

Dr. G. A. Wauchope delivers the Centennial Ode:

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THE NEWS AND COURIER: WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 11, 1905.

THE CENTENNIAL ODE

After another interlude of exquisite music the Centennial Ode was delivered by Dr George Armstrong Wau-

chope. Dr Wauchope's delivery was simple and impressive. He held his audience in throbbing interest from his opening to his closing word. Dr Wauchope himself is well known in the world of letters as a writer of both prose and poetry. This Centennial Ode is his own production and has caused a great stir among those who had been allowed to read it before its delivery this morning. It is the work of a master. Graceful in the artistic phrasing, its measure has the swing of majestic music, and its thought is gleaming with poetic beauty and depth of feeling. South Carolina College may well be proud, not only of its Centennial Ode, but also of the bard whose heart was fired to sing the glory of its centennial celebration.

(Prof Wauchope's ode is printed on the 11th page of The News and Courier to-day.)

# CENTENNIAL ODE.

Written by Prof G. A. Wauchope---It Commemorates  
the Opening of South Carolina College in 1805.

## FROM GENERATION TO GEN- ERATION.

### I

Never hath mariner guided helm  
Across the trackless ocean of man's  
heart,  
Nor hath wide-wanderer drawn the  
chart  
Of the mind's untrodden realm.  
To sing the fame of learning's sacred  
fount,  
What meed could gauge the task,  
Or even friendship ask  
The bard to dare the steep Parnassian  
mount?  
For who with weak-winged lines  
Could all the myriad streams of in-  
fluence thread  
From Carolina's source, whose teem-  
ing head  
The halo of her fruitful years en-  
shrines?  
In spite of fears list we the oracle of  
time,  
That bids us backward look,  
And from the Sybil's untranslated  
book  
Transcribe perchance some priceless  
hidden rhyme.

## II

A glad some thing it is when one doth  
come  
Forth from the surging tide of  
changeful life  
To greet the mother in the childhood  
home,  
And for a while neglecting worldly  
strife,  
And haunting cares that sore the heart  
oppressed,  
Rekindle vital ardor in the breast,  
Forget life's storm and stress,  
And in her happiness  
Feel silent message of heart-easing  
balm,  
And strength and hope find in her  
presence calm.  
So 'tis an excellent thing in this good  
hour,  
Dear Carolina, that thy sons have met  
To honor thee and offer richest dower  
Of love and loyalty. Who can forget,  
O eldest Daughter of the State,  
Science and religion's mate,  
Thy legacy of learning—store of living  
truth—  
Best gift of august State to her in-  
genious youth!

### III.

Over youth's beating seas  
Blows many a perilous breeze,  
By which the soul is tested every day;  
But midway lies an isle  
Bright with the Muses' smile,  
And thitherwise Apollo points the  
way.

From this halcyon strand  
Athenes' palmers would no farther  
rove;

For with a goodly band  
They walk with winsome guides  
through many a grove  
Adorned with fanes in which pale  
statues gleam,  
And from whose bosom white-armed  
dryads seem

With voices soft the song of oriole to  
arride.

There where the good and beautiful  
abide.

They see the shining ones of art's  
first dawn,

Engirt with graceful forms of nymph  
and faun.

And hold sweet converse at their side.

IV.

Lo! from far and near  
Round her board three generations  
throng  
As their fond Mother's hailing voice  
they hear;  
Some from rugged Piedmont's sculp-  
tured hills,  
Land of the sapphire sky  
With balsamed turrets high,  
Where the Eternal hewed His bulwarks  
strong;  
And these from lowland home  
Fronced with palms have come,  
And guests who late have heard the  
cataract's roar  
Embrace old comrades from the ocean's  
shore.  
Among them honored sit  
Scholars with message fit  
From sister institutions, each a worthy  
peer,  
The good, who follow faithfully the  
glow,  
The wise, who drink of science' lucid  
stream,  
The great, unvisited by empire's  
dream,  
Prudent, benign, austere,  
Scorners of craft and fear,  
Who come to bring fraternal words of  
cheer.

V.

Hail, sons of Carolina, with a festal lay  
 In paezan notes, her finished century!  
 Our noble mother goeth forth to-day,  
 Adorned with learning's coronet,  
 By proud procession of her children  
 met,  
 To celebrate her double jubilee.

