

The last train that passed over the Underground Railroad from Kansas Territory

Section 2, Pages 31 - 58

The Last Train is a forty-three page handwritten account (with additional notes interleaved with the original) of what is purported to be the last organized Underground Railroad (UGRR) journey through eastern Kansas in June of 1860. Charles Leonhardt, a participant, wrote the account in 1870. The Underground Railroad was a loose network of antislavery sympathizers who helped shuttle fugitive slaves from southern slaveholding states north to Canada. Fugitive slaves chose from several different routes through Kansas depending on their location within the territory.

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The last train that passed over the Underground Railroad from Kansas Territory

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He had
any other
his brother
or —

Through
some body
of friends
I met
the folks
in town

We had good reason to believe, that we
might be pursued and still better
chance to elude, that any search for
us, to be continued on the South
side of the River. Thus, we
would spend a whole day among
these beautiful ravines to avoid
a few obnoxious proslavery places,
and wait for our guide of the
"Night Express" and then, travel
again till daylight. At Centuria
we met Rev. Daniel Foster from
Boston whom the Border Ruffians
had driven from his place on
the ^{main migration} ~~main migration~~. He was Pastor of
a small Congregation here. When
he recognized me, he ^{gave} ~~gave~~ me
a half dollar silver piece, saying:
"Brother, this is all I have on earth,
but do take and use it, for the
free slave! May God bless you
all in your perilous journey —"
We have never met again. He fell
near the "James River," while leading
a company of colored troops from
Massachusetts. We passed into
Nebraska a few miles west of
Pawnee. All through this
Great Territory, we found the orga-
nization of the friends for the
oppressed, in perfect working order.



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We had a Guide from place to place,
with all reasonable Aid in provisions.
We feasted here on roasting Pigs
almost daily.

On the east ^{side} bank of
the beautiful Big Vermilion River,
we experienced here one of those
terrific but nevertheless grandest
storms that occasionally take a
freak to overtake the weary Traveller
"Out West" and stubbornly taking
the least notice of such misfortune.
It appeared first only a small and
black tunnel shaped cloud, but
grew rapidly from the West, by
North West, into a colossal wedge.
Had the wind blown from the
North, by North West, it would
have become what Mariners
recognize as the Longbow or half
pencil of a genuine Cyclone.
We hastened our speed to reach a
distant Valley before us. But, we
did not succeed. A genuine
"Western" so frequently on
our plains, overtook "the last
Train." We jumped from our
Horses, Trampsters out of their Waggon,
turned the horses back to the Storm,
holding with iron grasp with both
hands at the bridlebits.

x Saline County had just such a one last
June.

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Some of us, who had propped the planks
sang out with a roaring voice: "Turn
the Trains Backwards, Throw your spare
ropes across the Waggonboxes and pin
the wheels down to the ground."

Old Greasers of the Santa Fee Trains
used to style this proviso: "Carriet Train."
But, before any of these prudenstial
Orders could have been carried out,
there came terrific blows, after blows,
we lost all power of resistance and
were soon hugging "Mother Earth" most
lovingly, with our lips close to the ground.
The waggon in which Nanny, Kate, the
wife of my George with her two children
and Ed. Morrison as Driver were in,
had capsized, and all four wheels were
spinning phantastic melodies to the
terrible roarings above our heads.
Crying women and children in this
waggon, made the horrible picture
still more alarming. Two of us
succeeded in getting on all fours to
the waggon, ~~they~~ cut the ropes and
~~rescued~~ them. The one, with the
rabbits overcoat on, proved the
most successful Rescuer. He himself
on his knees, stooped first to crying
Babe down, somewhere beneath
his Vest, then hid the three years
old boy under the same Overcoat,



