Mr. Piz. & Fellow Mem. of the B.C.

It is now just 30 years, I believe since I had the honour of taking my seat as a member of this body, I will not say on the floor. Now the time, are changed & the fortunes of your body have I am happy to say, grown & flourished. Whereas with the other improvements of our University & of the age in which we live - It was in your old chapel, that the Dialectics of my day used to carry on their comfortably seiyons, on a naked dirt floor & sat upon hard coarse bench, not like the favored dialect & doomed, in the winter times, then to shiver out the long cold nights, not like my men without a fire, while I beheld my favored fellow members of the present age, seated on lust the labours of the toms, after the bust reverie chairs, reading or preening & gazing a gilded & their teleys eching to their voice, while their Pre. like a monarch occupying a throne, The order of age is here respected - in old times