Gallipolis

Being an account of the French Five Hundred
and of the town they established on La Belle Riviere

Compiled by Workers of the Writers' Program
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Drawings of Early Gallipolis by William Mark Young

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Prefatory Note

Many early settlers of Ohio came here because they could not resist the hyperbole of land promoters. Most of these pioneers were used to roughness, and they made a happy life in the wilderness. But at Gallipolis five hundred Frenchmen, who had thought they were to live in a new Arcadia, suffered under the rigors of the American frontier.

The tragic story of the French Five Hundred has become a romantic part of Ohio tradition. Less covered by research material is the history of the town that they established, the name of which O. O. McIntyre wrote into the consciousness of an American generation.

This little book, written by Myron Flechtner in the district supervised by Emerson Hansel, by no means exhausts these subjects. It has been prepared, from the most trustworthy sources available, to point out the significance of Gallipolis on its 150th birthday. R. D. Sims is largely responsible for seeing the manuscript through to publication. The project thanks E. M. Hawes, Executive Secretary of the Federal Commission and the local committee, for his lively interest and cooperation in the preparation of the manuscript.

HARRY GRAFF, State Supervisor
The Ohio Writers' Project
Chapter One

Profile

The Ohio makes a worm-like curve a few miles below the mouth of the Kanawha, and there, where the hills of two states stretch in folds near the great river, stands the city of Gallipolis (563 alt., 7,106 pop.). The odd name, signifying "city of the Gauls," has a familiar ring; newspaper readers will recall that this is the place about which the late O. O. McIntyre used to write. Visitors will not discover, as McIntyre did, the scent of clover coming over from the hills of West Virginia. They will, however, find many old houses set flush with the sidewalks, evenly spaced cross streets bearing the pretty names of trees, an old-fashioned park with benches, cannon, and a pagoda-like band stand, and, below the park, the tiny wharf from which a ferry shuttles across the river.

Various singularities are soon noticed. On the landscaped grounds at the city's east end are the buildings housing the 2,200 patients of the Ohio Hospital for Epileptics. At the west end is Mound Hill, commanding a magnificent view of the town, the river, and the surrounding hills and bottom lands. Behind the town, running parallel with the river, is Chickamauga Creek; the steep slope of its valley squeezes the main part of Gallipolis into a sector nine blocks long and four blocks wide. The town looks incredibly small, but several remote subdivisions and this downtown area together contrive, somehow, to hold 7,000 people. About 800 are Negroes.

Behind the commonplace facade of the town's brick and frame houses, its business structures, and its narrow, tree-lined streets, lurks a romantic beginning. In the fall of 1790 about 500 upper middle-class Frenchmen came here from France to make a home in the wilderness. The enthusiastic reports of travel writers, the fear inspired by the French Revolution, the promptings of an American land office in Paris—these factors brought them here. They moved into log cabins where City Park is now. They made wine, cultivated formal gardens, nurtured fruit trees, and tried to raise vegetables and other crops. Twice a week they met at the community ball room.
For years they struggled to adapt themselves to the frontier. It was an uneven contest. Fevers plagued them; Indians harassed them; and the cold winters brought near-famines. They were unsuccessful as crop farmers, and in the end they had to buy their land a second time. The heartbreaks were too many. One by one they drifted away; by 1805 not more than 20 French families remained.

So Gallipolis, the third settlement in Ohio, became an American town. It built boats and shipped produce during the decades when river traffic on the Ohio dominated life in the valley. After the railroads arrived, the river commerce declined, and Gallipolis turned to manufacturing. It never became completely industrialized, but in the 1880’s more than 300 of its residents made wheels, carriages, stoves, woodwork, and foundry articles. Later on manufacturing also declined.

Today this old river town sees only an occasional packet or string of barges passing below its raised site on the majestic Ohio. Fewer people work in its small factories. Yet the business section is always crowded with parked automobiles, and the town somehow gets along. As the county seat and the only large community in Gallia County, Gallipolis is the market place for most of the county’s produce, livestock, and dairy products. Vine Street is lined with big produce houses, and hotels, banks, and mercantile establishments string along Second Avenue. The two hospitals employ several hundred local people.

Gallipolis is proud of its unusual heritage. It is celebrating its 150th birthday through the summer of 1940. Second Avenue is lined with cut-out figures of graceful French ladies and gentlemen in period costume, and the Tri-color flutters alongside the Stars and Stripes. Signs on posts tell of many interesting “firsts.” Twenty-two houses built by the original French settlers are marked with silhouetted figures bearing names and dates. Forty-three American houses built a century or more ago are also marked. Many special events are to be held before the celebration ends on October 17, Founders’ Day.
Chapter Two

Land of Plenty

At the close of the Revolutionary War the vast tract lying north of the Ohio River was largely an unbroken wilderness. Except for a few old French settlements at Detroit, Vincennes, Cahokia, and Kaskaskia, and a great many Indian villages in little clearings by rivers and creeks, the entire region consisted of thick, gloomy forests and great prairies of tall, waving grass. Giant maple, sycamore, walnut, hickory, and other trees dominated the land. Through the still depths of the forests went all kinds of wild life—bear, deer, elk, wolves, wild cats, turkeys, and many small-game species. Field and water fowl were abundant, and the strange cry of the plumed parakeet was sometimes heard.

The Indians thought this land was theirs because of original possession. But certain States in the new-born republic also claimed parts of the region, by virtue of their old royal charters; and one of the first tasks of Congress was to persuade these States to relinquish their claims in order that the Northwest might become public domain. After several years of fussing, this was done. In the meantime a group of New England promoters, known as the Ohio Company of Associates, petitioned Congress for the right to buy and settle a portion of the Western lands. After ratifying the Ordinance of 1787, which established the Northwest Territory, Congress put up for sale a tract “bounded by the Ohio, from the mouth of the Scioto River to the intersection of the western boundary of the seventh range of townships now surveying; thence by the said boundary to the northern boundary of the tenth township from the Ohio; thence by a due west line to the Scioto; thence by the Scioto to the beginning.” This arrangement was brought about through the efforts of Manasseh Cutler, a shrewd, forceful negotiator.

On October 27, 1787, Cutler and Winthrop Sargent, acting as agents for the Ohio Company, signed a contract with the Board of Treasury for the purchase of 1 1/4 million acres along the Ohio. (The Treasury secretary was Colonel William Duer, who loaned $143,000 to the Ohio Company.) This land lay between the 7th and 17th range boundaries, and extended north to a line completing the acreage contracted for. At the time it was believed that the 17th range line would fall opposite the mouth of the Great Kanawha River.
On the same day, Cutler and Sargent signed a second contract "for themselves and associates," which gave them an option on the land extending westward from the 17th range line to the Scioto. This tract, known as the Scioto Lands, was to be paid for in six yearly installments, the first payment falling due six months after the exterior lines were surveyed. Payment was to be at 66 2-3 cents an acre. As no money was paid down, this second contract merely granted Cutler and his "associates" the right to buy the Scioto Lands from the Government.

A few days later the agents transferred to Colonel Duer 13 shares of the Scioto Lands, and empowered him to sell the property. To Rufus Putnam, Benjamin Tupper, Samuel H. Parsons, Richard Platt, Royal Flint, and Joel Barlow went a number of other shares, and the remainder they kept for themselves. A few shares were also sold to various unknown persons. These were the "associates" for whom Cutler had optioned the Scioto Lands. Some were members of the Ohio Company. While the evidence is vague, it appears that these men comprised the informally organized enterprise known as the Scioto Company. Its members had high hopes of making a pot of money by selling preemption claims to Europeans for depreciated American securities. They would turn these securities over to the Government at par value, pay for the Scioto Lands, and pocket the difference. Such was their plan, it would seem.

