

many, Switzerland, and France. Far fewer than one in ten of the immigrants were English. What is now the United States was a society of immigrants before it was a nation.

If the origins of migrants were diverse, so were their conditions of life. The statuses of immigrants varied greatly—unfreedom, semifreedom, and autonomy. Many Europeans arrived as indentured servants or “redemptioners” that required them to labor a period of time (in effect, to pay off their passage to the colonies) for propertied gentry who aspired to greater wealth in the empire. Others were lured to the colonies with promises of freedom to practice their own religions or of better conditions of life, which they often realized. For most Africans, the migration was a forced journey that typically ended in slave communities in the rapidly growing southern colonies. In sum, the British American colonial empire was an atypical society for many reasons that were linked to migration. Composed of people of diverse origins, it was a place celebrated by some for its great freedoms and cursed by others for its brutal slavery.

## DOCUMENTS

As the following documents reveal, migrants to the British American colonies arrived in dissimilar circumstances and for a variety of reasons. The first two documents illustrate the different contexts of the journey to the colonies. Olaudah Equiano, in a rare 1757 narrative of a slave, describes the terror of enslavement in Africa, the journey to the West Indies, the bewilderment of slavery, as well as its cruelties. Gottlieb Mittelberger, in a work dating from 1750, shows that immigration from Germany was difficult as well, especially regarding what he calls the “commerce in human beings” known as the redemptioner migration. The second pair of documents illustrate how labor was defined by condition and race. William Moraley (1743), himself an indentured servant, and Peter Kalm (1750) depict the condition of slaves, indentured servants, and free laborers, and they both observe how race had become inextricably tied to status of freedom or slavery. The final three documents, however, show how immigrants also saw the possibilities of the colonies. A government official in northern Ireland, in a letter penned in 1728, bemoans the “evils” of migration as the residents from this region flee its oppressions. Benjamin Franklin (in 1794) illustrates how opportunity exists for laborers to gain a competence. And, in 1736, a land speculator writes to his agent in Europe in the hopes of attracting immigrants to develop his vast tracts of rich land.

### Olaudah Equiano, an African, Recounts the Horror of Enslavement, 1757

... One day, when all our people were gone out to their works as usual, and only I and my dear sister were left to mind the house, two men and a woman got over our walls, and seized us both, and they stopped our mouths, and ran off with us into the nearest wood. Here they tied our hands, and continued to carry us as far

From Olaudah Equiano, *The Life of Olaudah Equiano*, 1789.

# n: Migrants l North -1785

dedicated on a migration that Americans, it was, as European colonists, it was set-coerced labor. The result, named by a mingling of the earliest efforts at colonial shores. Arriving with their own religions, many seventeenth century in what immigrants left an England nation differed from the experienced gentry. soon was transformed into a Americans, whose numbers continued to oppose colonial Africans arrived in Virginia followed them from Africa—the mid-seventeenth century, on the Atlantic seaboard that And the migration from Europeans of non-English back-remarkable in the eighteenth and black people resided in the mated half-million people English. Rather, according to an birth, one-fifth were from ple from what is today Ger-

as they could, till night came on, when we reached a small house, where the robbers halted for refreshment, and spent the night. We were then unbound, but were unable to take any food; and, being quite overpowered by fatigue and grief, our only relief was some sleep, which allayed our misfortune for a short time. The next morning we left the house, and continued travelling all the day. . . . When we went to rest the following night they offered us some victuals; but we refused it; and the only comfort we had was in being in one another's arms all that night, and bathing each other with our tears. But alas! we were soon deprived of even the small comfort of weeping together. The next day proved a day of greater sorrow than I had yet experienced; for my sister and I were then separated, while we lay clasped in each other's arms. It was in vain that we besought them not to part us; she was torn from me, and immediately carried away, while I was left in a state of distraction not to be described. I cried and grieved continually; and for several days I did not eat any thing but what they forced into my mouth.

