Notes from the Executive Director
By William J. Dichtl

In the last newsletter I stated I look forward to the blooming flowers and the greening of the trees. Spring arrived! And I believe quickly left, leaving behind some high 80- and 90-degree days, but we have a full wooded area of green trees and constant change of flowers. Hayner House had iris blooming and they have been now replaced with daylilies. The fence along Elk Lick has coneflowers blooming, and earlier, near the front door, peonies welcomed visitors. The Kemper Kitchen garden is producing vegetables. This garden is tended by volunteers Alex Teass, Liz Gorley, and Helen Lawson.

As you read in the annual report, there has been a lot of activity with the buildings. Somerset Church has a new roof and the portion of the Schram Print Shop roof damaged by a tree falling on it, has been repaired. The next big project in the Village is the restoration of the Myer Schoolhouse windows. They were removed in early spring and taken off site. I received word late last week that all the glass from ten windows has been removed, and all the paint has been stripped off of the sashes. De Timmerman Ltd. will soon be on site to repair the jambs. I look forward to seeing them here working. It moves us one step closer to opening the building to visitors.

By the time you read this issue, our first annual General Anthony Wayne’s Muster will have been completed. This event examines the early Cincinnati area and its role in the Northwest Indian Wars, 1785-1795. This includes the route taken by Josiah Harmar, Arthur St. Clair, and Anthony Wayne from Fort Washington to the north. It is an area of history not heavily covered and one we would like to discuss as it contributed to the development of Southwest Ohio. If you weren’t able to attend this year’s event, check our website for photos of the event. The event will return in 2014.
Dear Sister:

Your long letter came to hand a few mornings ago, and I was very glad to hear from you. I was a little in-
terested to know how you felt on the “Morgan raid”. I did not care how badly frightened the people might get, but I did not want you excited, because it could do the country no good. It seems “John” has got his foot in it this way.

In the fall of 1862 I found myself in Cape Girardeau, where hospitals were being improvised for the immediate use of the sick and dying then being brought in from the swamps by the returning regiments and up the rivers in closely crowded hospital boats. These hospitals were mere sheds filled with cots as thick as they could stand, with scarcely room for one person to pass between them. Pneumonia, typhoid, and camp fevers, and that fearful scourge of the southern swamps and rivers, chronic diarrhea, occupied every bed. A surgeon once said to me, “There is nothing else there: here I see pneumonia, and there fever, and on that cot another disease, and I see nothing else! You had better stay away; the air is full of contagion, and contagion and sympathy do not go well together.”

One day a woman passed through these uncomfortable, ill-ventilated, hot, unclean, infected, wretched rooms, and she saw something else there. A hand reached out and clutched her dress. One caught her shawl and kissed it, another her hand, and pressed it to his fevered cheek; another in wild delirium, cried, “I want to go home! I want to go home! Lady! Lady! Take me in your chariot, take me away!” As this woman passed, these “diseases,” as the surgeon called them, whispered and smiled at each other, and even reached out and took hold of each other’s hands, saying, “She will take us home, I know her; she will not leave us here to die,” not dreaming that hovering just above them was a white robed one, who in a short time would take them to their heavenly home.

This woman failed to see on these cots aught but the human beings they were to her, the sons, brothers, husbands, and fathers of anxious weeping ones at home; and as such she cared for and thought of them. Arm in arm with health, she visited them to their heavenly home.

This woman was Cordelia Harvey. Cordelia Harvey, born in Salem, North Carolina, in 1821, was a woman of gentle nature, and high feeling. She was of the gentlest and honored of women.

Following is an excerpt from a letter from Dr. Henry A. Langdon to his sister, mentioning Morgan’s Raid. This letter can be found in the booklet, “Letters Home: U.S. Army Surgeon Henry A. Langdon, 1862-1865” available in the gift shop.