Meanwhile, in the fall of 1787, Cutler wrote and published anonymously a fulsome eulogy of the land lying north of the Ohio River, between the Pennsylvania Line and the Scioto River. Its purpose was to promote the sale of the tracts held by the Ohio Company and the Scioto Company. Not much was known at the time about the country west of the Alleghenies; besides repeating the popular illusions, the Cutler document also added some exaggerations. After quoting various travelers, the report outlined the wonderful opportunities for farming, mining, shipbuilding, commerce, and travel. It stated that in the future the United States Government would probably "establish itself upon the banks of the Ohio." It told of "cotton . . . in great perfection," "sugar . . . equal in flavor and whiteness to the best Muscovado," "tobacco . . . superior to that of Virginia," "grapes . . . from which a wine may be made, preferable to the many wines of Europe." Cutler went so far as to say:

... no part of the federal territory unites so many advantages, in point of health, fertility, variety of production, and foreign intercourse, as that which stretches from the Muskingum to the Scioto. ...
Steps were taken now to promote the sale of preemption rights (a common practice in those days) for Scioto land. The company appointed Joel Barlow (1754-1812) as its European agent, and in June 1788 he arrived in Paris. Barlow was an educated, ambitious man who had recently published a grandiose epic of 5,000 lines, The Vision of Columbus. He was not a good salesman. Months went by, and few sales were made. By summer of 1789, Barlow was ready to call the whole thing off.

At this juncture he met an engaging Englishman named William Playfair. Playfair quickly ingratiated himself into the affairs of the Scioto Company. A new land company, Compagnie du Scioto, was installed in a Parisian office to sell the Scioto Lands to worried middle-class Frenchmen. (The Bastille had been stormed in July by a frenzied mob, and the populace was restive.) Men like the Marquis Gouy D'Arsy, member of the National Assembly, Jean Maheas, comptroller of the royal pay office, Chevalier de Coquelin, and merchants Louis Marthe, Claude Barond, Guillaume Louis Joseph, and Antoine St. Didier all became associated with the French company. Barlow conveyed to it the Scioto lands from the American associates; and the Compagnie du Scioto appointed Barlow, Playfair, and Jean de Soisson as its reselling agents.

Now things really began to happen. Travel books on America by various French writers, Brissot de Warville in particular, had made many Frenchmen hanker for that far-off wild land. About this time the gathering debacle called the French Revolution took an ugly turn, and bourgeois Frenchmen, feeling that their position was precarious, yearned for a safe refuge. In their anxiety to leave France some of them were in the mood to go to any place that held out hope of security and a livelihood. The place to go, the Compagnie du Scioto intimated, was the Scioto Lands. In 1789 it published in Paris the Prospectus pour l'establissement sur les rivières d'Ohio et de Scioto en Amerique.

Playfair is supposed to have written the prospectus. A few of Cutler’s ideas are mentioned, but the Playfair prospectus is not a rehash of Cutler’s work of 1787. It is, for the most part, a sober, persuasive account of how interested parties might buy and pay for Scioto tracts, the advantages they would obtain by colonizing the land, the variety of its resources, the contractual relations of the buyers to the land company, and other practical matters. It has few of Cutler’s extravagances.

The prospectus came out at the right time. Frenchmen were prepared to like America; the Revolution was reason enough for going there; and the prospectus showed how this might be done. Thus prompted, Frenchmen by the scores filed into the offices of
the company and bought preemption rights to plots of Scioto land. They were given handsomely engraved scrolls which they mistakenly thought were genuine deeds. Skilled artisans, professional men, servitors of the nobility—all went off happy in the thought that soon they would exchange the turmoil of France for the peace and freedom of America. Volney, writing of the excitement Parisians felt during those feverish times, said: “Nothing was talked of, in every social circle, but the paradise that was opened for Frenchmen in the western wilderness; the free and happy life to be led on the blissful banks of the Scioto.”

In December 1789 Barlow wrote to Duer: “Everything is progressing well . . . .” By the following February more than 100,000 acres of the Scioto Lands had been sold. In the same month about 600 Frenchmen boarded ships at Havre and other ports and sailed for America to claim their new homes.

The troubles of the emigres were not to begin until they had crossed the Atlantic, but for Barlow and the directors of the Compagnie du Scioto, troubles came fast and furious. The French public suddenly became suspicious of the Scioto enterprise. Newspapers and pamphlets openly accused the directors of swindle, and the shops of Paris flaunted caricatures of deluded crowds rushing out to buy desert spaces. Sales abruptly stopped. Angry Frenchmen invaded the offices of the company and swore roundly as they threatened mayhem to the officials. Barlow became very worried. He had promised to send Duer money so that he could meet the first payment owed to the United States Government; but for unexplained reasons he failed to do this.

The Compagnie du Scioto was dissolved in the spring or summer of 1790. A new corporation, the De Barth-Coquet Company, took its place. Playfair was one of its principals. Without consulting Duer, a trustee for the American Scioto Associates, Barlow reconveyed to this new French company the preemption rights to the Scioto lands. This seems to have been the worst mistake made by the blundering poet. When Duer learned of this transaction he sent Colonel Benjamin Walker to Paris to straighten out the tangled affairs of the several companies. Late in the year, when Walker arrived, he saw nothing could be done. He ran advertisements in the papers warning people not to buy land from William Playfair, and sailed back to America.

The so-called Scioto Company never did buy the Scioto tract. All of its principals lost money on the venture that was expected to return a smart profit. During a panic Colonel William Duer went bankrupt and was imprisoned for debt, and three other associates also failed. Thus ended the Scioto Company in both Europe and America. It did not start out as a fraud, but it wound up as if it were one.
Chapter Three

"This Wretched Place"

The ships sailing to America with the French emigrants were a long time in crossing the Atlantic. Storms and other setbacks kept the vessels on the ocean for several months. The 600 men, women, and children making the voyage amused themselves as best they could. They were upper middle-class people, mostly—lawyers, doctors, wood carvers, gilders, watch makers, milliners, hair dressers, shopkeepers, dancing masters. Some were skilled artisans who had been in the service of the King. Titled and rich aristocrats, too, were among them: Marquis Francois D’Hebecourt, Count Marlatie, Count de Barth, and Marquis Marnesia; they were to lend grace and distinction to their wilderness home. On one of the boats was an illiterate stowaway, Francis Valodin, who was later to become the richest man in the colony. This talented motley of educated Frenchmen included only a dozen or so common laborers.

In May 1790 the first ship tied up at a pier in Alexandria, Virginia. Eagerly its passengers trooped ashore, expecting to be greeted by an agent of the Scioto Company who would announce his plans for taking them to their Ohio lands. When no one met them, their faces fell, and they wandered off to linger in the town. Here they heard that the land they had purchased lay inside the Ohio Company tract. It was a terrific blow. Weeks went by, and some of them exhausted their money; the townspeople took pity and gave them aid. Similar scenes were repeated in other American cities as, one by one, the chartered vessels limped into port. Months slipped away, and many grew discouraged; some gave up their dreams of a wilderness paradise for the security of jobs in the coastal cities. Others held out, hoping for the best.

In the West a home-place was being prepared for the languishing Frenchmen. At the instance of Colonel Duer, Major John Burnham brought 36 young woodsmen from Massachusetts to the north side of the Ohio River, opposite the mouth of the Great Kanawha. There the “First Town” was to be built. But finding the low bottom land an easy mark for floods, the party moved down stream four miles to a high site in front of Chickamauga Creek. From Marietta, on June 4, 1790, Rufus Putnam, at Duer’s request, sent his instructions to Burnham:

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The object is to erect four block (houses) and a number of low huts, agreeably to the plan which you will have with you, and clear the lands. . . . You will remember that I don’t expect you will lay any floors . . . nor put in any sleepers or joyce for the lower floor . . . as I don’t expect you will obtain any stone for the backs of your chimneys, they must be made of clay first, moulded into tile, and dried.

