



FOR OLD
ACQUAINTANCE

PRINTS FROM THE ETCHINGS OF
E .. T .. HURLEY

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FOR OLD ACQUAINTANCE

PRINTS
FROM THE ETCHINGS OF
E. T. HURLEY

WITH COMMENT BY
SARA SAX

CINCINNATI
U. P. JAMES
BOOKSELLER
127 WEST SEVENTH STREET
1917

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What is the quality that gives individuality to a city? That causes one spot to bring to us a picture of Cincinnati, another, a memory of Boston? Something that stamps each city with a character all its own. It isn't the churches, for those are everywhere. It isn't the schools, or the hotels, or the public buildings, for all towns have about the same proportion of those to the square mile. Even the architecture of one city is not so unlike that of another, if by architecture we mean just the style of buildings seen here or there; but the way these buildings combine with natural surroundings, or the quaint, or interesting details of daily life, bring to us a realization that this city is not quite like that.

If Rookwood Pottery—where a portion of Mr. Hurley's time is spent, helping to add to Cincinnati's fame—were situated on a busy street, surrounded by factories and business houses, it would never have become so interesting a part of the city's architecture, as it now is, perched on the brow of a hill overlooking the busy town, but far above its noise and smoke.

Street cars ascending steep hills are not an unusual sight, but not many localities can show inclines like ours. Every visitor to Cincinnati carries away a mental picture of the inclined planes; they are part of its architecture. The canal, soon, we believe, to be a thing of the past, as its old boats already are; the street markets; the many bluffs above city and river; the quaint old houses which dot the hill-sides; the long flights of steps here and there, short cuts to houses on the slopes; all these combine to make up the foundation and form of Cincinnati; as surely a part of its architecture, as the buildings which line its streets.

These are the things which have meant so much to Mr. Hurley; the things he has seized with his etching needle, and kept for us all—for old acquaintance.

Cover—Sixth Street Market.

Frontispiece—Printing etchings.

- I The Flower Market.
- II Fifth Street Market.
- III The Canal at Mohawk.
- IV The Edinboro Flats, head of Sycamore Street.
- V The Last of the Old Horse Auction.
- VI Findlay Street Market.
- VII Elder Street Market.
- VIII From the Gilbert Avenue Viaduct.
- IX A Side Street, near Elm and Canal.
- X From the Mt. Adams' Incline.
- XI On the East Fork, near Perintown.
- XII Ruins of Trinity M. E. Church, Ninth Street.
- XIII The Ohio, at the foot of Collins Avenue.
- XIV Public Landing.
- XV The Canal at Lockport Street.
- XVI An Old Market Wagon.
- XVII Eighth and Plum.
- XVIII The Interior of the Plum Street Temple.
- XIX Pearl Street, in the Flood.
- XX The Canal, rear of Music Hall.
- XXI Doorway of the Protestant Cathedral, Seventh and Plum.
- XXII A Glimpse of Bethlehem.
- XXIII A Picturesque Home at the foot of Upland Place.
- XXIV An Old Rail Fence, Hickory Ridge, Newport.
- XXV Ruins of the old Yeatman Homestead, Sedamsville.
- XXVI The Watermelon Market.
- XXVII The Chicken Market.
- XXVIII Hackberry Street, near Humboldt.
- XXIX Hillside in Snow, Hickory Ridge, Newport.
- XXX Finchtown, Back of Newport.

I.—THE FLOWER MARKET.

The Jabez Elliot Flower Market, is its full title. On Saturday afternoon the spacious, well-lighted interior is a mass of wonderful color, and the air is full of fragrance. Saturday is the important day here, especially at Easter.

Here in their season are dahlias, marvelous in their variety of form and glowing color; chrysanthemums—huge shaggy ones, well-groomed spheres, and even the little bloom, parent of all the family; ferns and lilies; azaleas and violets, and even tube-roses—all have their season, and all are welcome.



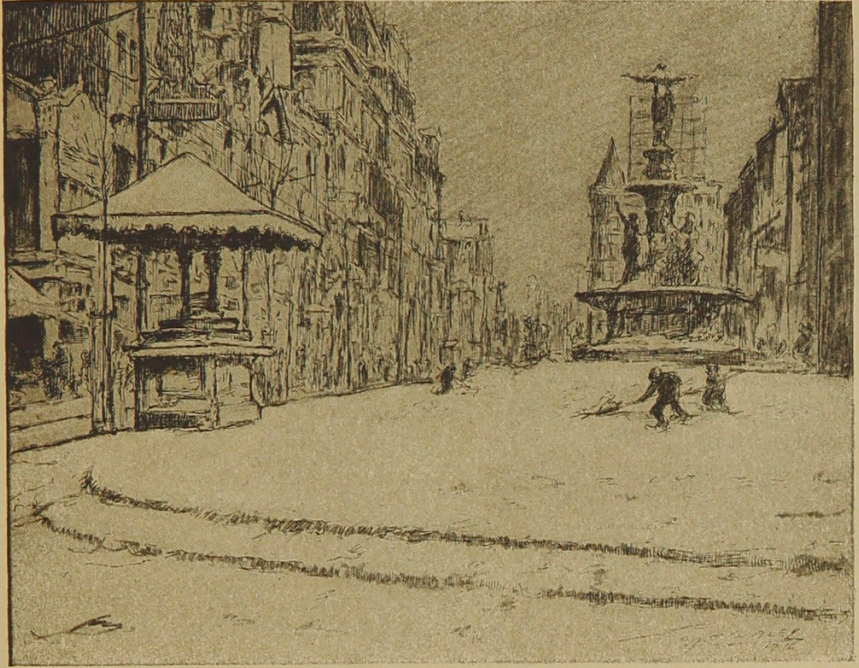
II.—FIFTH STREET MARKET.

Fifth Street Market, as it was called, was used as a market space before 1815, and in 1851 we are told that a frame building, three hundred and eighty feet long, stood where now stands fountain and esplanade. It was the custom, at that period, to hold a parade a few days before Christmas, of the animals which had been fattened for the Christmas market; they were gaily decorated, and led through the streets, accompanied by bands and crowds of people, especially the "infantry" as the narrator wittily expresses it. Fine beef, at Christmas time, sold for eight cents a pound.

During the Civil War, troops passing through the city were fed in this market, the women of Cincinnati taking turns in assisting to care for the men who were fighting for them.

In 1867, Mr. Henry Probasco offered the Tyler-Davidson fountain to the city, and the market space was decided to be the most desirable site. The old market house had become anything but an ornament, but the merchants who presided there objected to the demolition of the building. The story is told, that while they were absent, seeking an injunction against its destruction, the citizens, with axes and picks, tore down the old shed.

A narrow strip of the property had been given to the city, on condition that it should always be used as a market, so the little stand at the west end of the esplanade was erected, and at intervals something is sold there, papers or magazines—anything to keep up the fiction of a market.



III.—THE CANAL AT MOHAWK.

