Writing About the Big Question

In this excerpt from Harriet Tubman: Conductor on the Underground Railroad, Harriet Tubman leads eleven escaped slaves to freedom in Canada in the mid-1800s. Use this sentence starter to develop your ideas about the Big Question:

It is important to learn about historical figures who challenged slavery because __________________.

While You Read Notice the types of details the author includes to help readers learn about Tubman.

Vocabulary

Read each word and its definition. Decide whether you know the word well, know it a little bit, or do not know it all. After you read, see how your knowledge of each word has increased.

- **invariably** (in ver’ ē a blē) adv. all the time; always (p. 487)  
  People *invariably* mistake Jon for his twin brother.  
  invariable adj. invariability n. vary v. variety n.
- **fugitives** (fyōō jī tivz) n. people fleeing from danger (p. 487) *The escaping slaves were fugitives from the law.*
- **incentive** (in sent’ īv) n. something that makes a person take action (p. 488) *Extra pay for overtime labor is an incentive to work longer hours.*
- **dispel** (di spel’ ) v. cause something to go away (p. 489) *The facts will *dispel* any doubts about his innocence.*  
  dispelling v. impel v. compel v. repel v.
- **mutinous** (myōōt’ an ēs) adj. rebellious (p. 491) *The mutinous sailors captured the captain and took charge of the ship.*  
  mutiny n. mutineer n.
- **bleak** (blēk) adj. bare and windswept; cold and harsh (p. 495) *The bleak landscape stretched before them like an old, gray blanket.*  
  bleakly adv. bleakness adj.
Stories of the Underground Railroad had a personal meaning for Ann Petry. Her grandfather Willis James was himself a fugitive slave who had escaped from Virginia and settled in Connecticut in the 1800s.

**The Voices of History** Petry’s parents encouraged Petry to be confident and proud of her heritage by telling stories of her ancestors. These stories later helped Petry capture the voices of history in her own writing. To young people, she said, “Remember for what a long, long time black people have been in this country, have been a part of America: a sturdy, indestructible, wonderful part of America, woven into its heart and into its soul.”

**DID YOU KNOW?**
Like her father, Petry trained as a pharmacist. She worked for several years in her family’s drugstore.

**BACKGROUND FOR THE ESSAY**

**The Underground Railroad**

Harriet Tubman, a former slave, became a leading force behind the Underground Railroad, a network of people that helped slaves escape the South in the mid-1800s. At first, she led escaped slaves to free states in the North. In 1850, however, Congress passed the Fugitive Slave Law, which returned escaped slaves found in the North to their southern masters. As a result, Tubman was forced to lead the fugitives to Canada.
Along the Eastern Shore of Maryland, in Dorchester County, in Caroline County, the masters kept hearing whispers about the man named Moses, who was running off slaves. At first they did not believe in his existence. The stories about him were fantastic, unbelievable. Yet they watched for him. They offered rewards for his capture.

They never saw him. Now and then they heard whispered rumors to the effect that he was in the neighborhood. The woods were searched. The roads were watched. There was never anything to indicate...
his whereabouts. But a few days afterward, a goodly number of slaves would be gone from the plantation. Neither the master nor the overseer had heard or seen anything unusual in the quarter. Sometimes one or the other would vaguely remember having heard a whippoorwill call somewhere in the woods, close by, late at night. Though it was the wrong season for whippoorwills.

Sometimes the masters thought they had heard the cry of a hoot owl, repeated, and would remember having thought that the intervals between the low moaning cry were wrong, that it had been repeated four times in succession instead of three. There was never anything more than that to suggest that all was not well in the quarter. Yet when morning came, they invariably discovered that a group of the finest slaves had taken to their heels.

Unfortunately, the discovery was almost always made on a Sunday. Thus a whole day was lost before the machinery of pursuit could be set in motion. The posters offering rewards for the fugitives could not be printed until Monday. The men who made a living hunting for runaway slaves were out of reach, off in the woods with their dogs and their guns, in pursuit of four-footed game, or they were in camp meetings saying their prayers with their wives and families beside them.

Harriet Tubman could have told them that there was far more involved in this matter of running off slaves than signaling the would-be runaways by imitating the call of a whippoorwill, or a hoot owl, far more involved than a matter of waiting for a clear night when the North Star was visible.

In December, 1851, when she started out with the band of fugitives that she planned to take to Canada, she had been in the vicinity of the plantation for days, planning the trip, carefully selecting the slaves that she would take with her.

