

NEW ALBANY THEN AND NOW,

—
And What Wonders Have Been Wrought Within the Space of Forty Years.
A New Albanian Astonished.
And So Much So That He Writes His Thoughts to the Ledger-Standard.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9, 1879.

ONCE LIVED IN NEW ALBANY.

My father once lived in New Albany, Indiana. He moved away from there over forty years ago, when I was but a lad just entering my teens. In those early days the creeks were full of fish, and the hills about New Albany alive with squirrels, and some seasons of the year the vast numbers of pigeons passing over them almost hid the sun from our view. And, young as I then was, I had spent many happy hours fishing in Falling Run and shooting squirrels and pigeons on what was then called Caney knob, a spur of the knobs forming a beautiful ridge with an elevation of about two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the city, and which rises rather abruptly at the west end of the city, some three or four hundred yards from the Ohio, and extends northward two or three miles to where it intersects the higher knobs. It is said that on the decline and down grade of life a man's mind often wanders off to

SCENES OF HIS CHILDHOOD.

And the localities of his youthful exploits, and that many have desired to spend the remainder of life at those places. I must confess this is to some extent my own condition. And while on my return from a trip south a few days since, it being necessary for me to stop over one day at Louisville, Ky., to see a gentleman on business, I put in the time in going over to New Albany, and visiting

MY OLD STAMPING GROUNDS.

I had a strong desire to see what changes had taken place while more than a generation of people have been passing away. I took the New Albany train, crossed over the falls of the Ohio on the fine iron bridge, went down on the Indiana side, and landed at State street in New Albany. When I left here State street was rather in the upper end of the city, but now I find it in the lower end. I walked up to Main and out to Market and around to several squares to see if I could meet with any person, house or thing that I could recognize, but failing in this I went out on Spring to see

THE OLD COURT HOUSE.

It too, was gone, but another, a fine stately one with beautiful lime stone columns in front stands in its place. I looked up and down the long clean and handsomely paved streets where stumps, mud holes and frog ponds did much abound when I left here, but I saw no person or house I could recognize. Then I thought of Falling Run and the great pile of drift wood, where I and my playmates often went to catch catfish. I walked down to where I left it. But lo it is all gone. And the once beautiful, clear little creek, it too is nearly gone. What is left of it is the main sewer of the city. I stopped a few moments, thought of my old playmates, reflected on the changes wrought by time, meditated, shed a tear, hesitated and turned away. But I soon met a young man who appeared to be idle and talkative, and I struck up a conversation with him. He appeared to know all about the city and its manufacturing establishments, and about Caney knob, its inhabitants, their farms, &c., and he finally very kindly offered to guide me all around, and give me about all the information desired for one dollar. This proposition I quietly accepted because I had no time to hunt up old acquaintances or to form new ones.

VISITING MANUFACTORIES.

We took the Spring street cars and rode up to the woolen mills on Vincennes street in the upper end of the city to commence our tour of exploration at that

point. These mills are in good condition and under the supervision of a Mr. Gebhart, are paying very well. We next went to see the great glass works on the river bank. I say great glass works, because it is said to be the largest plate glass manufactory in America, and covers some fifteen to twenty acres of ground. It is all owned by one man,

GEN. D'PAUW, A FRENCHMAN,

I judge from the name. He is said to be worth eight or ten millions, and has made it all here. He is comparatively a young man yet, and it is not unlikely that if he lives twenty years longer he will out rank any of our great New York millionaires. And what is rather uncommon for a man of his great wealth he is admitted to be a clever, sociable, liberal gentleman, and

A DEVOTED CHRISTIAN.

From here we went on down the river bank passing forge works, tilt-hammer shops, coal yards, blacksmith shops, depots, foundries of different kinds, nail mills and rolling mills and finally stopped at the hickory mills, two or three miles below the glass works. The whole river front being lined with manufacturing establishments for that distance. And all crowded with business and under full steam. The hickory mills somewhat astonished me. They are a late improvement and are fast working up the vast amount of hickory timber growing in the surrounding country, and making of it all kinds of handles and many other articles. If New Albany is not a great business point it certainly is a very busy place.