Burnham’s men toiled through the summer. A dense virgin forest covered the site, and they had to fell hundreds of trees in order to open a clearing by the Ohio. Then they set about building the log cabins that were to be used by the French. It was a hard, back-breaking job for the husky woodsmen; they earned the little liquor and 26 cents paid them for each day’s work. Fall was approaching when the job was finished. The men stayed on; they were to work as hunters and guards for the settlers.

Meanwhile agents of the Scioto Company were arranging to move the French to the Ohio River. The first group left Alexandria on June 29. From other cities several other groups headed westward over various routes. They traveled in wagons that “jarred and jolted over primitive roads.” After weeks of tedious travel they drew up beside the Ohio. There were further delays while flatboats were being assembled. Finally everything was ready, and the French shoved off in the big, awkward craft that floated sluggishly with the current.

They must have rejoiced to find themselves drifting down the great river that tradition said La Salle discovered. Their own countrymen had called it La Belle Riviere—“the beautiful river.” It was very beautiful indeed. As day followed day and the weary, eager Frenchmen were borne farther down stream, they saw nothing but high chains of hills walling in both sides of the Ohio, with forest giants ruffling their notched humps, and green willows and silvery sycamores trailing down their slopes. It was October now, and the leaves sparkled with autumn reds, yellows, and rainbow tints. Dead leaves falling upon the water bobbed up and down like toy sailboats. To some of the travelers this strong, vivid landscape must have been disturbing. But others were enchanted, and just before they reached their goal one unknown Frenchman wrote, in a letter:

To some the surrounding woods might appear
frightful deserts; to me they are paradises of nature; . . . all is quiet and the savages themselves shall soon be taught the art of cultivating the earth.

On Sunday, October 17, 1790, the vanguard drew up before the high banks of the town. The boats anchored by the bluff; anxious men, women, and children leaped ashore and dashed up the 50-foot slope to catch a glimpse of their new home. In the rude clearing they saw four rows of log cabins paralleling the river. Each row was about 300 feet long. At intervals of 100 feet there were open spaces for cross streets. Blockhouses stood at each corner of the cabined area. Nearby was a log stockade enclosing company stores and some larger, finer log houses that had been built for the wealthier members. A log breastwork stretched along the crest of the river bank. Surrounding the clearing on three sides was a deep, almost impenetrable, forest that looked mysteriously forbidding.

The people quietly entered the cabins allotted to them. The cabins stood wall to wall, and each family got a plain, earthen-floored room about 16 by 20 feet in size, with an open fireplace on one side. In their joy at finding themselves in their new homes, after so many months of fearful waiting, it is possible that these naturally gay and vivacious people let out their feelings. Tradition has it that when night fell the gentlemen and ladies donned their best finery, met in the large meeting room, and to the sweet wailings of the violins, danced the charming minuet and the lively gavotte.

The town was named Gallipolis. Other flatboats drew up under the bluff and discharged more French settlers; soon the population rose to about 500. Winter came cold and sharp. The people hugged their merry fires, or labored in their little shops, while Major Burnham’s woodsmen scoured the woods and brought in wild game for their tables. The company store supplied other food staples to the settlers.

When spring finally came, the Yankee woodsmen prepared to leave; for the Scioto Company no longer could pay their wages. Some were hired by the wealthier members of the colony to aid in clearing the land. They were certainly needed. These Frenchmen, with their soft white hands, could not cope with the harsh demands of the wilderness. They could hardly cut down a tree without killing themselves; several of them, in fact, were killed. After much effort the Frenchmen cleared a few plots and planted some grain. With the aid of guide books, they set out pretty
formal gardens and raised flowers, fruit, and grapes. For a while they could not raise vegetables, and secured these and other necessities from flatboats passing down the Ohio.

They persisted in their efforts to grow things, knowing that either they must produce much of the food they needed, or starve. Wild grapes clambered up the river banks, and they set out vines of their own; these matured successfully, and presently there were many vineyards in Gallipolis. Wine was made from the grapes; and later on, as peach trees thrived, a fine brandy was prepared. They also set out beds of artichokes, looked after their almond trees, tried their hardest to grow Yankee vegetables, and started rice fields in the marshes of Chickamauga Valley.

After 1792, the settlers seem to have grown enough food to take care of themselves through the winter. During the first two years, however, they depended for their pork and vegetables upon traders coming down the river. Ice covered the Ohio during the cold winter of 1791-92 and the boats could not move; the French Five Hundred nearly starved. Some had only a few dried beans to eat. On other occasions, when the river was clear, the Indians became so menacing that traders refused to go down river. At times the people tightened their belts and wondered whether they would ever have enough to eat.

The hard life strained the spirits of the French. Many of them soon left for greener pastures. The others doggedly stuck, and did their best to create a way of life in this lonely, hostile country. One or two doctors ministered to the sick and ailing and were kept pretty busy, for many of the settlers suffered from the “intermittent” (fever). In their homes or in little shops, the watch makers, goldsmiths, and other craftsmen pursued their ancient crafts, picking up orders from river traders or occasionally from such remote places as New Orleans. Joseph De Vacht made fine watches and was always willing to swap three barrels of peaches taken from his orchard for a gallon and a half of decent brandy. Jean Gervais, the lawyer, cut a fine figure as he strode about the town, twirling his silver-headed cane, paying delicate compliments to the ladies, and regaling the men with a ready fund of worldly stories.

On June 27, 1792, while journeying down the Ohio, John Heckewelder paused in Gallipolis for a day. Unlike nearly all the travelers who followed him, Heckewelder got a favorable impression of the town. It had, he estimated, about 150 dwellings and between 300 and 400 residents. A small detachment of soldiers from nearby Point Pleasant guarded it from the Indians. Boats were being made here. Used to the rough-and-ready frontiersman who could track a bear, grow corn in a log-stump clear-
ing, and pole a flatboat down the river, Heckewelder was fascinated by the kind of workmen he saw here:

The most interesting shops . . . were those of goldsmiths and watchmakers. They showed us work on watch, compasses and sun-dial finer than any I had ever beheld. Next in interest was the sculptor and stonemounter. The latter had two finished mantels, most artistically carved. General Putnam at once purchased one of them for twelve guineas, the other was intended for a Dutch gentleman who had built a two-story house here, fifty feet long . . . The worker in glass seemed to be a born artist. He made us a thermometer, a barometer, a glass tobacco pipe, a small bottle (which could contain about a thimblefull), and a most diminutive stopper. As we were on a journey, and were in daily need of light, he presented us with a glass full of dry stuff, which burns as soon as a match is applied. The stuff, he told us, was manufactured from bones.

Among the first Frenchmen to arrive at Gallipolis was Antoine Lafarge. He had been unsuccessful as a haberdasher in France; and shortly after he came here he was appointed a justice of the peace. Later he removed to New Madrid, in Spanish Louisiana. But in August 1792 he was still in Gallipolis, and wrote: “Of the 500 who came here in the beginning, we are now not more than 200; because some had not sufficient patience while others were driven far away by fear. And as to those who remain, more than half are arranging to move away at the earliest opportunity.”

This sounds odd, coming right after Heckewelder’s impressions. Lafarge may have been wrong in his figures, but he was correct in pointing out a situation that was obvious to later visitors. The bitter winters, the difficulties of getting sufficient food, the recurrent fevers, the danger of Indian attacks, the fear of dispossession—almost from the beginning these factors tried the courage and endurance of the French settlers.

