost contemptuously regardless of popular applause. It was not so much through sensitiveness that she shrank from it, as that her judgment estimated it at its true value; and she would not accept it as a measure of success. It was in the same spirit with which she refused to do much partial work asked of her, preferring to reserve her time and her powers for what she considered to be thorough performance. So she declined all invitations to give lectures to schools, feeling that her subject could not be thoroughly treated in the brief opportunity thus offered, while she had it in mind to prepare a physiological treatise for schools, which should embody the results of her studies and her experience.

She was very desirous to be admitted to the Medical Society of her native State, North Carolina. In May, 1872, her claims were presented at a meeting of the society at Newbern, and advocated by her townsmen and early friends, Drs. Satchwell and McDonald, so ably that she was voted in as an honorary member, as she was not present to be examined.

Her engagement at the hospital gave her her board, with office room at the hospital, and a small salary of \$300 per year, with the understanding that she would have liberty and opportunity for private practice.

Dr. Lucy E. Sewall, who was already well established in Boston, offered her the use of her office; and she took the best hours of the afternoon to see her patients there. This connection with Dr. Sewall, and the indorsement of the Hospital Board and its staff of well-known physicians, as well as her reputation as a student, gave her opportunities for practice such as rarely fall to the lot of so young a person. Her quiet demeanor and engaging manners generally disarmed prejudice, and she had very little opposition to contend with. Although not in partnership with Dr. Sewall, patients who chanced to call in the afternoon were referred to Dr. Dimock, and often consulted her; and

Dr. Sewall says that, having once consulted her, they usually chose to remain under her care.

Her income increased so rapidly that, while living well herself, she was able, in less than three years, to pay off all the indebtedness she had incurred for her education.

When she had been in the hospital about two years, the directors were so well satisfied with her work, and so anxious that the same medical plans should be carried on steadily for a longer time, that they voted to invite her to remain as resident physician on the same terms for three years longer after the expiration of the original term.

After due consideration, she accepted their proposal on condition that she should have five months' vacation in the summer of 1875, to fulfil a long-cherished plan of a visit to Europe, for recreation and the renewal of the pleasant friendships gained during her period of study there. She spoke also with enthusiasm of seeing the last results of medical science abroad, and getting the latest surgical instruments. This condition was accepted, the other members of the medical staff agreeing to take the charge of the hospital during her absence.

She expressed great pleasure in this prolongation of her term of service at the hospital.

"I want to stay and work for it three years more," she said, "because I have become so much interested in the work, and I love it so much." She made careful preparation for her absence, and arranged with her former student, Dr. Mary E. Little, to take her place as resident physician during her absence. Her dear friend Miss Greene accompanied her, and also Miss Crane, who had been in the hospital as a volunteer nurse. With such delightful companionship, and with every prospect of enjoyment before her, the thought of parting and danger hardly entered into her friends' thoughts; and even her devoted mother took leave of her without apprehension.

Letter from a Patient.

A ten months' connection with her "dear hospital," and a daily intercourse with *my dear* Dr. Dimock, endeared her to me with an affection, inspired me with confidence in her skill, filled me with gratitude and respect, which years never can efface. Oh, how dearly I loved her; and how tender, gentle, kind, and sympathetic she was! Never a word, look, or action did I receive from her, but it was always just so pleasant, tender, comforting, cheering, strengthening. Her very entrance into the ward seemed to throw a halo of joy around us poor, suffering patients. Never shall I forget the many happy hours of peace and quiet spent under her care. How eagerly did I listen

for her step at the morning visit, regretting that her many arduous duties forbade my holding longer conversation with her! How many times have the soft caresses of her fingers upon my forehead, or gentle pressure of my hands, speaking more than words, sent a thrill through my body, that at once soothed my weary frame! Many, many instances might I recall of her tender sympathy and interest, which to me, an invalid, were of priceless value; but I will speak of only one. One morning found me suffering intensely from neuralgia in the head. I had slept but very little the night before, and was feeling almost too sick to speak or look. One of my room-mates told her that it was my birthday. On approaching my bedside she said: "Miss D., I am very sorry you are suffering so much on your birthday." I looked up in surprise, meeting that tender, sweet expression on her face, never to be forgotten, and asked, "How did you know it was my birthday?" She replied, "Oh, I heard it. What can I do to make the day endurable?" She stood in thought for a moment, then ordered some delicacy, which she thought might relish and, at the same time, stimulate, as my stomach was too weak to bear much.

Letter from a Pupil of Dr. Dimock.

Having had an intimate acquaintance of three years with Dr. Susan Dimock, an opportunity was afforded of studying her character; and the impression received I give you in these few pages.

Dr. Dimock possessed certain inherent qualities that would have made her notable in whatever she undertook; and, with those qualities, a life of active, efficient work was to her a vital necessity. That she chose the medical profession seems to have been due to an especial fitness for it, evinced by a desire expressed in her earliest years. When only nine years old, a United States dispensary coming under her observation, she read it with the eagerness and interest usually shown by children of that age for juvenile works of fiction.

She knew her own powers; by this I do not mean any thing that could be construed as egotism, or self-conceit; for she was singularly free, even from any *self-consciousness*, but she estimated correctly her own capabilities as she would those of another. She had tested her abilities, it having been essential to her progress to know how much she could do, and do well.

Human nature was like a printed page before her; she had mingled with students and with the world until she rarely failed to give a correct estimate of character. As a teacher, she was singularly happy. There are few who possess an equal power of imparting knowledge. This was done, not by lectures or pouring out her own ideas, but by adroit questions, rousing the latent thoughts in other minds. This riveted the attention, and made impressions not easily effaced. For example: A student would be told to examine a case carefully, and give her decision before her fellow-students. Her opinion might be entirely erroneous; if so, it was shown by questions asked in

such a manner that the answers should not only show the structure of error falling, but a new and true superstructure built upon its ruins, so concise and systematic one could not fail to be convinced that it was fact and not fancy. Every point was touched. Nothing was considered trivial or unimportant if it threw light upon the subject. This made her instruction peculiarly forcible, and taught the student patient, systematic investigation. Students were exhorted to listen carefully to every thing a patient wished to tell them, and to make her feel that all she told was of interest to her physician.

Her power of sympathy has not been too highly spoken of, but under-lying this was a determined will that never faltered. Her mind once settled upon what she deemed right, her rule of action was strictly carried out. Those around her were inspired with confidence in her opinion, and carried out her wishes with a cheerfulness not given to arbitrary orders.

With ignorance, where there was an earnest desire to learn, her patience knew no limit; but carelessness and forgetfulness she regarded, and very truly too, as criminal in medical students and nurses.

When reproof was necessary, she gave it fearlessly, but tempered with justice. In fact, justice was a prominent trait in her character. Her words were like the skilful surgeon's knife,—very necessary, although, at the time, the edge might seem keen. A student once said: "When I receive a reproof from Dr. Dimock, I lose all sense of *hurt* in admiration for her manner of doing it."

As a friend she was true and faithful,—to the humblest and poorest, as well as to those of wealth and position. The following incident shows this very beautifully: A bright colored boy came from the South with her, and, when she went to Europe to pursue her medical studies, she left him in a good home. But he became tired of the quiet life, and went to a city where, unused to the world, he fell into bad company, was led into crime by men older than himself, and was finally sentenced to five years in State Prison. Nearly two years had passed away, when she returned. She visited him in prison, and believed that if he could be released he would lead a better life, as she feared that five years' imprisonment would discourage and ruin him. She wrote me his story, asking that I would find employment for him far from his old associates and temptations. By her death, the unfortunate boy has lost a friend, who would gladly have opened a better life before him. This is only one of many cases where she has given time, sympathy, and kind words to those in trouble and distress, even if brought there by their own wrong-doing. She always regarded the feelings of others. Children felt the magnetism of her peculiarly beautiful voice. A little boy said to me, as he was weeping bitterly for her, "I shall never forget Dr. Dimock's tender voice, she used to speak such sweet words; and do you think if I speak kind and tender to Dainty and Dotty (the pet kitten and dog that belonged to her) when it's *dark*, they will think I am Dr. Dimock, and love me as they did her?"

