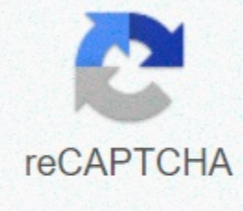




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Harriet tubman guide to freedom questions and answers

These are the most frequently asked questions about Harriet Tubman. Read on to learn more about this African-American heroine. What was harriet tubman's name? At birth, her parents named her Araminta Ross. Why did she change her name? She changed her name before fleeing, so it would be hard to track her down. She adopted harriet's name from her mother and took the surname of her husband, Tubman. What was Tubman's nickname? Her parents called her Minty as a child, and as adults those who led to freedom called her Moses. Where was Harriet Tubman born? Harriet Tubman was born in Dorchester County, Maryland. When was Harriet Tubman born? Tubman is believed to have been born between 1815 and 1825. Records of the birth of slaves were not kept by their owners, so it is impossible to know with certainty the date of its birth. When did Harriet Tubman escape? Harriet Tubman escaped on April 17, 2014. How did Harriet Tubman escape slavery? She was helped by supporters of the underground railroad. It is believed she went northeast along the Choptank River and through Delaware, across the Mason-Dixon Line to freedom to Pennsylvania. Her journey was nearly 90 miles, and it's unclear how long it took her. The Mason-Dixon Line was a delineation of north and south, freedom and slavery. Who did Harriet Tubman marry? She was married twice. Her first marriage was in 1844 to John Tubman and the second in 1869 to Nelson Davis. How many people did Harriet Tubman lead to freedom? In nearly a decade, the underground railroad has made 19 journeys and led about 300 slaves to freedom. Some were guided by her, and others followed her instructions. Why was Harriet Tubman called Moses? She was called Moses as an analogy to the biblical story of Moses, who tried to lead the Jews into the promised land and free them from slavery. How did Harriet Tubman let the slaves know about her plans? Harriet was illiterate, communicating with other slaves by singing songs that white people wouldn't understand. The song lyrics contained secret codes. Is it true that Harriet Tubman had a \$40,000 bounty on her head? There is no evidence of such a great reward, and most likely it is a myth. On October 3, 1849, an announcement was made public at the Cambridge Democrat offering a \$300 reward for the return of Minty and her two brothers, Ben and Harry. Announcement of a \$300 reward for the return of Minty, Harry and Ben to the Cambridge Democrat. Click on the image to enlarge. What was Harriet Tubman's role in the Civil War? Her roles were as a nurse, cook, laundry, scout and spy. What did Harriet Tubman do after the Civil War? After the Civil War, Tubman helped her people, hosted them in her home, and helped them as much as she could. She relied on gifts. Why did it take her so long to get compensation from her? in the Civil War? It took Tubman more than 30 years to get a veteran's pension from the government because her services were not documented. How did Harriet Tubman die? Tubman died of pneumonia. When did Harriet Tubman die? Harriet died 12. Where's Harriet Tubman buried? Tubman was buried with military honors at Fort Hill Cemetery in Auburn. Read her short biography along maryland's east coast, in Dorchester County, in Carolina County, the masters still hear whispers about a man named Moses who ran away from slaves. At first, they didn't believe in its existence. The stories about him were fantastic, incredible. Yet they watched him. They offered him rewards for his capture. They never saw him. Now and then they heard whispers about him being around. The woods have been searched. The roads were being monitored. There's never been anything to indicate where he is. But a few days later, many good slaves would disappear from the plantation. Neither the master nor the guards in the neighborhood heard or saw anything unusual. Sometimes one or the other vaguely remembered hearing a beater calling somewhere in the woods, nearby, late at night. Although it was a bad season for whippoorwills. Sometimes the masters thought they heard owls screaming, repeated, and remembered that the intervals between low moaning were wrong, that it was repeated four times in a row instead of three. There's never been anything more than to suggest that things aren't right in the quarter. But when the morning came, they always found that a group of the best slaves stood on their heels. Unfortunately, the discovery was almost always made on Sunday. So he got lost all day before the chase machine could set in motion. Posters offering rewards for refugees could not be printed until Monday. The men who made a living hunting for escaped slaves were out of reach, in the forest with their dogs and weapons, in pursuit of four-legged animals, or were at camp meetings and prayed with their wives and families next to them. Harriet Tubman could have told them that there was much more to this matter of slave escape than signaling would-be fugitives by imitating the call of a beater or hoot owl, much more involved than just the question of waiting for a clear night when the Northern Star was seen. In December 1851, when she started a bunch of refugees she planned to take to Canada, she was near the plantation for several days, planning a trip and carefully picking out the slaves she had taken with her. She announced her arrival in the neighborhood