

**AN
AUTOBIOGRAPHY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649068975

An Autobiography by Edward Livingston Trudeau

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

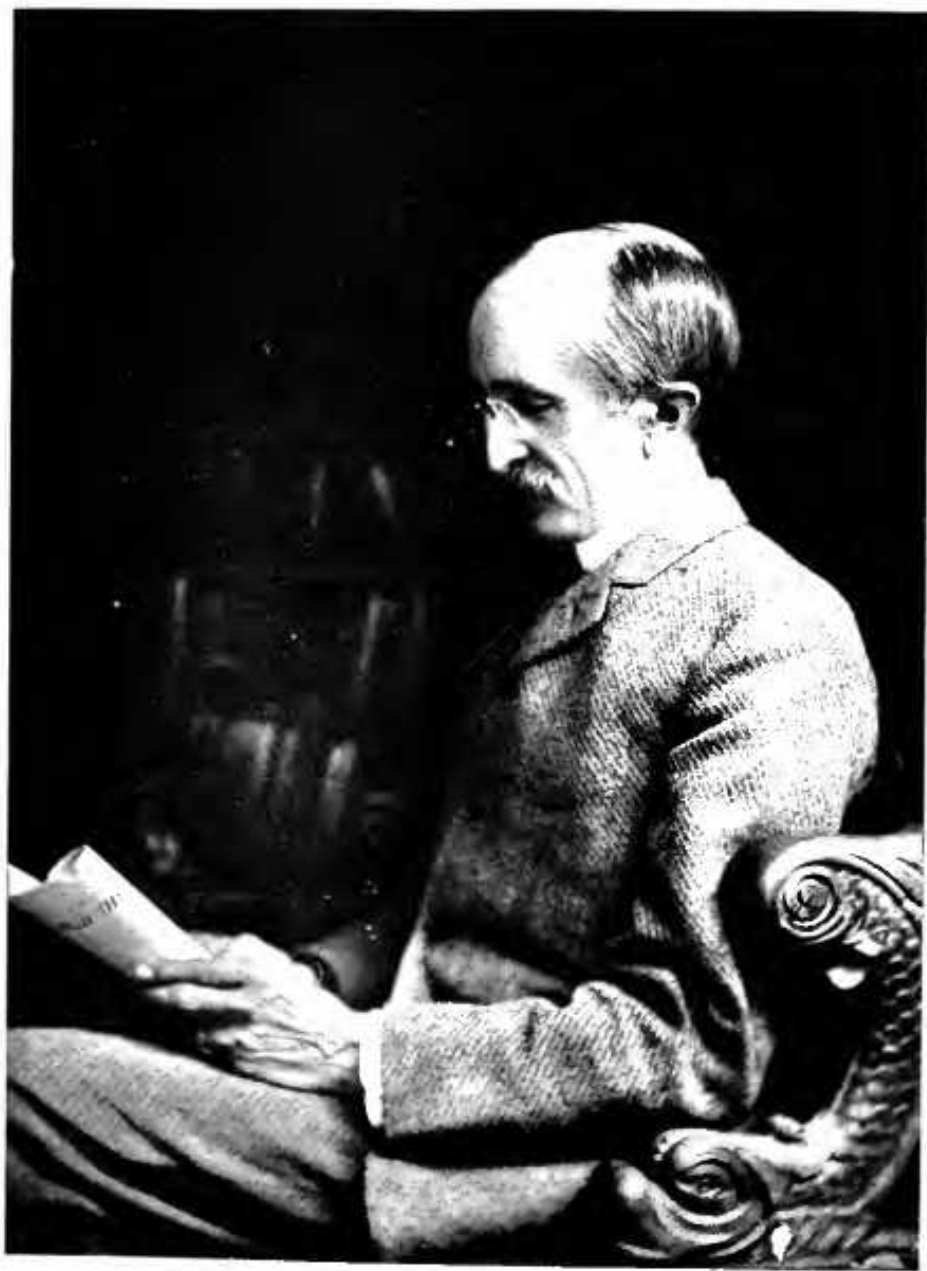
Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

EDWARD LIVINGSTON TRUDEAU

**AN
AUTOBIOGRAPHY**



E. L. Trudeau

AN
AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY
EDWARD LIVINGSTON TRUDEAU, M.D.

~~LIBRARY OF THE~~
~~Orleans Parish Medical Society~~



Published for the
National Tuberculosis Association
By
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC.
GARDEN CITY NEW YORK

Copyright, 1915
LEA & FEBIGER

All rights of translation reserved
PRINTED IN U. S. A.

DEDICATED
TO MY DEAR WIFE

EVER AT MY SIDE
EVER CHEERFUL AND HOPEFUL AND HELPFUL
THROUGH THESE LONG YEARS
DURING WHICH

"PLEASURE AND PAIN
HAVE FOLLOWED EACH OTHER
LIKE SUNSHINE AND RAIN."

21703

Exchange: Audolph Water Medical Library 6-15-10

WZ
100
TR 866
1916

FOREWORD

MR. GILBERT K. CHESTERTON, in his review of Mr. Graham Balfour's "Life of Robert Louis Stevenson", says:

"When Robert Louis Stevenson was a little boy, Mr. Graham Balfour tells us, he once made the following remark to his mother: 'Mother, I've drawn a man. Shall I draw his soul now'? . . . The only biography that is really possible is autobiography. To recount the actions of another man is not biography, it is zoölogy, the noting down of the habits of a new and outlandish animal. It may fill ten volumes with anecdotes, without once touching upon his life. It has 'drawed' a man, but it has not 'drawed' his soul."

30287

(5)

I

I HAVE never been very partial to autobiographies, and if there is one thing I thought I would never do, it is to attempt to write about my own life! Nevertheless here I am, falling into what in so many cases has seemed to me in others the great mistake of a man's trying to describe his own experiences and speak of his own work, instead of allowing these to tell their own story, or letting others tell it after he is dead.

Autobiographies must of necessity run perilously near the fatal precipice of egoism, and too many of those I have read have reminded me of the plain old ladies who so often tell us what belles they were in their youth, and what conquests they achieved.

Then why write? First, perhaps, because many autobiographies are certainly of intense interest, instructive and inspiring to others, and because the experiences they describe are in a great measure known to the writer alone, and must perish with him; and because many of my good friends, whom I trust, tell me that the main facts of my life are such as to be of interest to others, and to prove inspiring and stimulating

to younger men. In addition, I imagine another reason is that I am human, and that as a man nears the end of the earthly journey, and "the evening comes and the shadows lengthen," and "the work is done"; when there is no longer any future to look forward to in this world and much of the joy of life has disappeared from the present, he naturally turns his face not unwillingly to the past, and is not at all averse to living over again for others some of the days of sunshine and shadow, of pleasure and pain, and of strenuous activity through which he has passed.

I was born in New York City on October 5, 1848. I had a markedly medical ancestry. My father, Dr. James Trudeau, was a member of a well-known New Orleans family, and my mother's father, Dr. François Éloi Berger, was a French physician whose ancestors were physicians for many generations, as far back as they could be traced. My mother, Céphise Berger, was Dr. Berger's only daughter. I had a brother and a sister, both older than myself. My father and mother separated shortly after my birth. He returned to New Orleans with my sister, and when three years old I went abroad with my mother, my brother and grandparents, when Dr. Berger retired from his extensive New York practice, where for many years he held a very prominent place in the early medical history of New York City. While we were abroad my mother