The view is taken from the Mohawk bridge, and the canal boat is just passing beneath it. Ahead, and to the right of the canal, rises Fairview Heights, and the Cross-Town Incline. The Mohawk is supposed to be a draw-bridge, but it has never been a success in that capacity.

The canal never stood for rapid transit, and passengers and crew had time to enjoy the scenery.

In days gone by, many gay parties traveled up and down the state, and canal boat picnics were a popular form of amusement.

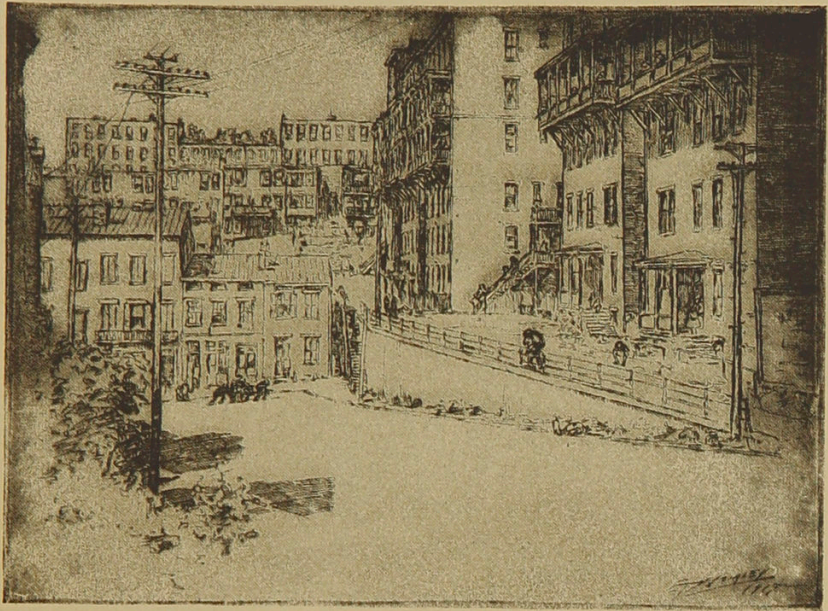


IV.—THE EDINBORO FLATS, HEAD OF SYCAMORE STREET.

Edinboro Place is a narrow ledge, built between the retaining wall above Sycamore street, and that which supports Saunders street behind, and above it. Its position in relation to the two streets being not unlike that of a mezzanine floor, to the two stories of a house.

The Edinboro Flats is a row of buildings facing Sycamore, and rises five, six, and even seven stories above Edinboro Place. As a matter of fact, the two, and in some cases, three upper stories face Saunders street, and have no apparent communication with the lower floors. The Saunders street houses are graced with balconies at the back, while their neighbors below, back against a retaining wall, and receive neither light nor air from that side.

An interesting discovery in connection with this locality is, that Sycamore street, after running straight up from the city, makes a sharp turn at a right angle, a square below Auburn avenue. At this turn, Sycamore street becomes Sycamore avenue, thus making more gradual the transition from plebeian Sycamore street, to aristocratic Auburn avenue.



V.—THE LAST OF THE OLD HORSE AUCTION.

“Sound as a dollar! Any lady can drive ‘im!” Once a familiar sound to passers-by on the lower side of Fifth street, between Main and Sycamore. There was always a crowd about the door, watching and listening; scattering at a sudden forward rush of the frightened animal on sale; drawing near again as the rider checked the flight.

The coming of the automobile has scattered the crowd forever, and where the horses showed their paces is a vacant lot, where horseless carriages are parked in safety for twenty-five cents a day.



VI.—FINDLAY STREET MARKET.

Though called Findlay Market, it is on Elder street and is in full swing on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday afternoon.

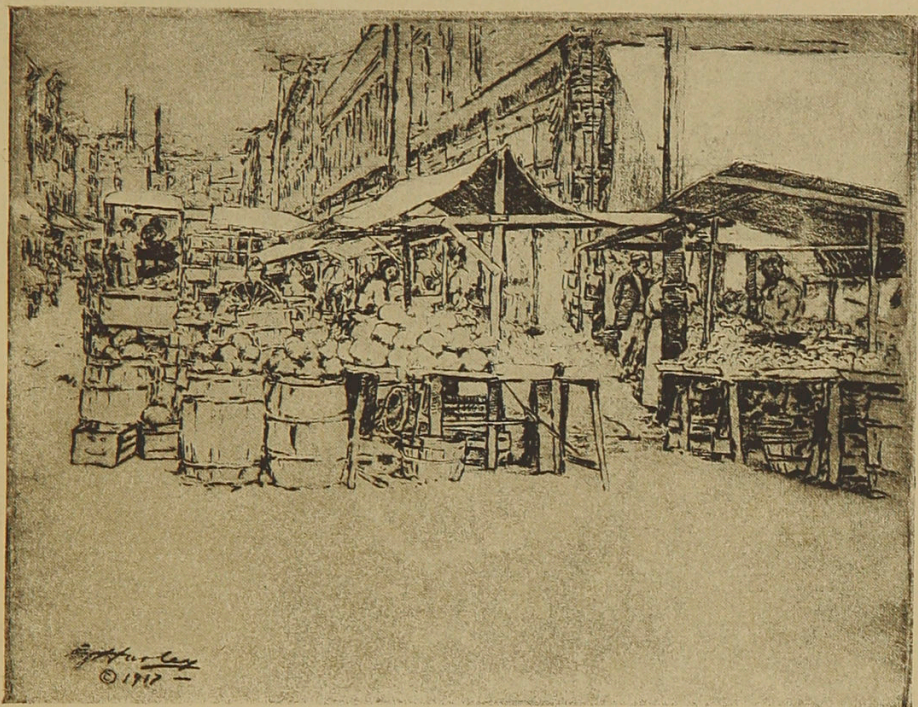
Cincinnati's first market house was built before 1800. As all the produce was then brought to the city by water, it was, naturally, near the river—a little frame building.

In 1805, a traveler wrote of Cincinnati markets, that they were as good as those of Philadelphia, but cheaper. Mrs. Trollope, the famous English woman, praised them highly.