The innate refinement and delicacy of her character led her to be always mindful of the feelings of her patients. Never, even when among those with whom she was most familiar, did she forget their claim upon her confidence. Her hopes and desires for women were always toward the best and purest. She desired not so much that they should enter upon public life, as that they should do well and honestly the duties nearest them. Her word once given, she considered herself firmly bound to its fulfilment, and could not have charity for those who considered a more lucrative offer as sufficient reason for cancelling a fair engagement; and yet no one would make a greater sacrifice to release others when sickness, death, or unmistakable duty called them elsewhere.

These words have not been written by a prejudiced student and friend, but as the observations of her daily life by one who witnessed her hourly acts of kindness and generosity.

I would be glad if every woman in the land could read a record of her life. It would inspire them to loftier views, to purity of life. It would make them better wives, better mothers, better citizens.

Yours most truly,

M. E. LITTLE.

HER CHARACTER.

IN estimating the character of Dr. Dimock, both as a woman and as a physician, there is a singular uniformity of opinion among those who knew her well; and yet it may be difficult to give an impression of her to those who did not know her, because there are no very striking or salient points in her nature; but the marvel is rather that she was so many-sided, so rounded, so equally balanced.

Her personal appearance was very pleasing; and yet few would have singled her out in a company of ladies as possessing uncommon ability, or pursuing an unusual path in life. She was of medium size, with a clear, fresh complexion, a full but not very high forehead, gray eyes and dark hair, and a mouth expressing as much gentleness as firmness. In her dress, she conformed with moderation to the prevailing fashions of the day, usually wearing black; and was neither remarked for display nor singu-

larity. During the busy years of her life as a physician, her mother relieved her of all care of her wardrobe.

There was a dainty freshness in her appearance, and she was ladylike in all her personal habits and characteristics. Her manners had a slight flavor of aristocratic coolness, which accounted, perhaps, for the few cases in which she failed to please; but in general she was very winning, and was personally agreeable to all.

One of her most intimate friends confesses that she was disappointed in her appearance at first sight, as it did not seem to express the power and ability for which she had heard her extolled. Her voice was peculiarly sweet, and there was a certain slow distinctness of utterance in her speech which gave an impression at once of almost childlike simplicity, and yet of strength.

Although genial and attractive on the surface, her nature was very reticent and reserved; and

“She still kept something to herself
She did not tell to any.”

She was fond of society and the companionship of those of her own age; yet very few claimed intimacy with her.

She was remarkable for her clear perception, her admirable reasoning powers, her firm will, and her true judgment.

She was not an enthusiast, and not essentially a reformer. Her methods were conservative, and she acted from conviction and principle rather than from impulse or theory. She was highly conscientious and thorough in her moral as in her intellectual convictions, and perfectly truthful. She valued moral goodness very highly,—above all mental acquirements. She had a very even temper, and was always premeditative, cool, and moderate in deciding; but, having once formed an opinion or adopted a purpose, she was immovably firm. This gave her a tone and habit of command which blended with her peculiarly gentle manner. “She would,” says one, “sacrifice herself for others when needful, but she never made a useless self-sacrifice.”

She was eminently healthy, both in mind and body, without nervousness or morbidness. From these curses she was saved, both by her scrupulous care of her own health, which she never neglected, and by the remarkable demand for and capacity of enjoyment which distinguished her. When a student in the hospital, although she did much more both of work and

study than any other, she also asked far more often for a half or whole holiday to go to the theatre, a party, or for a seaside excursion. When at a merry birth-night party, she would frolic and dance with perfectly childlike enjoyment. On one such occasion she said, after dancing with great glee, "Oh! one must be among Germans fully to enjoy one's self. Come, Doctor, one more waltz." She made a practice of going to the theatre twice a week during the last winter in Boston, taking with her a student or some young friend as companion. Yet there was temperance, even in her enjoyments; she seldom or never kept late hours, and always liked to be in bed by nine o'clock. She loved recreation, but not dissipation. She was very fond both of poetry and romance, and found in them recreation for weary hours. Browning was her favorite among English poets; Victor Hugo, of the French: and she was pleased that the vessel in which she sailed bore the name of her favorite German poet, Schiller.

During her residence in Europe, her acquaintance with Mazzini and other liberals led to her taking a warm interest in politics. She was much interested in the restoration of Italian unity and freedom; and in German, French, and Russian affairs, with which she was well ac-

quainted. She was also interested in social questions, and theories of political economy.

Her religious, like her affectional, life was quiet and undemonstrative. Her mother says of her: "She was a follower of Christ." When a young student, in Boston, she joined the Church of the Advent, an Episcopal High Church, and she found great enjoyment in the services. While in Zurich, she held to the observance of Sunday, to which she had been accustomed, in spite of the different habits of those about her. With wider experience of life and thought, her views became very liberal; and those who knew her most intimately, after her return from Europe, found no evidence of any sectarian spirit. Life was very precious to her for its use, but she had no fear of death. She was no materialist, and had a lively faith in immortality; so that, at times, she seemed almost to long for the revelations of the future life.

But her most prominent religious trait was faith in God; and perhaps the lines which were found in her desk will do as full justice to her thought as any record that can be made.

All these traits of character helped to make her pre-eminently a good physician. To her, this was her sacred calling, her vocation. She

did not adopt it as helping other women to work out freedom, or from any theory; but from a sense of her own adaptiveness to it, and its fitness to her. As we have seen, this feeling was very strong with her even in early girlhood, and there is no evidence that it was excited by the knowledge of any of the movements in behalf of women's medical education. But from whatever source the impulse came, she was "not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." She saw her path clearly before her, and never faltered in it.

At twenty-eight no one's character is fully developed, and the ripening hand of time has not yet perfected one's powers; and while we rejoice in all that Susan Dimock accomplished in her profession, and all her rich promise, we cannot but feel what a loss the world has sustained, that the rich fruits of long experience and the maturity of such talent it is not given to us to see. Most truly did she illustrate the words of Dr. Willard Parker, of New York: "A doctor is born, not made; and is found, naturally, in both sexes."

But she did not think that a natural vocation and great gifts exempt any one from the necessity of labor and study. She believed, most fully, in thorough training; and has done much,

both by precept and example, to secure its benefits to American women.

The following lines are not original, but were found in Dr. Dimock's writing-desk, as she had written them from memory and left them. They portray, most beautifully, that faith and reliance on God, which comforted her in life, and undoubtedly sustained her in death:—

I know not what is before me,
 God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,
 And before each step of my onward path
 He makes new scenes to rise;
 And every joy he sends me
 Comes as a sweet and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me,
 As I tread on another year;
 But the past was in God's keeping,
 The future his mercy shall clear;
 And what looks dark in the distance
 May brighten as I draw near.

Perhaps the dreaded future
 Has less bitter than I think;
 The Lord may sweeten the waters
 Before I stoop to drink;
 Or, if Marah must be Marah,
 He will stand beside the brink.

Perhaps he has in waiting,
 For the coming of my feet,
 Some joy so full of blessedness,
 Some bliss so strangely sweet,
 That my lips can only tremble
 With the thanks I cannot speak.

I would rather walk with God in the dark,
 Than walk alone in the light ;
 I would rather walk with him by faith,
 Than walk alone by sight.

So I go on, not knowing,
 I am sure it is better so ;
 It keeps me quiet in those arms
 Which will not let me go,
 And hushes my soul to rest
 On the bosom which loves me so.

I never had a sorrow,
 But what the dear Lord chose ;
 And I keep the bitter tears back
 With the whispered word, " He knows."

THE END.

Extract from a Letter to Dr. Garrett Anderson.

N. E. HOSPITAL, April 14, 1875.

As for me, I have not one wish unfulfilled ; nay, I am so fortunate, that if I had a ring I would, like Polycrates, throw it into the sea. My practice is very large, and I have the utmost satisfaction of every kind in it.

I am just ready to go to Europe for five months, and am sorry that I shall not be in England, so that I might see you, and express personally my great regard, and that I am

Yours most truly,

SUSAN DIMOCK.

These were among the last words written by Dr. Dimock, and they truly express the sense of the constant good fortune and welfare that had attended her through life.