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letting the little muley head rest safely
behind his flowing long beard;
while three three colored women
clung to his almost motionless,
muscular frame. The whole was
but a picture of humanity, and no
doubt, the most picturesque tableau
then "Out West". When the danger
had somewhat abated, every member
of that man's frame was trembling,
so great had the strain been upon
him while carrying his hands tied
to their wrists into the sail, to save
six mortals from being blown away.
"Johnny" a colored boy of about 16
years and his horse, we found, at
least partly rode blown away into
a fence corner. This storm had
done much injury to crops and buildings
but being "a regular westerner" was
local and of apparently limited
range, but within its sweep, it was
as powerful as more extended
cyclones. Though we travelled
that day many miles on foot, we
made but one nearer the end of our
journey. All of our saddle horses
had stampeded, while we laid on
our faces. Some of the boys did
remark: "this was the funniest
kind of - wild and sick - horse

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was compelled to engage in —. None of our waggon's have been injured. The reunion of Horses and Riders appeared not only mutual but very agreeable to all concerned.

Near Nebraska City, we experienced serious troubles brewing ahead of us. Information reached us from most reliable sources, that at last our whereabouts had become known to our persecutors and that they were expecting us, to cross the Missouri River at Nebraska City. To interrupt us here most effectually, they had all necessary legal documents ready for immediate delivery. But, the old saying proved true; There is many a slip, between the cup and the lip —. Little did we care, just then, to make the acquaintances of any trail of the fugitive Slave Code. We merely took a change of Venue and went at once South for several miles again. We also changed the outside appearance of "the Last Train" considerably.

Saddle horses became Roadsters, we repacked our "Outfit" and parted with friend Morris Walton and the Team of Dr. Pahr, which reduced us to but three waggon's. — We agreed now among us, that we must play;

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As Coming from Pike's Peak. —

We had a few Buffalo robes among us. These were hung out of the waggon most conspicuously and our colored passengers crowded under cover.

"Pardner" who would have drawn full crowds, at any Circus, now became the Chief Spokesman.

When ever we happened to meet a Traveller he would sling the most hideous "Mexican" — Spanish — Greetings at him, coaxing him into a trade —

— a whole brand-new Buffalo Robe for only an eight rod Dram! — And if this Traveller happened to be of trading propensities, he would keep him at bay —

— prying out: — "Hold on my Chink, do you see anything green here," pointing to one of his ever sparkling eyes.

And there he would continue: — "Nister we have made the biggest haul ever made and west."

"Pardner" was also quite a Singer.

While driving the waggon, the horse were piling in, he actually finished one of his many caricatures with —

— "They have taken you away."

My darling Kellee Gray & I, while thus engaged as Coachman, he invariably asked for his ^{pseudo} country men, — from the Bear old Kaintuck.

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While these performances had to be permitted, the truth of the sentence "O Liberty, how many are thy bones" - forcibly impressed our minds. Our friends in Leboack City were fully competent to meet all emergencies. A new guide from the Country appeared who even brought us in a most cozy Retreat. Here we learned, that our friends at Brownsville, Bea and Nebraska City, had all agreed upon the same ferry boat for us to take. This Boat had something of a history attached to it. And when the right time for us had come to go off, the muddy waters of the Missouri River, these very friends were present to see us safe over. The owner of said ferryboat, was in tight, latches of the law, for having committed the then serious crime of putting fugitives across. He was under one thousand dollars bond, to keep the peace, or rather let his boat have sunk. We found him a packet abolitionist. Laughingly he told us, how to avoid the sleepy sandbar way yonder, how to manage the main pulley and the wheel, and convinced us, that his boat would take care of itself and land us safely.

