



"LET EVERY STEP BE AN ADVANCE."

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CLOSING SCENES.

The long and wonderful cosmorama of nature and of life in the far west, that we have been seeing during the last few weeks, is closing, and again, at a marked era in our great ride, we review it. We may leave for leisure, and for graver thought, reflection on the material, or social, or political problems and facts that have been presented to us; and simply call to mind here the picturesque forms that have been more especially made evident to us as travelers. In this consideration, alone of so great a subject, we cannot but feel its interest and comprehensiveness, and how remarkably this American grand tour is like the great people within whose country it extends,—cosmopolitan, as can be no tour within the domain of any other nation. This cosmorama has successively shown us scenery, not only peculiar to this continent—like the fertile prairies, the vast stretch of wilderness, the strange rock forms of Wyoming, and the mighty cliffs of the Sierras—but wide regions, awful in desolation, resembling those around Sinai; or barren and lonely, like some now characterising that promised land, to-day blighted as if by divine retribution; or again canyons penetrated by iron roads, suggesting and rivalling famous European passes, like the Brenner and the Semmering; or great hillsides of grazing land that seem like those owned by

the Buccleuchs and Sutherlands; or Alpine peaks; or, in contrast, grassy fields tufted with dark green old oaks, reproducing English parks. Indeed, we realise that we may almost indefinitely find how the world appears represented here in its varied peculiar forms, to harmonise with the equally varied human life, animating the whole. We have found the real aboriginal Indian—not the mythical creature of some novels and fanciful discourses. We have found the ubiquitous live Yankee, the pushing, industrious German, the quiet, laborious, frugal and perhaps irrepressible Chinese—indeed, natives of almost every nationality. We have found Christianity in all its many phases, the Latter Day Saints and the idolatry of the oldest people—all active and even aggressive. We have seen the rough life of the desert, with its hunters, its soldiers and its sturdy pioneers. We have seen poverty in the cabin, and the refined luxury of civilization in quiet homes or in brilliant assemblies. And all these phases of material and social existence we have found combined in this country of our own (it may be repeated), as they are in no other, and presented to our thought as they never have been before, to most of us. And while their delightful and picturesque outer aspects linger in our memories, may we, while recalling them, bring more vividly, and more feelingly, and more effectively to our minds and our hearts, the lessons as well as the pleasures with which they abound, and thus make this great ride not an ephemeral amusement, but a permanent acquisition of means for accomplishing greater usefulness, and with real happiness and success close our truly marvellous excursion.

—The fruit prospects throughout Iowa are good.

—The editor of this sheet, having accomplished the remarkable feat of composing, printing and publishing a paper on a railroad train going at 40 miles an hour, is now ready for further engagements; and as he wishes to become a rising man, is ready to publish a paper in a balloon. This is a substantial statement, though it has an "air-o'-naught" about it. An editorial sanctum in a balloon would simply be in another style of car. In no event would the paper lack gas, and the editor would experience a *trip-up*, even if he met with success. The fighting editor would carry several *pair-o'-shutes*. The TRANS-ÆRIAL is as far ahead of the times now, as the "raging canal" is behind it, for passenger traffic; but this nineteenth century has some time yet to run. Hip, hip, hurrah!

—While our train was at Omaha, waiting to be transferred, George Francis Train paid us a visit of congratulation, and announced that within one month he intended to start westward on a voyage around the world, *via* San Francisco, China, Europe and New York, thence back to Omaha, which he hopes to accomplish in ninety days.

—Omaha is said to have a permanent population of 20,000 persons, and at certain seasons, with its floating population included, often contains temporarily nearly 25,000 souls. It is a very lively and flourishing western city, and its citizens seem fully imbued with a feeling that it must eventually become a large and influential metropolis.

—While our train stood at the Union Pacific Railroad depot, in Omaha, yesterday, the mercury marked 101 degrees in the shade.