forbidden cleric - Go down, Moses, 'way down to Egypt land - sing quietly outside the door of the slave cabin, late at night. Husky's voice was beautiful, though it was hardly more than a murmur carries on the wind. As soon as she made her presence known, word spread that she was coming from the cabin to the cabin. The slaves whispered to each other, from mouth to mouth, from mouth to mouth: Moses is here. Moses has come. Ger ready. Moses is back again. Those who agreed to go north with her put an ashray and salt herring in an old cup, hastily tied up in a bundle, and then patiently waited for a signal that meant it was time to start. There were 11 at this party, including one of her brothers and his wife. It was the largest group she had ever led, but she was determined that more and more slaves should know what freedom was. She must have taken them all the way to Canada. The Law on Runaway Slaves was no longer many incomprehensible words written on the country's legal books. The new law has come true. It was Thomas Sims, the boy who picked up the streets of Boston last night and sent it back to Georgia. It was Jerry and Shadrach, arrested and imprisoned without warning. She's never been to Canada. Her trip to Philadelphia was weird. But she couldn't let the refugees who accompanied her know. As they walked, she told them stories about her first flight, still painting vivid verbal images of what it would be like to be free. But this time there were so many. She knew moments of doubt when she was half afraid, and kept looking over her shoulder, imagining that she could hear the sound of persecution. I'm sure they'd be chasing them. Eleven of them. Meat, bones, and muscles worth eleven thousand dollars that belonged to Maryland planters. If they were caught, eleven refugees would be flogged and sold south, but she - she would probably hang. They tried to sleep during the day but could never completely relax to sleep. She could tell by the attitudes they had taken, by their restless movements. And they came at night. Their progress has been slow. It took them a three night walk to get to the first stop. She told them about where they would stay, promised warmth and good food, and kept these things as an incentive for them to continue. When she knocked on the door of the farmhouse, the places where she and her groups of refugees were always welcome, always given shelter and plenty of food, no one answered. She knocked silently again. A voice from within said, who is he? There was fear in his voice. She could immediately tell from the sound of her voice that something was wrong. She said: Friend with friends, passport underground railways. The door slowly opened. The man standing in the doorway looked at her coldly, and hid with no wonder and fear at the eleven dishevelled refugees standing near her. Then he shouted. Too much, too much. It's not safe. They searched my apartment last week. It's not safe! and slammed the door in her face. She turned away from the house and frowned. She promised her passengers food, rest and warmth, and instead it would be hungry and cold and others walking on the frozen earth. Somehow, she would have to instill in these eleven people, mostly foreigners, the courage to feed them hopes and bright dreams of freedom instead of the fried pork and cornbread and milk she promised them. They stumbled after her, half dead, to sleep, and she urged them, even though she was as tired and disgusted as they were. She's never been to Canada, but she's always painted amazing verbal pictures of what it would be like. She managed to dispel their fear of persecution so that they would not become hysterical, panic-stricken. Then she had to return some of the fear to stay awake and continue walking, even as they were bowing to sleep. Yet during the day, when they lay deep in the hoove, they never slept, for when the twig burst or the wind sighed in the branches of the pine, they jumped to their feet, afraid of their own shadows, trembled and trembled. It was very cold but they didn't dare make fires because someone saw the smoke and thought about it. She kept thinking about 11 of them. Slaves for eleven thousand dollars. And she had to take them all the way to Canada. Sometimes she told them about Thomas Garrett in Wilmington. She said he was their friend, even though he didn't know them. He was a friend of all refugees. He called them God's poor. He was a quaker, and his speech was a little different from other people's. His clothes were different, too. He was wearing a wide-overflowing hat worn by the Kachers. She said she had thick white hair, soft, almost like a child, and the kindest eyes she'd ever seen. He was a great man and strong, but he never used his strength to hurt anyone, always helping people. He gave them all the new shoes. All. It's always been like that. Once they got to his house in Wilmington, they'll be safe. He made sure they were. She described the house where he lived, told them about the store where he sold shoes. She said he had a bucket of milk and a loaf of bread in his desk drawer to prepare food for every one of God's poor who would suddenly appear before him and pass out hungry. There was a hidden room in the store. Entire wall open, and behind him was a room where he could hide the refugees. There were shelves full of small boxes on the wall - boxes of shoes - so you would never guess that the wall actually opened. While she was talking, she was still following