

## OPENING ADDRESS.

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While I am aware that it is only fitting that I should say something here about one I knew so well as the late Doctor Goode, I feel the occasion a trying one, for he was so dear a friend that my very nearness and sense of a special bereavement must be a sufficient excuse for asking your indulgence, since I can not speak of him even yet without pain, and I must say but little.

Here are some who knew him still longer than I, and many who can estimate him more justly in all his scientific work, and to those who can perform this task so much better, I leave it. I will only try to speak, however briefly, from a personal point of view, and chiefly of those moral qualities in which our friendship grew, and of some things apart from his scientific life which this near friendship showed me.

As I first remember him it seems to me, looking back in the light of more recent knowledge, that it was these moral qualities which I first appreciated, and that if there was one which more than another formed the basis of his character it was sincerity—a sincerity which was the ground of a trust and confidence such as could be instinctively given, even from the first, only to an absolutely loyal and truthful nature. In him duplicity of motive even, seemed hardly possible, for, though he was in a good sense, worldly wise, he walked by a single inner light, and this made his road clear even when he was going over obscure ways, and made him often a safer guide than such wisdom alone would have done. He was, I repeat, a man whom you first trusted instinctively, but also one in whom every added knowledge explained and justified this confidence.

This sincerity, which pervaded the whole character, was united with an unselfishness so deep-seated that it was not conscious of itself, and was, perhaps, not always recognized by others. It is a subject of regret to me, now it is too late, that I seem myself to have thus taken it too much as a matter of course in the past, at times like one I remember, when, as I afterwards learned, he was suffering from wretched health, which he concealed so successfully while devoting himself to my help, that I had no suspicion till long after of the effort this must have cost

him. He lived not for himself, but for others and for his work. There was no occasion when he could not find time for any call to aid, and the Museum was something to which he was willing to give of his own slender means.

Connected with this was an absence of any wish to personally dominate others or to force his own personal ways upon them. It is pleasantest to live our own life if we can, and with him every associate and subordinate had a moral liberty that is not always enjoyed, for apart from his official duties, he obtruded himself upon no one with advice, and his private opinion was to be sought, not proffered.

His insight into character was notable, and it was perhaps due as much as anything to a power of sympathy that produced a gentleness in his private judgment of others, which reminded one of the saying, that if we could comprehend everything we could pardon everything. He comprehended and he pardoned.

Associate this tolerance of those weaknesses in others, even which he did not share, with the confidence he inspired and with this clear insight, and we have some idea of the moral qualities which tempered the authority he exercised in his administrative work, and which were the underlying causes of his administrative excellence. I do not know whether a power of reading character is more intuitive or acquired; at any rate without it men may be governed, but not in harmony, and must be driven rather than led. Doctor Goode was in this sense a leader, quite apart from his scientific competence. Every member of the force he controlled, not only among his scientific associates, but down to the humblest employees of the Museum, was an individual to him, with traits of character which were his own and not another's, and which were recognized in all dealings. And in this I think he was peculiar, for I have known no man who seemed to possess this sympathetic insight in such a degree; and certainly it was one of the sources of his strength.

I shall have given, however, a wrong idea of him if I leave anyone under the impression that this sympathy led to weakness of rule. He knew how to say "no," and said it as often as any other, and would reprehend where occasion called, in terms the plainest and most uncompromising a man could use, speaking so when he thought it necessary, even to those whose association was voluntary, but who somehow were not alienated, as they would have been by such censure from another. "He often refused me what I most wanted," said one of his staff to me, "but I never went to sleep without having in my own mind forgiven him."

I have spoken of some of the moral qualities which made all rely upon him, and which were the foundation of his ability to deal with men. To them was joined that scientific knowledge without which he could not have been a Museum administrator, but even with this knowledge he could not have been what he was, except from the fact that he loved the Museum and its administration above every other pursuit, even, I think,

above his own special branch of biological science. He was a man of the widest interests I have ever known, so that whatever he was speaking of at any moment, seemed to be the thing he knew best. It was often hard to say, then, what love predominated; but I think that he had, on the whole, no pleasure greater than that in his Museum administration, and that, apart from his family interests and joys, this was the deepest love of all. He refused advantageous offers to leave it, though I ought to gratefully add here, that his knowledge of my reliance upon him and his unselfish desire to aid me, were also among his determining motives in remaining. They were natural ones in such a man.

What were the results of this devotion may be comprehensively seen in the statement that in the year in which he was first enrolled among the officers of the Museum the entries of collections numbered less than 200,000, and the staff, including honorary collaborators and all subordinates, thirteen persons, and by comparing these early conditions with what they became under his subsequent management.