La Vergne, Tenn. July 22d 1863

My dearest sister,

Your long letter came to hand a few mornings ago, and I was very glad to hear from you. I was a little interested to know how you felt on the “Morgan raid”. I did not care how badly frightened the people might get, but I did not want you excited, because it could do the country no good. It seems “John” has got his foot in it this way. 

This woman was Cordelia Harvey. Cordelia Harvey, born in Salem, North Carolina, in 1821, was a woman of gentle nature, and high feeling. She was of the gentlest and honored of women. 

Hundreds of loyal women labored devotedly during the Civil War tending to the needs of the northern soldiers. Of them all, none worked more effectively or earned a larger measure of appreciation and devotion on the part of those she served than Mrs. Cordelia A. P. Harvey, wife of Governor Lewis Harvey of Wisconsin. After his tragic death by drowning at Savannah, Tennessee, while engaged in a mission of mercy to Wisconsin’s wounded soldiers, Mrs. Harvey conceived the idea that it was her duty to carry forward the work that her husband had left unfinished. What the soldiers thought of her is sufficiently indicated by the title “The Angel of Wisconsin,” which they bestowed upon her. The below narrative is from Mrs. Harvey’s typewritten copy of a lecture which she delivered following the close of the war.

Join us as Jessica Michna, who performed the First Ladies programs here last year, portrays Cordelia Harvey on August 9th at 7:00 p.m. Admission is $17 for museum members, $20 non-members. Admission includes presentation and dessert. Registration deadline is August 7th.
2013-2014 Board of Directors
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Volunteer of the Year
Heritage Village Museum is pleased to announce their 2012 Volunteer of the Year, Mark Meckes. Mr. Meckes was recognized at the Village's annual meeting on Tuesday May 28, 2013. Mark has worked over 200 hours in 2012 and is a “Jack of All Trades” at the Village. In addition to working special events, he has also done painting, moss removal, concrete work, and various repairs for the buildings within the Village.

"With as many buildings that we have in the Village there is always something that needs work. Mark has taken on all that I have asked him to do and more" stated Executive Director Bill Dichtl. The time and service Mark has given to the Village is greatly appreciated and we look forward to working with him for many more years.

Heritage Village Museum is on Facebook!
Be sure to “like” us and stay in touch with all of the Village happenings!

Follow us on Twitter!
@heritagevillage

New/Renewing Members
Beverly Allen
Patricia Becker
Linda Busken Jergens
Mr. & Mrs. Charles Carr
Mr. & Mrs. Rob Carter
Mr. & Mrs. Mark Christopher
Kacy Cierley
Robert J. Dentick
Brad Dixon
Susan Dlott
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Carolyn Nightingale
Joseph & Joan O'Leary
Larry Phillips
Mary Rita
Carminda Schmidlapp
Mr. & Mrs. Alan Short
Marshall Tucker

I am sorry Lee got away - if Mead had moved upon him the day he was crossing the river he might have captured a large part of his army. The feeling in the army is hopeful. Many think the war will soon close, and it may if we push things. The trouble is we are too slow. I see one of the leading papers in North Carolina comes out for reconstruction on the ground of gradual emancipation. If one state will only take the lead, the confederacy is gone up. I am anxious the end should come soon. I want to spend the winter in Ohio. The events of the next few months will tell the tale. All we want is to follow up our successes.

The capture of Morgan will rid Kentucky of danger and let the force under Burnside operate in Middle and East Tennessee. We can tend to Bragg who is at Chatauqua, fortifying and receiving reinforcements. Grant can hold Vicksburg and tend to clearing that country, and the Army of the Potomac can defend Washington!

What do you think about the war. Do you think it will end soon?
That is the great question now, and on in which I am very much interested.

Remember me to all enquiring friends and much love to all.