She had announced her arrival in the quarter by singing the forbidden spiritual—one—that “Go down, Moses, way down to Egypt Land”—singing it softly outside the door of a slave cabin, late at night. The husky voice was beautiful even when it was barely more than a murmur borne on the wind.

Once she had made her presence known, word of her coming spread from cabin to cabin. The slaves whispered.

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**Vocabulary**

- **invariably** (in var’ á o bi’ə) adv. all the time; always
- **fugitives** (fyōō’ je tivz’) n. people fleeing from danger

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1. **camp meetings** religious meetings held outdoors or in a tent.
2. **forbidden spiritual** In 1831, a slave named Nat Turner encouraged an unsuccessful slave uprising by talking about the biblical story of the Israelites’ escape from Egypt. Afterward, the singing of certain spirituals, songs based on the Bible, was forbidden for fear of encouraging more uprisings.

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*from Harriet Tubman: Conductor on the Underground Railroad*
to each other, ear to mouth, mouth to ear, “Moses is here.” “Moses has come.” “Get ready. Moses is back again.” The ones who had agreed to go North with her put ashcake and salt herring in an old bandanna, hastily tied it into a bundle, and then waited patiently for the signal that meant it was time to start.

There were eleven in this party, including one of her brothers and his wife. It was the largest group that she had ever conducted, but she was determined that more and more slaves should know what freedom was like.

She had to take them all the way to Canada. The Fugitive Slave Law was no longer a great many incomprehensible words written down on the country’s lawbooks. The new law had become a reality. It was Thomas Sims, a boy, picked up on the streets of Boston at night and shipped back to Georgia. It was Jerry and Shadrach, arrested and jailed with no warning.

She had never been in Canada. The route beyond Philadelphia was strange to her. But she could not let the runaways who accompanied her know this. As they walked along she told them stories of her own first flight, she kept painting vivid word pictures of what it would be like to be free.

But there were so many of them this time. She knew moments of doubt when she was half-afraid, and kept looking back over her shoulder, imagining that she heard the sound of pursuit. They would certainly be pursued. Eleven of them. Eleven thousand dollars’ worth of flesh and bone and muscle that belonged to Maryland planters. If they were caught, the eleven runaways would be whipped and sold South, but she—she would probably be hanged.

They tried to sleep during the day but they never could wholly relax into sleep. She could tell by the positions they assumed, by their restless movements. And they walked at night. Their progress was slow. It took them three nights of walking to reach the first stop. She had told them about the place where they would stay, promising warmth and good food, holding these things out to them as an incentive to keep going.

**Narrative Essay**
What are the real-life setting and subject of this essay?

**Main Idea**
What new details about Tubman do you learn here?

**Vocabulary**
*incentive* (in sent’ iv) *n.* something that makes a person take action

▲ **Critical Viewing**
What does the map show? [Interpret]
When she knocked on the door of a farmhouse, a place where she and her parties of runaways had always been welcome, always been given shelter and plenty to eat, there was no answer. She knocked again, softly. A voice from within said, “Who is it?” There was fear in the voice.

She knew instantly from the sound of the voice that there was something wrong. She said, “A friend with friends,” the password on the Underground Railroad.

The door opened, slowly. The man who stood in the doorway looked at her coldly, looked with unconcealed astonishment and fear at the eleven disheveled runaways who were standing near her. Then he shouted, “Too many, too many. It’s not safe. My place was searched last week. It’s not safe!” and slammed the door in her face.

She turned away from the house, frowning. She had promised her passengers food and rest and warmth, and instead of that, there would be hunger and cold and more walking over the frozen ground. Somehow she would have to instill courage into these eleven people, most of them strangers, would have to feed them on hope and bright dreams of freedom instead of the fried pork and corn bread and milk she had promised them.

They stumbled along behind her, half-dead for sleep, and she urged them on, though she was as tired and as discouraged as they were. She had never been in Canada but she kept painting wondrous word pictures of what it would be like. She managed to dispel their fear of pursuit, so that they would not become hysterical, panic-stricken. Then she had to bring some of the fear back, so that they would stay awake and keep walking though they drooped with sleep.

Yet during the day, when they lay down deep in a thicket, they never really slept, because if a twig snapped or the wind sighed in the branches of a pine tree, they jumped to their feet, afraid of their own shadows, shivering and shaking. It was very cold, but they dared not make fires because someone would see the smoke and wonder about it.

