

Brothers & Fellow Citizens,

We have met to lay a Corner Stone.

On account of the relations I bore to the old Church, Brethren having charge of the Ceremonies, thought it appropriate that I should address you upon this occasion—

While I came to do their bidding, and will occupy this platform a few minutes for that purpose, I came more to witness a Ceremony that seldom repeats itself in a mans lifetime— It is repeating itself in mine to day—

Twenty five years ago, I stood upon this ground, and saw settled into its place this old corner stone, and, in it, deposited these relics of the past— one of which I hold up to your view—

It is a document which this hands wrote, and which this faithful custodian has securely kept, and ~~to whose care we are about to re-commit it, to day.~~ yields up to day, in trust to another, more suitable for the structure about to be reared— It is a list of the Officers of the village of Lower Sandusky, in the ~~year~~ ^{year} when this old Corner Stone was laid.

As I stand in your presence, twenty five years from the day it was written— exercising the prerogative of the Office of Recorder, which I then held in the board, I ~~again~~ ^{now} call the roll—

Mayor - John Bell - (Recorder, Thomas Stilwell)
Trustees, Samuel Thompson - Isaac Tandoner S.P. -
John R. Pease - John Stahl - David Burger.
Marshall, Jeremiah P. Brown - Treasurer William H. Morgan

^{to}
~~But~~ one answer - our ~~respected~~ esteemed fellow
citizens, Captains Thompson - The others ^{are} dead - all dead.

What a significant admonition to us, who are
here to re-perform the ceremony of 1844.

The march of time goes on - The gap made by
the dropping out ~~by the way~~ of the many or
the few ^{in the way} is more than filled - a village, unpre-
tending twenty five years ago, becomes a city -

Front Street pulls down her low frame buildings,
& erects instead, stately ^{brick} blocks - a credit to art,
& monuments of enterprise.

The shadow of the old stone school house,
which stood in yonder corner, is overcast by
the lengthier shadow of its more pretending
successor.

The hot rays of the noonday sun, descend
into the door yards and on the sidewalks,
no longer unobstructed, but steal down through
the thick foliage of well grown trees.

The pasture lot across the way, enclosed by a rail fence, when this old corner stone dropped into its place, is now the site of tasteful residences

marked only then with ^{a deep ravine &} an enemies grave
The Common that stretched out in front, ~~has been made~~ ^{now} vocal with hundreds of childrens voices as they issue from the capacious halls erected ^{thereon} for schools -

In the rear, Railways & Depot, & thickly built streets, ~~have grown upon~~ ^{occupy} the site of the hazel thickets of twenty five years ago.

And in the country surrounding - the girdled tree, & the log cabin - stump & root - roof and foundation block, have disappeared, and where they stood, the eye rests upon clear fertile fields, & waving grain, & flocks & ~~herds~~ ^{herds}, & commodious & costlier houses -

The wilderness of twenty five years ago blossoms as the rose.

Every thing betokens development - expansion - progress -

Because, fellow Citizens, of these changes, which time has wrought, we, the members of the Presbyterian Church, have thought the time



had come, when in the fulfilment of our mission here, we ought to enlarge the walls of our Lords house, to make room for the growing multitude & to raise upon it a loftier spire, to point the gathering vapors, to "a city, which hath foundations, whose builder & maker is God.

Aldrich at
 the laying of the
 Corner Stone
 of Prater's ⁱⁿ ~~Prater's~~