Behind the town lay pestiferous marshes. With the onset of the first spring many of the people came down with racking fevers that persisted for a long time. To some of the victims the “intermittent” was plain hell; they suspected that it was caused by the marshes, and were ready to leave for good. One of them described his discomforts:
The next day the doctor tried his skill upon . . . my ague . . . I drank a gallon or two of tepid water, and threw it up again, thus rinsing out the stomach as one might rinse a bottle; but the ague was not to be shaken off so easily; it still continued to visit me daily, as usual, all that winter, and part of the next spring.

The Indians at first did not molest the colonists, since the French traditionally had been their friends. Under Rousseau’s influence, the immigrants thought of the Indians as “noble savages” unsullied by the evils of civilization. In 1791, however, General St. Clair and a part of his army stopped here to pick up Government supplies; when he left, several Frenchmen accompanied the expedition that was later utterly defeated by the tribes.

The Indians soon became hostile, and harried settlers who strayed too far from the town. One Frenchman was killed, and a man and woman who had gone some distance to gather ashes for making soap were carried off as prisoners.

To protect themselves, the settlers organized a military patrol and make Francois D’Hebecourt its captain. The men marched around the environs and gave warning whenever they saw signs of Indians. Soldiers from the fort at Point Pleasant also did guard duty here, but their number varied: sometimes there were 60 soldiers on hand, at other times only 5. The fear of Indians contributed to the French settlers’ rising uneasiness.

Worst of all, they did not know where they stood. The land they had purchased from the Scioto Company belonged to the Ohio Company. They worried about their uncertain status, and hoped that someone—Colonel Duer, perhaps—would iron out the sorry mess and give them clear titles to the land. Duer failed in 1792. Despair overwhelmed the poor Frenchmen and many drifted away—some to the East, others to Kentucky, still others to the French towns along the lower Ohio and the Mississippi.

The distinguished French botanist, Andre Michaux, stopped in Gallipolis on August 23, 1793, to see how his countrymen were faring. In his Journal he wrote: “Out of 600 persons who came there to settle, only about 150 remain.”

Those who stayed did so with a kind of unhappy desperation. Their money and clothing were about gone, the fruits of their labors seemed lost, and they were weary of their confinement to a few acres of stubborn land. Half-heartedly they tilled their soil and fussed in their shops. They became lackadaisical about keeping up their properties, and sagging roofs were not re-
paired. Twice a week they met at the community ball room, but
the buoyancy of the dance could not conceal their unhappiness.
Had not Monsieur Gervais submitted to Congress a petition de-
scribing their distress? And had not Congress seemingly ignored
them?

So the French men and women must have felt as they went
about their labors with the knife of despair driven deep into their
hearts. For them there seemed to be no hope of redemption so
long as they remained in Gallipolis. Perhaps they would have
agreed with the observations of a traveler who stopped here for
a few hours on November 10, 1795. His name was Thomas Chap-
man, and while his spelling was poor, his eyes were sharp. He
wrote:

... came to at Gallipolis, a Small miserable
looking village of upwards of 100 little
wretched Log Cabins, all Occupied by poor
starved sickly looking Frenchmen ... The
whole of the Inhabitants of this Town, the
Governor not excepted, have Starvation and
Sickness strongly pictured in their faces ... .
We left this wretched place at 2 P. M.

In this same year, however, the lot of the French suddenly
improved. "Mad" Anthony Wayne had routed the tribes at the
Battle of Fallen Timbers, and the Indians no longer bothered
the people of Gallipolis. In March 1795, Congress remarked
their plight and awarded them 24,000 acres of land in what is now
Scioto County. The French Grant, as it was called, extended for
eight miles along the Ohio River; it was to be divided among all
males above 18 years and all widows who were still living at Gal-
lipolis on the 1st of November following. Monsieur Gervais was
awarded 4,000 acres for his services to the colonists. The remain-
ing 20,000 acres were allotted to 92 eligibles, each of whom got
217.4 acres. Locations were determined by the drawing of lots.
When it was discovered that eight persons were overlooked, Con-
gress granted an additional 1,200 acres to be split among them.

Spirits lifted. The town revived a bit; there were hints that
it might prosper. The river brought many boats past the town,
and some pulled up and stayed a spell while their masters visited
the stores to buy food and such baubles as caught their fancy.
The visitors were welcome, for money was scarce. Venison sold
for a penny or two a pound, and bread was two or three cents a
loaf. Many of the visitors directed their steps to the quarters of

[18]
Doctor Saugrain.

Only four feet six inches tall, and a chemist, naturalist, and physician, Doctor Saugrain was the merriest man in Gallipolis. His sprightly cheerfulness never wavered as he attended to his patients and amused himself with his experiments. With a blow pipe and crucible he fashioned barometers and thermometers; and tiny phosphorus matches puzzled people who saw them burst into flame. Mystified Indians thought he was a magician, and there were white men who believed that his arts were not altogether human. The little man just laughed and snapped his eyes.

There was no laughter among the residents when they heard how their committee had fared with the agents of the Ohio Company at the meeting in Marietta. This took place in December 1795. The French asked for an outright gift of sites to their home sites. The company turned down the request and offered instead to sell them the lots at $1.25 per acre. Having no alternative, some of them yielded. They repurchased 912 acres for $1,140.

For many others, however, this was the crowning humiliation. They had paid their money, crossed the ocean, suffered near-starvation, ruined their health, and labored in a hostile wilderness that they might build a home for themselves and their children. Doubt and fear and shame had been their reward. It was too much for some. They packed and left. Sixteen of them went to their tracts near the Scioto. Yankee speculators got the rest of the French Grant by buying it from the disappointed owners. The French had no talent for farming on the American frontier, and by this time most of them were ready to admit it.

So they went away, and the brave little colony began to break up. When Volney, the celebrated French writer, reached Gallipolis in the summer of 1796, he was struck “with its forlorn appearance; with the thin pale faces, sickly looks, and anxious air of its inhabitants. They were shy of conversing with me. Their dwellings, though made externally cheerful by whitewash, were only log huts, patched with clay, and roofed with shingles, consequently damp, unwholesome and uncomfortable.” He saw the irony of men used to the ease and luxury of Paris attempting, in this far-off place, to chop trees, plow, sow, and reap. He heaped his sharpest scorn on the writers of “that trite, idle, and inflated rhetoric, which has condemned five hundred meritorious families to hardship and misery.”

One day in January 1798 there was a flurry of excitement when a boat tied up and Louis Philippe, the handsome, 25-year-old son of the Duke of Orleans, stepped ashore. He was heartily welcomed, and a festive ball in his honor was planned for the fol-
lowing night. During the night the ice broke at Marietta and started down river. News of this caused Louis Philippe to embark and hasten down the Ohio, as he was anxious to reach New Orleans. Sadly the Gallipolitans put away their party dresses and silk waistcoats. Ever after they regretted that they had not been able to entertain the future King of France.

Meanwhile things went from bad to worse. The town steadily declined. The departure of the French settlers became more noticeable every year. Religious observances practically ceased. Yankee faces now mingled with the darker-featured Frenchmen. When Perrin du Lac stopped during the early months of 1802, he noted the population was about 160. In the same year F. A. Michaux came. He saw about 60 log houses, many empty and dilapidated, the rest occupied by Frenchmen "who breathe out a miserable existence."

In July 1806 the English traveler, Thomas Ashe, was unimpressed by what he saw. Of Gallipolis he wrote: "The place is returning to the gloom of its primitive woods."