Vocabulary

dispel (di speł”) v. cause something to go away

Reading Check

Why does the man slam the door in Tubman’s face?
She kept thinking, eleven of them. Eleven thousand dollars’ worth of slaves. 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 did not know them. He was the friend of all fugitives. He called them God’s poor. He was a Quaker and his speech was a little different from that of other people. His clothing was different, too. He wore the wide-brimmed hat that the Quakers wear.

She said that he had thick white hair, soft, almost like a baby’s, and the kindest eyes she had ever seen. He was a big man and strong, but he had never used his strength to harm anyone, always to help people. He would give all of them a new pair of shoes. Everybody. He always did. Once they reached his house in Wilmington, they would be safe. He would see to it that they were.

She described the house where he lived, told them about the store where he sold shoes. She said he kept a pail of milk and a loaf of bread in the drawer of his desk so that he would have food ready at hand for any of God’s poor who should suddenly appear before him, fainting with hunger. There was a hidden room in the store. A whole wall swung open, and behind it was a room where he could hide fugitives. On the wall there were shelves filled with small boxes—boxes of shoes—so that you would never guess that the wall actually opened.

While she talked, she kept watching them. They did not believe her. She could tell by their expressions. They were thinking. New shoes, Thomas Garrett, Quaker, Wilmington—what foolishness was this? Who knew if she told the truth? Where was she taking them anyway?

That night they reached the next stop—a farm that belonged to a German. She made the runaways take shelter behind trees at the edge of the fields before she knocked at the door. She hesitated before she approached the door, thinking, suppose that he, too, should refuse shelter, suppose—Then she thought, Lord, I’m going to hold steady on to You and You’ve got to see me through—and knocked softly.

She heard the familiar guttural voice say, “Who’s there?”

She answered quickly, “A friend with friends.”

He opened the door and greeted her warmly. “How many this time?” he asked.

“Eleven,” she said and waited, doubting, wondering.
He said, “Good. Bring them in.”
He and his wife fed them in the lamplit kitchen, their faces glowing, as they offered food and more food, urging them to eat, saying there was plenty for everybody, have more milk, have more bread, have more meat.

They spent the night in the warm kitchen. They really slept, all that night and until dusk the next day. When they left, it was with reluctance. They had all been warm and safe and well-fed. It was hard to exchange the security offered by that clean, warm kitchen for the darkness and the cold of a December night.

“Go On or Die”

Harriet had found it hard to leave the warmth and friendliness, too. But she urged them on. For a while, as they walked, they seemed to carry in them a measure of contentment; some of the serenity and the cleanliness of that big warm kitchen lingered on inside them. But as they walked farther and farther away from the warmth and the light, the cold and the darkness entered into them. They fell silent, sullen, suspicious. She waited for the moment when some one of them would turn mutinous. It did not happen that night.

Two nights later she was aware that the feet behind her were moving slower and slower. She heard the irritability in their voices, knew that soon someone would refuse to go on.

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 escaped from Georgia. Ellen was so fair that she looked as though she were white, and so she dressed up in a man’s clothing and she looked like a wealthy young planter. Her husband, William, who was dark, played the role of her slave. Thus they traveled from Macon, Georgia, to Philadelphia, riding on the trains, staying at the finest hotels. Ellen pretended to be very ill—her right arm was in a sling, and her right hand was bandaged, because she was supposed to have rheumatism. Thus she avoided having to sign the register at the hotels for she could not read or write. They finally arrived safely in Philadelphia, and then went on to Boston.

Vocabulary
mutinous (myʊˈtɪnəs) adj. rebellious

Narrative Essay
What elements of the setting contribute to the action of the plot here?

Reading Check
What does Tubman fear the fugitives might do?

3. Philadelphia Vigilance Committee group of citizens that helped escaped slaves. Its secretary was a free black man named William Still.
No one said anything. Not one of them seemed to have heard her. She told them about Frederick Douglass, the most famous of the escaped slaves, of his eloquence, of his magnificent appearance. Then she told them of her own first vain effort at running away, evoking the memory of that miserable life she had led as a child, reliving it for a moment in the telling.

But they had been tired too long, hungry too long, afraid too long, footsore too long. One of them suddenly cried out in despair, “Let me go back. It is better to be a slave than to suffer like this in order to be free.”

She carried a gun with her on these trips. She had never used it—except as a threat. Now as she aimed it, she experienced a feeling of guilt, remembering that time, years ago, when she had prayed for the death of Edward Brodas, the Master, and then not too long afterward had heard that great wailing cry that came from the throats of the field hands, and knew from the sound that the Master was dead.

