

An Archives Adventure

Friends help put rare find on display

Dear Friends of the Archives,

It was just after last month's "Lunchtime Lecture" on "Things We've Found on the Way to Something Else," when Assistant Archivist Nicole Crabbe announced: "Look what I found!"

Now understand. When we can't find something in the Archives we call out: "Nicole!" And Nicole finds it. So when she says, "Look what I found!" you know she has discovered something special.

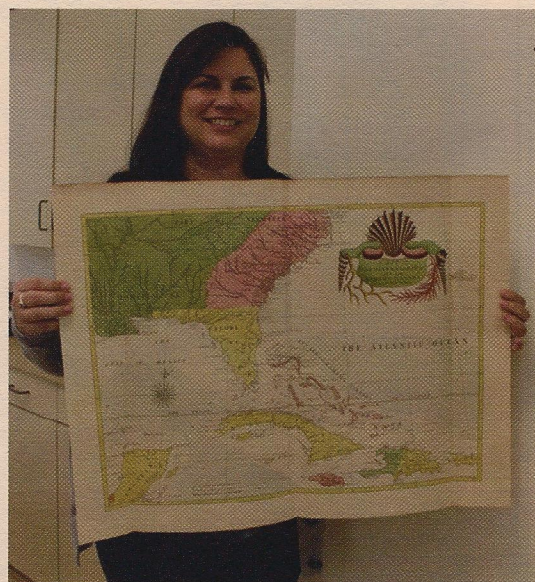
Nicole spread open the oversize acid-free folder. Carefully she unfolded the thick sheet of paper inside. Gently she lifted it for all to see.

Wow! It's a map. A very old map. North and South Carolina are there, no line between them. William Byrd has run Virginia's line, but it bows in the Dismal Swamp (probably to make room for Edenton). The "Charokees" lie just beyond the "Apalahan" Mountains, and so does France's very green Louisiana territory. No Nouvelle Orleans, though.

"The Southern Bounds of Carolina by the last Charter" (from the King of England in 1665) are optimistically placed well down the Spanish Florida Peninsula on the 29th parallel. Enough rocks and reefs make up the Bahamas to discourage all but the most adventurous Columbus. The Moravians' first mission in 1732 to St. Thomas is east of "Porto Rico" just beyond the scope of the map, though Jamaica is carefully drawn in. We got there in 1754. And the Moravians' Wachovia tract in North Carolina will come decades later too in 1753.

So who made this work of art and when? The seashell bedecked cartouche

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*Assistant Archivist Nicole Crabbe
with her "Look what I found!"*

Work continues on *Records of the Moravians among the Cherokees*, our cornerstone joint project with the Cherokee Nation and Eastern Band of the Cherokees.

We have begun calling it "the great American epic." Not because of its length (it's long); but because it is a great account of American history.

Volume 4 made its appearance in August. It covers the years 1810-1816 at the Springplace mission in the Cherokee Nation. That's the war years — War of 1812 (happy 200th anniversary!), Creek War, Napoleon's wars in Europe. And we're hoping to have volume 5 out before next spring. It will take us into 1821. Early warning: it has a four-hanky ending, since its subtitle is *Farewell to Sister Gambold*.

Each of the first four volumes is still available at the discount price of \$40 plus shipping and handling, and your purchase can be made with the handy order form enclosed with this newsletter.

But looking ahead beyond the tragedy of the Removal and Trail of Tears, we present the article below as a glimpse of life in the Indian Territory beyond the Mississippi. Sarah Vogler, for many years a teacher of young girls in the Salem, was a daughter of Miles and Sophia Dorothea Vogler. This is her story of her return to Salem following the death of her father while in service as missionary to the Cherokees.

We thank Sr. Kaka Leinbach, whose husband C. T. Leinbach Jr.¹ was grand nephew of Sarah Vogler, for donation of this and other priceless items to the Archives collections.

A Child's Story: My First Horseback Ride

by Sarah A. Vogler

It was a long time ago, 1854. Can you count how many years have passed since that time to 1933? A great many years, you will say. I was then a little girl, and now I am an old, old lady. Yet I love the little people and have not forgotten my childhood days. When did I take my first horseback ride? I will tell you, for it is history, that is, it is really, truly a fact.

I must start a way far back, but I hope you will not get tired of reading. From 1854 is a long time, but I remember it all. My parents were missionaries to the Cherokee Indians living in Indian Territory, now Oklahoma. Can you find that on your map? Father went to

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¹ Father of Moravian Church Treasurer Ted Leinbach.

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preach to them and to tell them that Jesus Christ came to earth to save them. The Cherokees were then not savages, but were what is called half civilized. They lived partly like white people. Many of them had been moved from the state of Georgia to the Territory. Some could read and speak English, but when my father preached he had an interpreter who gave his words in Cherokee to the audience.

We lived there two years, and I went to school to my father along with some little Indian children. One day the Bishop [John Gottlieb Herman] from North Carolina came to visit the Mission. When he started home he was taken sick in the state of Missouri, and there he died. Before he passed away he asked to see my father, so in the extreme heat of summer, as hot as it has been with us this past summer, father traveled ninety miles, but when he arrived he was told that he was too late. The good Bishop had died and was buried.

I remember how sick father looked when he came in at the gate, so sick and tired. He went to bed and never got up

again. My mother told us early the next morning when we sat on the floor on the buffalo robe. Willie, my brother said: "Now are we orphans, Mother?" Mother said: "You are fatherless."

Then we got ready to go back to Mother's old home in North Carolina. How did we travel in those days? There were no railroads; an airplane had not been thought of. So we traveled over those 1,400 miles in a big carriage, drawn by a lead-horse, two Indian ponies, Bill and Joe, and hitched on behind was "Pet," a little pony that Bishop Herman had bought to send to his daughters.