This was not quite true. But its occupation by French people was practically over. Only a few families remained.
Chapter Four

Yankees and River Boats

Fortescue Cuming, one of the travel writers of the period, stopped at Gallipolis on July 26, 1807. "A spacious square is laid out in the center," he wrote, "on which they are now making brick to build a court house for Gallia County." The town had 50 houses, all of wood, but only about 20 French families. New Englanders had been settling here for several years.

By 1811, when John Melish, another curious traveler, arrived, Gallipolis was a Yankee town. It had changed for the better. The ponds behind the town were drained, and the fields around it were growing things. The orchards gave excellent fruit. A number of brick buildings had recently been built, and the 70 dwellings sheltered about 300 residents. There were 3 storekeepers, 3 master masons, 6 or 7 carpenters, 2 tanners, 2 blacksmiths, and 1 tavern keeper. Flour sold for $2 a hundredweight, and pork and beef brought $3. Corn was 33 cents a bushel. A pound of butter or a live chicken could be purchased for 6 1/4 cents. Melish was favorably impressed.

Those social amenities which the French had missed so sorely now made their appearance. Peter Menager operated the American House, an inn, at the beginning of the new century. After 1812 the children attended the Gallia Academy to get an education. One room was set aside for community church services, and another was used by the Masons. Methodism was introduced in 1817; and the Methodist Church built in 1821 was the first church edifice in the town. The Gallia County Gazette came out in 1818. (It changed its name to the Gallipolis Journal in 1835, and persevered for more than 100 years.) To take care of the influx of visitors, Henry Cushing built another public house in 1819. He greeted every person he met with the same phrase: "Come up to our house." The phrase and the inn have survived.

The times were rude, and the river brought many rough characters to the town. Brawling and "fitting" annoyed the authorities. In December 1809 the County Commissioners paid 50 cents to J. Bodot for a stout whipping post. Many offenders must have
flinched over it. The surrounding forests were not completely tamed, either, and between 1806 and 1817 the commissioners paid out $829 to Gallia County residents for bringing in the ears or scalps of wolves and "panthers" (wild cats).

Agriculture and manufacturing were the mainstays of the community. In the census of 1820, which gave Gallipolis 830 people, 70 depended upon farming for their livelihood and 74 upon industry. Only 25 persons engaged in commerce. Several small enterprises had been started by the first French settlers. In 1791 Jean Baptiste Bertrand established the first flour mill. Near the mouth of Chickamauga Creek a salt works was opened in 1804 by Rene Carel. His son, Franklin Carel, is reported to have built Gallia County's first foundry and first sawmill about this time. Some coal was mined during the early part of the 19th century, but this remained a small-scale activity until after the mid-century, when blast furnaces started. The rise of navigation on the Ohio led to some boatbuilding in Gallipolis. Up to the Civil War period, however, the local enterprises were of a generic type—mills, tanneries, foundries, and woodworking places.

Then, as now, the town was the trading and banking center for the county. There were no other communities of comparable size. So the farmers loaded their wagons with grain, vegetables, poultry, hides, and livestock, jolted over rough roads into town, and did their selling and buying. Boats took the produce to the large cities up and down the river and sold it there.

By 1840 the population had increased to 1,413. Manufacturing and allied trades employed 131 local people; farming, 88; and commerce, 38. There were 13 professional workers. And the town witnessed a notable bank failure. The Bank of Gallipolis was organized in the 1830's with a capital of $200,000. It was authorized to issue currency to the amount of $175,000—which was done. But the bank's promoter, a smooth-talking Easterner, secretly printed and issued in the bank's name $1,200,000 worth of additional greenbacks. When this became known the institution closed its doors.

All this time, the chief factor in the life of Gallipolis was the Ohio River. It was the highway by which men came to the West. In the early decades of the 19th century a strange procession of arks, batteaux, pirogues, broadhorns, flatboats, and keelboats swept past the town. Most of them, loaded with people, livestock, and furnishings, were bound for some western settlement or farm. Others, pushed up stream by long poles, were taking produce and raw materials to Marietta, Charleston, and Pittsburgh. Many of the travelers drew up at Gallipolis and came ashore to buy food
“OUR HOUSE”, FAMOUS OLD RIVER TAVERN—1819
and supplies or swap produce for needed equipment. A few stayed. The steamboat, first appearing on the Ohio in 1811, gradually displaced most of the crude, slow-moving craft propelled by hand. The flatboat was still used in 1840 for floating produce to Cincinnati, Louisville, and New Orleans; but passengers took to the steamboats to get up or down the river in a hurry.

As the tide of migration grew, an immense traffic in men and goods developed all along the Ohio. Boats could hardly be built fast enough. Even a comparatively small place like Gallipolis had its ship ways. Four steamboats were constructed here between 1822 and 1833—the Scioto, the Gallipolis, the Jack Downing, and the Navarino. They ranged from 100 to 170 tons. Others were built later. Little foundries and engine shops rose to service the river steamers that were always breaking down. Trade boomed amazingly, and Gallia County farmers had no trouble in selling their fruit, vegetables, and grain. The steamboat brought artists and entertainers to the town. Jenny Lind came in 1851, stayed at Our House, and sang to a delighted audience. Other popular artists also came, and Gallipolis put on airs.

The Civil War temporarily interrupted this genial tempo. Gallipolis was made a supply depot for the Union Army. Immense warehouses for storing equipment went up on Public Square, and the marketplace became an ammunition dump. The Union School building was turned into a military hospital, and when it proved inadequate, additional hospitals were erected upon the grounds in the northwest corner of the town. Several military companies of local men were organized for border service.

In 1863, Confederate General Albert G. Jenkins attacked Point Pleasant, a few miles above the town, destroyed the Government stores, and besieged the Union soldiers in the courthouse. Captain Harper’s company, the Gallia Guards, together with the Trumbull Guards, immediately crossed the Ohio, relieved the besieged men, and recaptured the town. In the same year General John Morgan and his daring raiders swept through southern Ohio, burning and looting as they went. The Gallia militia joined in the chase and did its part in capturing hundreds of Morgan’s men near Buffington Island, some miles to the east.

Gallipolis had a population of 3,418 in 1860. After the Civil War ended, new life and a period of intense activity followed. River traffic reached its heyday. The huge rafts of pine that had floated past the town during the 1860’s were replaced, in the 1870’s, by great rafts of sawed timber from the Monongahela and Youghiogheny Rivers. For three decades scores of towboats pushed fleets of coal barges down the river, while others towed
barges heaped with the industrial products of Pittsburgh, Wheeling, and other great river cities. There were many “trades” between the various river towns—the Wheeling-to-Cincinnati trade; the Parkersburg-and-Gallipolis trade; the Gallipolis-and-Ironton trade; the Pomeroy-and-Cincinnati trade (served by three side-wheelers making three round trips each week).

This was the period when store boats and itinerant blacksmiths, sawyers, and furniture makers tied up by the wharves of small river towns and did a brisk business, then moved on. Show boats brought rousing melodrama to every river landing. Shanty boats made vagrant appearances. But most of all, this was the period when the packets were the glory of the river. Everybody traveled in the showy packets, which had elegant cabins, resplendent ball rooms, lively orchestras, and bravura. People had their favorites. Honeymooners liked to go to Cincinnati on the Andes, which had tinkling chandeliers, a snow-white cabin, and a melodious whistle. The swift Chesapeake was well liked for trips between Gallipolis and Parkersburg, and the Hummingbird for trips between Gallipolis and Pomeroy. There were many other packets on the river, among them the Big Sandy, the Telegraph, the Bonanza, the Scioto, the Mattie Roberts, and the Emma Graham.

In 1880, when Gallipolis counted her residents to 4,400, the Gallipolis, McArthur & Columbus R. R. started its run. This was the first railroad to cross Gallia County. The iron horse took over the freight and passenger traffic long handled by the boats; and in a few more years the era of the packets was over. Only barges and towboats remained to compete with the railroads.