One of the runaways said, again, “Let me go back. Let me go back,” and stood still, and then turned around and said, over his shoulder, “I am going back.”

She lifted the gun, aimed it at the despairing slave. She said, “Go on with us or die.” The husky low-pitched voice was grim.

He hesitated for a moment and then he joined the others. They started walking again. She tried to explain to them why none of them could go back to the plantation. If a runaway returned, he would turn traitor, the master and the overseer would force him to turn traitor. The returned slave would disclose the stopping places, the hiding places, the cornstacks they had used with the full knowledge of the owner of the farm, the name of the German farmer who had fed them and sheltered them. These people who had risked their own security to help runaways would be ruined, fined, imprisoned.

She said, “We got to go free or die. And freedom’s not bought with dust.”
This time she told them about the long agony of the Middle Passage on the old slave ships, about the black horror of the holds, about the chains and the whips. They too knew these stories. But she wanted to remind them of the long hard way they had come, about the long hard way they had yet to go. She told them about Thomas Sims, the boy picked up on the streets of Boston and sent back to Georgia. She said when they got him back to Savannah, got him in prison there, they whipped him until a doctor who was standing by watching said, “You will kill him if you strike him again!” His master said, “Let him die!”

Thus she forced them to go on. Sometimes she thought she had become nothing but a voice speaking in the darkness, cajoling, urging, threatening. Sometimes she told them things to make them laugh, sometimes she sang to them, and heard the eleven voices behind her blending softly with hers, and then she knew that for the moment all was well with them.

She gave the impression of being a short, muscular, indomitable woman who could never be defeated. Yet at any moment she was liable to be seized by one of those curious fits of sleep, which might last for a few minutes or for hours.

Even on this trip, she suddenly fell asleep in the woods. The runaways, ragged, dirty, hungry, cold, did not steal the gun as they might have, and set off by themselves, or turn back. They sat on the ground near her and waited patiently until she awakened. They had come to trust her implicitly, totally. They, too, had come to believe her repeated statement, “We got to go free or die.” She was leading them into freedom, and so they waited until she was ready to go on.

Finally, they reached Thomas Garrett’s house in Wilmington, Delaware. Just as Harriet had promised, Garrett gave them all new shoes, and provided carriages to take them on to the next stop.

By slow stages they reached Philadelphia, where William Still hastily recorded their names, and the plantations whence they had come, and something of the life they had led in slavery. Then he carefully hid what he had written, for fear it might be discovered. In 1872 he published this record in book form and called it The Underground Railroad. In the

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4. **indomitable** (in däm’ it a bal) adj. not easily discouraged.
5. **sleep . . . hours.** When she was about thirteen, Harriet accidentally received a severe blow on the head. Afterward, she often lost consciousness and could not be awakened until the episode ended.
6. John Brown white antislavery activist (1800–1859) hanged for leading a raid on the arsenal at Harpers Ferry, Virginia (now West Virginia), as part of a slave uprising.

foreword to his book he said: “While I knew the danger of keeping strict records, and while I did not then dream that in my day slavery would be blotted out, or that the time would come when I could publish these records, it used to afford me great satisfaction to take them down, fresh from the lips of fugitives on the way to freedom, and to preserve them as they had given them.”

William Still, who was familiar with all the station stops on the Underground Railroad, supplied Harriet with money and sent her and her eleven fugitives on to Burlington, New Jersey.

Harriet felt safer now, though there were danger spots ahead. But the biggest part of her job was over. As they went farther and farther north, it grew colder; she was aware of the wind on the Jersey ferry and aware of the cold damp in New York. From New York they went on to Syracuse, where the temperature was even lower.

In Syracuse she met the Reverend J.W. Loguen, known as “Jarm” Loguen. This was the beginning of a lifelong friendship. Both Harriet and Jarm Loguen were to become friends and supporters of Old John Brown.

From Syracuse they went north again, into a colder, snowier city—Rochester. Here they almost certainly stayed with Frederick Douglass, for he wrote in his autobiography:

“On one occasion I had eleven fugitives at the same time under my roof, and it was necessary for them to remain with me until I could collect sufficient money to get them to Canada. It was the largest number I ever had at any one time, and I had some difficulty in providing so many with food and shelter, but, as may well be imagined, they were not very fastidious in either direction, and were well content with very plain food, and a strip of carpet on the floor for a bed, or a place on the straw in the barnloft.”