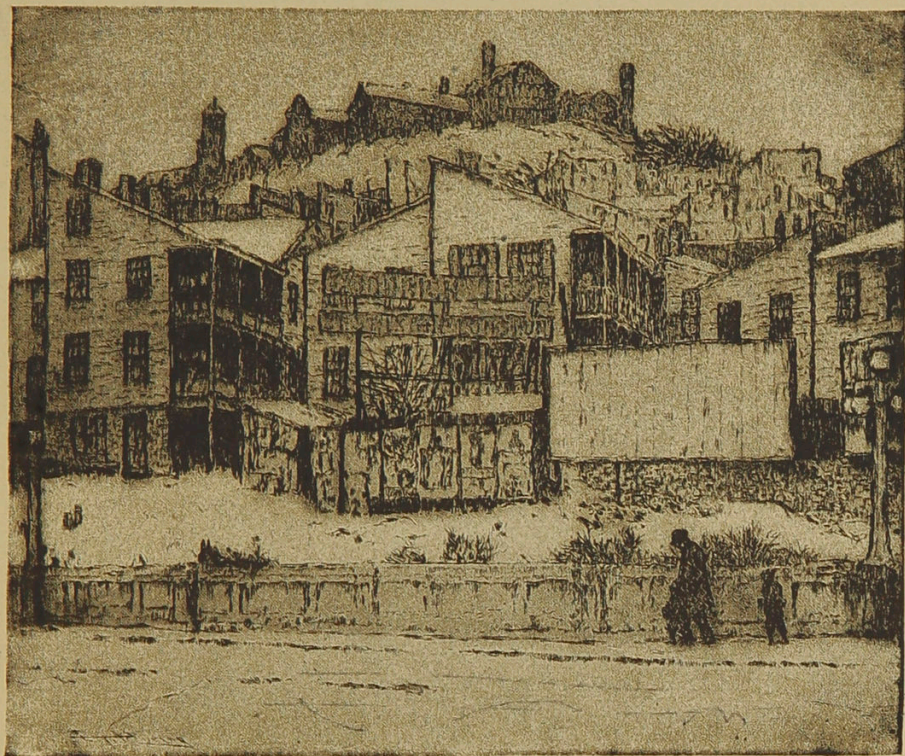
VII.—ELDER STREET MARKET.

Elder Street Market is a continuation of Findlay Market, and held on the same days.



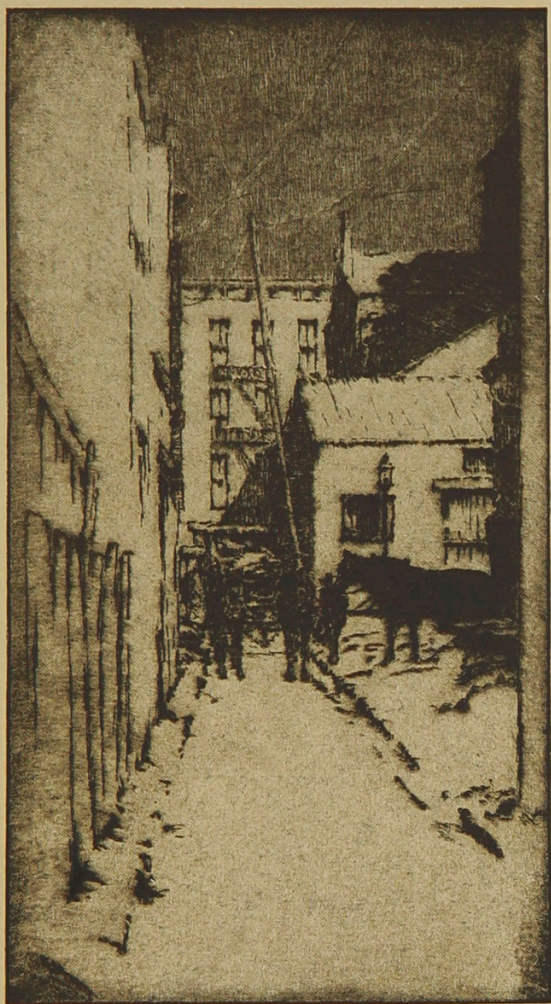
VIII.—FROM THE GILBERT AVENUE VIADUCT.

Just where the viaduct leads into Gilbert avenue, the hill known as Mt. Adams rises boldly to the right. The backs of the tenements on Eighth street, and the many unsightly sign boards, do not improve the view, but look above them, and just to the left of Rookwood Pottery's rambling building, can be seen the tower of the Church of the Holy Cross. Next to this is the Passionist Monastery, occupying the site originally held by the Cincinnati Observatory.



IX.—A SIDE STREET, NEAR ELM AND CANAL.

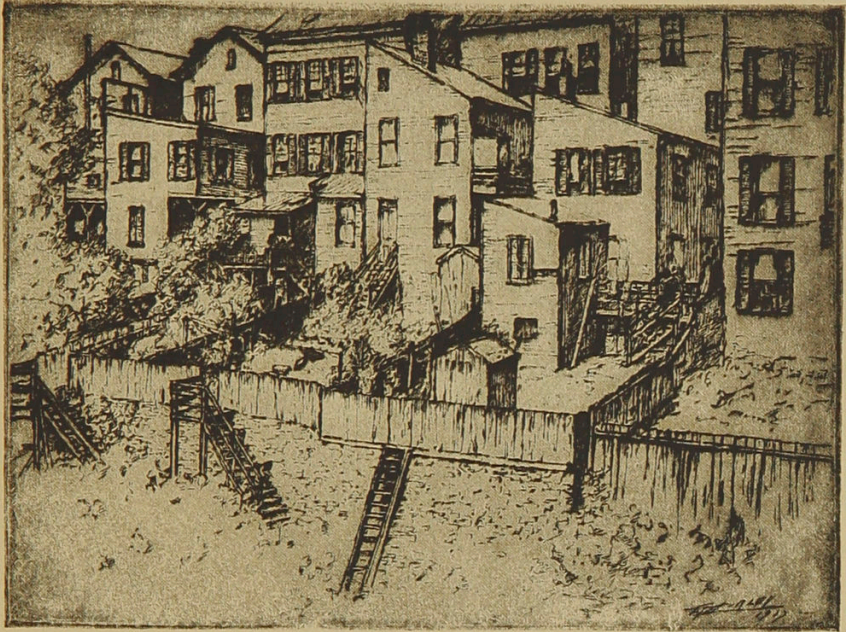
One of the queer old side-streets, hardly more than alleys, found in the down town districts.



X.—FROM THE MT. ADAMS INCLINE.

The inclined plane leading from Ida street on Mt. Adams to Lock street at the city's level, spans three narrow streets.

The hill falls sharply away from one street level to the next, and to go from one to another, or even from the street to the back yards of the houses fronting thereon, steps have been built. Many of these little flights can be seen from the incline; in some cases they are not unlike ladders.