She sailed from New York, on April 27, in the steamer "Schiller," of the Eagle Line, for Cherbourg, France. On Saturday, May 8, the telegraph brought the terrible word that the

"Schiller" was wrecked on the Scilly Islands, off the coast of England, the night before, with the loss of nearly all on board. That Dr. Dimock and Bessie Greene were on board that vessel was the second thought in the minds of all who knew them. Then came the fond hope, that if any were saved she must have been among them, because she was so calm, so brave, so strong, and had proved herself equal to all emergencies. A very few days proved the fallacy of all such hopes, since her body was among the first to be recovered, and was fully identified. The extracts in the appendix will show how wide-spread and how deep was the grief occasioned by her loss.

All that could be done to relieve it was at once offered. Colonel Greene telegraphed that the remains should be brought to Boston at his expense. An English friend went to the scene of the disaster, and sent word to Mrs. Dimock that she looked calm and beautiful in death as in life, and that her expression touched the hearts of all who saw her, so that the strong men handled her as tenderly as her mother could. She said, "To look upon that face made one feel a trust in immortality."

A committee, appointed by the directors of the New England Hospital, was formed to re-

ceive the remains, to have them suitably interred, and to provide a fitting memorial for her.

The precious relics arrived on Thursday, June 3; and a service was held on Friday, June 4, at the Church of the Disciples, whose pastor was her warm friend. Full account of these services, taken from the papers of the day, will be found in the appendix.

A piece of ground was purchased in the beautiful cemetery at Forest Hills, and a simple stone will be placed to mark the spot.

But the committee felt that a more fitting monument than marble would be found in the continuance of the work which she loved and served; and they therefore decided to establish a free bed in the New England Hospital for Women and Children, to be called the "Susan Dimock Free Bed." A notice was put in the daily papers, asking for contributions to this purpose. The subscription is entirely filled up, and the bed secured. This amount has come from various classes of patients, pupils, and friends; and even those who knew her only in Europe have rejoiced at the opportunity to unite themselves with this testimony to her worth.

All that we could do for her is done; but

what she has done for us, for science, for woman, for humanity,—that remains a vital and permanent good which cannot perish. Her life is a precious possession, now beyond the reach of time or change. The carelessness of man cut it off in the bloom of its youth and promise; the providence of God will keep it fresh and living in its power of good.

Extract of a Letter from Elizabeth Garrett Anderson.

May 13, 1875.

MY DEAR DR. SEWALL,— I cannot but write a few words of heartfelt sympathy over the sad, sad loss you, and indeed all of us, have had this week at Scilly. To you it must be a personal grief; and even to me, though I had seen so little comparatively of our dear Miss Dimock, it is so too. I never knew any one of her age, whose character attracted me more than hers did when I saw her here some six or seven years ago; and even then her marked talent gave me the greatest hope of her being a very valuable ally in our work. I will not trouble her poor, stricken mother with a letter, but I will ask you to tell her that I loved her dear child much, and that I am mourning with her.

MUNICH, June 9, 1875.

MADAM,— Permit me to thank you for your kindness in sending me different papers and little works relative to our poor Miss Dimock, and her sad end. I permitted myself to make a short résumé of it in

the "Gazette," of Lausanne, a paper of French-Switzerland. I would send it to you if I could, but unfortunately I have not a duplicate.

Permit me also to send you at the same time, with this letter, a little contribution for the "Susan Dimock Free Bed."

Accept my assurances of high consideration.

DR. AUG. FOREL.

Letter from the Woman's Hospital of Philadelphia.

TO THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE WOMAN'S HOSPITAL OF BOSTON:—

The Managers of the Woman's Hospital of Philadelphia reach towards you, dear friends, the hand of loving sympathy in your late sad bereavement. We do not know your faces, but our hearts beat in responsive sorrow with yours for a valuable life, seemingly so necessary to you and our common cause, suddenly put out; thereby, perhaps, enshrouding your plans in doubt and perplexity for the time.

But, dear friends, let us hope that He who has permitted this heavy loss to befall you will shed light on you in your darkness and anxiety, and provide just the help that you most need.

Be assured of our personal sympathy for each and all who feel this sorrow most keenly; for the loss of a woman whose life has been consecrated to our noble cause is indeed a common loss.

On behalf of the Managers,

E. F. HALLOWAY, *Secretary.*

315 Marshall St., Philadelphia, May 17, 1875.

BOSTON, Oct. 7, 1875.

DEAR MRS. CHENEY, — You ask me to give you, in a few words, my opinion of the late Dr. Dimock. I have known her only since the time when she became resident physician at the New England Hospital for Women, and when I was asked to consult with her. I found her then, and at all subsequent interviews, one of the most accomplished physicians I have met, — one fully alive to the importance of modern German thought and work on medical matters, and an adept in those ideas and modes of action. I soon saw, moreover, that she had, *naturally*, a great love for operative surgery; which enabled her to undertake and successfully carry on very important operations, which an ordinary practitioner would usually shrink from.

Combined with these high qualities and accomplishments, she had a most winning modesty, and gentle, ladylike manners, which attracted every one with whom she came in contact.

These varied excellencies made a consultation with her profitable and agreeable; and I cannot help feeling that, in losing Dr. Dimock, this community has met with a loss which cannot soon, if ever, be perfectly filled. I remain

Very truly yours,

HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

13 GRANVILLE PLACE, PORTMAN SQUARE,
London, May 15, 1875.

DEAR MADAM, — I have just returned from the scene of your sad bereavement, where, accompanied

by Miss Dahms, I have been to pay the last offices to the remains of your daughter as the representative of her friends, — Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., and my wife, Mrs. Hoggan (*née* Morgan). My wife was greatly moved by the intelligence of her death, and at once called on Mrs. Anderson, M.D., Dr. Blackwell, and Miss Dahms; all of whom determined to take some active steps towards showing the interest that her fellow-workers here had in Miss Dimock's character.

Miss Dahms likewise communicated with Miss McLaran, and telegraphed to Miss Jex Blake, who responded with sympathy to the proposed proceedings.

When the intelligence came that Miss Dimock's body had been recovered, Mrs. Anderson proposed to bear all the expense, if I, as representing my wife, would give time and trouble necessary for a journey to Scilly. Miss Dahms accompanied me for the purpose of paying her last respects to the body of her former teacher, and also in order to make identity certain.

Just as we left Penzance, I received a telegram from Mrs. Anderson, saying that orders had been received from America to send the remains there; but she still asked me to go on and render all the aid that friends could give; and, on our arrival at Scilly, the people there met us on the landing, and offered every aid that we might require.

Identification was most easy: a sweet, peaceful smile sat upon her countenance, as if she felt pleased that the anchor had been cast in the haven of eternity,

and that the tempest-tossed voyager was now at rest. I never before so realized the truth of Byron's lines on this condition, as when I

"Marked the mild, angelic air,
The languor of repose that's there."

The remains had been carefully swathed by women's hands, and the rough, navy men had strewed flowers over her body.

These men had all of them something to tell me about Miss Dimock, and of the special mourning that had been held over her by the whole community. The peaceful beauty of her dead face left a deep impression on all of those who saw her brought ashore; and, when rumor told them of her great talents, noble character, and useful life, they all affirmed that her loss was a calamity which towered far above the rest of the disaster.

One officer (Mr. Ferris), who stood by me while we gazed at the face of the dead, said: "Look there! that woman died like a hero. I warrant ye she neither showed nor felt any fear of death. I would willingly meet death to-morrow, if I could wear the same expression on my face afterwards." The men who had shown so much feeling for her begged leave to lay flowers at her side.

I did my utmost to obtain information of the last moments of your daughter, but I obtained very little. A Mr. West, who was saved, saw her standing by him on deck, praying aloud, when a great wave swept over them; he managed to hold fast, but many of the

others, and amongst them Miss Dimock, were swept by it into eternity, and no living eye saw her again. Her watch (if not run down) marks the moment of her death,—seven minutes to four, on the morning of Saturday, 8th of May.

I could fill a book with the remarks made to me by the people of the island about Miss Dimock. One officer declared to me that he had never in his life before experienced the power that the look in her face after death had upon him; he told me that, had he met her in life, he would have been ready, had she ordered it, to leave every thing, and obey her as a slave. Another told me that, even in old age, he would retain the vivid impress of her face, and recognize her by it, even after death, should he meet her.

When we left the island with the case in our care, those who followed it insisted on putting it aboard with their own hands; and one remarked to me: "There, we have placed her aboard as gently as ever her mother laid her to her breast as a baby."

