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Archives & Special Collections Waidner-Spahr Library Dickinson College P.O. Box 1773 Carlisle, PA 17013

717-245-1399

archives@dickinson.edu

In Student's Dream. The future is all uncertainty; and get with what are anxious, larnest gaze we seek to look into do mysteries. We seek to tear aside the weil mich which an all-wise God has concealed of and search out the exents to follow in after life. Mo would fain deferire an eleman King of his power and reveal the secrets of the wast the our Known Juliers. How often we form our plans & cherish our hopes, till me expect their realization Lis true some would prifer to call these hopes I fear these speculations after wealth I fame, by some name more classical chan dreams sych to much the same. Every one is a dreamer. The young told have each full many a cheme While one looks forward to a life of goy y poor peril the other has paped it thinks only of that land of risk of gog emending. How often ever fix our tokes form our plans & in imagination have the looked for poige: butal! how often are these dreams without a reality, how had the evalting moments. There is no position in life more calculated to lead one to love into the future chan class of a Student. Like some may evont traveller he plods his dray may. For areed with his dull monotonous course his soul seedes some higher enjoyment. He dreamstryt Lappy dreams of after Life.

His hopes, his fears are but so many waves, bursting upon the great sea of dreamy speculation that has swept over his soul. Bound, like mazeppa to the wild horse of his amagination, he is borne on in his arriful course digging with excitement, daygled with the view in his speed the rocks & gulfo are paped unherded, he sees naught but eternal sunshine, amid the storms of is all along his path the crago are hing with gorgeon Capestries of future Hip. Joy rises after joy to allure him on to death & disappointment. Hope the offspoing of Imagination lends her aid, already happy digned measure he forms his plans, They are all encepte surer dreams of other than the purest gays, the righest ends. As he thinks upon the examples of Eminut statismen, honord Leroes or lawriled speakers, he is he midered with the choice. The thinks he has the Ses he could guide the Ship of State and the File lows of adversily, though the wind might how & breakers roar. When the stoom had paped she your ed by his will would vide toum shoult as a thing of sife. or should an occasion try his military proveds he could conquer any hational Enemy in half the time Washington did, or climb more mornlains & love more soldiers than ever hapolen mas any to. But should his he an ago of peace, should? Heaven - sent prasperity smile whow the lands he could roay the multitude as by a magic wand. His is the Eloquence to min the fair in the field of

of hearty. They would shower whom him laurels more pricions for than star- general crowns. But what recomes of that might weight oftalius What recomes of the hosts of Felts & Burkes, Clayo Morbeters that our Colleges are yearly sending out upon the world? also their dreams have had an end. a sad & mourful reality has come apon them, Their dreams ever frainted in trighest colors, soyo eternal never dy eing: but al! those color taded er & the light was seen & all is gone save disappointments dusky hue, tis but the trace of varished goys, of de a doned hopes. While theason slept, that minic, Fancy rose, to leadthem mid larthy seems forgotten tunknown To line in edeal worlds & wander there alone" Happy is he whose draws are hut the Larking gers of Juture Weip. Itappy is he who ambition has led to dream of honors & distinction if when the great decesion comes, he is not found amil the lowest in raink, raging & disconsolate. Happy is he who depring himself of the Pleasure of Dream- Life" lays in his youth the solid founda tions of scholarship & character- who delves & wills and the sweat & dust of intellectual effort until the genus of knowledge are hoarded & his heart made strong for the conflicts of Life. Dream - land is the land of deceptions Asmans. Let the st Beware of the Sirens that dwell there. Their voices may charm but the poison of asks is hereal their

tongues. Life is real, Life is larnest'& demands Something better than Dreams. and an extract the company of the first and recommendation where the state of the said We follow the war with the said the wind out enforced area area descriptions and as and the state of the second of the second or their Man and the state of the state the second of th to the contract of the state of the state of the fig to se extra decimand to the first ing galan up whatfu a to she and an no of to decome of which & die the the to well to extend of the contract of the state of the state of and the sky is to to define your oast design to a new me the seed to the for it seroland to formally and referent title and the mount is elected at mount of the facility for the and the house of the second of note strong the the confect of the terms of and the best of deseptions have one, the the started mount of the series the second to see so the fire to see of one per contract of