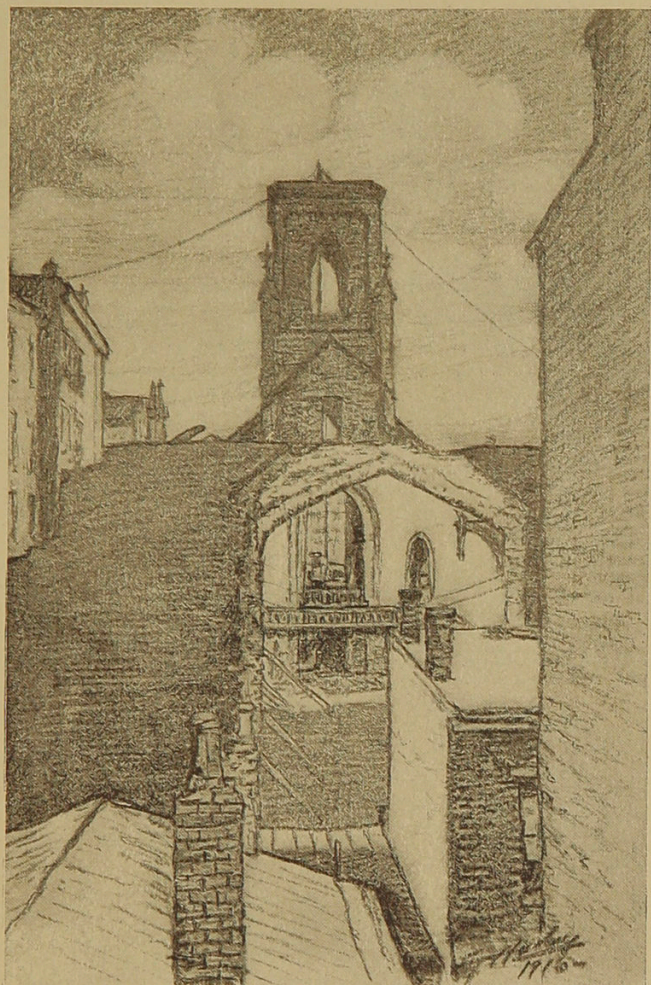
XI.—ON THE EAST FORK, NEAR PERINTOWN.

Some of the boats seen on the small streams are strange examples of naval architecture. The East Fork abounds in lovely spots.



XII.—RUINS OF TRINITY M. E. CHURCH,
NINTH STREET.

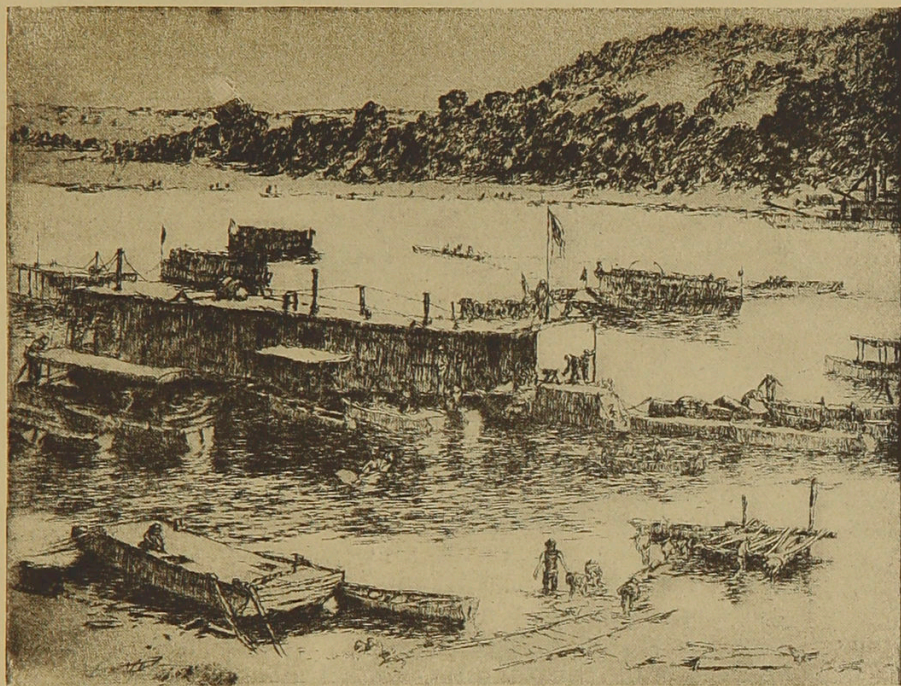
After being destroyed by fire in March, 1916, little was left of Trinity M. E. Church. Viewed from the house tops on Court street, the tower, the tottering walls, the littered floor, and exposed choir, brought to one's mind, the ruins of some old-world castle.



XIII.—THE OHIO AT THE FOOT OF
COLLINS AVENUE.

It has a very busy look, but the appearance is deceptive, as most of the craft are house-boats—shanty-boats, in reality, and the children wade and bathe in the river, and run out as far as possible to catch the swell from a passing steamboat.

The big boathouse does what business there is to do—making boats, and selling boats and supplies, but it is not a center of industry.



XIV.—PUBLIC LANDING.

In 1789, a tract of land south of what is now Front street, between Main and Broadway, was set aside as a public wharf.

At that time, practically all of Cincinnati's commerce was carried on by water; it was also the chief mode of travel, so the spot was from the first a business center. Cincinnati sent out her manufactures, and received in return, sugar, cotton, rice, tobacco, and molasses from one direction; lead, shot, and furs, from another.

As the city grew, so grew the importance of the public landing. In 1840, there were thirty-three boats built in Cincinnati, and a visitor to the city wrote that "Main street is to Cincinnati, what Broadway is to New York." The landing must have been a lively place, with steamboats arriving and departing, sometimes twenty-five or thirty in a day. Carriages and drays drove up and down the wharf; well-dressed travelers rubbed elbows with negro drivers and roustabouts, and the steamboat captain reigned monarch of the situation.

Many famous people have landed at this wharf. In 1825, the Marquis de Lafayette came from Lexington by water, and landed there. Mrs. Trollope, Daniel Webster, and Charles Dickens were among the number; also Abraham Lincoln, who spoke to the people from the Spencer House, not far away, on Broadway.

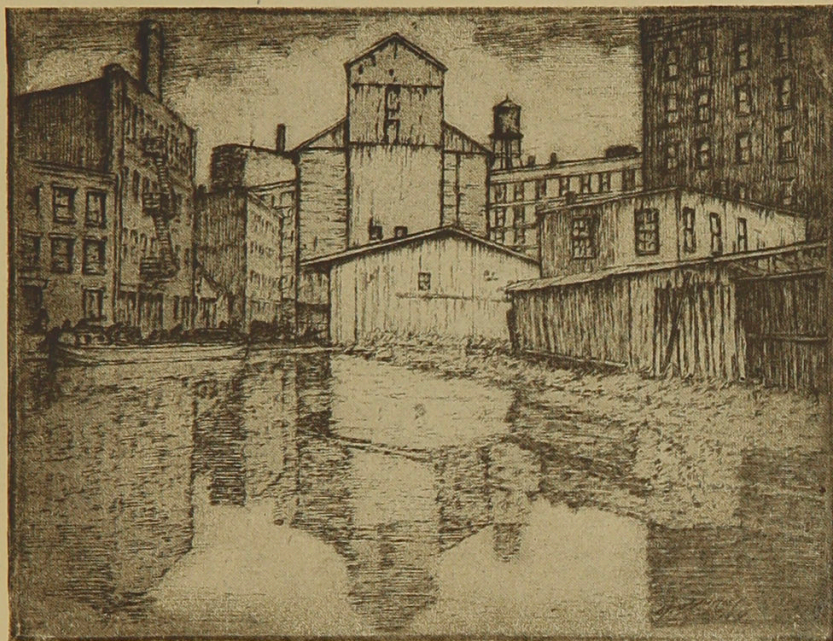
"How have the mighty fallen!" The Spencer House is a tenement, and dullness has descended upon the public landing. An occasional steamer arrives or departs, and only when the gala crowds bound to or from Coney Island, fill the steep paths with life and excitement, does the old landing awake from its dreams of former greatness.