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He found the Boat, lained to a young
Cottonwood tree, but the River was
said to be at the Office of the U. S. P. Mac
shale. - Well, we borrowed an ax
of our brother, the ferry man, by force
of arms, then cut the Sapling, threw
Chain and Hook into the boat, and
soon paddled in fast - "our own
Canoe." - After all had professed our
Guides took the boat back. And
when - "the last Train" - was far
beyond the reach of the legal Justice
of Nebraska Territory, the end of this
ferryboat run, went into its last
act. The "Rindler Violence" had
now to be committed against the
Brother + ferry man, in order to save
his Railroad. ^{a few shots were fired and then shot} When neighbors
rushed in, to see the fracas - as
agreed upon ^{with him} - they found him tied
to his Red Stead and even gagged.
"O tempora, o mores" -
True indeed, but one step from the
sublime, into the ridiculous. -
We now informed our passengers they
were in a free State, and all direct
danger, of being retaken by some
miser, past. Then they jumped down
and cut up Papers generally. The night
was still and most beautiful.
Watchful Sam had all her lamps

the ferry man

first recall name

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hung out and were burning brightly
for this grand occasion! The
most sublime Silence reigned all
around us, had it not been for that
noisy, restless, shrill songster: —
"Katy did, Katy did" —
"Warren Rapist" — "quishly" remarked
to me: "Wonder, how these Iowa
fellows found out, "Katy did" —
"Gosh, was, yonder."

Of the generous reception we soon
obtained at the hospitable home
in Civil Bend and Tahor, I need
not say a word. Language is in-
adequate. It is the Iowa "Oberlin".

To come from Kansas on a mission
like our present one, was enough.
Our colored people have always been
amazed, when they found themselves
here recognized as human beings,
— friends and Brothers, in the great
family of man. Willingly we
remained here several days to
recruit our horses and turn our
special attention, to the healthy prac-
tices, of Hygienic Laws.

It may not come here amiss, to
relate that the name of but one
Kansas man is at Tahor for
below par. It is he, who while
on his first journey to Kansas,



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had enjoyed the unremitting hospitalities
of a certain family of the finest
culture and the most sensitive feelings.

When about ready to leave, he
pulled out his purse and haughtily
asked for his Bill. The Lady in-
dignantly stepped back, as if beholding
a Snake in the Grass and replied:

"Sir, we deem it always the highest
privilege to make every body
comfortable, that is going out, to
snatch the 'Virgin Soil' of fair
Kansas from the pollution of
Slavery, but must you Sir me
do that Deep Bowdler's 'is'!

"Oh! Bosh" - This man's Answer
came - I go to Kansas to make
money - And he kept guard
his property even long after Boston
papers landed him - the Christian
Senator from Kansas.

out of

The train through Iowa, as far as
we had to go, was very pleasant.
At every Station but one we
had the good fortune of being re-
ceived as expected, and welcome
Guests. - Iowa Section Passes men
at that time very attentive to their Callings
and would most diligently search for
any defect on the whole length of
their line, before permitting our train

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to pass out. All Switches were tested
by most skillful and experienced hands.

Through these men, all officials at
the next Dept, became apprised of
the Train coming in such a way.
We went from Tahoe to Indian Creek in
Miles County, Thence through Grove Town-
ship, Pottawatomie Co, to Levens, to Grove
City, Dalmarville, West Milton to Ded
Moines. Here, in the Capital of Iowa,
we beheld in "Washburn" - the first
Captain, of the regular "Wide Awakes" -
Then we began to smell the battle
from a far, that was to come!

To Newton Centre, we proceeded
without the usual Guide and came
very near, to get ourselves into equal
troubles, as those we had evaded in
Nebraska City. - We had by this time
somewhat relaxed our former
precaution and care, in disguising
the real character of our Train.
While we halted, about one mile west
of Newton Centre, among some hazel
brush, Papers by, had seen enough
to tell a good deal more about us, when
they came to town. Stories never
lose by Travelling, and we found
it so. Retreat being impossible,
we prepared to take our life chances,
in an immediate Collision, perhaps