Henry Howe, the historian, visited the town in 1887. It had two banks, three newspapers, 11 churches, and 13 industries employing more than 300 workers. A tannery, a broom factory, several stove works, two carriage concerns, a machine shop, and furniture and woodwork plants comprised its manufactories.

Since that time the town has grown in a quiet, unspectacular way. Fewer men work in factories now than was the case 50 years ago. Other kinds of employment have offset this decline. The location here in 1891 of the Ohio Hospital for Epileptics created work for several hundred local residents. River improvement and navigation have furnished employment to others. The construction in 1938 of the Eureka roller dam was an important undertaking, and many of the townsmen worked on it. Basically, however, Gallipolis depends upon its position as the trading, manufacturing, and governmental center of Gallia County.
Chapter Five

Ann Bailey

During the second and third decades of the 19th century, Ann Bailey was seen frequently on the streets of Gallipolis. She was a stout woman with a strong face, and she was old. Sometimes she came to nurse a sick person or fetch him jellies and preserves. Before she set out for home, she usually entered a saloon and had her canteen filled with whiskey. The men touched their hats respectfully. For Ann Bailey was the most celebrated woman in the upper Ohio Valley.

She had been born in England in 1742. Her father, George Hennis, served under the Duke of Marlborough. In 1761, after her parents died, she came to America to live with relatives in the Shenandoah Valley. A few years later she married Richard Trotter, a veteran of the period’s border wars. By him she had a son. On October 10, 1774, during a fierce battle with the Indians at Point Pleasant, Trotter was killed.

Ann Bailey put on buckskin breeches and a hunting coat, and, rifle in hand, went to work as a messenger and scout in the Kanawha Valley. She attended military musters and urged the men to wage war against the Indians and join the Continental army. She was an expert rider and crack shot, but she had many close escapes from the Indians. In 1785 she married John Bailey, border fighter, and for some years after 1788 she served as a scout between Fort Clendenin (Charleston) and Fort Randolph (Point Pleasant). When the Indians besieged Fort Clendenin in 1791, Ann rode through the wilderness to Lewisburg for ammunition and so saved the fort.

After John Bailey died, Ann came to Gallia County to live. For a while she lived near Clipper Mill, some miles west of Gallipolis. Then she was on her son’s farm in Harrison Township. On Sundays she taught the Bible to the children of the neighborhood.

On November 22, 1825, she died in her sleep. Since 1901 her grave has been in Tu Endie Wei Park at Point Pleasant.
On July 18, 1878, the *John Porter* loosened its cables and slowly chugged out of New Orleans and up the Mississippi River. One of the finest tow boats on the river, it was pushing a chain of 18 barges towards Pittsburgh, 2,200 miles away. It carried a crew of 35 men, with John Bickerstaff as captain. The *John Porter* had not gone very far when one of the firemen became sick. His skin turned yellow, he hiccuped a great deal, and finally he threw up a black vomit that had an unbearable stench. Two others soon were like him. At Vicksburg the sick men were taken ashore, and the voyage was resumed.

The sickness continued to spread, however. A man would turn yellow and start retching that black stuff; they would leave him at the next town and go on up the "Massasip." Presently another poor devil would come down. The *John Porter* had to pull up at many a town before it finally reached Cairo, and bucked the broad, winding Ohio. Terror squeezed the hearts of the boatmen. "Yellow Jack!" whispered some. "It's Bronze John!" others said. And these tough, iron-muscled men were afraid.

The *John Porter*, stern wheel revolving, kept on pushing its way up the Ohio. Crew members continued to turn ghastly yellow and get that awful look in their eyes. But now the stricken boat did not turn shoreward and make for a town quay. News of its pestilence had gone ahead to all the towns and villages lining the Ohio; and armed men stood by the river banks, ready to shoot any of the crew who tried to land. Dozens of towns declared themselves quarantined against the *John Porter*. Grimly she pushed on, bearing her cargo of delirious men and abominable stench.

At Cincinnati, which was also quarantined against her, two young doctors boarded the death ship and stayed as the *John Porter* continued its fateful voyage. Doctors Carr and Slough did what they could. They labored heroically to lighten the sufferings of the victims. But there was little they could do. In those days the cause of yellow fever was not known, and there was no cure.
On Saturday, August 17, at 8 p. m., the John Porter halted a mile below Gallipolis. The authorities were notified, and a committee came, put the boat under quarantine, and gave what aid it could to the 10 fever victims on board. Captain Bickerstaff was one of them. The crew was told the boat would have to be moved away from the town. Next morning it started, but the cylinder packing gave way and the boat came to a stop. Repairs were soon made, and it chugged up stream once more. The John Porter had not gone far when a rocker arm snapped, and the boat drifted back to a point near the town. A local foundry was immediately put in blast, and by midnight, Sunday, a new shaft was ready. Several of the crew died during the night. On Monday morning the rest of the crew declared they would go no farther.

Captain Porter, one of the boat’s owners, telegraphed $1,000 for their relief and ordered a new captain to take over. As soon as they were paid, the crew deserted, leaving only the doctors, the mate, and the stricken ones on the boat. Guarded during the day by a watchman on the river bank, and at night by Captain John Case, the boat lay here for some days. The people crowded the shore line to stare at it. Two men from the town went out to the boat and with tar, sulphur, and lime daubed it from prow to stern. The boat was declared free of taint, and out of curiosity a number of townsmen boarded the craft to see what it looked like.

A few days later Shephard Sheldon and James T. Myers, the men who had “disinfected” the boat, were dead. In many houses in Gallipolis lay other victims, who turned yellow, vomited the black stuff, and usually died in a little while. Terror raced through the town. Hundreds fled to other places before the quarantine kept them in their homes. Great fires of coal tar burned day and night at the corners of the main streets, but by now the streets were deserted. The schools closed, and business places shut their doors. People huddled inside their houses and were afraid to go near one another.

And day after day people in this house and that turned yellow, then black, and quickly died. “Bronze John” played no favors; he crept past fires and through walls and struck. Of every three persons stricken, two died and the third mysteriously recovered. Men went at night to the houses of death and spread tar, sulphur, and lime wherever they could, while other men carted the black bodies to the cemetery and dumped them into hastily dug trenches. There was no time for building coffins or for saying prayers. Men were paid as much as $100 for burying a corpse. For six weeks the terror raged. More than 50 townspeople came down with the dread disease; of these, 35 died.
The frosts came in mid-September and the plague ebbed away. No further cases were recorded. On September 13 the river rose and pushed loose the John Porter, anchored below the town, and all its barges. Some men on board the steamer managed to secure the boat, but the barges drifted down stream. A new crew was made up, supplies were taken on, and a short time later crowds again lined the river bank to watch the John Porter take off. This time they were silent. None ventured to visit the boat that had brought so much tragedy to the town.
LAFAYETTE ENTERTAINED AT "OUR HOUSE"—1825
Chapter Seven

Odd

One day in 1888 a train screamed through the Scioto Valley as it raced toward the Ohio River. At Gallipolis it halted, and a big man and a little boy and girl got off. The big man—he must have weighed 300 pounds—was silent as they walked down Court Street. His wife had died, and he was bringing the children here to be raised by their grandmother. After a brief stay the big man left for Plattsburg, Missouri, where he ran a hotel.

In the large frame house on Court Street, under their grandmother’s tolerant eye, the boy and girl grew up. The boy’s name was Oscar—Oscar Odd McIntyre. He had been named for a favorite uncle, and his middle name was pronounced Ud. Growing up in Gallipolis was a little easier than it might have been in some other place. Gallipolis was a pretty town that peered down upon the broad sweep of the Ohio. Steamers from Cincinnati and other towns called every day at its wharves. The main street was paved and had lights. On the square was a pagoda-like bandstand where concerts were played every week through the summer.