XV.—THE CANAL AT LOCKPORT STREET.

Lockport street is a little by-street, only a stone's-throw from Cheapside, and Five Corners. Here the canal leaves the daylight, and plunges down, to run beneath the streets for several hundred feet, under Culvert street, and, following the direction of old Deer Creek, empties into the Ohio.

A few years ago, this old flour mill was run by its water power. The waters have grown sluggish, the mill wheel has stopped, and before many years, the canal will have passed into history.



XVI.—AN OLD MARKET WAGON.

The "gypsy wagon" was once a familiar sight, but its ungainly body and quaint hood are now rarely seen except in the market place.

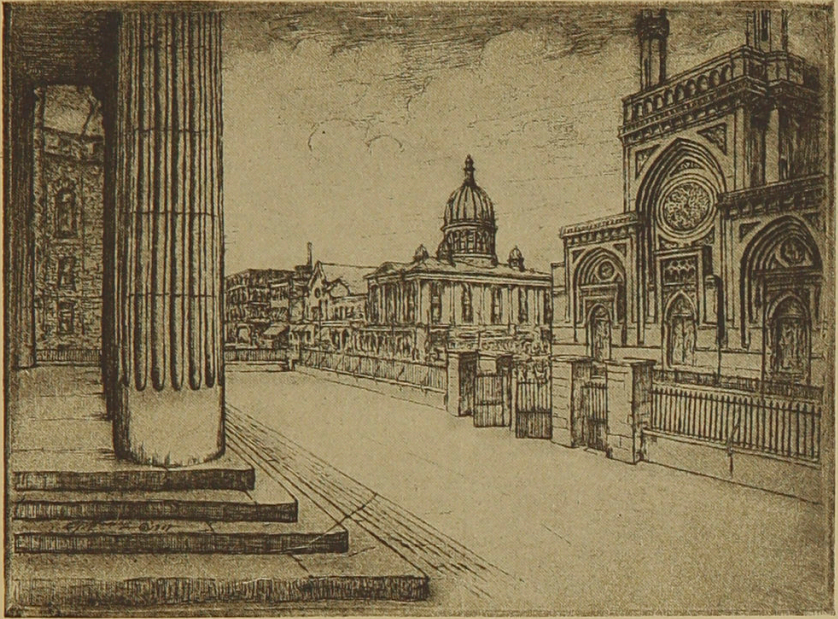


XVII.—EIGHTH AND PLUM.

Although a little aside from the main business section, much of Cincinnati's history has been made in this locality. The City Building, by virtue of its size, dominates the scene, but across Eighth street, classic Cathedral, and Byzantine Synagogue face each other, serene in the consciousness of architectural beauty.

In the old days, the "Friends' Meeting House" was on Eighth street, opposite the Synagogue, and only a square away stands Robinson's Opera House, once one of the city's leading theaters. It was built by the well-known circus manager, John Robinson, and in the cellar were located winter quarters for his menagerie.

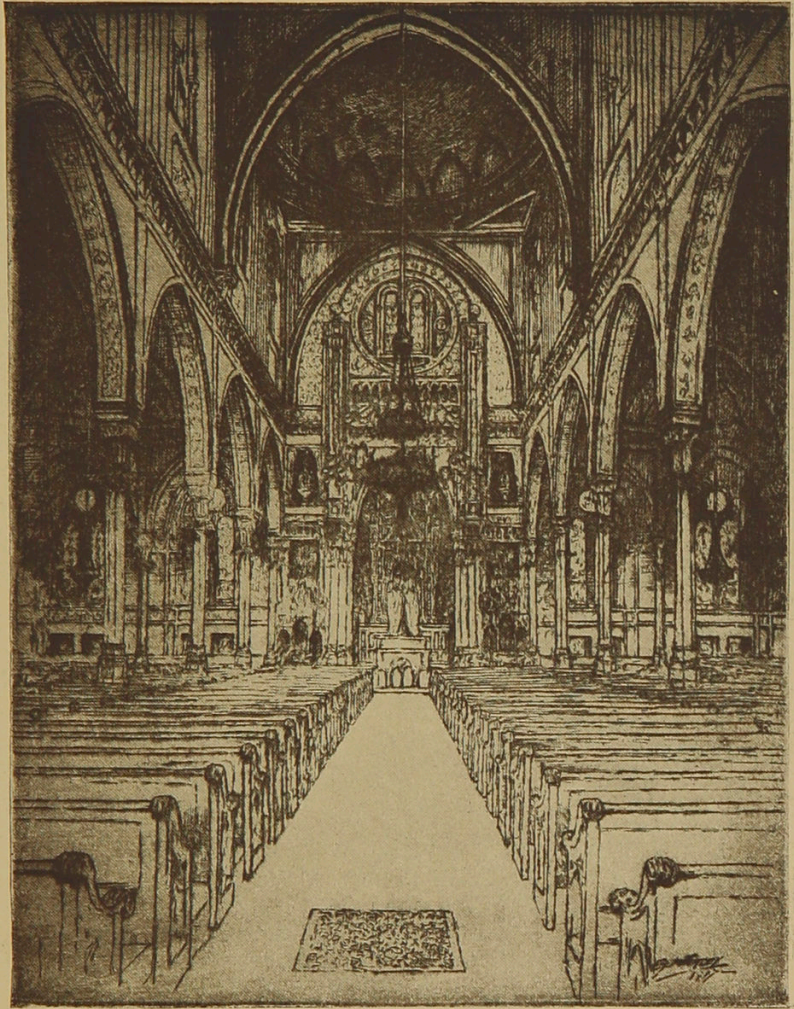
The ground on which the cathedral stands was purchased by Bishop Purcell, in 1841, and is described in the deed, as "One-half of the block bounded by Plum and Western Row, and Seventh and Eighth streets." Western Row is now Central avenue.



XVIII.—THE INTERIOR OF THE PLUM STREET
TEMPLE.

The Plum Street Temple, as it is called, was dedicated in August, 1866.

