

## **The statue of Edward Livingston Trudeau.**

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THE STATUE OF EDWARD  
LIVINGSTONE TRUDEAU

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NEW YORK.

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## THE STATUE OF EDWARD LIVINGSTONE TRUDEAU.

BY S. ADOLPHUS KNOPF, M. D.,  
New York.

A distinguished company of physicians, friends, and former patients of Dr. Edward L. Trudeau gathered in the grounds of the Trudeau Sanatorium, Saranac Lake, N. Y., on August 10th, to witness the unveiling of a memorial statue of the noted physician. In this life size bronze the sculptor, Gutzon Borglum, has succeeded in reproducing in a marvelous manner the spiritual expression so characteristic of the great teacher.

The statue is the gift of 1,200 of Doctor Trudeau's former patients, and the formal presentation to the institution was made by one of these patients, Miss Louise E. Bonney, now a high school teacher in New York.

The statue is mounted on a marble pedestal and placed on the terrace in front of the main building in which are located the administration offices. From this point one has a wonderful view of the mountains in all their grandeur. The front of the pedestal bears the following inscription:

Edward L. Trudeau  
Those Who Have Been Healed in This  
Place  
Have Put This Monument Here  
A Token of Their Gratitude  
Aug. 10, 1918

On the reverse of the pedestal, in the original

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French, a language which the beloved physician mastered completely and spoke with the purest Parisian accent, are the words:

**Guérir Quelquefois  
Soulager Souvent,  
Consoler Toujours.**

(To cure sometimes, to relieve often, to comfort always.)

Dr. Walter B. James, of New York, president of the board of trustees of the Trudeau Sanatorium, opened the ceremonies with a feeling tribute to the founder of the great institution as the pioneer of the sanatorium movement in the United States, as a scientist and a great humanitarian who, like Saint Theresa, started out to build hospitals with nothing but faith in God and man. He stated that no less than a hundred former patients of the sanatorium are now in the military service of the United States fighting for democracy and liberty for all nations. There could hardly be a better proof than this of the curability of tuberculosis.

Rev. Philemon F. Sturges, rector of Grace Church, Providence, R. I., a former patient and life long friend of Doctor Trudeau, delivered the oration. Doctor James said there was so much of the spiritual and religious in Doctor Trudeau's life that the Board of Trustees felt that a teacher of religion rather than a medical man should have this honor. Reverend Mr. Sturges in an eloquent and touching address traced Doctor Trudeau's career from his arrival in the Adirondacks as a seemingly hopeless invalid to his death after forty years of continued and most successful labor among tuberculous invalids. He described the gradual growth of the institution from a little cottage accommodating two patients to the great sanatorium of the present day with its infirmary, library, laboratories, and post graduate school. The statue was then unveiled by Francis B.



*Knopf: Trudeau Memorial.*

Trudeau, now a captain in the Medical Reserve Corps and the only surviving son of Doctor Trudeau.

The exercises concluded with the placing of wreaths on the monument by a group of nurses in uniform and a benediction by Rev. W. B. Lusk, rector of St. Stephen's Church, Ridgefield, Conn.

The following lines express the thoughts which suggested themselves to me on contemplating the spiritual but somewhat saddened face of the great Trudeau so accurately reproduced:

EDWARD LIVINGSTONE TRUDEAU.

A youth he came into the wilderness  
Where few before him cared to seek a home.  
Weak, in broken health, he found this place  
And called sweet nature here to be his nurse,  
And she was kind tho oft-times stern indeed.  
Health, strength, and courage came again to him.  
The mountain air, the sun, the balsam's balm,  
All helped him to be strong; a man again.

What did he with this glorious gift of health?  
Did he enjoy it merely for himself?  
His first thought was to share what he had found  
With those afflicted just as he had been,  
Who had abandoned hope of being well,  
Who needed courage to renew the strife.

A modest cottage his first mountain home;  
But soon another at its side was built.  
Good men and women saw the glorious work.  
They came to help him who was helping them.  
Thus cottage after cottage rose where once  
Was naught but wilderness of hill and wood,  
And thousands came to find new health and life.

To this great love for men unfortunate  
He added wisdom, science, common sense;  
His fame as teacher spread o'er all the world  
And millions blessed through his disciples' deeds.


He bore his sorrows as few mortals could,  
Serene and hopeful to the last sad end.  
His faith in God and man showed through each thought  
And blessed were those who could be near to him.  
I well remember when I saw him last,  
This noble man, beloved teacher, friend,  
Though ill once more and then not free from pain,  
Still no complaint escaped from those brave lips.  
He spoke of science and the common good,  
Discussed the modern ways of cure, and his

*Knopf: Trudeau Memorial.*

Last words to me expressed a hopeful prayer  
That care may be bestowed upon more poor  
Than he had yet found means to shelter here.

Rest thou in peace, brave soul, thy poor want not.  
Like this fair place that bears thy name, they are  
Provided for in days that are to come.  
Thou art not gone, thy deeds and spirit live,  
This monument may crumble into dust,  
But what thou didst and taughtest to the world  
That must endure. Such men as thou die not.





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