Here the boy with the queer name lived until he was 18. He spent much of his time riding a bicycle his father had sent him. He did tricks and fancy stuff, and became so good at them that he received a medal from the League of American Wheelmen. He kept company with a girl named Maybelle. School didn’t appeal to him; he played hookey, and was finally expelled. For a while he worked as a night clerk in the Park Central Hotel. The itch to write made him take a job as a reporter for the Daily Sun. When he was fired, he went over to the Gallipolis Tribune and did odd jobs there for nothing—occasionally getting a free pass to Price’s Floating Opera or some other showboat. The city editor became ill, and McIntyre was put to work at $2 a week. After the editor died, Oscar got $5.

Early in the present century the big man again visited Gallipolis. He thought his son should prepare for a business career; so he took him to Cincinnati and put him in a commercial college. Young McIntyre stayed there two years. After a brief stint of hotelling at Plattsburg, Missouri, he worked, successfully, for newspapers in East Liverpool, Dayton, and Cincinnati. Ray Long,
later editor of *Cosmopolitan*, then editor of the *Post*, induced him to come to Cincinnati. He remained there until 1911, but in the meantime, on February 18, 1908, married Maybelle Hope Small. She was the girl he had met in Gallipolis while he was cutting capers on his bicycle.

Ray Long became editor of a magazine in New York. He offered his old friend a job, and on July 1, 1911, the McIntyres arrived in the big city. *Hampton’s Magazine* soon failed, and the disappointed newspaperman tramped the streets looking for work. Finally he landed a job as copy reader for the *Evening Mail*. He made friends with such staff members as Grantland Rice, Rube Goldberg, and FPA. Copy reading is an exacting task and "accuracy was his enemy"; before long he was out of a job. He tried free-lancing, without much success.

About this time McIntyre came into a small inheritance and a nervous breakdown. He was doing odd publicity jobs now, and in his spare hours he wrote columns of "personals" about New York—its odd sights and sounds, its glittering personalities, its fabulous night life. Nearly every day he wrote a "letter," as he called it, typed a number of copies, and mailed them to the editors of small newspapers throughout the country. The column was free, he said. A few papers began using it.

He wrote more "letters" and mimeographed them in bulk so that more editors could be reached. When several papers protested about not receiving further copy, McIntyre wrote to all of them and suggested that they pay him something. Many did. Slowly the column caught on. Readers in small towns and cities liked it for its gossip and its gilded characters. It made the big city seem glamorous and pleasantly sinful. At this time McIntyre was writing the only column about New York that was being published in outside newspapers.

Late in 1915 the McIntyres moved to the Majestic Hotel. Here they lived for five years, getting their apartment rent-free because McIntyre publicized the hotel. He also did publicity for H. L. Doherty and Florenz Ziegfeld. When the latter sent him a telegram, "Thanks for sneaking me out of town," he dropped these activities and gave all his time to the column. It was his only interest anyway, and by this time he was sure of his formula. A sketch about an unknown country boy who came to the big city and made good; a sentimental piece on dogs; a paragraph bulging with names of good things to eat; a raschen of "thingumbohs" about Broadway actors, newspapermen, and glamour girls; a gentle hark-back to old-fashioned things and the simplicitics of small-town life—this was the pattern of his column.
It was an amazingly successful one. His list of clients steadily rose, and his income mounted yearly. People all over the country liked the “swirling, confetti-like jargon” of his style, and the wondrous, breath-taking Bagdad he made of New York. In later years a flock of New York columnists were to follow the rich furrow he had plowed; and some were to plague him with parodies. But none was to achieve his kind of success.

After 1922, when “New York Day By Day” was distributed by the McNaught Syndicate, the “letter” came into its own. It went to newspapers in every State in the Union—with the exception of Idaho. Readers began sending him 3,000 letters a week, with gifts of jellies, cheeses, preserves, and other tidbits. Paragraphs about such oddities as the Barlow knife, the hand-turning coffee grinder, and hog’shead cheese always brought a deluge of letters. His largest mail came after the publication of “To Billy, in Dog Heaven,” a lament about the death of his favorite dog.

Gallipolis figured prominently in the column. He wrote warmly of Squire Mauck, Frank R. Vance, Harry J. Maddy, Aunt Emma Kerns, the Albert K. Merrimans, Dr. G. G. Kineon, Dr. Charles E. Holzer, and others. He told of the summer concerts he had heard as a boy. And who can doubt that he was thinking of this Ohio town when he said:

I wonder if other New Yorkers at dusk now and then have a vague longing to sprinkle a lawn, hear the plaintive cry of the whippoorwill, and watch the bright dart of the lightning bugs from a porch hammock.

The people of Gallipolis were proud of Odd. They put up a bronze marker in front of his boyhood home.

McIntyre was for many years a familiar figure to New Yorkers. Something of a dandy, he went to his favorite haunts wearing a cocked hat, a crisp handkerchief, spats, a strident tie, and a suit made from a material fit only, Irwin Cobb remarked, for making a fancy vest. He invariably carried a walking stick. An interviewer once questioned him about his wardrobe. McIntyre estimated that he had 60 suits, 100 shirts, 200 neckties, 36 hats, 50 pairs of shoes, 100 pairs of socks, 50 suits of underwear, 60 pairs of pajamas, and 60 dressing gowns. He loved vivid colors, and was fond of perfumes.

In later years McIntyre’s health declined, and he went out less frequently. Finally, an evening automobile ride became his only diversion. In his place at 290 Park Avenue he tapped out his
column that was now published in 508 newspapers having a combined circulation of 15 million copies. He was the highest-paid columnist in America.

In mid-February of 1938, he complained of being ill. Two days later he was dead. They buried him on Mound Hill overlooking Gallipolis and the Ohio River.

Odd had come home at last.
Chapter Eight

Landmarks

1. GALLIPOLIS CITY PARK, bounded by First and Second Aves. and State and Court Sts., is a pretty spot in which shade trees, flower beds, and greensward give a pleasant setting to Second Avenue’s business section. On the site Major Burnham and his men built the stockade and log cabins occupied by the French settlers upon their arrival in October 1790. Gallipolis became the seat of Gallia County in 1803, and shortly afterwards the first jail was put up here. During the Civil War the park was a supply depot for the Union cause. On the south side is the broken rocker shaft of the John Porter, a towboat that brought the yellow fever epidemic to the town in 1878 (see Bronze John). Civil War cannon stand at each corner of the park, and in the southeastern sector is a World War memorial, a life-size reproduction of “Doughboy.” Facing Second Avenue is a Greek-pillared memorial fountain. In the center is a high, old-fashioned bandstand about which O. O. McIntyre used to write.

2. The OLD POST OFFICE (open), across from Our House on First Ave., was built in 1794. The low, one-story structure, resting on sandstone footings, is of post-and-lintel construction and originally had two rooms. Weather-boarding was later put on the walls, and a lean-to addition was erected some time between 1885 and 1895. The house was formerly owned by the De Vacht family, and is now the property of Miss Ethel Young.

The smaller front room was the old post office. Francois D’Hebecourt, one of the French residents, was the early postmaster. An intriguing tradition about D’Hebecourt and Napoleon Bonaparte has persisted locally. As young cadets at the same school they became warm friends. They talked of coming to America and founding an idealistic Utopia somewhere in the Western wilderness. A little later on D’Hebecourt came to Gallipolis with the French Five Hundred. Napoleon remained in France and made himself the master of Europe. Local people like to think how the history of the world would have been changed had the Little Corporal joined his friend, D’Hebecourt, in coming here.
3. OUR HOUSE (open 9-5 daily; adm. 25c), 434 First Ave.,
is a two-story brick Colonial structure which Henry Cushing built
in 1819 as an inn. The bricks were ship's ballast brought from
England. The name of the house derives from Cushing's cordial
invitation to all he met: "Come up to our house." The place
served as a community social center for many years. Its guests
included Lafayette in 1825 and Jenny Lind in 1851. It later be-
came a boarding house, then a marine hospital, and finally a resi-
dence.