Late in December, 1851, Harriet arrived in St. Catharines, Canada West (now Ontario), with the eleven fugitives. It had taken almost a month to complete this journey; most of the time had been spent getting out of Maryland.

That first winter in St. Catharines was a terrible one. Canada was a strange frozen land, snow everywhere, ice everywhere, and a bone-biting cold the like of which none of them had ever experienced before. Harriet rented a small
frame house in the town and set to work to make a home. The fugitives boarded with her. They worked in the forests, felling trees, and so did she. Sometimes she took other jobs, cooking or cleaning house for people in the town. She cheered on these newly arrived fugitives, working herself, finding work for them, finding food for them, praying for them, sometimes begging for them.

Often she found herself thinking of the beauty of Maryland, the mellowness of the soil, the richness of the plant life there. The climate itself made for an ease of living that could never be duplicated in this bleak, barren countryside.

In spite of the severe cold, the hard work, she came to love St. Catharines, and the other towns and cities in Canada where black men lived. She discovered that freedom meant more than the right to change jobs at will, more than the right to keep the money that one earned. It was the right to vote and to sit on juries. It was the right to be elected to office. In Canada there were black men who were county officials and members of school boards. St. Catharines had a large colony of ex-slaves, and they owned their own homes, kept them neat and clean and in good repair. They lived in whatever part of town they chose and sent their children to the schools.

**Vocabulary**

bleak (blēk) adj. bare and windswept; cold and harsh

▲ **Critical Viewing**

Judging from this painting, how warmly were the slaves received once they arrived in the North? Explain. [Analyze]
When spring came she decided that she would make this small Canadian city her home—as much as any place could be said to be home to a woman who traveled from Canada to the Eastern Shore of Maryland as often as she did.

In the spring of 1852, she went back to Cape May, New Jersey. She spent the summer there, cooking in a hotel. That fall she returned, as usual, to Dorchester County, and brought out nine more slaves, conducting them all the way to St. Catharines, in Canada West, to the bone-biting cold, the snow-covered forests—and freedom.

She continued to live in this fashion, spending the winter in Canada, and the spring and summer working in Cape May, New Jersey, or in Philadelphia. She made two trips a year into slave territory, one in the fall and another in the spring. She now had a definite crystallized purpose, and in carrying it out, her life fell into a pattern which remained unchanged for the next six years.

1. **Key Ideas and Details** (a) What does Tubman do when a fugitive wants to go back to the plantation? (b) **Analyze Cause and Effect:** Explain why Tubman feels she must act this way.

2. **Integration of Knowledge and Ideas** (a) **Interpret:** Tubman says, “We got to go free or die. And freedom’s not bought with dust.” In your own words, interpret that statement. (b) **Make a Judgment:** Are the results of the Underground Railroad trips worth the risks involved? Why or why not? (c) **Discuss:** Share your judgment with a partner. Then, discuss how your own opinion has or has not changed as a result of your conversation.

3. **Integration of Knowledge and Ideas** (a) What kind of information does Petry provide in this narrative essay that you would not find in an encyclopedia entry about Tubman? (b) Does Petry’s approach give you a better idea of what Tubman was like as a person? Why or why not? [**Connect to the Big Question:** How much information is enough?]
Reading Skill: Main Idea

1. (a) Make a chart like the one shown and write at least two details you learned about Harriet Tubman from the essay. (b) Then, based on the details, write a sentence that states the main idea the author conveys about Tubman.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Detail</th>
<th>Detail</th>
<th>Main Idea</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>If she were caught, she would be hanged.</td>
<td>She hid the fact that she did not know the new route.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

2. Why do you think the author implies the main idea, rather than directly stating it in the essay?

Literary Analysis: Narrative Essay

3. Key Ideas and Details List the two most important events in this narrative essay.

4. Key Ideas and Details (a) Describe the author’s relationship with at least three people in the narrative. (b) Use details to identify the setting.

Vocabulary

Acquisition and Use Use your knowledge of the vocabulary words to indicate if the statements are true or false. Explain your answers.

1. Discussing controversial ideas invariably leads to agreement.
2. Eating a good meal will dispel the feeling of hunger.
3. A mutinous sailor would obey all the captain’s rules.
4. Fugitives often have reason to feel afraid.
5. The need to pay bills is an incentive for getting a job.
6. On a bleak morning, the sun is bright and the air is warm.

Word Study Use the context of the sentences and what you know about the Old English suffix -ly to explain each answer.

1. Would someone who is escaping open the door silently?
2. Why is it best to answer a test question correctly?