Carolina! Heaven bless thee!  
 Crowned with a hundred years;  
 A thousand loyal sons caress thee,  
 Smiling through a mist of tears,  
 Old yet ever young,  
 Still shalt thou be sung  
 By the tongues of future sages  
 In the feasts of distant ages.

Carolina! Heaven bless thee!  
 Crowned with a hundred years;  
 Let our trembling lips confess thee  
 Fairest queen of all thy peers,  
 Throned on cloistral grounds,  
 Hedged from worldly sounds,  
 Thou revealest to him who chooses  
 Radiant vision of the Muses.

Carolina! Heaven bless thee!  
 Crowned with a hundred years;  
 Time can never dispossess thee  
 Of thy motherhood of seers,  
 True to native soil  
 Thou with ceaseless toil  
 Taught us with supernal beauty  
 How to give our lives to duty.

Carolina! Heaven bless thee!  
 Crowned with a hundred years;  
 Ne'er can we our love express thee  
 By mere words for mortal ears,  
 Built for the common good,  
 True men round thee stood,  
 Made thee sharer in the story  
 Of our State's consummate glory.

VI

Thou common Mother of us all,  
Of hoary age yet still in youth renewed,  
With every academic grace endued,  
We loyally have harkened to thy  
call.  
Some here have grappled with the  
world,  
Faced stern misfortune's blast,  
Or stemmed its currents vast,  
And in its all-engulfing vortex whirled,  
They too at desk and bar

Have waged a righteous war  
With lawlessness that creeps in ser-  
pent guise,  
Or plumed like vulture flies;  
To such victorious or with banner  
furled  
Rewarding Heaven reserves its un-  
sought prize.  
Among thy guests are those  
Who shun deserved repose,  
And yield their humble lives to honest  
toil;  
Through drought or pelting rain  
They till the stubborn soil,  
And reap the golden grain  
With sweating brow and labor's keen-  
est pain.  
Thou greatest not unmoved  
Some who more recent sonship claim;  
By thee not less beloved  
Are these fresh-hearted youths of lofty  
aim.  
They at the dazzling sunrise of their  
life,  
Enraptured with the vision on the  
mount,  
Build tabernacles far from business  
strife,  
And reckon Mammon's gain of no ac-  
count.  
Shall age chide such who thus exalt the  
soul,  
Neglecting what the world more  
weighty deems?  
Their ardent fleeting dreams  
And hope which futile seems  
May bring them nearer to the ideal  
goal.



## VII.

In this historic clime  
Was learning's mansion planned by pa-  
triot sires,  
Whose hands had kindled freedom's  
fires  
In old colonial time;  
For willed the fathers on this holy spot  
To banish race antipathy,  
Create fraternal sympathy,  
And bridge the gulf twixt Lowlander  
and Scot.  
Thus would they save the State from  
rock and shoal  
That lay athwart her noblest goal;  
Gathered in one central school  
Under sober wisdom's rule,  
Their sons should form sweet friend-  
ship's deathless tie,  
And mould their characters in har-  
mony.  
In the childhood of the nation,  
Rose fair Carolina's walls;  
Beautiful for situation,  
Bosomed soft mid leafy lawn,  
Gleamed her many-pillared halls,  
Gray as towers of cloud at dawn.  
On a gently sloping hill,  
High above the Congaree  
Built they broad and firm a domicile  
For the nursery of her chivalry.

## VIII.

As to that one whom earth's sons  
honor first,  
And shield from every breath of whis-  
pered blame,  
We yield our love to her who nursed  
Our uncouth minds, and give the same  
sweet name,  
Our intellectual Mother  
Received us from that other,  
And in the purpose of our crude, un-  
thinking youth  
A subtle change she wrought,  
And her high lesson taught  
Of the eternal loveliness of truth.  
To bring the heavenly vision unto men,  
She came arrayed in robes her scholars  
ken,  
Above our soul's horizon from afar  
Rose shining like a star,  
And flooding us with white untarnished  
ray,  
Evoked the spirit from its slumbering  
clay.  
When we were to her precincts  
brought,  
Our burgeoning minds she quickly  
taught;  
The shining strands of truth she  
caught  
In life's clanging loom  
Fateful with mortals' doom,  
And through the warping threads of  
selfishness  
She wove the silken woof of helpful-  
ness.