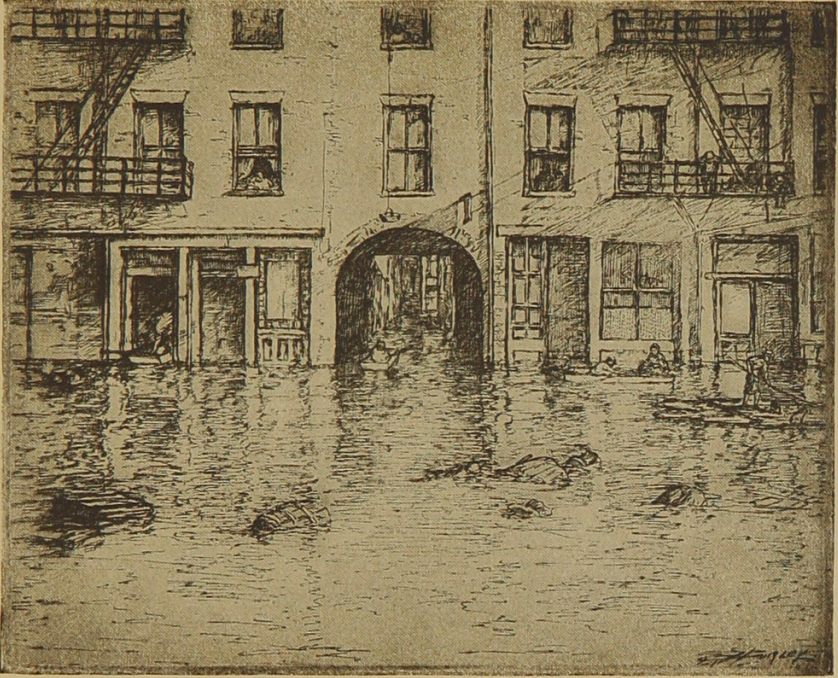
The architecture is Byzantine, but the interior mural decorations are Moorish, and in their richness of color and design harmonize with the beautiful pillars and arches which support the lofty ceiling.



XIX.—PEARL STREET IN THE FLOOD.

The river must rise far beyond its usual depth to put Pearl street under water. At Walnut street, a line painted on a building shows that the flood of 1913 reached a depth of sixty-nine feet and eight inches. Tablets in the sidewalks, or on walls here and there in the vicinity, tell their tale of high water. The worst flood Cincinnati has known was in February, 1884, when the river stopped at a height of seventy-one feet and three-quarters of an inch.

The inhabitants of the flooded districts seem to take it philosophically; they move up higher as the water rises, travel around the neighborhood in boats, and worry not at all about the dirt and debris that will remain when the water recedes.

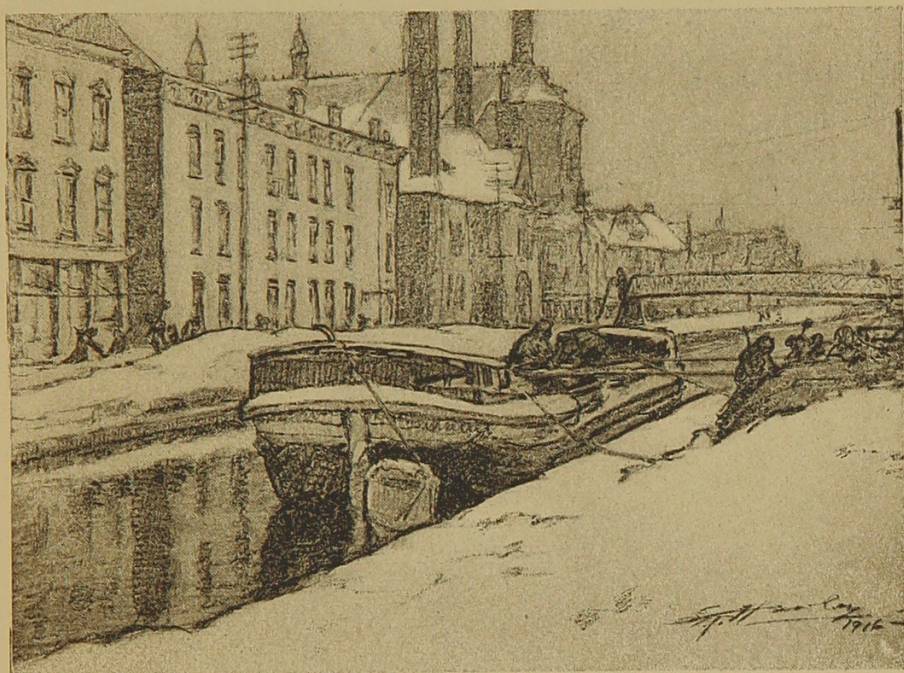


XX.—THE CANAL, REAR OF MUSIC HALL.

In 1825, the ground was broken at Middletown for the building of the Miami Canal. It was a boon to the state, as roads were bad, and travel slow and difficult. For many decades there was a constant stream of traffic on this narrow water-way. The passenger boats were considered in their day both comfortable and commodious.

There was a great deal of commerce conducted by means of the canal, and it furnished water power for numerous factories.

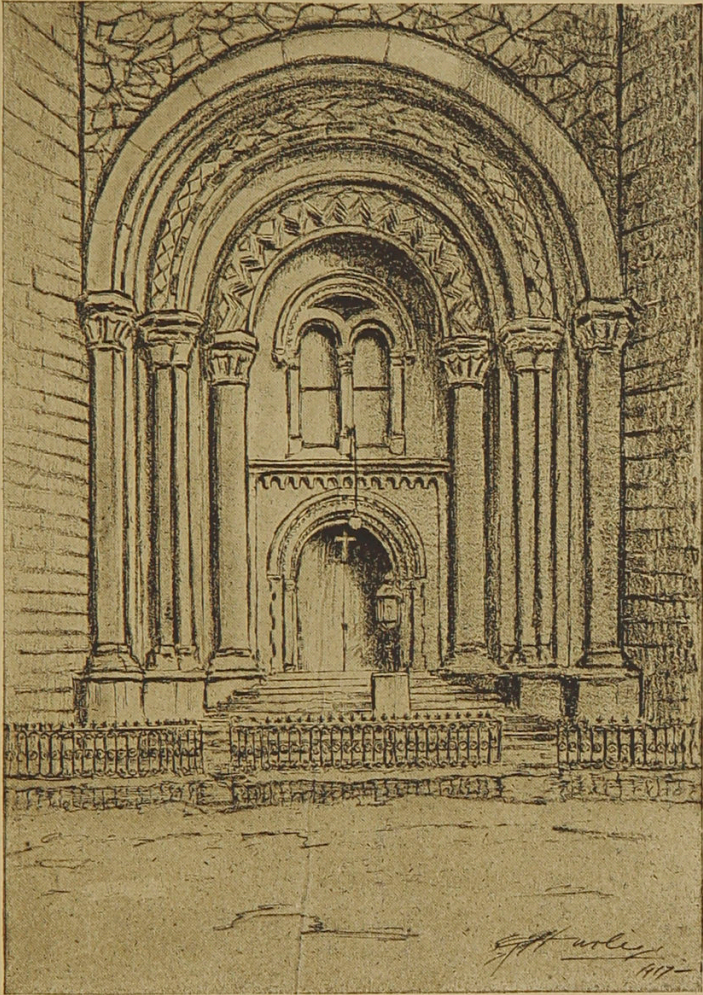
Time and progress brought quicker and cheaper methods of transportation; the canal gradually fell into disuse, and in the summer of 1917 the last boat made its final trip from the heart of the city, and out towards Cumminsville.