You can ask somebody how long it takes now to travel from Oklahoma to North Carolina. It took us seven weeks! We were to travel all that way in a big carriage driven by a man who was a real pioneer.² Do you know what that is? It is one who has traveled over mountain and stream and knows all the roads over which he has passed.

So we started traveling, going sometimes 25 miles a day, sometimes more, sometimes less. We would stop at night and sometimes had very poor accommodations. My little sister

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John Gottlieb Herman



Augustus Fogle

² This was Augustus Fogle, who often undertook journeys for the Moravian Church.

A rare Archives find makes a grand display

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doesn't say, but it does give us the clue with the title: "A Map of Carolina, Florida and the Bahama Islands." Georgia was the last of the 13 English Colonies, chartered in 1732, and Savannah was settled in 1733. Perhaps the mapmaker made them late additions on the map, which he had already titled. That would date the map at circa 1733-34.

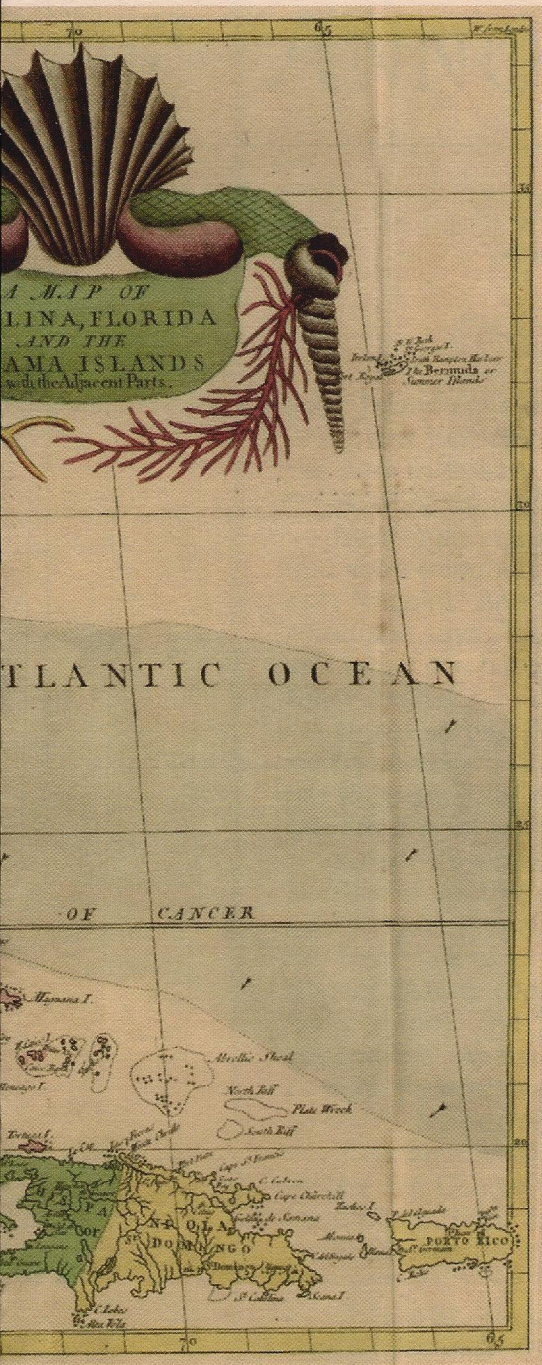
Now who?

We confess. At the Archives when a question stumps us we toss it at that marvelous techno-junkpile called the Internet and see what pops up (thank you, Google, Yahoo, etc.). Try it with "A Map of Carolina, etc.," and you hit instant paydirt: Mark Catesby, naturalist-illustrator extraordinaire, an early-day John James Audubon — birds, plants, flowers, animals, humans, bugs. And maps. And there's our Catesby map on the Internet labeled "c. 1733."

Now here is where our Friends of the Archives come in. It was a shame to fold the map back into its folder and hide it away. So we declared it a special Friends project to make a copy to display in the Archives for all to see. And we print it here as a gift for all the support our Friends have given us over the years.

Special projects like these, as well as taking up the slack of budget expenses that our hard-strapped churches can no longer afford, make our Friends vital to the work of the Moravian Archives.

If you have already given to the Archives we thank you again and look forward to your continuing support. Not yet a Friend of the Archives? There is no time like the present to support our adventures through history. Your fully tax-deductible contribution may be made payable to Moravian Archives, 457 S. Church Street, Winston-Salem, N.C. 27101. Or you can use your credit card through PayPal at www.MoravianArchives.org, our web site, which is fully supported by our Friends of the Archives.



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and I sat with mother on the back seat, and my brother sat with the driver on the front seat. We often met movers going to the West from Ohio and other states. How we pitied them! We traveled all through the state of Missouri, now a grand state, but in 1854 it was very thinly settled.

Once I said, "O, Mother, I am so tired of riding. What might I do?" The driver said, "O, let her ride Pet for a change." We mounted; I sat behind Willie, my arms clasped behind him for safety. This was somewhere in the state of Tennessee. I do not remember just where, but it was a pretty country with fine large trees. We went up a hill, and behold, I saw a man coming who would be sure to see us. Now I was ashamed, because I was riding astride. Poor innocent that I was, I did not know that I would live to see the time when that would be the common way for ladies to ride.

"O, Willie," I said, "what shall we do? The man will see us. Let us ride behind that big chestnut tree." But he did see us, tho' the tree was large enough to hide pony and all, and told the folks he had met their "Advance Guard."

Of the many things that I remember of that journey to North Carolina, none is so strongly fixed in memory as "My First Horseback Ride."

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ANNOTATIONS

From Moravian Archives
Winston-Salem, N.C.