## IX

One season is appointed for the fragrant bloom,  
Another for the mellowed fruit,  
For long the germ lies motionless and mute  
Ere spring awake it from its silent tomb.  
So for a season brief the buried life  
In hermit sequestration spent  
Befits the scholar far from sordid strife  
To give his mind its Heaven-appointed bent.  
The ambitious student searching for a clue  
To hidden truth would fain pursue  
The gleam which vanishes, then lures again:  
Urged by vain desires  
Like inner smouldering fires,  
He seeks the fleeting phantom of the brain.  
What strivings filled each youth's aspiring mind,  
As 'neath her guiding hand  
His academic life began!  
What high ambition fired that student band,  
What dreams their hopes outran,  
As led by genius they would pore  
O'er tomes of economic lore,  
Imbibing statesmanship with yearnings half-divined!  
From her sable shield  
On its garnet field  
Shone the legend moulding gentle heroes—

rees—  
EMOLLIT MORES NEO SINIT ESSE  
FEROS.

This motto wise bequeathed by classic  
pen  
With culture-bearing mission  
Gave constant admonition  
To Carolina's students to be gentlemen.

X.

Spring's verdure and glad sunshine  
cannot last,  
The fessamine's golden petals sink into  
the mould,  
The snow of summer's blossoms on  
the sod is cast,  
And autumn's iris hues are blasted by  
the cold.  
For spite of mortal prayer or tear  
Through every season turns the year.  
Ere long the inky clouds of war began  
to form  
Over the commonweal,  
Sounding with muffled peal  
Reverberated harbinger of coming  
storm.  
Not long amid the pleasures of their  
terraced lawn  
Reclined her sons at ease,  
Pondering the State's decrees,  
Anon the trumpet blared war's fearful  
dew:  
Then Carolina rose full-armed to meet  
the blast:  
Compelled perforce to cease,  
Futile attempts at peace,

In Mars' black urn the dreadful die she  
cast.

Called forth her children from their  
peaceful hall.

Closed fast her ancient seat,

Assigned the sentinel's beat.

And breathing on them all the spirit  
of the hour,

She bade them fear not battle's murky  
pall,

But go where death, the victor, on pale  
horse

Strews his broad way with many a  
ghastly corse.

Offspring of men with iron in their  
blood,

Who with inexorable trust,

Shook off their native dust,

Bared bosoms to the fierce Atlantic  
flood,

And built a home for freedom in the  
savage wood,

Her gallant sons for right and con-  
science stood,

Marched forth at her command,

Like brothers hand in hand,

And sang their parting song in martial  
mood.

Alma Mater! We are going

From thy portals cheeks are glowing.

Hearts of dearest friends are yearning

Over friends no more returning.

Carolina,

Go we forth midst war's alarms,

Exiles from thy sheltering arms.

Alma Mater! purest pleasures,  
Quaffed we from thy sparkling trea-  
sures,

Moments rich in high sensation  
For a student's exaltation.

Carolina,

Priceless gifts we owe to thee,  
Courage, truth and courtesy.

Alma Mater! we are leaving  
The old campus, and receiving  
Last farewells with high-wrought feel-  
ing,

Down our cheeks the tears are stealing.  
Carolina,

Here we pledge our lives to thee,  
Home of Southern chivalry!

Alma Mater! when are booming  
Cannon through the black smoke loom-  
ing,

When we see brave comrades falling,  
Carolina,

Neath the hail of death-shots galling.  
Even with our dying cry,  
We shall send thee fond good-bye!

## XII.

We journey not life's thorny highway  
twice,  
And craver souls are they  
Who love not duty's way,  
But shirk her tasks with calculation  
nice,  
And turn to danger swift retreating feet,  
The world shall ages hence  
Hold none in reverence  
Who shun their bounden burdens cow-  
ardly,  
Find languid ease too sweet,  
And from the trials of the present flee.  
Stern duty's star alone can shed the  
ray  
That points to truest glory,  
And honor's foot hath trod a bitter  
way  
In Carolina's checkered story.  
Trained by that mistress of ancestral  
school  
Not self but right to save,  
Their valued lives they gave,  
And to the death clung fast to virtue's  
rule,  
Scions of heroic strain,  
They recked not loss nor gain,  
But rode and fought against embattled  
power.  
These Godlike sons of Mars,  
Under the Stars and Bars,  
Where bayonets flashed and guns their  
grey lines gored,  
In gallant onset followed Hampton's  
sword,  
And smote with maiden blades without  
a stain.