We bade adieu to the people with many thanks for the aid and kindness they had given us on our sad mission.

It is almost impossible for me to single out any one in Scilly for especial praise, where all vied with each other in trying to help. Mr. Darrien Smith, lord of the islands of Scilly, spared no expense or trouble, for which he would scarcely even accept our thanks. Mr. Ferris, Mr. Banfield, Mr. Hanley, Mr. Buxton, and others were especially prominent. They told me that they would esteem it a great favor if I would let them

know if any thing appeared about Miss Dimock in the American papers.

Good-by. May the Father of the fatherless and the Husband of the widow comfort and console you in your great sorrow!

Yours very truly,

GEORGE HOGGAN, M.D.

Mrs. DIMOCK, Boston.

PORTRAITS OF DR. DIMOCK.

THE only likenesses of Dr. Dimock existing at the time of her death were due to the blessed art of photography. None of them are entirely satisfactory to her friends, since it was impossible, in mere mechanical light and shadow, to reproduce the brightness of her countenance and the bloom of her color; but they all have value as records. The portrait placed at the beginning of this memoir was taken at Vienna during her residence there as a student, and therefore represents her as somewhat younger than when she was most widely known in Boston. It is, however, generally regarded as the best photograph existing. The latest one is a little ambrotype, taken with her pet dog for her mother.

From these sources, an oil picture of Dr. Dimock was painted after her death by Mr. Edward L. Custer, of Boston. This picture was given to Mrs. Dimock for her lifetime; and, after her death, is to be placed in the New England Hospital for Women and Children.

APPENDIX.

THE wreck of the "Schiller," and the loss of Dr. Dimock and her companions, Miss Greene and Miss Crane, were noticed in almost all the papers of the day, both secular and religious, and from the South as well as the North; but, as they inevitably repeated each other's statements, we give only a few of them. Notices also appeared in many foreign journals which have not reached us.

An article was published in the Boston "Medical and Surgical Journal," from the pen of Dr. Samuel Cabot, who, as consulting physician of the hospital, had abundant opportunity of knowing her; but, as it is mostly a statement of facts already given, only a few paragraphs, showing his estimate of her abilities, are here inserted:—

In her short life of twenty-eight years she acquired, in the face of many serious obstacles, an amount of medical knowledge and of surgical skill such as but few possess; and to these qualities she added a ma-

turity of judgment and power of reasoning which are quite as rare.

Her medical skill is attested by the hospital records, with their evidence of favorable results. Her success as a surgeon is also proved in these records by the numerous cases of important surgical operations followed by success. Her skill and self-command in operating no one can appreciate, who has not witnessed it.

Few are aware of the loss the public and the medical profession have met with in her untimely death. Those, however, who have worked with her, have learned fully to respect and admire her rare abilities; and to them her loss can never be made up. Her brief and highly honorable career points surely to the high position she would have attained had her life been spared.

SUSAN DIMOCK.

When a person, so highly gifted and accomplished, is taken away, it is well to think of what she has been, and what we have lost.

One of our eminent surgeons, Dr. Samuel Cabot, said to me yesterday: "This community will never know what a loss it has had in Dr. Dimock. It was not merely her skill, though that was remarkable, considering her youth and limited experience, but also her *nerve*, that qualified her to become a great surgeon. I have seldom known one at once so deter-

mined and so self-possessed. Skill is a quality much more easily found than this self-control, that nothing can flurry. She had *that* in an eminent degree; and, had she lived, she would have been sure to stand, in time, among those at the head of her profession. The usual weapons of ridicule would have been impotent against a woman who had reached that supreme position which Susan Dimock would certainly have attained."

The striking fact about this lady was, that she combined the most energetic determination and firmness with extreme feminine gentleness. Her voice was soft and low, her sympathies large, her manners refined and modest in the highest degree. In speaking of her, we can reverse the riddle of Samson, and say: "Out of sweetness came forth strength." These qualities made her services invaluable to her patients. In lecturing to her students she said: "If I am obliged, in my practice, to do without sympathy or medicine, I should say do without medicine." She did not care to have any woman study medicine who was naturally unsympathetic. One student having said: "I have not much pity for hysteric patients," Dr. Dimock remarked: "If medical science is not yet so far advanced as to discover any lesion in what we call 'hysteria,' this is no reason why we should have no sympathy with those thus afflicted, for they suffer severely."

Born in North Carolina in 1847, she early saw the evils of the institution of slavery. She once said to her mother: "I am slow to take an idea, and always

have been. I was eight years old before I realized the injustice of slavery." This sense of justice was one of the strongest qualities of her mind. At twelve years she told her father that she wished to study medicine, and become a physician. As her family were then in affluent circumstances, and living in a community where no woman ever worked except from necessity, this was regarded as an eccentricity. But she had formed her purpose, and adhered to it. When about thirteen or fourteen, being at a watering place, she was observed to be absorbed in a book; and continued sitting in the corner of the piazza reading for an hour or more. "What interesting story has Susie got?" asked one. An old physician, standing by, replied, "It is one of my medical books, which I have lent her; and one of the driest, too."

After her family had come North, during the rebellion, she pursued her studies here, and finally applied for admission into the medical school of Harvard University; preferring, if possible, to take a degree in an American college. Twice she applied, and was twice refused. Hearing that the University of Zurich was open to women, she went there, and was received with a hospitality which the institutions of her own country did not offer. She pursued her medical studies there, and graduated with honor. A number of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," for August 1, 1872, contains an article called "Les Femmes à l'Université de Zurich," which speaks very favorably of the success of the women students in that place.

The first to take a degree as doctor of medicine was a young Russian lady, in 1867.

Between 1867 and 1872, five others had taken this degree, and among them Miss Dimock is mentioned; and the article speaks of them as all successfully practising their profession. It adds: "It will be seen that the attempt made in Switzerland, by men emancipated from prejudice, has been crowned with a striking and well-deserved success. It had been feared that the promiscuous character of an audience composed of both sexes would be an embarrassment to the professors, or even occasion disagreeable scenes. Nothing of the sort has occurred. The modest and serious attitude of the young women has, on the contrary, exercised a happy influence on the tone and behavior of the other students. At the examinations, the women have obtained high marks, and in hospital practice they have manifested remarkable aptitude for their work."

From the medical school at Zurich, she went to that at Vienna; and of her appearance there we have this record: A distinguished German physician remarked to a friend of mine residing in Germany, that he had always been opposed to women as physicians; but that he had met a young American lady studying at Vienna, whose intelligence, modesty, and devotion to her work were such as almost to convince him that he was wrong. A comparison of dates shows that this American student must have been Dr. Dimock.

On her return to the United States, Dr. Dimock became resident physician at "The Hospital for

Women and Children," on Codman Avenue, in Boston. Both the students of medicine and the patients became devotedly attached to her. They were fascinated by this remarkable union of tenderness, firmness, and skill. The secret was in part told by what she said in one of her lectures in the training-school for nurses, connected with the woman's hospital: "I wish you, of all my instructions, especially to remember this: When you go to nurse a patient, imagine that it is *your own sister* before you in that bed; and treat her, in every respect, as you would wish your own sister to be treated." While at this hospital, she was also able to carry out a principle in which she firmly believed; namely, that in a hospital the rights of every patient, poor and rich, should be sacredly regarded, and never be postponed even to the supposed interests of medical students. No student was allowed to be present at the treatment of her patients, or at any operation, except so far as the comfort and safety of the patient rendered the student's presence desirable. They were not admitted as mere spectators, unless the patient had no objection to their presence; and she applied this rule to the patients who were received gratuitously, as well as to those who paid a large board. She was satisfied that this system had worked well, and had been perfectly successful; and that the students were more thoroughly taught by being admitted for practical services than by being frequently present as mere spectators.

Her interest in the woman's hospital was very great. She was in the habit, at the beginning of

each year, of writing and sealing up her wishes for the coming year. Since her death, her mother has opened the envelope of January 1, 1875, and found it to contain a prayer for a blessing on "my dear hospital." — *James Freeman Clarke, in the "Boston Daily Advertiser."*

AN IRREPARABLE LOSS.

