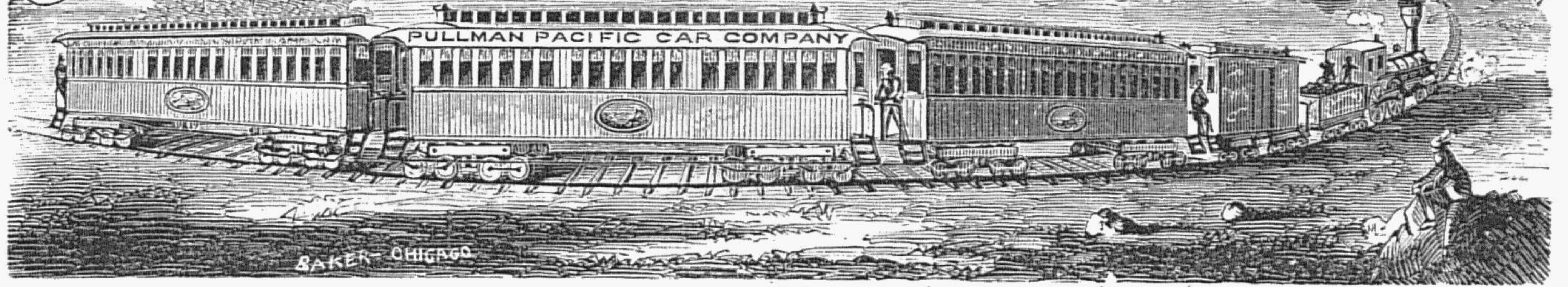


# TRANS-CONTINENTAL



“LET EVERY STEP BE AN ADVANCE.”

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## The Trans-Continental.

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### BOSTON TO SAN FRANCISCO.

The following salutatory verses from  
Boston to San Francisco, from the pen  
of our contemporary and fellow-excur-  
sionist, Curtis Guild, editor of the Bos-  
ton *Commercial Bulletin*, which appeared  
in the *San Francisco Bulletin* of the 24th,  
are timely and appropriate as well as  
expressive:

How weak are mere words  
To the heart overflowing,  
To tell its emotions or seek to convey  
Thoughts that thrill all its chords  
When with true warmth 'tis glowing,  
And every base passion has faded away.

'Tis thus that we stand  
To respond to your greeting,  
Fellow-countrymen, all 'neath our ban-  
ner of stars;  
And we stretch forth each hand  
To clasp yours at meeting,  
Our brothers in peace and our comrades  
in wars.

Where the granite shaft, gray,  
Of Bunker Hill rises  
To tell where our fathers braved tyran-  
ny's shock,  
Where the sparkling spray  
Of the blue wave baptizes  
The shore of our birthplace and old Ply-  
mouth Rock.

Where the rising sun's ray  
Lights the streets of old Concord,  
And Lexington's plain lies in peaceful  
repose,  
There shines Plymouth Bay,  
Where the Mayflower was anchored,  
'Tis old Massachusetts that every one  
knows.

But why need I tell  
Of these spots all so hallowed—  
America's story on history's page?  
You know it full well,

And you mark what has followed—  
The triumph of freedom the march of  
the age.

Scarce a century's flow  
Our country's veins filling,  
In age 'mid the nations in infancy yet;  
But the beams on her brow  
To the old world is telling,  
Our pole star is Progress—that never  
shall set.

Like the wonder of dreams,  
Or some old Eastern story,  
These cities seem rising at magic's be-  
hest  
But learning's light gleams,  
Art shines in its glory,  
The footprints of enterprise point to the  
West.

When treason awoke,  
And war's desolation  
Wrote ruin and death with its fingers of  
flame;  
When we gazed through the smoke,  
There the flag of our nation,  
Unfurled in the Golden State floated the  
same.

Ah! what loyal heart  
But then thrilled with emotion,  
At the stars faintly seen in the fair sun-  
set glow?  
What shall sever apart,  
Stretched from ocean to ocean.  
The strong bonds of Union uniting us  
now?

War's thunders have ceased,  
Peaceful skies are o'erarching;  
Section's hate and fierce feuds may we  
never recall;  
But North, South, West and East,  
'Neath our old flag still marching,  
United we stand but divided we fall.

San Francisco, June 24, 1870.

### THE MAIDEN'S GRAVE.

The *Trans-Continental Guide* in describ-  
ing the early history of the country near  
the Palisades, about 435 miles from Sac-  
ramento, which we passed yesterday,  
narrates the following:

“In the early times spoken of, a party  
of emigrants from Missouri were en-  
camped here, waiting for the water to  
subside. Among them were many fam-  
ilies, women and children, who were

accompanying their protectors to the  
land of gold. While here, the daughter  
of the train-master, an estimable young  
lady of 18 years, fell sick and despite  
the watchful care and loving tenderness  
of friends and kindred, her pure spirit  
floated into that unknown mist which  
enwraps the earth, dividing the real  
from the the ideal, the mortal from the  
immortal. Her friends reared an humble  
head-board to her memory, and in  
course of time—among the new life open-  
ing to them on the Pacific slope—the  
young girl's fate and grave were alike  
forgotten by all but her immediate  
relatives. When the advance guard of  
the Central railroad—the graders and  
culvert men—came to Gravelly Ford,  
they found the lone grave and the fast  
decaying head-board. The sight awoke  
the finer feelings of their nature and  
aroused their sympathies, for they were  
*men*, these brown, toil-stained labor-  
ers. The ‘culvert men’ (masons) con-  
cluded that it was not consistent with  
Christian usage to leave a grave exposed  
and undefended from the incursion of  
beasts of prey. With such men, to  
think was to act, and in a few days the  
lone grave was enclosed with a solid  
wall, and a cross—the sacred emblem of  
immortality—took the place of the old  
head-board. In the day when the final  
reckoning between these men and the  
recording angel is adjusted, we think  
that they will find a credit for that deed  
which will offset many little debits in  
the ledger of good and evil. Perhaps a  
fair spirit above may smile a blessing  
on their lives in recompense of the noble  
deed. Bare the head reverently in pass-  
ing this grave—not alone in honor of  
her who is buried here, but also in honor  
of that higher spirit of humanity which  
recognizes in a stranger's grave an ob-  
ject too sacred to be passed lightly by,  
and pays to it the tribute of respect due  
the last resting place of the dead.”