Professor Baird at the first was an active manager, but from the time that he became Secretary of the Institution he devolved more and more of the Museum duties on Doctor Goode, who for nine years preceding his death was practically in entire charge of it. It is strictly within the truth then to say that the changes which have taken place in the Museum in that time are more his work than any other man's, and when we find that the number of persons employed has grown from thirteen to over two hundred, and the number of specimens from 200,000 to over 3,000,000, and consider that what the Museum now is, its scheme and arrangement, with almost all which make it distinctive; are chiefly Doctor Goode's, we have some of the evidence of his administrative capacity. He was fitted to rule and administer both men and things, and the Museum under his management was, as someone has called it, "A house full of ideas and a nursery of living thought."

Perhaps no one can be a "naturalist," in the larger sense, without being directly a lover of Nature and of all natural sights and sounds. One of his family says:

He taught us all the forest trees, their fruits and flowers in season, and to know them when bare of leaves by their shapes; all the wayside shrubs, and even the flowers of the weeds; all the wild birds and their notes, and the insects. His ideal of an old age was to have a little place of his own in a mild climate, surrounded by his books for rainy days, and friends who cared for plain living and high thinking, with a chance to help someone poorer than he.

He was a loving and quick observer, and in these simple natural joys his studies were his recreations, and were closely connected with his literary pursuits.

I have spoken of his varied interests and the singular fullness of his knowledge in fields apart from biologic research. He was a genealogist of professional completeness and exactitude, and a historian, and of him in

these capacities alone, a biography might be written; but his well-founded claim to be considered a literary man as well as a man of science, rests as much on the excellent English style; clear, direct, unpretentious, in which he has treated these subjects, as on his love of literature in general. I pass them, however, with this inadequate mention, from my incompetence to deal with him as a genealogist, and because his aspect as a historian will be presented by another; but while I could only partly follow him in his genealogical studies, we had together, among other common tastes, that love of general literature just spoken of, and I, who have been a widely discursive reader, have never met a mind in touch with more far-away and disconnected points than his, nor one of more breadth and variety of reading, outside of the range of its own specialty. This reading was also, however, associated with a love of everything which could illustrate his special science on this literary side. The extent of this illustration is well shown by the wealth and aptness of quotation in the chapter headings of his *American Fishes*, his *Game Fishes of North America*, and the like, and in his knowledge of everything thus remotely connected with his ichthyologic researches, from St. Anthony's Sermon to Fishes, to the *Literature of Fish Cookery*, while in one of his earliest papers, written at nineteen, his fondness for Isaac Walton and his familiarity with him, are evident. He had a love for everything to do with books, such as specimens of printing and binding, and for etchings and engravings, and he was an omnivorous reader, but he read to collect, and oftenest in connection with the enjoyment of his outdoor life and all natural things. One of these unpublished collections, *The Music of Nature*, contains literally thousands of illustrated poems or passages from his favorite poets.

These were his recreations, and among these little excursions into literature, "the most pathetic, and yet in some respects the most consolatory," says his literary executor, "seems to have been suggested by an article on the literary advantages of weak health, for with this thought in mind he had collected from various sources accounts of literary work done in feeble health, which he brought together under the title *Mens Sana in Corpore Insano*."

Still another collection was of poems relating to music, of which he was an enthusiastic lover. He sang and played well, but this I only learned after his death, for it was characteristic of his utter absence of display, that during our nine years' intimacy he never let me know that he had such accomplishments; though that he had a large acquaintance with musical instruments I was, of course, aware from the collections he had made.

We must think of him with added sympathy, when we know that he lost the robust health he once enjoyed, at that early time during his first connection with the Museum, when he gave himself with such uncalculating devotion to his work as to overtask every energy and permanently impair his strength. It was only imperfectly restored when his excessive

labors in connection with the Centennial Exposition brought on another attack, and this condition was renewed at times through my acquaintance with him. When we see what he has done, we must remember, with now useless regret, under what conditions all this was accomplished.

I have scarcely alluded to his family life, for of his home we are not to speak here, further than to say that he was eminently a domestic man, finding the highest joys that life brought him with his family and children. Of those who hear me to-night most knew him personally, and will bear me witness, from his daily life, that he was a man one felt to be pure in heart as he was clean of speech, always sociable, always considerate of his associates, a most suggestive and helpful man; an eminently unselfish man—may I not now say that he was what we then did not recognize, in his simplicity, a *great* man?

It is a proof [says one who knew him] of the unconsciousness and unobtrusiveness which characterized Doctor Goode in all his associations and efforts that, until his death came, few, if any, even of his intimate friends, realized the degree to which he had become necessary to them. All acknowledged his ability, relied on his sincerity, knew how loyally he served every cause he undertook. The news of his death showed them for the first time what an element of strength he was in the work and ambitions of each of them. With a sudden shock they saw that their futures would have less of opportunity, less of enthusiasm and meaning, now that he was gone.

He has gone; and on the road where we are all going, there has not preceded us a man who lived more for others, a truer man, a more loyal friend.