The terrible disaster of the wreck of the "Schiller," which has carried grief and agony to so many hundreds of hearts, brought to our own community, in the death of two young women, a thrill of grief and pain as great possibly as the death of any private persons could possibly produce; and it is the only consolation that remains to us, that lives so rich and beautiful cannot be snatched suddenly away without leaving an influence of good upon their survivors. To deepen this influence, and to continue their noble work, is the privilege of those who have known and loved them, and whose hearts are heavy with their loss.

Susan Dimock, M.D., was first known to us as a student at the New England Hospital for Women and Children, where she at once won the respect and confidence of her teachers by her superior intellectual and moral qualities, by her love for the profession she had chosen, and her uncommon qualifications for it. After gaining all the benefit she could receive from instruction in this country, by the help of friends

who believed that she would do signal honor to the profession, she went to Zurich, where she attended the entire course of medical study, and graduated with high honors. On returning to America, she at once took the place long designed for her, as resident physician of the hospital, and devoted herself to its duties with such zeal and skill, and so entirely to the satisfaction of the Board of Directors, that a year before the expiration of her term of service they asked her to extend it for three years longer. She consented to this, with the reservation of the privilege of five months' leave of absence this summer for a proposed journey to Europe. The high reputation for so young a person, her winning manners, and her attention to her patients, soon procured her a large private practice in addition to her work at the hospital. She was especially skilful in surgery, and performed many difficult operations with a degree of skill and success which has called forth the admiration of our oldest and best practitioners. She managed the training school for nurses mainly herself, until within a few weeks of her departure; and succeeded in training a body of nurses who are confessedly superior to any who have ever before been educated for that profession in this country. With the best natural gifts, with the most thorough training for her work, and having disarmed the prejudices of those most opposed to her calling, by her winning character and her thorough success; with health, hope, friends, and a wide field of usefulness before her,—her life seemed a thing as precious as the sun looks down

upon in his daily course. It is swept away in an hour. What remains to us of it? All that made it so precious and so noble,—the devotion to the great and good work to which she had pledged her life, the conscientious training for her work, the love of humanity which kept her ever active in it, the sweetness and beauty of soul which ennobled it all: these qualities are undying. Like the ashes of the martyrs strown upon the waters, the wild waves will only bear them to every shore upon earth, and in a thousand hearts they will kindle anew the same spirit which has made her short life such a blessing and encouragement to us all.

Beside her in that dreadful hour was the beloved friend who had been with her in so many scenes of joy and sorrow, herself as fair and beloved and full of life; and who, with all that wealth, and position, and high culture, and the dearest love of friends could furnish her, had devoted herself to aiding her noble friend in her work of humanity, by succoring the friendless mother or the orphan child whom her skill had restored to health and life. A friendship on so high a plane between such gifted souls was as beautiful as that of David and Jonathan. Truly, they were "lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

May the good Spirit which has guided their lives strengthen and support the hearts of all to whom they are dear; for in many a dark alley and poor home of suffering and poverty will life look harder, and earth seem more cold and friendless, for the

passing away from it of these two angels of God's mercy and love. — *E. D. C., in "The Index."*

DR. SUSAN DIMOCK.

"Death loves a shining mark."

When such sudden and terrible news flashes across us as that of the wreck of the "Schiller," by which three hundred and eleven souls were drowned "beneath the sad sea waves," and among the lost some whom we have known and loved, the heart is *stunned*. Let this fact be my excuse for so tardily offering my simple tribute to the memory of this young and lovely woman, who was my beloved physician and friend.

An almost daily intercourse with her during more than a twelvemonth's stay at her "dear hospital" gave ample opportunity for learning her kind heart, generous devotion to those under her care, and her medical skill, — remarkable in one over whose head had passed so few years.

Extremely gentle, lady-like, and refined in manner, she quickly won the warm affection of her patients; and the students and nurses of the hospital were devotedly attached to her. Habitually pleasant was she, and often indulged in a good laugh and joke with those around her; yet there was a calm self-confidence and firmness united with her gentle, pleasant manner, which made one sure that when she said a thing was to be done, it *must* be done.

Many poor, worn-out, nervous women were placed

under her care, and with them she was remarkably patient; humoring, as far as was good for them, their little peculiarities and caprices, gently excusing their sometimes fretful and impatient words, "because they were sick," and soothing them by a gentle pressure of the hand, or

"Soft caress of fingers on the hair;"

which little acts are often of priceless comfort to the lonely, homesick inmates of a hospital, worn and wearied with suffering.

Her presence softened and quieted the turbulent spirits, and braced and nerved the weak, desponding ones; while the strong and brave, who sometimes *had* to faint, and could not always help letting the poor, suffering body drag down the spirit, knew that they had her affectionate sympathy and appreciation. Many, many instances of her kindly, thoughtful pity come to mind, only one of which will I mention. One stormy, dreary morning, at the usual visit, she found one of the patients — a lady who had suffered intensely and ceaselessly for many years, and who was weighed down by sorrow as well as pain — in tears. Sitting down beside her, and gently taking her hand, Dr. Dimock said: "I am *sorry*, Mrs. —, that you are suffering so much! You feel very sick this morning, don't you?" Ashamed of being caught in tears, the lady replied: "I do feel very sick and low-spirited this morning, but you will please excuse me for being so *babyish*." "Oh, don't say '*babyish*!' It is not that, to cry when one is always so full of pain as you are.

I could not be so patient, I know," said the doctor. She ordered a soothing medicine, and not long after sent her dear friend (who died with her) up to the lady, with a kindly message and an exquisite bouquet of choice flowers, which cheered the weary invalid for days afterwards. This is but a solitary instance of her almost daily manifestations of kindly sympathy for those under her care.

For the "poor unfortunates," who so often came under her charge, she felt a strong and deep sympathy, and did all in her power to aid and encourage them, and thus lead them out of the fearful path into which they had been decoyed. Many are there among these poor girls who will drop a tear over her sad fate, whom she probably felt had long ago forgotten her.

For the little children at the hospital she felt a deep love, and strove to make their lives there as pleasant as possible; often sending for some one of them to be taken to her room, where she would pet and play with it.

Her strength and life were devoted to her profession, and her great anxiety was that the New England Hospital should be a model one, and grow to perfection. Yet she found time to indulge her love for the beautiful in Nature and art. Plants filled her sunniest window, and her parlor was a place of beauty, the walls almost literally covered with pictures; beautiful little brackets adorned every appropriate place, on which stood vases holding waving grasses, graceful ferns, &c., with here and there a

small bit of statuary or choice fancy article, — probably many of them treasured gifts from loving hearts.

Yet, as some one has said, "Every new experience, whether of sorrow or pain, makes life richer and better." So, if the hearts sitting in the dark shadow of that sorrow, which reaches out so far, are made more tender and full of sympathy for others, their spiritual insight cleared by the tears they shed, or their souls made the more easily to see the heights of human aspiration and the depths of human woe; if it shall waken even one voice to the utterance of deeper words of purity and spiritual wisdom or love than it would otherwise have uttered, — then that awful night of terror and woe, April 7, 1875, when the strongly built, iron-rigged steamship "Schiller," laden with the treasures of so many happy homes and loving hearts, rushed through the impenetrable fog, amid the roar of the angry billows, to destruction upon that cruelly fatal rock, shall not have been wholly in vain, nor "a thing of evil." — *M. I. H., in the "Evening Transcript."*

MISS BESSIE GREENE.

Among those believed to have been lost with the steamer "Schiller" was Miss Bessie Greene, only daughter of Colonel William B. and Anna Shaw Greene, of this city. Though the circumstances of that terrible night can never be known, all her friends are sure that in her death she exhibited the same self-sacrificing and serenely courageous spirit which had

shone through her whole young life. She was a rare and noble woman. A true lady by instinct, inheritance, and breeding, she was as entirely unsophisticated by culture, by society, and by foreign residence and travel, as the simplest country girl. A clear, original, and penetrating intellect, perfect independence of character, and absolute truthfulness, were in exquisite keeping with her genuine womanhood and grace of nature. Sweetness of disposition was in perfect harmony with lofty thought and high purpose. It is not too much to say that she had that high courage and loftiness of soul, combined with an uncompromising sense of duty, which, in other scenes and circumstances, would have made martyrdom as simple to her as ordinary pain. Though her womanly sweetness was obvious to all, these higher traits of character were clear to those who knew her most nearly and dearly. It so happens in this world, that those persons who have a stern sense of duty, and lead strictly dutiful lives, often lack grace of nature. It was not so with her. Personally lovely, refined, cultivated, with exquisite manners, self-possessed but unassuming, womanly always, the graces of her nature were as the foliage to the tree. The perfume and blessing of such a life can never end. — *W., in the "Evening Transcript."*

IN MEMORIAM.