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The first object which saluted my eyes when I arrived on the coast was the sea, and a slave ship, which was then riding at anchor, and waiting for its cargo. These filled me with astonishment, which was soon converted into terror when I was carried on board. . . . I was now persuaded that I had gotten into a world of bad spirits, and that they were going to kill me. Their complexions too differing so much from ours, their long hair, and the language they spoke, (which was very different from any I had ever heard) united to confirm me in this belief. . . . When I looked round the ship too and saw a large furnace of copper boiling, and a multitude of black people of every description chained together, every one of their countenances expressing dejection and sorrow, I no longer doubted of my fate; and, quite overpowered with horror and anguish, I fell motionless on the deck and fainted. When I recovered a little I found some black people about me, who I believed were some of those who brought me on board, and had been receiving their pay; they talked to me in order to cheer me, but all in vain. I asked them if we were not to be eaten by those white men with horrible looks, red faces, and loose hair. They told me I was not; . . . Soon after this the blacks who brought me on board went off, and left me abandoned to despair. I now saw myself deprived of all chance of returning to my native country, or even the least glimpse of hope of gaining the shore, which I now considered as friendly; and I even wished for my former slavery in preference to my present situation, which was filled with horrors of every kind, still heightened by my ignorance of what I was to undergo. I was not long suffered to indulge my grief; I was soon put down under the decks, and there I received such a salutation in my nostrils as I had never experienced in my life: so that, with the loathsomeness of the stench, and crying together, I became so sick and low that I was not able to eat, nor had I the least desire to taste any thing. I now wished for the last friend, death, to relieve me; but soon, to my grief, two of the white men offered me eatables; and, on my refusing to eat, one of them held me fast by the hands, and laid me across I think the windlass, and tied my feet, while the other flogged me severely. I had never experienced any thing of this kind before; and although, not being used to the water, I naturally feared that element the first time I saw it, yet nevertheless, could I have got over the nettings, I would have jumped over the side, but I could not; and, besides, the crew used to watch us very

small house, where the robbers were then unbound, but were bound by fatigue and grief, our stay for a short time. The next day. . . . When we went to eat; but we refused it; and the night was all that night, and bathing was provided of even the small comfort of greater sorrow than I had experienced, while we lay clasped in each other; she was torn from me, left in a state of distraction and for several days I did not

be seen on the coast was the sea, waiting for its cargo. These men fell into terror when I was carried into a world of bad spirits and visions too differing so much from mine, (which was very different from his belief. . . . When I looked at the boiling, and a multitude of spirits, every one of their countenances doubted of my fate; and, quite senseless on the deck and fainted. About me, who I believed were spirits, seen receiving their pay; they asked them if we were not to be killed, and loose hair. They told me that I ought to go on board, but I was deprived of all chance of response of hope of gaining the land, and I wished for my former slaves, who were filled with horrors of every kind, and I was to undergo. I was not long under the decks, and there I re-experienced in my life: so long ago, I became so sick and desirous to taste any thing. I now, to my grief, two of the men, to eat, one of them held me by the collar, and tied my feet, while I could do any thing of this kind but naturally feared that element that lay over the nettings, I would have been seen by the crew used to watch us very

closely who were not chained down to the decks, lest we should leap into the water: and I have seen some of these poor African prisoners most severely cut for attempting to do so, and hourly whipped for not eating. This indeed was often the case with myself. In a little time after, amongst the poor chained men, I found some of my own nation, which in a small degree gave ease to my mind. I inquired of these what was to be done with us; they gave me to understand we were to be carried to these white people's country to work for them. I then was a little revived, and thought, if it were no worse than working, my situation was not so desperate: but still I feared I should be put to death, the white people looked and acted, as I thought, in so savage a manner; for I had never seen among any people such instances of brutal cruelty; and this not only shewn towards us blacks, but also to some of the whites themselves. One white man in particular I saw, when we were permitted to be on deck, flogged so unmercifully with a large rope near the foremast that he died in consequence of it; and they tossed him over the side as they would have done a brute. This made me fear these people the more; and I expected nothing less than to be treated in the same manner. I could not help expressing my fears and apprehensions to some of my countrymen: I asked them if these people had no country, but lived in this hollow place (the ship): they told me they did not, but came from a distant one. "Then," said I, "how comes it in all our country we never heard of them?" They told me because they lived so very far off. I then asked where were their women? had they any like themselves? I was told they had "and why," said I, "do we not see them?" they answered, because they were left behind. I asked how the vessel could go? they told me they could not tell; but that there were cloths put upon the masts by the help of the ropes I saw, and then the vessel went on and the white men had some spell or magic they put in the water when they liked in order to stop the vessel. I was exceedingly amazed at this account, and really thought they were spirits. I therefore wished much to be from amongst them, for I expected they would sacrifice me: but my wishes were vain. . . .