a stain,  
When fiery tempests fell  
With shrieking shot and shell,  
A vision stern but fair appeared to  
them,  
A shape in smoky shroud,  
Of battle's sulphurous cloud,  
With cry heard loud above death's re-  
quiem,  
Cheering her sons to victory!  
When in that hurtling storm  
Fell pierced some boyish form,  
Amid the scene of hideous revelry,  
At thought of her a smile  
Lit up his face awhile,  
Ere closed his dying eyes in ecstasy.

### XIII

With lecture rooms fast closed,  
In war's rude lap reposed,  
These classic walls met not a fiery fate,  
But stood untouched by hand  
Of foe with flaming brand,  
For Carolina's halls were consecrate  
As sweet abode of peace,  
To give to pain surcease,  
And swift reliefment of war's blight-  
ing curse,  
Soft gliding through her quiet grounds,  
Robed like a gentle nurse,  
The mother staunch'd her children's  
wounds,  
Cooled every brow with fever flushed,  
And with low voice their wild delirium  
hushed.



XIV.

The lethal conflict o'er,  
The mother mourns her bravest and her  
best.

Hushed is the cannon's roar,  
And sabre-scarred the tattered warri-  
ors rest.

From many a stricken home  
Her sad-eyed daughters come,  
To welcome those returning from the  
field.

To wail their fallen dead,  
And grateful tears to shed  
For those the South bears back upon  
her shield.

Lo! the noise of war rolls past,  
Soldier, cease the bitter strife,  
Turn thee to a peaceful life,  
To a well-earned rest at last,

Hasten home!

Noble warrior, battle-weary,  
Waiting hearts are almost broken,  
Though no recreant words are spoken,  
Haste to cheer thy loved ones dreary,

Welcome home!

Lo! the shafts of hate are sped,  
Soldier, calm thy grief-sick heart,  
As thou homeward dost depart,  
Raise thy cheerless, drooping head,

Hasten home!

Speed, nor let thy footsteps falter,  
Thine the State's regard forever,  
Woman's praise for high endeavor,  
Hasten, nor thy purpose alter,

Welcome home!

XV.

To that small remnant who withstood  
Defeat—  
For hecatombs marched forth but ne'er  
returned—  
Amid the anguish of their last retreat,  
The closing day at Appomattox burned  
Like the destroying twilight of the gods,  
Despite war's holocaust,  
Far more was won than lost,  
For from the South's gun-ploughed, en-  
sanguined sods  
Is springing forth a harvest of romance,  
Which shall the genius of her sons in-  
spire,  
Her ancient glories to enhance,  
Awake to melody her silent lyre,  
Her baser metal change to purest gold,  
Through Heaven's sweet justice finer  
for the fire,  
And subtly blending modern culture  
with the old.

XVI.

Though fate decreed that martial thunders cease,

Those internecine woes bred civic hate;

To Carolina came not radiant peace,

Intruding aliens sat within her gate.

When such wist not her mission high,

But foul defiled her walks with unclean feet,

Ah, then her outraged genius heaved a sigh,

And fled with grief her violated sea!

Whilom in exile her sad lot was cast.

She held her spotless name

Free from taint of shame,

And loyally kept faith with her historic past.

Firm the mighty mother stood,

Championed by her great and good;

For righteous cause can ne'er be lost,

When guarded by such watchful host.

One lingered with us long,

His mind serene and strong,

And blessed the State with counsel wise

When traitors lurked in patriots' guise.

That warrior-statesman's soul was of colossal mould,

Grander in peace than war,

Knightly as kings of old.

In ripest age led forth by unseen hand,

At rise of evening star,

Fame blazoned from afar,

'Mid all our tears he passed into the shadow land.