The ill-fated steamer "Schiller" took on board at New York, among other passengers, three remarkable

women, whose loss is not a loss to friends and relatives merely, but also a loss to all women; for each of the three represented a special type of woman's capacity, woman's industry, and woman's worth on a broader scale of life than is usually allowed to them.

Many years will probably elapse before Dr. Susan Dimock's place can be filled. She possessed that unusual talent in her profession, which cannot be acquired by study, but only developed; and we shall have to wait many years before another soul with such peculiar gifts, with such strong natural bent in that direction, will present itself in the profession of medicine. The talent she possessed is very rare among men,—in a hundred, perhaps only one will exhibit it; and yet, when we consider the comparatively small number of women who, till now, have ventured upon the medical career, we cannot expect the percentage of inborn talent to be any greater among women than among men. I give here a brief sketch of her life, as far as I was acquainted with her; as also of the two other ladies mentioned.

In 1864, Miss Elizabeth Greene called upon me, requesting me to give her a list of books on anatomy and physiology for a friend of hers, who had come from the South to Oakdale, Mass.; her family having been forced to leave their home during the war, on account of their strong Union sentiments. She gave me the name of her young friend, Susan Dimock, and said she was but sixteen years of age. In the year 1866, Miss Susan Dimock called upon me to make application to enter the New England Hospital as a

student. She was then nearly nineteen years old, and had been studying, entirely by herself, anatomy and physiology, to such an extent as to be thoroughly well informed on these subjects. Her quiet determination to carry out her aims, and her decided taste for study were so apparent that we concluded to admit her as a student, although she had not attended any regular college. While thus engaged in the hospital, and receiving the private instructions of the different physicians connected with it, she showed so much real genius for the medical profession, that we urged her to make efforts to obtain a European education, especially as her general education and knowledge of languages would facilitate her entrance into a European university. She followed this advice in 1868, by going to Zurich, Switzerland, and was admitted there to the autumn course of the university.

When I saw Professor Meyer in Zurich, last year, he said to me: "Among ten highly educated young men, I hardly found one who studied so indefatigably, so industriously, and so conscientiously as Miss Dimock; and not more than one in a hundred would know how to make such advantageous use of every opportunity for acquiring knowledge as she did. Moreover, she was one of the most lovely women, graceful and elegant in manners, whom I ever met; and thus gained the respect of all her male college associates and of her teachers."

After a three years' course of study, she graduated with high honors in Zurich, and then went to Vienna with letters of introduction from her professors to

others there; there she attended especially to surgery for a half year; after which, she went to Paris, there also bringing high letters of recommendation to clinical surgeons; she staid there another six months, and then, in July, 1872, returned home to America. After her graduation, she had agreed to take the position of resident physician in the New England Hospital, for three years. But, on leaving the friends whom she had made in Europe, she promised them a visit—in non-professional life—after this three years' engagement should expire. It was with the desire to fulfil this promise that she requested five months' leave of absence, before the three years were quite expired, and before entering upon another three years' engagement to the hospital.

It was here, in the New England Hospital for Women and Children, that Dr. Susan Dimock showed her extraordinary abilities and made herself invaluable. Only twenty-five years old, she entered upon the duties of resident physician and surgeon with a tactfulness and a talent which genius alone can inspire. In her quiet, calm way she has performed plastic operations, whose importance can only be appreciated by the patient, or rightly estimated by the surgeon. In all her work she was extremely modest, though thoroughly self-reliant; her great desire was to continue in this work for years, thus hoping to convince the still doubting portion of the profession, as well as the community at large, that a woman can live according to her tastes, be thorough and scientific in her work, and yet remain—a lady. All this she has

proved to those who knew her during the three short years of her labor here ; and those who have come into contact with her will remember her as a lovely woman, with that refined politeness which is so characteristic of the southern lady. Yet, with all this, she possessed a firm, decided will ; what she considered just and right, that she must do : no thing and no person could influence her to change a pre-conceived resolution.

Miss ELIZABETH GREENE has been Dr. Dimock's friend for years. She belongs to one of Boston's most liberal and benevolent families. She was well known as a true humanitarian by a large class of people with whom and for whom she labored in reforms of various kinds. A lady of fine education, she possessed a generous heart, and a broad understanding for the reforms of social life ; and to these was added the charm of a graceful beauty. She was of about the same age as Dr. Dimock.

Miss C. M. CRANE, the third one of the unfortunate ladies whom we wish to mention, was the daughter of Mr. Thomas Crane, and niece of Hon. George P. Marsh, minister to Italy. Miss Crane was for a short time teacher at the Norton Seminary. She was possessed of great physical beauty, fine literary tastes, and rare accomplishments. In 1873 her health failed her, and she consulted me ; I advised some physical labor and rest of mind for a year. As the former was not possible for her in her social position, she agreed to be a volunteer nurse in the New England Hospital ; and here she had opportunity to show her strength of character in the best possible light. She entered,

like any professional nurse, upon the training given in the hospital, worked hard and faithfully night and day for a whole year ; and often, when the professional nurse failed in tact or in strength, she would step in and supply all deficiencies. She left the hospital November 30, 1874, and returned well and strong to her friends, intending now to go on and complete her literary education in Italy among her relatives there, whom she was on her way to join ; travelling thither with her friends and co-laborers, Dr. Dimock and Miss Greene. Miss Crane was also about twenty-eight years old, and as remarkable in her line of life as were both these ladies ; all three aspiring for the highest and best in education, working most faithfully towards this end, in order to prove by the forceful evidence of facts the capacity of women in the highest spheres of life.

MARIE E. ZAKRZEWSKA.

Boston, Mass.

DR. SUSAN DIMOCK.

The accompanying article* was entrusted to me for publication by Dr. Susan Dimock, just before her departure for Europe, in the ill-fated "Schiller." I had not yet fulfilled her commission when the news of her death reached us. This news is terrible, not only to Dr. Dimock's personal friends, but to that still wider

* The article, which was thought to be too purely professional to be of general interest, may be found in the "Medical Record," of May 22, 1875.

circle who had recognized her fine talents, and her great value therefore in the difficult enterprise of hewing out for woman an equal place in the medical profession. Dr. Dimock graduated with honors at Zurich, after the prescribed four years' term of study. Her thesis was written on the cases of puerperal fever she had had an opportunity of observing in the wards of the hospital. She has been practising medicine in Boston a little over two years, but in this short time has already won for herself a deserved reputation among some of the best surgeons in the city. As resident physician at the New England Hospital, she has already performed many important surgical operations. A case of vesico-vaginal fistula was published in your columns some months ago. The brief note that I have again the honor of sending to you relates a successful operation on a child, on whom so distinguished a surgeon as Dr. Cabot had already operated in vain. Last fall, while on a visit to Boston, Dr. Dimock showed me the photographs of another hospital patient, from whose neck she had removed a large sarcomatous tumor. The operation had been performed in the presence of the students of the hospital, and of Dr. Cabot, consulting surgeon. After reading the record of the case, I mentioned a precisely similar operation that I had seen performed by Richet, in the Clinique, at Paris, and the lecture in which he described the great difficulties of removing a tumor deeply imbedded in so dangerous a locality. The professor had seemed not a little proud of his own success in coping with these difficulties, and

had taken care that a numerous auditorium should witness *his* triumph. At this Dr. Dimock laughed, and said: "I was asked why I had issued no invitations, but I had forgotten all about them." She added: "Indeed, I have too little personal ambition to care who sees, when I am once assured my work is well done." The remark was characteristic of the modesty and simplicity that distinguished the young surgeon. She was as fresh and girlish as if such qualities had never been pronounced by competent authorities to be incompatible with medical attainments. She had, indeed, a certain flower-like beauty, a softness and elegance of appearance and manner such as is abundantly lacking in the women most eager to denounce surgical accomplishments as outrageously unfeminine. I have wondered whether she did not resemble Angelica Kauffmann. Underneath this softness, however, lay a decision of purpose, a puritan austerity of character, that made itself felt, though unseen. "She ruled her hospital like a little Napoleon," said a lady who had been there under her care. The ideal steadfastness, which is only possible in characters of this kind, was shown to me at my first interview with her, when she came — a girl scarcely out of her teens — to Paris, on her way to Zurich. We urged her to spend a few days in the capital, for the sake of the recreation to which American students usually consider themselves entitled before they settle down to their studies. Miss Dimock alone refused, for the reason, which she gave with the utmost frankness, that she had been obliged to borrow money in