I am as ever your bro,
Henry
**2013 Quilt Raffle**

Heritage Village Museum is having its annual quilt raffle! The ladies of the Heritage Village Quilters are putting the finishing touches on this year’s quilt. The pattern name of this year’s quilt is “Monkey Wrench,” which is a block pattern. The beautiful pastel colors make this quilt a truly unique piece. Once completed, the quilt will be hanging in the Heritage Village’s gift shop for display throughout the summer. The winning raffle ticket will be picked on December 15th, during the Village’s Holly Days festival.

The cost for one ticket is $1.00 and the cost for six tickets is $5.00. For questions or to purchase tickets please call (513) 563-9484. You may also purchase tickets in Heritage Village’s Gift Shop during their normal hours of operation (Wed.-Sat. 10-5; Sun. 1-5).

**2nd Annual Scarecrow Contest**

Feeling crafty? Our Scarecrow contest is fast approaching and now is a great time to begin thinking of ideas for that winning design! Families, community groups, businesses, and individuals are all welcome to participate in creating a scarecrow to provide an exciting focal point between two fun traditions the Village holds every year: Fall Harvest Festival and Haunted Village.

The entrance fee is only $15.00 and will include signage and placement during both events (September 21 & 22) and Haunted Village (October 11 to October 26), to help decorate the Village for our fall events.

To register, please call (513) 563-9484. Or email info@heritagevillagecincinnati.org for scarecrow guidelines.

**EARLY ROADS**

By William J. Dichtl

As you travel this summer you may take one of the turnpikes in the United States. Where did the term “turnpike” come from? A turnpike was an actual pike or pole that was used to prevent a traveler from passing the tollhouse without paying. The pike or pole would be turned on an axle after payment. The turnpike made travel to the next town easier. The toll helped cover the cost of building and maintenance of roads and generated a profit for the owners.

In 1836, the House of Representatives of Connecticut passed an act that included the following section:

> No turnpikes company will collect these tolls unless using the following exemptions to wit: all persons traveling in or returning from a meeting of public worship, if such a meeting is held in the adjoining towns; also persons going in or returning from military service.

Other states had similar acts to control turnpike companies and costs. Some of the tolls became complicated and the toll collector needed training in math. In winter a percentage-age was added to the cost. Below is a sample of a toll.

## Charcoal promised to be a better material. In an 1869 road-building manual the directions for building a charcoal road was provided as follows:

Timber from six to eighteen inches thick, and cut twenty five long, is stacked lengthwise in the middle of the road and covered with straw. By firing this, and at the same time covering it with earth from the sides of the road, the timber becomes charcoal. When properly charred, the earth is removed to the side of the ditches. The coal is raked down to a width of fifteen feet, leaving it two feet high at the center and one foot high in the middle. The road is then complete.

In Michigan, it cost six-hundred dollars a mile and in Wisconsin, five-hundred dollars a mile to build one of these roads. Building these roads laid waste to many forests. However, the overall cost to build a charcoal road compared to a limestone and gravel was about one fourth the cost.

Another early roadway was the corduroy road. It simply was cut logs placed long side together in a shallow trench to keep them in place. Riding on the road on horse was not bad, but imagine sitting in a wagon or stagecoach: how your teeth must have rattled. The corduroy road was still better than a dirt road when it rained. In the spring especially you could spend a considerable amount of time pushing the wagon out of the mud holes.

Road continued to get better when the first plank highway was laid in Canada in 1836. By 1880, every state had plank roads. Planks eight-feet in length were laid on sleepers (parallel logs laid the length of the road). Each plank was inclined four inches giving irregular edges. This would allow wagons to move over to allow another wagon to pass and be able to climb easily back onto the plank road. It also served another purpose for drivers. The uneven edges caused a series of warning bumps that the wheels were too close to the edge and the rumble would warn a sleepy driver. This is similar to the grooves along the edge of today’s highways.

As you travel this summer think about what traveling might have been like back in the 1700s and 1800s. You might want to go to Bellefontaine, Ohio, to see where the first concrete pavement in America was used in 1891. Bellefontaine is about 50 miles northwest of Columbus. Happy travels!