



“LET EVERY STEP BE AN ADVANCE.”

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### CALIFORNIA.

#### I.

On the shore of the western sea  
She sat spell-bound and slept,  
While the waters and hills and lea  
A weird 'round her kept.

Countless centuries roll'd away,  
And none disturbed her rest—  
Neither Indian through the day  
Nor beasts that night infest.

Till at length there was story spread,  
That some strange prize was hid  
For the daring, who could but tread,  
Where she their coming bid.

Then afar, from the Spanish land,  
Sailed many voy'gers bold;  
And they seiz'd and dwelt on that strand,  
And sought its wealth to hold.

But she heeded not ships or arms,  
Or tones of chanted mass;  
And a veil that was o'er her charms,  
No sight of theirs could pass.

Still she slept—to the world scarce  
known—  
As ne'er to wake again;  
Motionless in her weird lone,  
Like Bride of Triermain.

For her slumber could only end,  
When Worth Desert should win;  
And a guardian sure defend  
Her life yet to begin.

Then across the broad Continent,  
And 'round the stormy Horn,

Truer men from the Eastward went,  
To seek her haunt forlorn.

And they stirr'd with busy quest  
The land from mount to sea,  
Till they wakened both spell and rest,  
And she who slept was free.

Sky and earth all renewed appear—  
For off she casts her veil,  
Worn through many a hundred year,  
To fall when they assail.

#### II.

She is waken'd and risen now.  
In all her beauty bright;  
Shining radiant from her brow.  
Like blush of morning light.

And her golden and waving hair  
With flashing jewels twined,  
Rich and free, o'er her shoulders fair  
Is streaming in the wind.

Toward the region where she had slept  
Are stretched her round white arms;  
They who o'er her true guard have kept  
Behold her queenly charms.

And the life, new and true, she breathes,  
A nobler power shall wear,  
For the kind hand of God now wreathes  
A garland she shall bear.

And He, in His wisdom and grace,  
Who makes and who preserves,  
With His glory shall crown her lovely  
face,  
As only she deserves.

#### III.

In the Middle Age there was made  
A precious diadem,  
On the shrine at old Monza laid,  
Enrich'd with gold and gem.

Back of jewel and graven boss,  
A ring curved dark and plain,  
Form'd from nail of the holy Cross  
Of Him for us once slain.

Strong and good was the Lombard King  
Who wore that Iron Crown;  
Treasure great was the sacred ring  
To that Italian town.

But the men of the East and West  
Who waked the weird lone,  
Now a mightier form invest  
With metal and with stone.

For in band of iron they've bound  
A land from sea to sea,  
With no fabled link circled 'round,  
Forever one to be.

And a nation receives a crown  
Of more than regal might—  
Not a symbol of men bow'd down,  
But fact of power and right.

From that crown shall be taken now,  
Thread of the iron line,  
To be wreath'd 'round her jewel'd brow,  
Three emblems to combine.

It shall show that forever clasp'd,  
She's held by all the land;  
And with love and devotion grasp'd,  
The nation takes her hand.

And a kiss that a mighty heart  
Imprints the hand it holds;  
Seals the pledge true words impart,  
And all that heart enfolds.

It shall show that the homes and hearts  
Now scattered through the land,  
Like all her gems, in all its parts,  
Are joined in stronger band.

And memories dear of old,  
And all that now is best,  
With the treasures and charms they  
hold,  
Her life and brow invest.

And He who form'd her diadem—  
Who gave her boundless wealth—  
He now crowns her with gold and gem  
And freshest flush of health.