



MAJOR CHARLES MORRIS.

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*To the Memory of the noble Gentleman,*

**Professor Charles Morris,**

*who, for twenty-eight years, instructed the students of the  
University by the example of his lofty character, as  
much as by his eloquent discourse from the  
chair, this volume is dedicated with  
all love and veneration.*

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## Major Charles Morris.

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“He was a man, take him for all in all;  
We shall not look upon his like again.”



SCIENCE teaches us that no energy is ever lost; vary it may in form, but beneath all its protean disguises the sharp eye of analysis detects its unmistakable presence. Disappear it may from the realm of the seen, but rest assured

“Somewhere yet that atom’s force  
Moves the light-poised universe.”

In like manner the energy of human character, the force of a true and noble life, is never lost. Generations may come and go, dynasties may rise and fall, boundaries may change and thrones crumble into dust, but the waves of influence thus set in motion are as restless as the sea—more resistless than its tides. Long after the force of such a life has been seemingly spent, its unifying and ennobling touch is felt; long

after the material part has been shattered, the perfume of true and righteous living remains to please and delight. Such a life was that of him to whom this volume of PANDORA is dedicated. For years he was a center from which radiated rays of light to every part of the Empire State. From the rugged crags of the Blue Ridge to the blue waters of the Atlantic hundreds of high-minded and patriotic citizens—men whom the commonwealth delights to honor, and who form its true bulwark in time of trouble—learned at his feet not only the elements of that true and vigorous English of which he was such a consummate master, but, what is infinitely more important, the elements of that true and lofty manhood of which he was such a perfect exemplar. These, we are persuaded, will be pleased to know that the students of the University affectionately dedicate this their seventh

Annual to him who was for so long a time their *beau idéal* of manhood, their more than Chevalier Bayard. This outward manifestation is, of a truth, insignificant; but it testifies to the inward flame of admiration and affection that burns in the hearts of every loyal son of our Alma Mater. Herein alone lies its importance and fitness.

It is no part of PANDORA'S purpose to enter upon an extended eulogy of the life and character of MAJOR MORRIS. Other and far abler hands have portrayed the wonderful power of his intellect and the beautiful symmetry of his character. PANDORA desires simply to add but a leaf to the garland of eulogy that has encircled his touch.

MAJOR CHARLES MORRIS first saw the light of day upon the soil of that State famed in the history of the Republic as the "Mother of Statesmen." He sprang from the old Virginia aristocracy, and in the bosom of an aristocratic Virginia home breathed those influences that moulded and shaped his life. The old Virginia aristocracy has of late years fallen into hostile hands; it has been caricatured to such an extent that the world is apt to forget that from its ranks came the men who, above all others, for more than a hundred years shaped the destinies of the American colonies. The members of this aristocracy may indeed have been somewhat reckless and prodigal; but the historian discovers nowhere, save in

classic Athens, such an amount of ability, talent and genius produced by so small a society. Strong-minded, courageous, hospitable and generous to a fault, proud as any Englishman who boasts his Norman descent, and chivalrous as any knight of "ye olden time," the Virginia gentlemen of the old school formed a type of which history furnishes no parallel. MAJOR MORRIS possessed more than the excellencies of this excellent type. In him were happily blended all those elements that went to make up the typical Virginia gentleman—without, indeed, the faults that sometimes marred the picture. There was that about him which made you feel that you stood in the presence of one of Nature's noblemen. Of a very truth he was what he was. No sycophancy or deceit ever found lodgment in this heroic soul. Others might cringe to a sickly public opinion, others might bow the knee to the false gods of a degenerate time, but he would abide by his convictions; he, even if alone, would stand erect. Not content with semblance, he sought, above all, to know things as they are. And when he had thus learned them you might rest assured that he would give a true transcript of his brain. Men might differ from him in opinion, but none doubted his absolute sincerity. In analyzing heroism Emerson notes that sincerity forms its essential element. Under this conception of the case MAJOR MORRIS was truly heroic. Sincerity was the one

all-pervading force of his life. A Spartan in the sterner virtues of manhood, he was a Bayard in courage, attainments and integrity. A Stoic in his rigid adherence to morality, he was, nevertheless, a Christian in all the heavenly graces.

Words are powerless here. No mere word-picture can do justice to the beautiful symmetry of his character. To those

who learned wisdom at his feet he will remain ever embedded in memory as their model of true and lofty manhood, and sad, indeed, will be the day when they forget his shining example.

“Green be the turf above thee,  
Instructor of our better days.  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
None named thee but in praise.”