## XVII.

After a decade dark of adverse fate,  
The rosy-fingered morn brought happier  
days,  
Once more the College to her ancient  
ways  
Was summoned by the fathers of the  
State.  
By influence forward-reaching,  
And forceful, brilliant teaching,  
Which firmly held to art and nature's  
laws,  
She roused the students' chivalry,  
And earned a grateful Commonwealth's  
applause.  
Like legendary Table Round, the faculty  
Held same who might have sat in Ar-  
thur's seat,  
And vied with him in pure nobility,  
As venerable as Plutarch's men, for  
reverence meet,  
The fragrance of their memory lingers  
yet.  
What student can these genial forms  
forget,  
Those voices wont so kindly all to greet,  
With ready sympathy at open door,  
And charm with garnered hoard of  
wondrous lore!

XVIII

O Alma Mater dear,  
The visits of thy absent children are  
too rare,  
For in thy precincts here,  
How oft we yearn to breathe again thy  
wholesome air.  
For sweet it is amid,  
The modern world's heart-wearying  
roar,  
In thy seclusion hid,  
To hold fraternal talk of days of yore;  
Those happy, careless days,  
How bright to memory's gaze,  
When loitering on thy soft Bermuda  
green,  
Outstretched beneath the friendly oak  
trees hoary,  
Whose mistletoe eclipsed their leafy  
screen,  
We listened with applause a comrade's  
story,  
Nor yet forgotten are those swift-  
winged hours,  
Which did the daily tasks relieve,  
When strolling on a starlit eve  
With fond companion fairer than the  
flowers,  
Some heart-revealing word  
By maiden coyly heard,  
Stirred fancies only youth can weave,  
And darkling sweeter seemed than song  
of mocking-bird,  
When, too, had set our last commence-  
ment sun,  
And Carolina's precious parchment won,  
The moment came these storied scenes  
to leave.

The moment came these sorrow scenes  
to leave.

With thoughts of college days  
In memory's chambers ringing,  
We went with reminiscient gaze  
A plaintive farewell singing.

### XIX.

Classmates, from the campus turning,  
Backward cast one lingering look,  
Longing, dim-eyed, bosoms burning,  
Turn this page of life's strange book.  
While our deep affection speaks in tears  
Alma Mater!  
Thou with whom the Muses dwell,  
Carolina, fare thee well!

Take our good-byes sad and solemn,  
Lecture room and ivied wall,  
Emerald lawn and old grey column,  
Chapel bell, thy notes shall fall,  
Nevermore upon our listening ears.  
Alma Mater!  
Temple where the Graces dwell,  
Carolina, fare thee well!

These beloved, familiar places  
Ne'er by us shall be forgot,  
Teachers' voices, class-mates' faces—  
All that marks this holy spot,  
Fading like a day-dream disappears.  
Alma Mater!  
Shrine where learning's pilgrims dwell,  
Carolina, fare thee well!

Some day we perhaps may wander  
Where we sing our songs to-night,  
Then our hearts with time grown fonder  
Shall recall with keen delight  
Tender memories of these happy years.

Airna Mater!

Home where honor loves to dwell,  
Carolina, fare thee well!

## XX

Vast minsters with their chapelled  
gloom,  
Where royal dust sleeps all alone,  
Beneath each sculptured stone,  
That knows no dawning day,  
Slow crumbling to decay,  
Shall sink inevitably to nature's tomb.  
But faith abides in human heart from  
age to age,  
As fixed as boundless plain or mountain  
steep,  
Or truth embalmed in sacred page:  
So Carolina shall her youthful vigor  
keep,  
Renewed through changing years to life  
eternal;  
As States live on in each successive  
stage,  
She shall endure, defying time, im-  
mortal!  
Let us in hopeful lay  
Herald the coming day,  
When ere her second century shall end,  
She shall her gifted statesmen send,  
Who will in hour of need  
Achieve a patriot deed.

When ere her second century shall end,  
She shall her gifted statesmen send,  
Who will in hour of need  
Achieve a patriot deed.  
That shall her pristine leadership  
restore;  
And some to gentler fame's high title  
born,  
With master-touch acquired,  
By her ideals inspired,  
Who many a glowing canvas shall  
adorn,  
Evoke from chiseled stone the living  
curves,  
By magic hand which only genius  
serves;  
And in our land's springtide a poet bear  
Who shall a song outpour  
Of such divinest lore,  
That it shall ease the burden of earth's  
care,  
And man's glad heart attune forever-  
more!