

**CINCINNATI, PRINTS  
FROM THE ETCHINGS  
OF E.T. HURLEY**

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Cincinnati, Prints from the Etchings of E.T. Hurley by Amelia Hickenlooper Dunham

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**AMELIA HICKENLOOPER DUNHAM**

**CINCINNATI, PRINTS  
FROM THE ETCHINGS  
OF E.T. HURLEY**





With best wishes

*G. G. Hurley*

1918-

How far back do you remember Cincinnati? Do you remember when there were no electric cars and the telephones were still miracles? When Martin's cable ran up Sycamore hill or when we went by bus to Avondale, out the country-winding Reading road, under the great tree arches? Do you remember the wooden covered bridge over Mill creek, and the little stream that Bank street took its name from? Do you ever think, when you look at that high two-headed hill to the west of the city, that it was left in that condition after its earth had been brought down by bucket and cable, to fill up that old creek? Do you remember the racing and the showing off of fine horses every evening along the beautiful, willow-shaded double drive of Spring Grove Avenue?

Did you take a long train journey to Glendale? Or did you, in the big carriage, with horse-hair trunk strapped on behind and servant's chaise sent on before, drive a-visiting to Dayton or Columbus? The first stop was for lunch, probably at the Brighton House or at the Inn at Knowlton's Corner, and the night was spent where the stage changed horses, at Springdale.

When you were a child did your visitors stop at the Pearl Street House, the Spencer House or the St. Nicholas? Did your father go to business to Fourth street, or Third, or the river front? Where and what was the Club? Were the inclines built? Did you go

to the Observatory or the Zoo by dummy? And did you ride your saddle-horse to Kentucky on the Ferry? What were the river steamers like? Did your brother go to the Spanish-American, the Civil, or the Mexican War? Were the big west-end houses Roumanian and Hungarian boarding houses or fashionable homes or suburban estates? Was your childhood in the forties, or the sixties or the eighties?

So fast we grow, so surely we change, that it all seems far away and tenderly indistinct. To us in a reminiscent mood, the city today seems like the new moon with the old moon in its arms.

The new moon with the old moon in its arms. You know the sky it sails in. Not the clear, deep blue of the full moon, nor the star-studded black of the crescent, nor the cloud-dappled slate of the half moon; but the misty gray or opalescent silver, with the stars just sheen and shimmer, not pin-pricks nor hung lamps.

The old moon in the new moon's arms—it means twilight and Indian summer, or the clear February evening; it means all that evanescent charm of the long-ago in the new, the hint you find in the girl of her mother, the scent you detect at the florist's that was in the fragrance of the old home garden, the lilt of the once sung song, the memory of an earlier day.

It is this charm that Mr. Hurley has sensed here and there in his beloved Cincinnati and has recorded in this little group of etchings. Beauty he has found before, and life—vivid, teeming, or reposeful, deep—he has found our woods and rivers, our spires and shrines, our snow and rain and sunshine. All these he has caught again in this netfull, but more. Like the Arabian fisherman he has drawn up a jar that frees a genie.

It is the genie of reminiscence, of suggestion, that floats out from these pictures; a suggestion of legend, and history, and romance; of the pioneer and Indian; of the steady growth of church and school and state. We see Columbia, Losantiville, Fort Washington, Cincinnati, the trading village of the twenties, the charming town of the forties, with its gardens sloping to the river and its distant vine-crowned hills; and we follow through the sixties and eighties, and the twentieth century to the now, not by wars and floods and riots, not even by commercial growth, industrial development, civic consciousness, but by a river-front hotel, a forgotten graveyard, a bit of architecture, an old home.

It is the old moon in the new moon's arms. Mr. Hurley shows the new moon too: the parish house stands beside Christ Church, automobiles are parked below the Eighth street spires, railroads parallel the river, the canal shows no traffic, the highest sky-scraper



west of the Alleghenies mounts guard over the city.

Perhaps the old moon's outline is a bit dim—but didn't you hear the click of the frontiersman's musket when the wild geese flew over Columbia, didn't you see a hooped skirt and a Union uniform go around the corner of the Spencer House, didn't you smell the grape-blossoms behind the Longworth cottage, don't you feel that you have caught the lovely haunting spirit of old Cincinnati in your arms?

Perhaps not, the fairies grant some to see so much more than others. Fortunately for us we have a real seer in our midst, a seer and interpreter of visions, a recorder of "all that was, and is, and evermore shall be." Mr. Hurley commands two genii—the spirit of appreciation and the spirit of creation. I think his jar is a Rookwood one.

Frank Duveneck found Hurley out; Duveneck to whom Cincinnati is inspiringly in debt, not only for so much of its greatest art, but for so many of its younger artists. Mr. Hurley was Mr. Duveneck's pupil, and later, the sitter for one of his characteristic portraits, here reproduced for the frontispiece.

Though time has changed the pupil to a master in his turn, he is still—as we all would wish to be—Mr. Duveneck's most grateful friend and appreciative admirer.

Cover—Looking down Vine from Fifth.

Frontispiece—

Portrait of E. T. Hurley by Frank Duveneck.

- I The Ohio from Elmhurst Place.
- II Produce Alley, Night.
- III Pillar from Old Post Office, Columbia Cemetery.
- IV Spires of Eighth Street.
- V The Suspension Bridge.
- VI The Fountain.
- VII Garfield Statue, Eighth and Race.
- VIII The Old Spencer House, Front and Broadway.
- IX Scottish Rite Cathedral from Buchanan Alley.
- X Carter Street, East End, Road to Chillicothe, 1789.
- XI Christ Church, Fourth Street.
- XII An Old Homestead, Pike Street.
- XIII Basket Willows of Duck Creek Road.
- XIV Lake at Spring Grove.
- XV The Church on the Point, Mt. Adams.
- XVI The Rookwood Gates.
- XVII Fountain Square, in the Autumn Rain.
- XVIII Bend of the River from Eden Park.
- XIX The Plum Street Temple.
- XX Longworth Cottage on Grandin Road.
- XXI Ruins of the Highland House, by Moonlight.
- XXII Along the Esplanade.
- XXIII Canal at Brighton.
- XXIV An Old Cemetery, Central Avenue and Chestnut Street.
- XXV The Sunday Concert, Eden Park.
- XXVI First Presbyterian Church, Fourth near Main.
- XXVII Cabs and Cabbies, Sixth Street, 1906.
- XXVIII The Monastery, Mt. Adams.
- XXIX Brook at Olive Branch.
- XXX Produce Alley, near Lower Market.

I.—THE OHIO FROM ELMHURST PLACE.

Help me to put my dreams down  
Oh pictures of my town,  
All my dreams and memories  
Of the hills that frown,  
The waters that flow and flood,  
The roads that climb and stray,  
All my dreams and memories  
Of today and yesterday!