Not yet being tired or fully satisfied, I told my guide we would take

A STROLL ON CANEY KNOB

Before we stopped. We walked up to Main street, crossed over Falling Run on a stone bridge, and stood at the base of the knob. In my youthful days I ran up it at any point I desired. This time we walked leisurely up a good footpath resting several times on the way. But we saw a good wagon road near by. On arriving at the summit, now called

CLIFTON HEIGHTS,

I turned my face to the south as I used to do in my youthful days to see the Ohio river. There it was, reaching as far as the eye could comprehend. It was clothed in all its old beauty, grandeur and loveliness, with two boats ploughing and puffing their way through its current just as I saw others doing over forty years ago. This brought me directly back to the scenes of my childhood, and oh, how pleasant it was. I next turned my face northward to see the beautiful forest that nature planted on this lovely ridge. But lo, it is nearly all gone, except on the hillsides. But in its place I now see many comfortable and lovely homes, with fine gardens and orchards of all kinds, and strawberry and raspberry plantations or patches in abundance. The squirrels and pigeons, too, are all gone. And even the red-headed woodpecker, the noisy little pests that were once so plenty, and were fussing, quarreling and fighting all winter over their little horde of beech nuts, are all gone. In my travels I have seen many desirable localities and beautiful homes – some greatly admired for their beautiful scenery and the excellent view of the surrounding country they afforded, and others for pure atmosphere and good health – but I have seen none that in my opinion exceeds Clifton heights, and, in fact, the whole of what was once called Caney knob. Here we have as fine a view as could be desired of three beautiful and flourishing falls cities. New Albany, Ind., at our feet, Jeffersonville, Ind., and Louisville, Ky., three to four miles distant. From here you can see the homes of about

A QUARTER OF A MILLION PEOPLE,

And it is not at all unlikely that others may stand here and see the homes of three millions before the next centennial. And unlikely as such a thing may appear to the present generation, it is not impossible that some of them may live to see

THE CAPITAL OF THE UNITED STATES

Standing on this admirable site. In fact, if the capital is ever moved to the center of population, as it should be, it will eventually come to some point in the Ohio valley. The first residence we came to on these heights is that of

COL. WILLIAM W. TULEY,

A prominent lawyer. And if he displays the same good judgment in his profession that he has done in the selection of his home I have no doubt of his success. At least the man who enjoys the health, comfort, and pleasure such a home affords, should be a whole-souled, jolly, sociable fellow. Near by this is the plain cozy looking residence of Capt. Ben Tuley, and also that of Mrs. Seth Tuley, an excellent lady, who is keeping

A SELECT BOARDING HOUSE,

Where invalids from the cities come to enjoy pure air and recuperate their health. Here it occurs to me that instead of the one boarding house there should be a half dozen or perhaps a dozen good hotels to accommodate the large number of such people who would gladly avail themselves of the benefits to be derived if they could obtain good accommodations on these heights. I also learned that several parties are now contemplating a regular summer resort. On our way to the reservoir of the New Albany water works, we passed

THE HOME OF MAJOR GEORGE TULEY

The first resident on Clifton heights, and said to be the best posted man in the culture of all kinds of fruits, large or small in the country. His location is splendid and his home a nice one.

THE RESERVOIRS OF THE NEW ALBANY WATER WORKS

Are here and about two hundred and fifty feet above the city. It is said these grand works can throw a perpendicular stream of water to the height of one hundred feet from any point in the city. This gives such protection to property in the city that it reduces the rates of fire insurance one half. At a short distance

from the reservoirs and passing some nice little homes, among them that of Mr. George W. Morrison, a noted portrait painter, we came to