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a telescoping of the whole Train. Our Waggons were however permitted to hang loosely around the bows, but all unnecessary display of ~~side~~ arms strictly forbidden, though all these arms kept handy to use instantly. Thus we went along and halted at the public Square, where we prepared for our leave. An elderly woman brought a basket of milk for the women and children. Considerable of a crowd had by this time gathered on the sidewalks. We soon discerned a division existing among them, Some would cheer us others would use the old and stale epithets of "Hippothripes", "Hang them". We kept our eyes on these men. At last, shouts, after shouts came ringing through the air: "Why don't you take them, you is your only chance, you is good driving Samvats". We considered it our plain duty, to convince all that ~~we~~ actually were well armed and meant to make the Best of this fight. But, the mere sight of so many of Heavy brass Bashed Bibles and Testaments thrown up to view and held firm in our hands, Piled the very last spark of fighting out of these hoisterous, fugitives - Slave-Pole-Vorshippers.

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And, when they were told, that we were ready
to dispute title, to what we held and
prayed for title, when ever the case
should be called by them, they must have
come to the conclusion: "All passengers
of the last train" - as well as the officials
on board, must be hard customers, for
we were soon left to enjoy ^{many} hearty
shakes of the hands from true friends to
the Cause. The next issue of the paper of
that day, came out in dismal times
and prophesied, that, if such conduct
was permitted, this our glorious
Country would all go to smash!
I have often wondered how this
little Bright of the Quill ^{must} have
felt, after the Surrender of 1835. -
from here, we went to Grinnell. A
Town Meeting was ~~here~~ soon called,
in which the Chairman stated, that
certain weary Travellers had arrived,
who needed a good deal of assistance
in clothing and provision. From
some unaccountable reason, he
did not refer to the Color of these
strangers. This was the first public
meeting in the life experience of our
valued passengers, that they ever had
been at, ~~a place~~ where Humanity
presided and Love carried a whole
Assembly. A Notice requested, to

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have these strangers spoken of, rise to
their feet & so that they could be seen
by the Assembly. Anticipating the
like the writer had requested all the
colored people to take seats near him
and do whatever he would do.
After a lapse of a minute or two,
as none of them ^{even} ~~thought~~ ^{thought} dared
to rise without doing the same my-
self first. I reluctantly rose and all
these colored people stood up.

While thus standing, a motion was carried, that those, who had room to spare, should take some of us home, had all assistance otherwise would be thankfully received at the Residence of the Hon. J. B. Grinnell, the Headquarters of the Train Masters and other officials.

A certain young gentleman & Dr. B —, took particular fancy to me and became mine host. He deposited me in the kitchen and left me there ~~fast~~ to reflect, for quite a length of time. Refreshments were at last put on the cloth left table for me, of which I most heartily partook. Seeing the quisknives under which, piece after piece had disappeared, the Dr. Binelly said: "You don't have such vitals down



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"South have you?"

I placed my alimentary machinery almost at my neighbor's, looked into his face, but thought to myself: - Your studies of Anatomy must be of a very limited extent, did you ever see a Mollusc with such long Breasts as mine? - I knew very well that my face was terribly sunburned and therefore I took the joke, of being ^{at last} taken for a genuine American born, though of African descent, for the grandest ever perpetrated on me. - After I had done full and equitable justice to my Carver, I moved the Chair backwards, without first rising from it, as awkwardly as I knew how and then felt really to see the end of this funny Beginning. A few lady friends of mine had just arrived to see the "Sights", the Dr. beckoning to me, saying:

"Come in here, my man these Ladies like to see and have a talk with you."

I was in the front parlour, where stood a large Bookcase full of books. At a glance, I beheld some of old friends of mine there: May I look at some of your books

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I asked, having turned my back down
to placido.

"Most certainly, Can you read —" ?

"Some" — my requish peple.

I knew well, that every eye in that
room followed with my choice.

Taking "Old Homer" from the
shelf, I turned and feeling my back
had reached placido. "I most
truthfully stated: "It is a long
and dreary Past, since we both
have been separated —"

Miss West sprang up and holding
both of my hands inquired:

"Where did you obtain this educated
man?" — I replied: "Kind friend,

I well perceive your mistake, please,
let it remain a geographical one
your part! For, the Revolution
of 1848 in Europe, Compelled me
to seek here a home. —"

It would be hard to tell, who was
the most affected, the relator, or
his Audience. We became warmly
attached to each other.