In 1936 Dr. and Mrs. Charles E. Holzer purchased Our House
and set about restoring it as nearly as possible to its original con-
dition. A wing at the rear was torn down. Asbestos shingles were
laid on the roof. The original pine floors were scraped, varnished,
and sanded to revive their mellow beauty, and all the woodwork
was scraped and repainted in its original colors. Reproductions
of early American wall paper were applied to the walls, which
have a five-inch cornice mold. Most of the rooms retain their
chair rails. The mantels are hand-carved in the Adam style.
Lighting fixtures are originals, and the hardware is of the box-
lock and brass-knob type. A circular stairway made of cherry
and walnut leads to the second floor.

The Gallia County Historical Society now maintains the
house as a museum. The chairs, tables, and settees in the taproom
are of the same type used more than a century ago. In another
room is the bed in which Louis Philippe (later King of France)
slept when he visited Gallipolis. The third floor attic has glass
cases containing mementoes of the early French settlers—a Frank-
lin stove, ivory dominoes, candlesticks, china and pewter ware,
cooking utensils, ball room slippers, a French bonnet, and letters
and documents.

4. HOLZER HOSPITAL, SW. cor. Cedar St. and First Ave.,
completed in 1917, is a handsome, fire-proof structure which takes
care of patients from several States. The three-story, ell-shaped
building is of red brick with limestone trimmings; an attractive
balustrade circles its roof, which has a court commanding views of
the city, the surrounding hills, and the Ohio River.

This modern, fully equipped hospital has 54 beds. Dr. Charles
E. Holzer, the founder, is in charge. Dr. Holzer came here as a
young man to work in the Ohio Hospital for Epileptics. He start-
ed a small hospital of his own and performed more than 2,000
operations during the seven years of its existence. Then he built
the present institution. Dr. Holzer is called "the flying surgeon"
because he travels by airplane. Apart from his professional duties,
NEW GALLIPOLIS ROLLER DAM—LARGEST OF ITS KIND IN THE UNITED STATES

GALLIPOLIS—ROCKS AND DAM—OHIO RIVER
Dr. Holzer devotes much time and energy to Gallipolis' civic development.

5. The GALLIPOLIS AIRPORT cover 97 acres of land along the south side of State 7, near the northeastern city limits. The field is artificially drained, has hangar accommodations for five planes, and has several landing strips 3,200 feet long. It has an "A" rating as a municipal airport. An aeronautics school operates here, and sight-seeing trips are available in modern-type planes.

6. The GALLIPOLIS GOLF CLUB LINKS (playing fee, 50¢ a day), at the N. end of Fourth Ave., is a 9-hole course covering 40 acres of rolling terrain. With few artificial hazards, the course appears to be an easy one; but not many players shoot par on it. The club has about 60 members; the links are open, however, to visitors paying the greens fee.

7. The OHIO HOSPITAL FOR EPILEPTICS (open 8-7 daily), 0.2 m. north on Sycamore St. from State 7, authorized in 1890 by the State legislature, was the first institution of its kind to be established in the United States. Through the efforts of John L. Vance, this site was chosen and the first building went up in 1891. Since that time 100 buildings have been erected upon the landscaped grounds, which, with the farm lands, total 669 acres. An outstanding feature is the duck pond having 1,500 ducks belonging to 20 species. The 2,200 inmates live in cottages flanking the administrative and special-purpose buildings. All are residents of Ohio. Dr. G. G. Kineon is in charge of the institution, which employs about 300 persons, most of them from Gallipolis.

8. PIONEER CEMETERY, on Pine St. 0.2 m. N. of the junction with State 7, is a 12-acre plot in which many of the early French settlers are buried. Their graves are marked by tall, thin slabs. These are so eroded that many are indistinguishable; but such names as Cruzezit, Regnier, Menager, De Valcoulou, Marret, Carel, Duteil, and others suggest the extent of the French influence. In the northwest corner, rows of small, uniform stones mark the graves of Civil War veterans. Throughout the cemetery are scattered the graves of many of Gallipolis' well-known families—the Vances, Vintons, Saffords, Cushings, Hallidays, Kerrs, and others.

9. GATEWOOD (open by special permission only), 76 State St., built in 1886, is a two-story, red brick Colonial house of the center hall type. White shutters guard all the windows, and an old-fashioned white-pillared wooden porch crosses the front. In 1933 the late O. O. McIntyre purchased the house as a silver anniversary present for his wife, who had spent her girlhood a few doors away. Extensive remodelling followed, and the McIntyres
shipped crates of furniture, drapes, and decorations from New York to be installed here. Gatewood’s eight rooms handsomely unite modernity with French Empire elegance. The downstairs rooms have white woodwork and walls, and are carpeted in a deep, dark blue. A graceful stairway curves to the second floor, which has several bedrooms and a study designed for the writer. McIntyre never saw Gatewood, but after his death in 1938 he was brought here for the funeral ceremony.

10. The BOYHOOD HOME OF O. O. McIntyre (private), 74 Court St., is a large two-story frame house set flush with the sidewalk. He lived here from his fifth to his eighteenth year. A bronze marker erected by the townspeople shows a man tapping a typewriter, with this inscription: “Boyhood Home of O. O. McIntyre. Famous newspaperman and now writer of ‘New York Day By Day.’” It was put up while McIntyre was still living.

1. The GALLIPOLIS SWIMMING POOL (open May 30-Labor Day; adm., adults, 25c, children, 10-15c), on Fourth Ave. behind Gallia Academy, is a handsome affair built on a terrace overlooking Chickamauga Creek. The pool is 60 by 100 feet in size and ranges from 3 to 10 feet in depth. At one end is a separate play pool for kiddies. The water is blue in color, because of chemicals in it, and undergoes complete purification every seven hours. Three life guards are on duty, and courses in swimming and life-saving are taught. The pool was built for the Board of Education by the Works Progress Administration. It was completed in 1938.

12. MOUND HILL, on State 41 near the western city limits, is a high eminence commanding the magnificent panorama of the town, the hills of West Virginia, and the majestic sweep of the Ohio River. A local tradition tells of an early French priest who, angered because his parishioners would not repent, climbed this hill and placed upon the town a curse from which it has not entirely recovered. Also here is MOUND HILL CEMETERY, entered through a pair of graceful memorial gates which bear the names of all the known Revolutionary War veterans of Gallia County. O. O. McIntyre, William G. Sibley, R. J. Mauck, and other Gallipolitans are buried here.

13. The GALLIPOLIS LOCKS and DAM are nine miles south of Gallipolis on State 7. The huge dam consists of eight concrete piers, 130 feet high, spaced at 125-foot intervals across the Ohio River. The piers support steel rollers, 30 feet in diameter and 125 feet long, that weigh 380 tons each. The water passes under the rollers. Electrically operated machinery controls the pool stage by raising or lowering the rollers. Since the completion of
the dam in 1938, a pool has been created averaging 35 feet in depth for a distance of 48 miles up the Ohio and 35 miles up the Great Kanawha. On the West Virginia side is a pair of locks which permit the passage of the largest fleets of barges and other craft. The entire structure was built under the supervision of the United States Engineers, required three years to construct, and cost $15,000,000.
Sources


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