them. She could tell by the look on their face. Wondered. New shoes, Thomas Garrett, Quaker, Wilmington - what was that madness? Who would tell the truth? Where did she take them, too? That night they arrived at the next stop - a farm that belonged to the Germans. She forced the refugees to hide behind trees on the edge of the fields before knocking on the door. She hesitated before she approached the door and thought that he too should refuse shelter, suppose - Then, Lord, I will hold firm on you and you must see me through - and knock quietly. She heard a familiar guttural voice say Who's there? She quickly replied: Friend with friends. He opened the door and greeted her warmly. How many were there this time? he asked. Eleven, she said, waiting, doubting, and thinking. He said, okay. Bring them in. He and his wife fed them a lamplight in the kitchen, their faces shone as they offered food and more food, lured them to eat, said there was enough for everyone, they had more milk, they had more bread, they had more meat. They spent the night in the warm kitchen. They really slept, all night and until dusk the next day. When they left, it was distaste. Everyone was warm, safe and well nourished. It was hard to trade the security offered by a clean, warm kitchen for the darkness and coldness of a December night. Harriet was also hard to leave warmth and friendliness. But she urged them. For a moment as they walked, they seemed to bear a measure of satisfaction in them; some of the tranquility and cleanliness of this great warm kitchen persisted inside them. But as they walked on and on from the heat and light, winter and darkness entered them. They were silent, grumpy, suspicious. She waited for the moment when one of them would turn rebellious. It didn't happen that night. Two nights later, she realized that the legs behind her were moving slower and slower. She heard irritability in their voices, she knew that soon someone would refuse to continue. She started talking about William Still and the Philadelphia Vigilance Committee. No one commented. No one asked any questions. She told them the story of William and Ellen Craft and how they ran away from Georgia. Ellen was so fair that she looked like she was white, so she dressed in men's clothes and looked like a rich young planter. Her husband, which was dark, played the role of its slave. So they traveled from Macon, Georgia, to Philadelphia, ride trains, stay in the best hotels. Ellen pretended to be very sick - her right hand was in a sling and her right hand was bandaged because she was supposed to have rheumatism. She avoided having to sign the checkout at the hotels because she couldn't read or write. They eventually arrived safely in Philadelphia and then continued on to Boston. Nobody said anything. None of them seemed to hear her. She told them about Frederick Douglass, the most famous of the escaped slaves, his eloquence, his magnificent appearance. Then she told them about her first futile attempt to escape, evoking the memory of that miserable life she had led as a child, and for a moment experiencing it in the narrative. But they were tired for too long, hungry for too long, afraid for too long, leg too long. One of them suddenly cried out in despair, let me come back. It's better to be a slave than to suffer like this to be free. On these roads, she carried a gun with her. She never used it except for the threat. Now, as she was aiming at him, she felt guilt when she remembered that time, years ago, when she prayed for the death of Edward Brodas, the Master, and then not long after, she heard that great howling cry that came out of the throat of the field hands, and knew from the sound that the Master was dead. One of the refugees said again: Let me go back. Let me go back, he stopped, then he turned around and said over his shoulder, I'm coming back. She picked up the gun and took it at a desperate slave. She said, Come with us or die. Husky's low-penetrating voice was grim. He hesitated for a moment, then joined the others. They started walking again. She tried to explain to them why none of them could go back to the plantation. If the fugitive came back, he would become a traitor, the master and the warden would force him to become a traitor. Slaves returned to reveal the place of the stop, the stash, the corn stakes they used with the full knowledge of the farm owner, the name of the German farmer who fed and protected them. These people, who risked their own safety to help refugees, would be destroyed, fined, imprisoned. She said: We have to go free or die. And freedom is not bought with dust. This time she told them about the long anachmation of the Middle Passage on old slave ships, the black horror of the fire, the chains and the whips. They knew these stories, too. But she wanted to remind them of the long journey they had come, of the long, hard journey they still had to make. She told them about Thomas Sims, the boy got up on the streets of Boston and sent back to She said that when they got him back to Savannah, they put him in jail, whipped him until the doctor who was standing and watching said, You're going to kill him if you hit him again! His master said, Let him die! And so she made them move on. Sometimes she thought she wasn't just a voice talking in the dark, coaxing, urging, threatening. Sometimes she would tell them things to make them laugh, sometimes she would sing to them, and she would hear eleven voices behind her quietly with hers, and then she knew that everything was fine with them at the moment. She began to feel like she was a small, muscular, indomable woman who could never be defeated. But at any moment, she could be entertained by one of those strange sleep attacks that could last for minutes or hours. Even on this trip, she suddenly fell asleep in the woods. The refugees, ragged, dirty, hungry, cold, didn't steal weapons as much as they could, and they didn't get off alone or come back. They sat on the ground with her, patiently waiting for her to wake up. They began to trust her unconditionally. They, too, believed her repeated statement: We must go