Well did Russell remark: — He
had held the American hand,
and found it well to be to the
Cause of Liberty —"

from here, we proceeded to Brook
lyn and joined the M + M R.R.

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Some inquired what M + M stood
for, to which I readily replied
- "Wily, most miserable" - It was
the Mississippi and Missouri R.R.
On next day we came in sight of
Lima City, a Democratic stronghold.
We were only fifteen miles west of
the end of our journey, but we
preferred to go into Camp on the west
side of the Iowa River, while "Ed.
Morris" and "Joe Coppers" whose
parents lived in West Branch and
Springdale, should go ahead of us,
preparing Quarters for our Passengers
and us too. Our Camp was at the
foot of Judge Johnson's farm, one
of the staunchest Democrats in
Johnson County. And, while I beheld
this City before me, brightly colored,
by the setting sunbeams, my mind
revolved ~~the~~ some of the experiences
John Brown and Rags had here,
when in the same County ~~at~~ last.
A mob from Lima City and Rochester
had actually been gathered, to take
their colored Passengers away from
them. They had been guarded for
over twenty four hours at a house
in Springdale, but the enemy did
not have animal spirits ^{enough} to
do. So, John Brown and Rags

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went both to Iowa City together, but entered the Train separately.

Razi happened to fall in with some of their very men, who inquired of him, if he had seen ~~most~~ ^{some} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~Springdale~~ ^{Springdale} Quakers and also Brown, and his men. His replica in his strict mind: "He has." —

"Will they fight Sir?" they asked. "Razi straightened himself up to his full height and answered: "Like Tigris for their young ones". We started for the end of our journey long before sunrise and took breakfast at West Branch. This took place on Friday Morning, the 17th day of August, having been on our trip some few days or two months.

Kind hearted friends to the colored people relieved us of our charge. Stewart and Clark took "Kato" to Boston while all the rest of our former Passengers, remained here in the Quaker Settlement.

We found, that even here among these otherwise kind people, a great and most peculiar division existed, concerning the ex-officials of "the Path Train". There were a few, and not not spoken



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omit

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Abolitionists who dared to prove
practically their faith, ^{and} in whose houses
and homes all were ever welcome.
Others seemed to wait and feel their
ways under a heavy dark cloud of
propriety, they were the few abiding
Quakers with no "Phineas" or Unit
Tans' Poles, among them. The
writes Brown of one family of this
disposition in particular who
were always guided in their conduct
towards all of us, by Tidal Wave
from the Delaware Bay. - And though
both, husband and wife, were recognized
ministers of the Gospel of "Love" - I
fear much, their nice and neat little
Cottage, had never room for the
weary Branney Plane and App. etc.,
for one taken under was measures.
To illustrate more forcibly this
peculiar & strange feelings among
them, I am compelled to relate
that, when John Brown had landed
at that same place, one dear Quaker
Mother of the right stripe, in whose
veins flowed pure Abolition blood
from her Ancestors, begged for a
pair of pants, for an almost naked
little eight years old Colored boy,
at the "Dorcas Society" in West
Branney. Reader, it was in the

begin
here

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middle of Winter and some snow
crusts glazed the ground. But the
following Answer was received:
"Friend Anna, these colored people
may have been taken perhaps by
the shedding of human blood,
and they know, our Society does
not believe in encouraging war.
If we should give aid, would
we not thus transgress our time
honored Discipline?"

And Anna responded:

"Friend Elizabeth, it matters not
to me, by what means; or how
these colored people came to us,
— it is enough for me to know,
they are needy."

That dear Quaker Mother took hold
of the matter under her own responsibility
and walked with them!
May God bless her!