XXI.—DOORWAY OF THE PROTESTANT
CATHEDRAL, SEVENTH AND PLUM

At the corner of Seventh and Plum streets, stands the Protestant Cathedral of Cincinnati. It is a very fine example of Norman architecture. The main entrance, on Seventh street, is elaborately decorated, with the splayed opening, and carved moldings characteristic of the Norman manner.

There is a smaller entrance at each corner, and on Plum street is the chapel—a simple archway, with a Maltese cross carved above the door.



XXII.—A GLIMPSE OF BETHLEHEM.

In a city whose topographical peculiarities offer every excuse for the unusual, both in its buildings and their situations, the little German settlement called Bethlehem, is perhaps one of the quaintest spots.

Cuddled in a hollow of the hills, between Mt. Auburn and Vine street, it might be passed again and again, without its presence being suspected. A narrow pass, open to the sunset, offers an exit which is not easy either of ascent or descent. Wooden steps lead to the hill above, but they are steep, and do not invite a trial.

A characteristic of the settlement, and one which probably helped to give it its name, is the little sheds or dugouts built into the hill back of many of the houses.

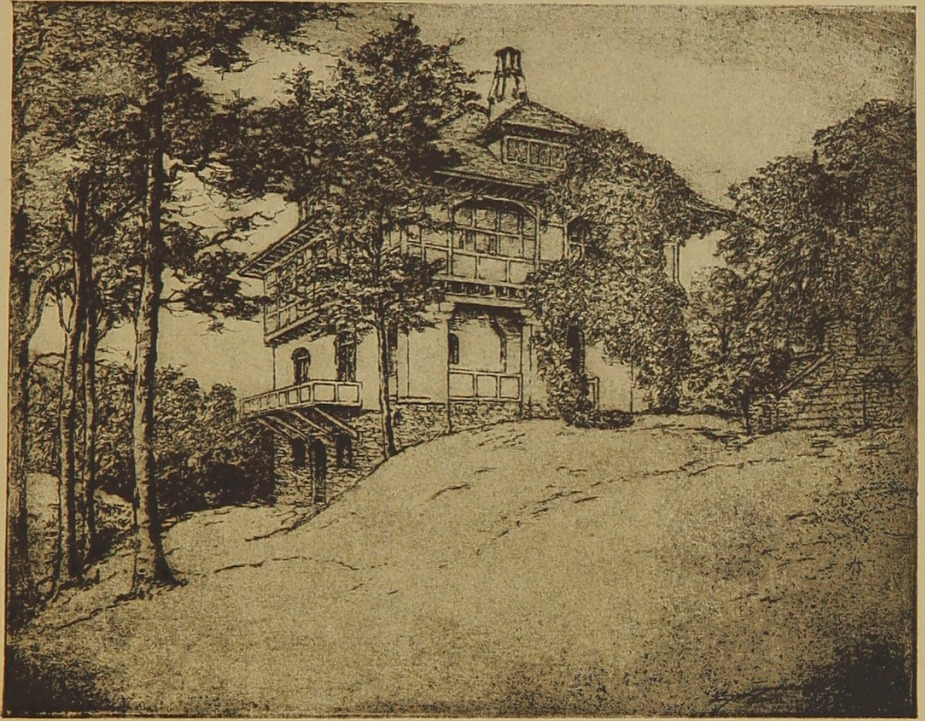
The fact that the tailor's trade was a favorite one among the bread-winners of the locality, gave it, at one time, the local name of "Tailortown".



XXIII.—A PICTURESQUE HOME AT THE FOOT
OF UPLAND PLACE.

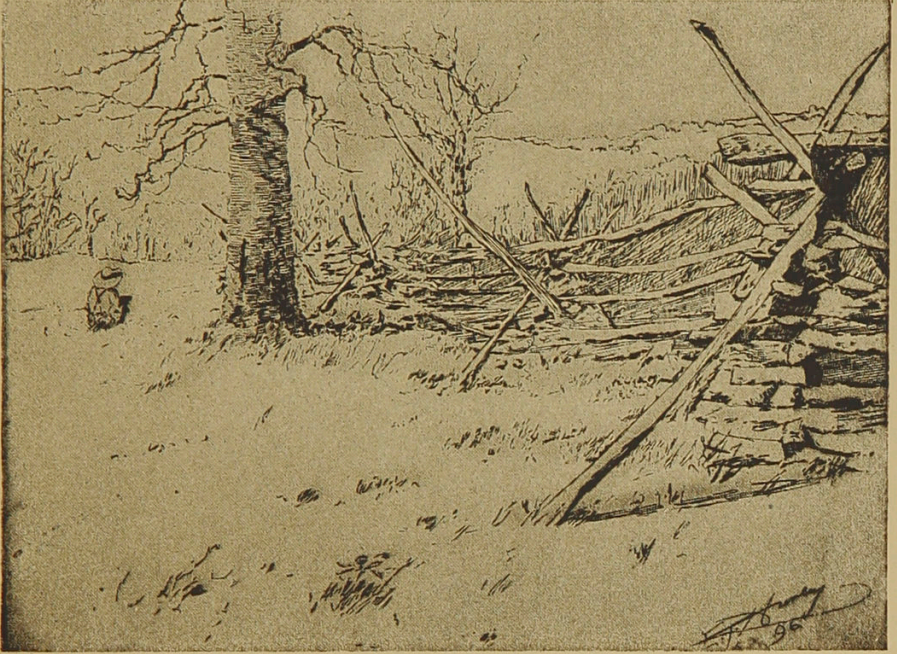
We see a charming home, situated at the foot of one of Walnut Hills' most attractive streets. What we do not see, and what those who make their home here, can see at all times, is the panoramic view below.

The curve of the river; the picturesque houses of the East End, nestling against the hill, the wooded slopes of Kentucky—all this helps to make an exceptional home more desirable.



XXIV—AN OLD RAIL FENCE,
HICKORY RIDGE, NEWPORT.

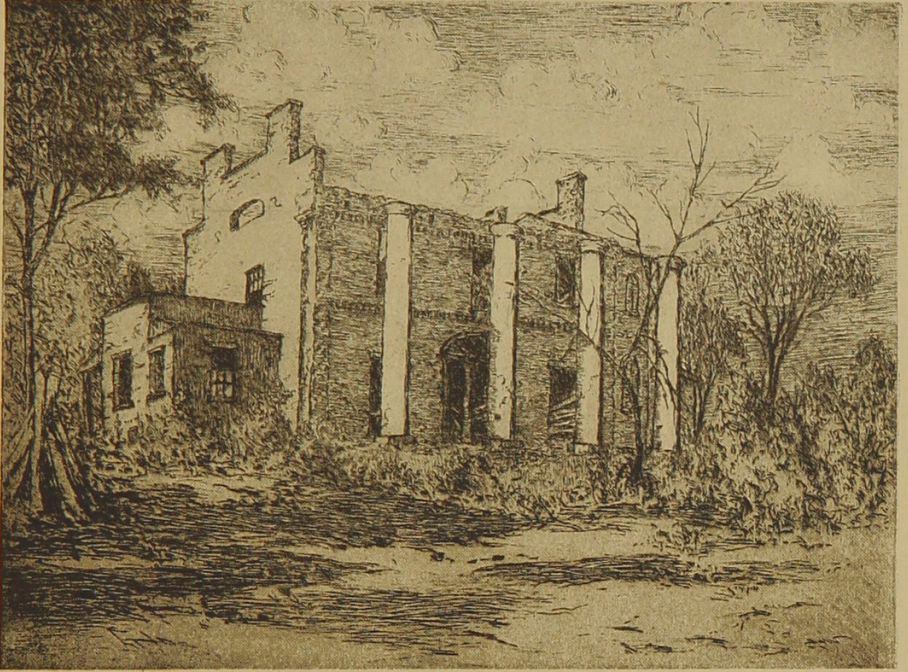
The country around Cincinnati, is rich in old-time rail fences. Many of them are built of black walnut, relics of the days when walnut trees were plentiful. Heavy oak rails are also found, though locust and blue ash were more commonly used.