free or die. She led them to freedom, so they waited for her to be ready to continue. He eventually arrived at Thomas Garrett's house in Wilmington, Delaware. As Harriet promised, Garrett gave them all the new shoes and gave them carriages for the next stop. After slow stages, he made it to Philadelphia, where William Still hurriedly recorded their names and plantations, where they came from, and some of the life they led in slavery. Then he carefully hid what he had written, for fear that it might be discovered. In 1872 he published this record in book form and called it the Underground Railroad. In the foreword to his book he said: Although I knew the dangers of keeping strict records, and if I did not then dream that in my time of slavery would be lotted out, or that the time would come when I could publish these records, it serves to allow me great satisfaction to bring them down, fresh from the mouths of refugees on the way to freedom and to preserve them so how they were given. William Still, who knew all the underground railroad stops, supplied Harriet with money and sent her and her 11 fugitives to Burlington, New Jersey. Harriet felt safer now, even though there were dangerous places in front of us. But most of her work is done. As they went further and further north, he cooled; was aware of the wind on the Jersey ferry and was aware of the cold humidity in New York. From New York they continued to Syracuse, where the temperature was even lower. In Syracuse, she met the Rev. J.W. Loguen, known as Jarm Loguen. These were lifelong friendship. Harriet and Jarm Loguen were to become friends and support Old John Brown. From Syracuse, they headed north again to the colder, snowier city of Rochester. Here they almost certainly stayed with Frederick Douglass, because in his autobiography he wrote: On one occasion I had eleven refugees under my roof and it was necessary for them to stay with me until I could raise enough money to get them to Canada. It was the biggest number I have ever had and I had trouble providing so much food and shelter, but as you can imagine they were not very picky in either direction and were well satisfied with the very plain food and the stripe of carpet on the floor for a bed or a place on straw in a barnloft. In late December 1851, Harriet arrived in St. Catharines, Canada West (now Ontario), with eleven refugees. It took almost a month to complete this journey; He spent most of his time getting out of Maryland. The first winter in St. Catharines was terrible. Canada was a strange frozen country, snow everywhere, ice everywhere and cold like none of them had ever experienced before. Harriet rented a small, timbered house in the city and set to work to make a home. The refugees boarded with her. They worked in the woods, they cut down trees, and so did she. Sometimes she took other jobs, cooking or cleaning the house for people in the city. She encouraged these newly arrived refugees, worked alone, looked for work for them, looked for food for them, prayed for them, sometimes begged for them. She often found herself thinking about the beauty of Maryland, the softness of the soil, the richness of plant life there. The climate itself has created the ease of life that could never be duplicated in this gloomy, desolate landscape. Despite the strong winter, hard work, she began to love St. Catharines and other cities in Canada where black people lived. She found that freedom means more than the right to change jobs according to want, more than the right to keep the money a person has earned. It was the right to vote and sit on juries. It was the right to be elected to office. In Canada, there were black supremacists who were county officials and school board members. St. Catharines had a large colony of former slaves, and they owned their own homes, kept them clean and clean and in good condition. They lived in any part of the city they chose and sent their children to schools. When spring came, she decided to make this small Canadian town her home - just as any place can be said to be home to a woman who traveled from Canada to the east coast of Maryland as often as she did. In the spring of 1852 she returned to Cape May, New Jersey She spent the summer there, cooking at a hotel. That fall, as usual, she returned to Dorchester County and brought nine more slaves who led them all the way to St. Catharines, in western Canada, to winter, snowy forests - and freedom. She lived this way, spending the winter in Canada and spring and summer working on Cape May, New Jersey or Philadelphia. She made two trips a year to slave territory, one in the fall and the other in the spring. Now it had a crystalline purpose, and in carrying it out, her life got into a pattern that had not changed for the next six years.

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