Notes of great Alarm were even
sounded at West Branch Religious
particular Meeting, when the writer
was compelled to sit still ^{and listen} and ^{with} ^{the} ^{people}
with the following short sermon:

"Take heed, ye men of the fages,
— the little fages, — that spoil the tender
Vine." — But what a waiteth
at this Alarm, the writer perceived
at last of the prize, for he succeeded
in obtaining for his beloved wife

They are coming —

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one of that same Tender Diner. —

And, since the Reader had to be made somewhat acquainted with the main features of those, who were either for; or against us, during our stay in Cedar County, it becomes how my pleasant duty, to speak of — "William Mason," ^{was} a great Enthusiast, a Tower of Strength in the Cause, we had at hand. He lived a few miles East of Springdale on his large farm. His Home was something more than a mere Depot, it proved to be a well regulated free Boarding place, where Ex-officials and passengers of all Kansas Trains were ever welcome to remain, till the former could return to Kansas and the latter had found places to work. Here it was, where John Brown's men spent the winter, here they drilled before starting for Canada and afterwards Harper's Ferry. In this man's parlor the reader can find good, Life sized Oil paintings, of "John Brown" — "G. D. Stephens" — "Whipple" — "Kagi" — "Edwin Cupp" — "John C. Cook" and "Charles T. Tidd". Besides these paintings, he has Ambrotypes and Photographs of many of such Kansas men, who have proven their unswerving devotion to our great Cause, without

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39 B.

Eyes having their true merits heralded
from Lark to Bersheba. And though
they may now be placed in humble walks
of life they nevertheless had in those
stormy times such a mission to fulfill,
the rewards of which neither moth
nor rust can corrupt, or thieves break
through and steal.

There is but little more to add. first the query
why was this "The Last Train"? The answer
is: After the return of Rev. John S. Stewart
to Kansas, our new Road was reported
a very safe one. Regular Trains became
out of usage, "Hand Cares" answered all
purposes and were now preferred till
the Spring of 1861. After the war had
opened, the term: "Runaways"
changed its significance. The idea
of the Master ever running away
and the Negroes staying at home
was ludicrous beyond description,
and exactly depicted in these lines:

" Say, Darkies, hab you seen de Maf's'r,
" Wied de muffedack on his face,
" Go long de road some time dis mornin',
" Like he's gwine to leave de place?
" He seen de smoke way up the ribber,
" Where de Linkum gunboats lay;
" He took his hat, and left berry sudden
" And I s'pose he runned away.
" De Maf's'r run, Ha! Ha!

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And after our Armies had repeatedly and with obstructive disasters, a ^{voice} ~~song~~ from an ~~High~~ was heard:—

— "Let my people go free" —
At last our triumph became certain.
All the W. G. B. Bonds, throughout the
Land, surrendered their Charters into
the hands of that peacemaking Emancipator,
Proclamation, by which the Chief
Executive of the American Nation,
became ^{now} the sole Manager of four
Million of colored people to travel
henceforth where and whenever
they pleased. —

Second: What has become of the passengers and ex-officials of the Last Train? —

"Black Jack" and "Hansy" were soon married in Springdale. He rented the farm of the feeble ~~Stepfather~~ Joseph Bailey, the Stepfather of Edwin Coppock, whom the laws of Virginia murdered at Charlestown. Gallows with John S. Clark. When Iowa called for colored troops "Black Jack" volunteered and was killed at Philok. "Johnny" who took to himself the name of "Clark" - is taken of the Rindick regt for "Lieut. Clark" - also enlisted, served all through the war, but died at Savenport

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Lama
me
as and
Lama R.
John
in
Kansas
city

with Prunonia, even after his discharge.
"My George" and his family are still living
in Cedar County. The other "George," whom
we called - "Dear George" - went also
in the Army. He married a colored
Woman of high Culture, she having been
a Graduate. They are living in Colorado.
"Kate" returned to Kansas and is
married in Lawrence City and with
"Black Hawk" - Joe, "Ed." and "Ned," I do
know went also in the Army. The
last have been reported as having 33
listed in Rev. Kate, but their present
domestic I know not. —

"Rev. John E. Stewart" bade me fare-well
in Law City on Saturday October
the 13th 1866 on his return from Boston
to Kansas. We have never met again.
"Joe Macy" remained in Lawa with
his family, enlisted, but died from
Camp Exposure at the early part of
the War.