OAKLAND HEIGHTS,

The beautiful and lovely looking home of Josiah Gwin, editor of the LEDGER-STANDARD. Mr. Gwin has very sensibly obeyed that wise old command, "Woodman spare that tree." This is the first place on the summit that we have met with the noble and lovely old forest oak and beech trees. They are left standing all around and about this admirable residence and in front of it on down to the city. They really add more beauty and loveliness to this charming home than all the imported shrubbery that could be put here in half a century. Oakland heights stands out on a prominent spur of the knob and to say the least of it, it is magnificently grand. On some of my trips out west I had heard the LEDGER-STANDARD claimed as the leading democratic organ in Indiana. The home of its editor accounts for it all. Passing on through a handsome orchard and past a cozy looking cottage we soon came to

GRAND VIEW,

The residence of Col. T. G. Morrison, a gallant soldier in the late war, and the author of some very fine poetry. The colonel was badly crippled in the rebellion and he has retired to Grand View, his present beautiful and very suitable home, where he can the better cultivate his poetic genius. A short distance from Grand View, we came to

VINELAND,

A choice little farm mostly set in small fruits, flowers and cider crab apples. Mr. Young, the owner, is said to be one of the principal small fruit growers in the county, and his home shows the result of both skill and labor. Here I saw the best crop of the cider crab apples that I have ever seen anywhere. And as the breezes invariably drive the dust and smoke of the cities eastward, instead of in this direction, I judge it is an excellent locality for the cultivation of flowers. A short distance more brought us to

GREENLAND FRUIT FARM,

The home of John O. Greene, another lawyer. He has the cleanest, neatest and best orchard I have seen in many a day. Although a limb of the law, I will vouch that he is one of the best farmers and horticulturists in the county. His farm is enclosed by an excellent hedge, a precaution against the depredation of bad boys and fruit thieves. He is building a fine new dwelling with an observatory and other modern accompaniments on a site that is faultless. When it is completed, his home will be all that any reasonable man could desire. He has about

TWO THOUSAND PEAR TREES,

And I learn has sold pears in the Louisville market for \$20 per barrel. Here I saw the finest sight of pears on the trees I ever have seen anywhere. While going through a pasture belonging to this place my guide called my attention to a small herd of milk cows, which he said the owner claimed could be made to produce their own weight, about one thousand pounds gross, in milk in a month, or from fifteen to twenty pounds each of butter in a week, or from five hundred to seven hundred pounds of butter in a year. This somewhat startling report surprised me and I examined them closely. I have been interested in fine cattle, especially milk cattle, for a long time. I have examined herds of all the breeds noted for milk and butter, but this is the first time I have met with the Greenland long horns, as they are called. Although the name is new to me and I could not learn where they came from. I must confess they have all the marks of good milkers more fully developed than I have ever seen before. They have beautiful legs, heads, necks, and long, slender, handsome, horns. Their color is dark pided brindle. Their udders are of immense size though very handsome in shape, with the fore teats eight to ten inches apart. But their most peculiar and distinct feature, and one that will not fail to attract attention, is their very large and heavy hind-quarters, which are about double the weight of their fore quarters. Whether they can be made to do what judge Greene claims, or not, I

cannot say, but I believe if any cows in America will do it, they will. Our best Jerseys compared to these would look like common, ordinary, scrubs. From here we went to

VILLA RIDGE

The admirable home of Capt. Conner, a great steamboat man. He has a large orchard in good condition, and a pleasant, attractive home generally. He is about building a first class hotel to accommodate the numerous health seekers from the cities.

OTHER PLACES.

From this place we can see other fine looking locations and homes still ahead of us. One belonging to doctor Joseph Cadwalader, and another the fine home of Maj. Phelps. But being tired and admonished by my watch that my time was growing short, we turned back to the city. I am well pleased with my visit and not displeased with my guide. He certainly can both walk and talk faster than I can and he gave me all the information I asked beside a good deal more, and gave it faster than I could note it down for which I feel much obliged. In conclusion I will here say that so soon as I can wind up my present business, if that time ever arrives, I expect to return to old Caney knob once more and there to reside the remainder of my life.

E. TRIEUSTE.