order to prosecute her studies, and should not feel justified in spending a cent of it for amusement or sight-seeing. She put forward all amusements into the future, until she should have won her university degree, and should have fulfilled a pledge of hospital service in Boston. Towards this horrible voyage of April, 1875, converged the pleasurable anticipations of nearly seven years. Among all the bright lives that have been engulfed in this dreadful shipwreck, none is more valuable than hers. Perhaps no woman's life of equal social value has met this tragic fate since the body of Margaret Fuller was washed ashore on the western coast of the Atlantic. For the success of the social enterprise of securing for women a place in the medical profession finally depends upon but one condition; the demonstration, namely, by repeated indubitable practical evidence, of their real fitness for each branch of its work. None are fitted for all; and both the surgical talents and surgical training of Dr. Dimock are certainly, at the present date, exceptional among women. It is on this account that her loss is literally irreparable; for at this moment there seems to be no one to take her place. Many battles have been lost from such a cause. But although ours be ultimately won, we would not, if we could, grieve less loyally for this girl,—so brilliant and so gentle, so single of purpose, and so wide of aim,—whose life has been thus ruthlessly uprooted and thrown upon the waves at the very moment it touched upon fruition.—*Mary Putnam-Jacobi, in the "Medical Record."*

MISS SUSAN DIMOCK, M.D.

The announcement made by telegraph that this lovely young woman, born and raised among us, the pride and hope of her family, and the boast of our town, had been lost on the English coast in the wrecked steamer "Schiller," while it fell with crushing weight upon the hearts of her family and friends, shrouded our community in gloom and sadness. The sympathy so deeply felt for her was largely shared by her devoted friend, Miss Bessie Greene, who perished with her. "They were lovely in their lives, and in death they were not divided."

Miss Susan Dimock was extraordinary even in her childhood, and gave early evidence of a distinguished career. She inherited a vigorous intellect from her father, Henry Dimock; a man of unusual ability, for many years editor of the "North State Whig," published in this town in the days of Edward Stanley. Though an only child, she was not spoiled by indulgence. She was, from the first, thoughtful, studious, thirsting for knowledge, and ever inquiring after truth. At school she was first in all her classes, and so far advanced in some branches as to be a class by herself. Her face, which was full and fair and ruddy, was like a gleam of sunshine. She was gentle and kind, never ruffled, and always considerate of others. To purity of thought and speech she added, conspicuously, purity of life and conduct. To this rare combination of gifts, both of head and heart, she added firmness of purpose and perseverance in the

attainment of an object in a pre-eminent degree. Her whole life is evidence of this.

Near the close of the war, after her home had been destroyed by fire, and a short experience as a refugee in the town of Wilson, disdaining longer to be a burden to her friends, she left North Carolina, by way of Washington, with her mother, for Oakdale, Mass., the home of her father's sisters; where mother and daughter, the one by taking boarders, and the other by teaching, sought to make themselves independent. It was here, in 1864, that she made the acquaintance and secured the lasting friendship of Miss Bessie Greene, the only daughter of a wealthy gentleman of Boston, who became to her what Jonathan was to David. The long and early cherished wish of her heart to become a student of medicine, becoming known to the parents of Miss Greene, they secured for her a situation in the New England Hospital for Women and Children in Boston; where, for three or four years, she enjoyed the friendship of her patrons, ministered to the sick, and became a laborious student, preparing herself for that higher life which awaited her in Europe.

It required a rare amount of courage and of resolution for a young girl, such as she was, to leave her native country and go to a distant land, among strangers, a devotee to a new but noble impulse; but her courage was equal to the emergency. Armed with Christian fortitude, with recitude of heart and life, with devotion to a principle which had grown with her growth, not only to be good, but to *do good*.

in the course pointed out to her by a divine Providence, she nobly fulfilled her destiny, and her life stands out a beacon light for all her sisters. She left America for Europe with the highest recommendations which this country could send to Europe; and, on her way to Zurich, was entertained in Paris by an eminent female physician of that city.

While a student at Zurich and Vienna, and a visitor at Paris and other European cities of note, she wrote a series of letters to her friends in Boston and in Washington as to her experiences, her observations, and her emotions; which would of themselves form an interesting volume, and which, it is to be hoped, will be gathered up and given to the world. She not only became proficient as a doctor of medicine, but learned in several of the modern languages. As a school girl in Washington, she had *mastered* the English, and attained unusual proficiency in Latin, and Greek, and French; but in Europe she became master of the German, speaking and writing it with fluency and grace, and even thinking in that language, while the French became as familiar to her as her mother tongue. Yet, with all these varied acquirements, she, on her return to her friends, assumed no superiority over them, adopted no foreign airs or accents; but was natural and simple as a child, loving and lovely as a lamb, modest as she was meritorious.

She was not without pride, not to use the higher term, ambition; and on her return from Europe, in 1872, it became her ambition to be admitted a member of the "North Carolina State Medical Society."

Its annual session was held at Newbern, in May of that year; and her claims to be admitted a member, presented and urged by her townsmen and early friends, Doctors Satchwell and McDonald, were, after an interesting discussion, recognized, and she was elected an honorary member of that body by a generosity of sentiment which bestowed lasting honor upon that body and upon their State. She visited her friends in Washington, in June, 1872; and her modesty and lovely demeanor, while it silenced all cavils, won all hearts.

On her return to Boston, she became the first resident physician of the new hospital on Boston Highlands; a beautiful structure, where she spent the remainder of her life in ministering, like an angel, to God's sick and poor and sorrowing ones, by her daily acts and words of love. Besides her arduous duties as hospital physician, she attended to a large and laborious practice in the city, where she had an office, and was rapidly making a fortune. — *From the Washington Echo, N. C.*

REMARKS OF JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

At the Services held at the Church of the Disciples, June 4, in Memory of Dr. Susan Dimock.

We have the sad satisfaction to-day of coming together for one last united expression of love and reverence toward our dear friends. We come to

salute the sacred dead. Having loved such souls as these, we shall always love them. Having known them once, we shall never cease to know them. Other memories grow dim with years,—important events, incidents of our own life, fade away in our memory: but the friend of our youth, the child we have lost long years ago, the noble souls whose presence has made our own life rich and full,—*these* journey on with us through the years and the changes of being, an immortal companionship, a perpetual prophecy that we are somewhere and somehow to have them again and keep them always.

In fact, we never believe so little in death as when in the presence of what is called death. The prayer-book says, "In the midst of life we are in death;" it is yet more true that *in the midst of death we are in life*. These souls, so radiant with an unearthly light, so pure, so full of hope, progress, enthusiasm,—we are sure that this accident to the body has not touched *them*, cannot have touched them. There was nothing mortal about that which we knew and loved; mortality has not come near them. What they *were* they *are*, and shall be for ever.

" Their life is bright, bright without spot it was,
And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour
Knocks at their door with tidings of mishap.
Far off are they, beyond desire and fear,
No more submitted to the change and chance
Of this unsteady planet. Oh, 'tis well with *them*."

Susan Dimock — whose mortal remains, preserved

with reverent and tender care, have been brought back to us — combined so much of strength and sweetness, power and gentleness, unshaken strength of purpose, with all feminine graces, knowledge and skill complete and consummate for her years, with such retiring modesty, that a strange power went from her, drawing all hearts who came within her sphere. With the spirit of an apostle, who counted not her life dear so that she might finish the work which she had agreed with her own soul to fulfil, there was also the subtle, spiritual grace which turned all duty into beauty, and made her life as full of charm as it was full of heroism.