"Joe Popper" did not return to Kansas.
He too enlisted and is now a Baptist
Minister in Lawa.

"Southwick and Garder" went into
Lawa Regiments, but what became
of both afterwards I know not.

"Morris Walton" our much esteemed
Coachman from Auburn Station
died about 6 years ago on his farm
a few

The last train that passed over the Underground Railroad from Kansas Territory

42.

J. B. LEPPINCOTT & Co.,
Wholesale Stationers,
Philadelphia.

on Dragon Creek.

↓
"Warren
Bassett
returned
to Kansas,
but is
now in
Ohio."

"Charles Ball and Ed. Morrison"
returned to Kansas with the teams
we had obtained there, ~~and were~~ even
afterwards brutally butchered with
"Phostley ^{Harvey} ^{Edwin} Lipsey" at the farm of
a Walker - in Jackson County, Missouri;
while assisting Slaves to escape.
Their only mistake in this mission,
was, the permitting of "Charles Hall"
afterwards known as "Quintessence the
human fiend" - to become one of
their party associates. His betrayal
at this place must have been caused
for money consideration; for I have
known this same man perhaps well
enough, to say this much. At the
time he was teaching near Osawatomie,
I had occasion to trust him as
"Proctor", and ^{he} had been with me in some
important actions, around "Purge
Inland", and "The Marmaton". When
I recalled the men of that period and
let them pass Master, it seems to me,
that I fully comprehend this extra-
ordinary phenomena in this man's
insatiable great thirst for blood,
not only from his former friends
and party associates; but Anti
Slavery people in general.

The last train that passed over the Underground Railroad from Kansas Territory

McCort & Co.,
Stationers,
Philadelphia.

The assumption of his acting upon
 Revenge, is utterly groundless, he
 nothing to revenge, but much to fear.
 He might have had some disagreements
 with Charles Ball, Ed. Morrison and
 Phileas Lynde, as to plans, how to
 effect the escape of those slaves, but
 after he had betrayed them and they
~~had been~~ ^{were} killed, - Judas like, - he had
 to become the betrayer. But, lacking
 the ~~spirit~~ ^{nerve} of those, who fall by their
 own hands, nothing was left to him
 than to draw the very last spark
 of memory, for his Antislavery Parents,
 Northern friends and Uprights, of
 his Ohio home, before he could
 become the Demon complete.
 "Sidney Plaski" must of necessity
 have returned to Kansas on a different
 road ^{and destination} from all the rest of us, for
 it actually landed him in his
 allotted time direct into the halls
 of Congress. And the "Ex Brakesmen
 of the Last Train" found there
 ample opportunities greatly to
 develop his practical knowledge
 in Great Broad matters to such an
 extent, as to enable him successful
 to unravel many a marvellous
 Railroad romance.
 The "Writer" returned about three years ago
 in the fall of 1870 -

Charles W. Leonard

Question: Was this Lynde in Kansas looking for fugitives? He got 100000 in a year, three dollars a week
 and the Northern Union is splintered made up of Kansas 4-11-70 -

When can I find historical proofs that
 some ^{certain} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~which~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{help}
 can rescue Civilians ~~letting~~ ^{letting} us of Law
Denver's former life, participating in
 a challenge for his own self, Redpoller
Civilians against Law, stating in fact
is, that how blends a truth and here
me, the harsh world have been
denied upon Wetley Law. —
 I know well the truth for the
who went to Denver the papers
of Rich's denies but were completely
for the denial of denial and for
their denial. — The of the law
still is high and low. — Could not
be denied as is the denial is the
denial of freedom?

[illegible]

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