

GEORGE F. TRAIN IN THE UNITED STATES.**His Late Speech in Philadelphia:**

[Special Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.]

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 23, 1862.

I went last night to hear George Francis Train in the Academy of Music. I never was more disappointed. The speeches which he was reported to have delivered in England were so full of point and truth, his statements were so easily and fully sustained by statistics within the knowledge of even a child, and his benefit to our cause, was apparently so palpable that I had, in common with the rest of my countrymen, come to entertain a good deal of admiration for the man, independently of the debt of gratitude which, as an American, I owed him. I went to hear him very much as I went to see Rachel, Jenny Lind, the Prince of Wales, or the two-headed baby, on the ground that he was one of the seven wonders of the world, one of those peculiar, rare and precious creations, of which you can get no adequate conception through your knowledge and experience of things in general without seeing the article itself. But I was mistaken. He is simply a common man, with no marked qualities other than unbounded energy and self conceit, and a retentive but inaccurate memory. *Voila tout!*

He has come to this country for some selfish purpose, which will soon be developed, if it is not already. He is possessed of the insane idea that he is going to set up a new issue and occupy the minds of the people with it. He is going to try to excite this country to such a fever against England that the public sentiment thus created will develop some positive action, out of which he (George Francis Train) will reap some positive benefit. He is going to try to hoist himself into the position of a distinctive leader of a distinctive line of public opinion. He is trying to fill the minds of the people with an idea of which he is to be the central representative and the authorized exponent. Now, we hate England, to be sure, but no worse than in 1796 and 1812, and we have got over that; but we hate the rebellion much worse than we do England, and there is no room in our minds for two such big hatreds at one time. Mr. Train commends his tune too soon.

I enclose you a verbatim report of his speech which appears in the Philadelphia Press, but from that you can get no idea of his manner, and I will therefore endeavor to describe it. He is rather tall, very well formed and very good looking. He has black curly hair, a black moustache and rather swarthy complexion. He wore black pantaloons and blue dress coat with brass buttons all over it, and buttoned closely on his chest. He had dirty blue gloves, a white handkerchief and a "henglish" soft hat, the two latter of which he flourished continually in the air. He came on the stage in company with a select assortment of ancients, one of whom made some remarks while Train lolled in a big chair. When he arose, three cheers were proposed for him, for McClellan, and for Old Abe, whereupon Train immediately commenced repeating some poetry that some school girl had made about McClellan, and though I am no partisan of McClellan, I should feel very much inclined to spank and put to bed the ten year old who insulted his brilliant name with that doggerel. Train rushed up and down the stage, bawling, gesticulating, and stamping his patent leather shoes. His emphasis and force do not consist in any climax or antithesis of language, nor in any argument, logic, or figure of speech, but simply in loud shouts, vigorous stamping, and an occasional good point, which is generally in the form of a story. He soon becomes very red in the face, and very hoarse, and by his stage whispers, and his stage stamping, he contrives to render some of his very best things inaudible.

I presume he thinks he is an orator. There are very few things that he don't think he can do. He said "I have met the biggest guns they had over there, and with so much success that I have got a magnificent idea of my own abilities." He has come over here, he says, to meet the biggest guns we have here, among them Wendell Phillips and Charles Sumner. I have no doubt Mr. Train would like to have Sumner's place, but when he gets it I hope he will mention the fact. He has been to Washington and become fully impregnated with the political slang about abolitionists being traitors, and such men as Sumner and Wade and Lovejoy deserving the halter for their treason, &c., &c., &c., *ad nauseam*. He has hitched himself to the pro-slavery car without reserve.

Some of his statements about England were most amazingly false, absurd and reckless. This is very much to be regretted, because it lessens the force of many of the truths and most excellent points which he made. Some parts of his speech were grand. The points about the Monitor, about recognizing the Chinese rebel chieftain as a belligerent, and about refusing to allow English steamers to coal in our own ports, were wonderfully well put.

If Mr. Train was a good deal more of a man than he is, a better orator, a more truthful statistician, and would sympathize with the growing anti-slavery sentiment of the country, he might by his philippics on England do a good work by raising the self-respect of our people, educating them as to their great destiny, and preparing them for a vigorous and determined prosecution of the war with her, which sooner or later is, according to some authorities, sure to come. But under the circumstances I am forced to the reluctant confession that he is a failure, and that if he made no better appearance in England than he has here, we have not so much reason as we thought to congratulate ourselves on our champion.

CASCO.