Speech of Mr. George Francis Train, of Boston.

DELIVERED AT FAIRMOUNT, ENGLAND, ON THE OPENING OF THE FIRST STREET RAILROAD IN THE BRITISH DOMINIONS, ON THE 30TH OF AUGUST, 1860.

Mr. Train's speech was received with great applause. He commenced as I came to notice, please, said—Gentlemen: I am to-night speaking, comparatively, by the wrench of your greeting, and the inspiration of your presence. My timidity is overcome—peculiar to my country—Shanghai—my knees shake, and my tongue clatters like coin; but my mouth, in rising on this 30th of August occasion to tell you how proud I am to shake hands with you as many kind and friendly faces of friendship as you have showered on me since landing, would spoil so unexpected a welcome. Being totally unprepared, naturally bashful, [laughter], you must be generous in your judgment and should I break down while addressing you in Words of confidence, it is a great drawback to a public speaker, and an unassuming disposition should not [laughter] be an appliance. Possessing no eloquence, I can only express my sincere thanks in the most unpretentious manner. Those words reflected, the former was my conviction. Some bankers to end my days, but only to be born again. Whether I have, since, my mind, the instinct got complete control, and out I came, arriving in the Mersey in October last. While waiting for the tide, I took a train to the railway station. I entertained the cabman about what I was going to do at Birkenhead. [Laughter.] Then came the question, what was I going to do? Answered—but to little purpose. Pamphlets, letters, correspondings. I threw off by the thousand. Knowing that the tongue and pen were powerful auxiliaries when backed by energy, I rapidly prepared the battle-axe for the Brooklyn side, the aforesaid consecutive animals were launched, and the conviction that they had succeeded in unloading the mysteries of the Old World upon the New, and so far as I am concerned, my mission is over. While the battle-axe is still many here who believe that broken cannot be made without fracture, and that the only way to make the iron is cold; always seeing the wrong thing in the right place is valuable for battle, to apply for victory. If you're not ready for battle, like Abbotsford's timid, cautious, calculating, the same applies to ourselves. Ripe fruit falls without shaking the tree, I forget railroads, and the fruit will fall. Some of you may want to America. Not wishing to force the seed into the harvest, to neglect the ripe seed lose the very seed. I have said to party after party, and to-night I have been up-hill work. Those who had been most benefited, as we would not hear. Some dread, but not nothing.