XXV.—RUINS OF THE OLD YEATMAN
HOMESTEAD, SEDAMSVILLE.

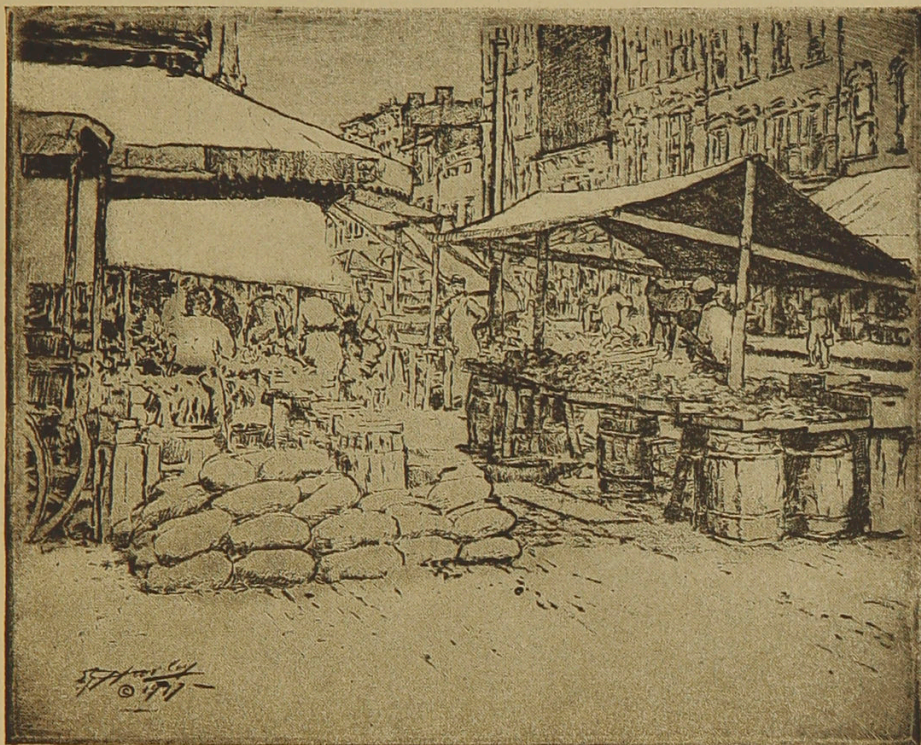
Time was, when this suburb was the home of many river captains, who were quick to appreciate its natural advantages. Situated between river and hill, there was beauty on every side, and many attractive houses were built there.

In those days, there was no Sedamsville car, and the residents took the train, or drove to town. It is said that some of these same river captains found driving a fine horse a pleasant change from treading the deck of a steamboat.



XXVI.—THE WATERMELON MARKET.

The green fruit lies in piles, which rapidly grow less. Sometimes a dealer tempts the buyers by displaying a sample specimen, cut in halves, showing the contrast between green rind, and red and white lining. There is generally a little darkey within reach, when the market day is over, and the rosy sample has fulfilled its mission.



XXVII.—THE CHICKEN MARKET.

There is no place where one can find so democratic a crowd, as in the chicken market. Black and white, rich and poor, they all like chicken; and they all poke the breasts, and break the wings of the fowls, to find out if they are tender. One must go early to market, to get the pick of the poultry yard.

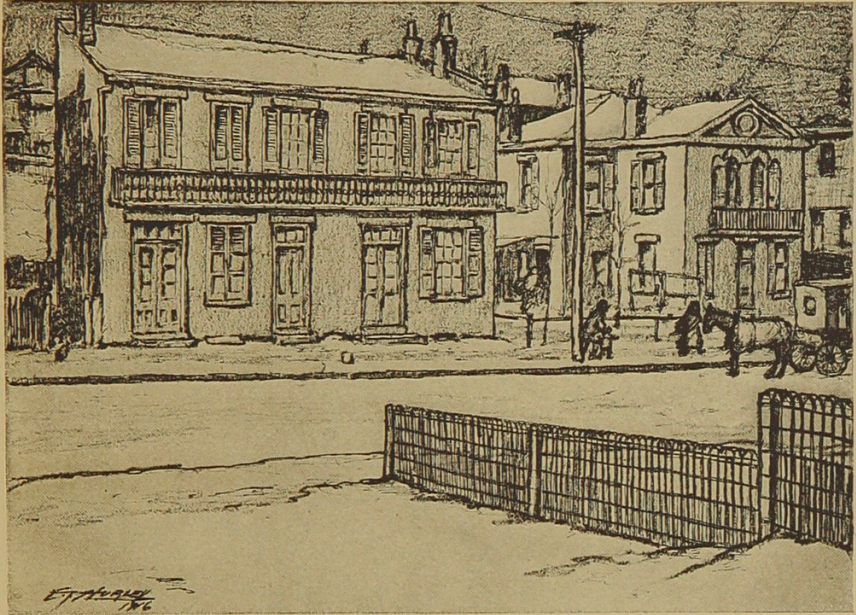
Each market has its regular days. Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday afternoon, Sixth street market welcomes its patrons, although like the flower market, Saturday is the "best market".

The awnings, upheld by a sort of cantilever construction, are seen in all the markets.



XXVIII.—HACKBERRY STREET,
NEAR HUMBOLDT.

The old wrought iron balconies and hand-rails—many of them hand made—are reminiscent of a period before the civil war.



XXIX.—HILLSIDE IN SNOW,
HICKORY RIDGE, NEWPORT.

The "snake fence" winds and twists its way
up hill and down dale. Shutting in the orchard,
where apples and pears ripen in summer heat;
crossing the slope where winter snows tempt the
small boy to risk life and limb on a bobsled.
But who ever saw a fence that could stop a
small boy who wanted apples, or who was out
for sport?



XXX.—FINCHTOWN, BACK OF NEWPORT.

Finchtown is an unpretentious little settlement, back of Newport, Kentucky. Its architecture is primitive in the extreme.