You, who knew her, all know this ; but it is remarkable to find that the same power remained with her after death. I have seen a letter written from England by Dr. George Hoggan, who went by the request of Dr. Dimock's English friends, and accompanied by one of her former pupils, Miss Dahms, to the Scilly Islands, to pay the last offices to her remains. He says : " On our arrival at Scilly, the leading people, being advised of our coming, met us on the landing, introduced themselves by name, and offered to lend us every aid we might require. . . . We went to the house where the remains had been conveyed. Identification was most easy ; a sweet, peaceful smile sat upon her countenance, and the rough navy men who had been sent to give assistance, had strewed flowers over her body. All of them had something to tell me of the mourning which had been held over her by the whole community. The peaceful beauty of her dead face left a deep im-

pression on all of them who saw her brought ashore ; and, when rumor told them of her great talents, noble character, and useful life, they all affirmed that her loss was a great calamity. One officer, who stood by me while we gazed at the face, said : ' Look there ! that woman died like a hero. I warrant she neither showed nor felt any fear of death. I would willingly meet death to-morrow, if I could wear the same expression on my face afterward.'

" I did my utmost to obtain information of the last moments of your daughter, but obtained very little. A Mr. West, who was saved, saw her standing by him on the deck, and praying aloud, when a great wave swept over them, and no living eye saw her again.

" I could fill a book with the remarks made to me by the people of the island about Miss Dimock. One officer declared to me that he had never in his life before experienced the power the look in her face had on him ; and said that, if he had met her in life, he should have been ready to leave every thing to do whatever she might have asked. Another said that even in his old age he should retain a vivid impress of her face, and recognize her by it in the other world. The people, next day, insisted on putting the case on the ship with their own hands. They slid it gently on board : and one said, ' There ! we have laid her there as gently as ever her mother put her to sleep when she was a baby.' "

So truly it may be said of her as was said of Elisha : " She did wonders in her life ; and after her death her body prophesied."

When we heard of this great disaster, it seemed almost too much to lose with Susan Dimock her intimate friend, another soul, also so rare and radiant; so full of courage, hope, truth, and generosity: another of those who can only come to us occasionally, and who make all our lives so much better and happier by their coming. These two dear friends, each so noble, so needed, went away together, and a part of our own life seems to have gone with them.

“For, oh, they stood beside us like our youth,
Transformed for us the real into a dream,
Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.”

She, too, was so young and yet so wise; so full of enjoyment, always happy, bright as a sunbeam, and also taking the most serious and most noble tasks of life into her young hands; becoming an arm of aid to the weak, and a hand of help to the helpless. She was also one who, emancipated from all mere routine, and free as a bird in air, yet laid on herself gladly the self-imposed law to give thought, life, love to the most forlorn and the most helpless of her human sisters. So she walked, singing as she went, on the upward way which leads into more and more of life; and now has entered into that Presence where life is in all its fulness. There is so much less sunshine here; but there will be all the more there.

These are they who never die. These are they who, forgetting themselves, are remembered for ever. How true are the poet's words that it is this faith

“in some ideal good,” this ethereal mood that “thanks the fates for their severer tasks,” — it is this that

“Shall win man's praise and woman's love,
Shall be a wisdom that we set above
All other skills and gifts to culture dear;
A virtue round whose forehead we inwreath
Laurels that with a living passion breathe,
When other crowns grow, while we twine them, sere.”

Therefore we do not bid them farewell; we will keep them by us. To-day we will not think of loss repiningly; but we will think gratefully of the goodness which has sent to us such beautiful lives to raise our own standard of what is good, which has given us such friendships as these. One of their friends has shown to me a passage in Lowell's “Ode,” which almost seems to have been written for these who were lovely in life, and not divided in their death:—

“Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow,
For never shall their aureoled presence lack.
I see them muster in a gleaming row,
With ever youthful brows that nobler show.
We find in our dull road their shining track,
 In every nobler mood
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
Part of our life's unutterable good;
 They come, transfigured, back;
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
Of morn on their white shield of expectation.”

The remarks of Dr. Clarke were followed by music

on the organ, after which he offered an impressive prayer. The congregation then united in singing the 315th hymn of the collection, "Nearer, my God, to Thee;" and the services closed with the benediction. Then those whose duty it was entered the church, and bore the remains to the hearse, which was followed to Forest Hills by a long train of mourners. The following were the pall-bearers: Doctors H. I. Bowditch, Edward H. Clarke, Francis Minot, B. Joy Jeffries, C. P. Putnam, S. Cabot, R. H. Fitz, and J. P. Oliver.

THE BURIAL.

Agreeably to our request, a friend has given us an account of the scene at Dr. Dimock's grave:—

"When we had reached the spot where our dear friend's body was to be laid to rest, we stood around her open grave, and the minister repeated from the Gospel of John the passage beginning, 'Let not your heart be troubled.'

"Then Dr. Bowditch said: 'I know no one for whom I have a more sincere love and respect than I had for Dr. Dimock; and I now propose that, instead of allowing the last services to be performed by strangers, we, who knew her and loved her in life, should with our own hands lay the earth in her grave.'

"At once the physicians present took the spades from the hands of the undertaker's men, and other

friends came forward, all anxious to join in rendering this last tribute to one so honored and beloved. Most touching it was to see the anxiety on the faces of those who were waiting their turn to be allowed to share the privilege of once more doing some small service to her from whom so much had been received. Very gently, with reverent hands, the earth was placed upon the coffin, the birds singing, and the trees waving, and the blue June sky looking down as if with a blessing all the time. And when the last spadeful had been tenderly laid down, we covered the grave with flowers, and came away; leaving, indeed, the precious body in the earth, but with a memory and a hope that will never die out of our hearts, making each day of our lives more beautiful and blessed with the thought of one whose own life was a perpetual benediction."

DESCRIPTION OF THE FLORAL DECORATION OF THE CHURCH AT THE FUNERAL SERVICE.

The pulpit was draped with violet cashmere, and hung with smilax. Vases of flowers were placed on each side of the desk, and, over the centre, a mound of lilies of the valley. Mr. Clarke stood below. On the front of the violet-draped altar, but still lower down, was a large, rich floral cross. At the sides, magnificent wreaths. The casket, below, in front of the desk, was draped in violet, its folds caught up with lilies of the valley. At the head and foot of the

casket stood a small table draped with violet ; on the table at the foot were three bouquets of white and violet flowers,—one in memory of Susan Dimock, one of Bessie Greene, and one of Caroline Crane. On the table at the head was a vase of ascension lilies, which were her favorite flowers. On the casket in the centre was an exquisite cross ; at the head, a large wreath of lilies of the valley ; and, on the foot, another wreath : all these were sent in by friends. One young man, at the last moment, begged the privilege of laying a wreath near the remains.

Above and back of the pulpit the arch was hung with drooping passion-vine and larch, surmounted with rich purple wisteria, which filled the line, and drooped as if in sympathy. In the centre of the space below the arch was a large cross of deep forest-green and laurel ; over it, a coronet of flowers, from which depended a wreath of white flowers, curving over and hanging from one arm of the cross. The whole veiled, as it were, with long streams of smilax, — fine, and becoming more and more fine and misty, as they fell nearly the length of the cross.

The fresco-window at the side was richly draped with hemlock and drooping larch. In the centre was a wreath of passion-vine in flower.

In the centre of the gallery, the clock was draped with long, pendent branches of weeping-willow, the whole surmounted with white flowers.

The effect produced upon all who saw it testified to the impressiveness and fitness of the arrangements.

This notice appeared in the daily papers : —

SUSAN DIMOCK.

In memory of the noble young physician whose loss our community so deeply feels, it is proposed to endow a free bed at the New England Hospital for Women and Children, to be called the "Susan Dimock Free Bed." Her friends believe that no other monument could so worthily express their appreciation of her loving service to the poor, suffering women under her care at the hospital ; and now that she is called away from that work, they think that in this way can best be carried out her own wishes and prayers for the hospital. The interest of \$5,000 would support a bed, free in perpetuity ; and the name of Susan Dimock, the skilful physician and tender friend of the poor patient, would be kept in grateful remembrance in the place of her labors. All who would like to unite in thus honoring Dr. Dimock's memory are invited to send their gifts to Rev. James Freeman Clarke, George William Bond, Esq., Rev. George L. Chaney, Miss Lucy Goddard, President of the New England Hospital, or to any of the directors.