



“LET EVERY STEP BE AN ADVANCE.”

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## The Trans-Continental.

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Between  
Boston and San Francisco.  
W. R. STEELE, *Editor.*

### “ALL ABOARD FOR SAN FRANCISCO.”

A few common words quickly spoken at the departure of a railway train,—apparently a very common event. And yet those brief and simple words, pronounced, on Monday morning, May 23, 1870, near the site of the Coliseum in Boston, are properly entitled to no unimportant and significant position in history, among those short utterances that have preceded or marked great changes or eras. One “yes” spoken by Helen to Trojan Paris was, perhaps, scarcely heeded when said, but its consequence was a ten-years’ war. The nod of a Belgian peasant to Napoleon I., and the “Up guards and at them,” from his opponent, we have been told, on an evening in June resulted in the final act of the annihilation of an empire. And monosyllables spoken in peace, and for peace, may mean as much or more: a single one flashed from Newfoundland to the Irish shore told the world that science had achieved one of her greatest triumphs: one signature, and an act was consummated that made millions free. And those words, “all aboard for San Francisco,” spoken on that May morning in Boston, are certainly, in their significance, worthy of attention for at least a moment. They mean, not alone that travellers are to cross a broad continent, but that the most magnificent train produced by American art starts upon its passage—the longest ever yet attempted by an entire train upon any

one of those iron roads now become the highways that bear the rule of the world,—a passage over the longest continuous line of rails operated by any nation. They mean that the farthest East and the farthest West of the Republic, though almost four thousand miles apart, exchange a friendly visit by a single ride; they mean the completion of a commercial route that can, and will influence the trade of the world; they mean that the visible line is unbroken that binds a great nation—that hearts and memories dwelling around Plymouth Rock and old Faneuil Hall, are closer to those at the Golden Gate; that homes on New England shores and warmth of the native hearthstones and sympathies of those who are there, are grown nearer and, we trust, may be dearer, to those on the once far off Pacific Coast.

In the Campo Santo at Pisa are shown massive links of a huge iron chain with which, we are told, Genoa once, during war, closed the Pisan port, and afterwards exhibited within her own walls as emblems of the conquest; but finally, during the first year of Italian independence, caused to be displayed in the Holy Field of Pisa, spontaneously restored to that city as a perpetual sign of fraternal affection and of indissoluble concord and union. And now, in the New World, we are permitted to see all the links of a far mightier chain, never means of civil strife, but the product and reality indeed of peace and of cordial alliance,—visible bond that joins the extremes of the continental Republic. Work of strong arms, of skillful hands, and of wise heads, may we, during our great ride along it, see it with pleasure, regard it with honest pride, and accord it due appreciation. And in the good old words, once expressed on papers of transportation, we, in the trans-conti-

mental train say sincerely, God speed all to the destined port, and bless the builders and those who ride.

—Incidents of this trip gladly welcomed, and promptly chronicled. Communications, if from parties not on the train, must be sent by telegraph. The TRANS-CONTINENTAL always travels in advance of the mails. We are hungry for incidents. Remember brevity, please, and pass forward the items.

—Among the guests who accompanied our train over the Boston & Albany R.R. was James Parker, believed to be the oldest conductor in the United States. He ran on this road in September, 1839, and was able to contrast from a professional point of view ye olden time and the new.

—It is designed to publish this paper hereafter regularly on the Pullman Hotel Express Excursion trains. Publishers who desire an exchange will please address their papers to “TRANS-CONTINENTAL,” 46 State street, Chicago Ill.

—Messrs. George M. and Albert B. Pullman accompany our train from Boston to Chicago, and we are pleased to learn that the latter will accompany us all the way to California.

—Forty miles an hour is fast. Therefore the TRANS-CONTINENTAL is ditto. Though its dimensions are diminutive it is bound to keep up with its big brothers.

—Five thousand Bostonians came to the old Coliseum grounds to cheer and wave adieus to parting friends on Monday morning.

—A Pullman Palace train is a triumph of civilization.