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It is still observable of Kossuth that while he is entering more into the detail and strife of the propagandism of free principles, not yet become facts, he meets the most diverse occasions of public and private ceremonies with dignity and self-respect, bearing about with him a winning reserve which is not to be disturbed by any of the motley throng who would mingle their impudent pretensions with the importance of the scene. Committees may mismanage or say or do what they please, the subtle and dignified representative of Hungary is not to be taken off his guard. He is not a man to be used. Yet nothing is wanting of courtesy or particular regard for the pursuits of others. He compliments us by finding everywhere in our institutions the shape and form of the future blessings of Hungary. In his address to the Militia, in the brilliant assembly at Castle Garden, there was cordiality, fellow feeling, but not a word uttered which betrayed an undue assumed interest in the thing, or which would not stand the test of the morrow's newspapers. His quiet manner, and the restraint perhaps of a foreign language, give increased weight to his sentiments. It is said, in one of the papers, that in his concluding acknowledgment of the American sword which he wore by his side, he "raised it to Heaven," but this is precisely the melodramatic thing which he did *not* do. He drew it slightly from the scabbard and only rested his right hand upon it, at his heart.

His speech on this occasion, only partly delivered with the aid of notes, was one of the most effective which he has made; and, like his others, it was a presentment of things and not of words.

Speaking of an Hungarian institution of National Guards he used this apt illustration, the quiet animal suddenly bristling with bayonets—"It is like your Militia, and I like often to say to my people that I consider that organization to be like the porcupine, which goes on quietly looking for its food; but when it is attacked, when dangers approach, it stretches forth its thorns, and is unattackable even in a passive position."

The manner of these speeches, a difficult thing for us to convey, is indicated in the variety of another passage. We preserve the reporter's interruptions.

"Gentlemen, do you know what is the finest speech that I ever in my life heard or read? It is the address of Garibaldi to his Roman soldiers when he told them—'Soldiers, what I have to offer you is fatigue, danger, struggle, and death; the chill of the cold nights in the free air, and heat under the burning sun; no lodgings, no munitions, no provisions, but forced marches, dangerous watchposts, and the continual struggle with the bayonet against batteries—those who love freedom and their country may follow me.' (Cheers.) That is the most glorious speech I ever heard in my life; but of course that is no speech for to-day. I will speak so after I meet again the soldiers of Hungary (Cheers), to fight once more over the battle for freedom and independence. And so may God bless me, as I know there will be no Hungarian who will not follow his colors. As it has been, so it must be, and so it will be. There is yet another, I remember, very fine speech. It is that of the old Covenanter, who spoke to his soldiers these words before a battle—'Now, boys, put your trust in God and keep your powder dry' (tremendous cheers and laughter). Gentlemen, that must be my motto for to-day. I will put my trust in God; but I do not know if my sickness will not cast some damp upon my powder" (laughter).

This, at the dinner of the Press, is in a vein in which few men can safely trust themselves in a foreign language.

"Yes, gentlemen, it is a proud recollection of my life that I commenced my public career in the humble character of a journalist. And in that respect I may perhaps be somewhat entitled to your brotherly indulgence, as you, in the happy condition which the institutions of your country insure to you, can have not even an idea of the tortures of a journalist who has to write with fettered hands, and who is more than fet-

tered by an Austrian arbitrary Censorship. You have no idea what a torture it is to sit down to your writing desk, the breast full of the necessity of the moment, the heart full of righteous feelings, the mind full of convictions and of principles—and all this warmed by the lively fire of a patriot's heart—and to see before your eyes the scissors of the Censor ready to fall upon your head, like the sword of Damocles, lopping your ideas, maiming your arguments, murdering your thoughts; and his pencil before your eyes, ready to blot out, with a single draught, the work of your laborious days and of your sleepless nights; and to know that the people will judge you, not by what you have felt, thought, and written, but by what the Censor wills; to know that the ground upon which you stand is not a ground known to you, because limited by rules, but an unknown slippery ground, the limits of which lie but within the arbitrary pleasure of your Censor—doomed by profession to be stupid, and a coward, and a fool;—to know all this, and yet not to curse your destiny—not to deny that you know how to read and to write, but to go on, day by day, in the torturing work of Sisyphus—Oh! it is the greatest sacrifice which an intelligent man can make to fatherland and humanity!"

The gathering at Castle Garden, as a pictorial thing simply, was one of the finest ever seen in New York. A keen, frosty, starry night quickened every breath and movement: the scene in Broadway below Trinity Church, filled with lines and squares of soldiers in the half illuminated darkness, was highly picturesque; and to those within the Garden, as the companies thronged in with the crashing of music and the heavy tread to the various parts of the house, there was something of the effect of actual warfare. There were few present besides the five or six thousand of the Division, but by those who had this privilege, chiefly the old and new members of the Legislature, the Common Council and members of the press, the occasion will be long remembered.