Commencement Oration of Edwin L. Griffith, Class of 1857
Transcribed by Michael M. Geduldig, June 6, 2006
Edited by Don Sailer, November 2009

The Student's Dream

The future is all uncertainty; and yet with what an anxious, earnest gaze we seek to look into its mysteries. We seek to tear aside the veil with which an all-wise God has concealed it and search out the events to follow in after life.

We would gain deprive an eternal King of his power and reveal the secrets of the vast, the unknown future. How often we form our plans & cherish our hopes, till we expect their realization. "Tis true some would prefer to call these hopes & fears, these speculations after wealth & fame, by some name more classical than dreams & yet 'tis much the same. Every one is a dreamer. The young & old have each full many a theme. While one looks forward to a life of joy & prosperity the other has [paped?] it & thinks only of that land of rest of joy unending. How often we fix our hopes form our plans & in imagination have the looked for prize. Instead how often are these dreams without a reality, how sad the waking moments. There is no position in life more calculated to lead one to look into the future than that of a student.

Like some wayward traveler he plods his dreary way. Wearied with his dull monotonous course his soul seeks some higher enjoyment. He dreams bright happy dreams of after life.

His hopes, his fears are but so many waves, bursting upon the great sea of dreamy speculation that has swept over his soul. Bound, like Mazeppa to the wild horse of his imagination, he is borne on in his awful course dizzy with excitement, dazzled with the view, in his speed the rocks & gulfs are passed unheeded; he sees naught but eternal sunshine, amid the storms of life. All along his path the crags are hung with gorgeous tapestries of future bliss. Joy rises after joy to allure him in to death & disappointment. Hope the offspring of Imagination lends her aid, already happy beyond measure he forms his plans. They are all success. He never dreams of other than the purest joys, the highest ends. As he thinks upon the examples of eminent statesmen, honored heroes, or laurelled speakers, he is bewildered with the choice. One thinks he has the Genius to be either whichever he chooses. He feels confident that he could guide the Ship of State amid the billows of adversity, though the wind might howl & breakers roar. When the storm had passed, she guided by his will would ride triumphantly as a thing of life. Or should an occasion try his military prowess he could conquer any National Enemy in half the time Washington did, or climb more mountains & lose more soldiers than even Napoleon was able to. But should his be an age of peace, should Heaven-sent prosperity smile upon the land, he could sway the multitude as by a magic wand. His is the Eloquence to win the fair in the field of

of beauty. They would shower upon him laurels more precious far than star-gemmed crowns.

But what becomes of that mighty-weight of talent? What becomes of the hosts of Pitts & Barkes, Clays & Websters that our Colleges are yearly sending out upon the world? Alas their dreams have had an end. A sad & mournful reality has come upon them. Their dreams were painted in brightest colors, joys eternal never dying: but as those colors faded ere the light was

seen & all is gone save disappointments dusky hue, "tis but the trace of vanished joys, of deadened hopes. While Reason slept, that mimic, Fancy rose, to lead him

"mid earthly scenes forgotten & unknown

To live in ideal worlds & meander there alone"

Happy is he whose dreams are but the harbingers of future bliss. Happy is he who ambition has led to dream of honors & distinction if when the great decision comes, he is not found amid the lowest in rank, raging & disconsolate.

Happy is he who depriving himself of the Pleasures of "Dream-Life" lays in his youth the solid foundation of scholarship & character — who delves and toils amid the sweat & dust of intellectual effort until the gems of knowledge are hoarded & his heart made strong for the Conflicts of Life. Dream-land is the land of deceptions & snares. Let the st Beware of the Sirens that dwell there. Their voices may charm but the poison of asps is beneath their

tongues. Life is real, Life is earnest & demands something better than Dreams.

Griffith, E. L. July 9, 1857