

g hero return-
uch, however,
at. A higher
ls of the men
n that memor-
ens who, re-
is previously
ng their steps
nd" wherein
eir comrades
had smitten
to decorate
ind their old
g over those
otten. There,
ke together
ir battles, of
on to their

their depart-
if they had
ir thoughts
if all their
life again,
sorrow or
ed as they
when they

were pressing forward with flags unfurled to meet the foe, or when by the side of the bivouac fire, after a stirring conflict, they recalled the various incidents of the day's battle. They talked of that which, both the dead and the living had once done, when together, in the dark and gloomy hours of defeat, or in the glowing and cheerful enthusiasm of triumph. And after sprinkling the tombs of their dead comrades with flowers, they returned to their homes, their breast filled with that gratifying impression which one experiences who has met an old long departed friend.

COMRADES, it is now over thirty years since this pious duty was performed for the first time. Every year the number of the participants in the pageant has become smaller. Every year, some of the old friends have failed to answer to their name at the "roll call"; but not once have the survivors omitted to perform this duty of visiting the last resting place of their departed comrades and of scattering flowers over their graves. You Comrades of the Hancock Post, I know, have never failed to it.

Many a change has taken place since the day when we were here together for the first time. The freshness of youth has long since departed from our cheeks; the body once erect is now slightly inclining towards the earth; the soldier-