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. . . At last we came in sight of the island of Barbadoes, at which the whites on board gave a great shout, and made many signs of joy to us. We did not know what to think of this; but as the vessel drew nearer we plainly saw the harbour, and other ships of different kinds and sizes; and we soon anchored amongst them off Bridge Town. Many merchants and planters now came on board, though it was in the evening. They put us in separate parcels, and examined us attentively. They also made us jump, and pointed to the land, signifying we were to go there. We thought by this we should be eaten by these ugly men as they appeared to us; and, when soon after we were all put down under the deck again, there was much dread and trembling among us, and nothing but bitter cries to be heard all the night from these apprehensions, insomuch that at last the white people got some old slaves from the land to pacify us. They told us we were not to be eaten, but to work, and were soon to go on land, where we should see many of our country people. This report eased us much; and sure enough, soon after we were landed, there came to us Africans of all languages. We were conducted immediately to the merchant's yard, where we were all pent up together like so many sheep in a fold, without regard to sex or age. As every object was new to me every thing I saw filled me with surprise. What struck me first was that the houses were built with stories, and in every

other respect different from those in Africa: but I was still more astonished on seeing people on horseback. I did not know what this could mean; and indeed I thought these people were full of nothing but magical arts. . . . We were not many days in the merchant's custody before we were sold after their usual manner, which is this:—On a signal given (as the beat of a drum), the buyers rush at once into the yard where the slaves are confined, and make choice of that parcel they like best. The noise and clamour with which this is attended, and the eagerness visible in the countenances of the buyers, serve not a little to increase the apprehensions of the terrified Africans, who may well be supposed to consider them as the ministers of that destruction to which they think themselves devoted. In this manner, without scruple, are relations and friends separated, most of them never to see each other again. I remember in the vessel in which I was brought over, in the men's apartment, there were several brothers, who, in the sale, were sold in different lots; and it was very moving on this occasion to see and hear their cries at parting.

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While I was thus employed by my master I was often a witness to cruelties of every kind, which were exercised on my unhappy fellow slaves. I used frequently to have different cargoes of new negroes in my care for sale; and it was almost a constant practice with our clerks, and other whites, to commit violent depredations on the chastity of the female slaves; and these I was, though with reluctance, obliged to submit to at all times, being unable to help them. When we have had some of these slaves on board my master's vessels to carry them to other islands, or to America, I have known our mates to commit these acts most shamefully, to the disgrace, not of Christians only, but of men. I have even known them gratify their brutal passion with females not ten years old; . . . And yet in Montserrat I have seen a negro man staked to the ground, and cut most shockingly, and then his ears cut off bit by bit, because he had been connected with a white woman who was a common prostitute: as if it were no crime in the whites to rob an innocent African girl of her virtue; but most heinous in a black man only to gratify a passion of nature, where the temptation was offered by one of a different colour, though the most abandoned woman of her species. Another negro man was half hanged, and then burnt, for attempting to poison a cruel overseer. Thus by repeated cruelties are the wretched first urged to despair, and then murdered, because they still retain so much of human nature about them as to wish to put an end to their misery, and retaliate on their tyrants! . . .

### Gottlieb Mittelberger, a German, Describes the Difficulties of Immigration, 1750

When the ships have weighed anchor for the last time, usually off Cowes in Old England, then both the long sea voyage and misery begin in earnest. For from there the ships often take eight, nine, ten, or twelve weeks sailing to Philadelphia, if the

From Gottlieb Mittelberger, *Reise nach Pennsylvania [Journey to Pennsylvania]*, 1756.

wind is unfavorable. . . . seven weeks.

During the journey horrors, vomiting, various constipation, boils, scurvy, caused by the age and weakness, as well as by the very bad food and death of many passengers, for example, there are instances where the skin is scraped off the body, and everything else one must do with everyone convinced of misery all the people on board.

In the course of such a voyage often seem to rise up like mountains. One often thinks that he is going to be dashed by storm and waves, and that aboard can either walk, or be carried away like the sick as well as the healthy. It is fine that these hardships do not survive them.

Among those who survive, there is often a bitter and angry disposition, and people some of whom are full of malice and readily associate with one another. And then one always sees the children cry out against their fathers, brothers, and mothers one another.

But most of all they are full of grief and exclaim: "Oh! If only I had a fresh drop of water." Most of them become hoarse, and necessarily perish, die, and are full of groaning, crying, and lamentation. The hearts of the most hardened

When at last after the long voyage, land, when one gets to see the land, which had longed so passionately for, and to look at the land from the ship, thanks to God. The glimmers of life are half-dead of illness.