

The death of William O. McClallan, the noted contractor of public works, at Boston, Saturday, will be the occasion of grief to a great many in this city and the neighboring town of Chicopee, where the greater part of his life has been passed. Mr McClallan has been failing for about two years, but he was active in the management of his extensive business until last June, when a sudden attack of Bright's disease prostrated him, and he was taken from his rooms in the Victoria hotel on the Back bay to his summer cottage at Sharon, where in the bracing air of the Norfolk hills, after some weeks nature's forces began to rally, and in August he had become able to take long drives and even to walk about a little, so that his wife and friends were beginning to feel encouraged. Some three weeks ago he returned to Boston, but once in the city his apparent improvement ceased, he had a relapse and speedily grew worse. He was able to recognize his friends as late as last Wednesday, but then the fatal dropsy began to creep upward, and he knew no one until his death, which occurred peacefully at 11 o'clock Saturday forenoon. His wife, in company with Mrs C. O. Chapin and her daughter and Edward R. Stickney, came with the remains to this city last evening, in the directors' car of the Boston and Albany railroad, which President Bliss had considerably placed at her disposal. The burial will take place tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock at the Chapin memorial chapel in the Peabody cemetery.

Mr McClallan was the only son of Charles McClallan, who came from his native town of Lancaster to Chicopee in 1820, when he was a lad of 17, and learned the trade of masonry. Charles McClallan married here in 1826 or 1827 Miss Mabel Hopkins, whose father lived on State street near where the high school house stands, and who afterward removed to Ellington, Ct. Mr McClallan made his home on the site of Highland Place, the Thompson mansion, and there William was born, March 17, 1828 (not 1829, as stated yesterday), so that he was 60 years and six months old, lacking two days, when he died. When he was four years old his father moved to what is now Chicopee Falls, and began his business as contractor and builder, which he carried on until his death in 1879. William got his schooling at the common schools of Chicopee and the old Deerfield academy. He became his father's assistant, and in 1856 his partner, and the name of C. McClallan & Son was thenceforward the warrant of substantial and honest work in the building of business blocks, mills, mill-dams, reservoirs and railroad work in this state, Connecticut and sometimes in interior New York. They constructed, among others, the great water-works of New Haven, Ct., the canal and stone dam of the Collins paper company at Wilbraham, the Windsor reservoir on the hills between Dalton and Peru,—a remarkable achievement,—the syphon section (No 13) of the Boston water-works, and the water-works of Chicopee. The firm took contracts from the state for sections of the Troy and Greenfield railroad, and one of their impressive monuments is found in the granite-facades of the Hoosac tunnel. When the war broke out, the firm were also engaged in manufacturing at Chicopee wooden-soled shoes for the southern market, William being the active manager of this enterprise, but the first gun fired at Sumter ruined that industry, which was never to be resumed. He turned his attention then to making shoes of the usual sort, and continued the business until sometime in 1868. During this time he lived in this city on State street, until the death in 1865 of his first wife, a granddaughter of Rev Dr Samuel Osgood.

After the death of Capt McClallan in 1879, William maintained the reputation earned by the firm in their long and successful career, and after completing the Boston contract above mentioned, he built in 1881-2 a large addition to the mills of the Chicopee manufacturing company at Chicopee Falls and the wire mills at Palmer. He built also the reservoir at East Haven for the city of New Haven, the Meriden and Cromwell railroad, and laid the foundations for the proposed mills at Bondville. In 1882 he took the contract for the water-works for Quincy, and removed the next year to Boston, where he has since resided. Since that time he has also constructed the Weymouth, Sharon, Cohasset and South Framingham water-works, the Lynn sewerage system, the Marblehead water-works, the works of the gas-light company at Wallingford, Ct., and was engaged at the time of his death in the construction of the Stoughton water-works, the storage reservoir for Quincy and in a rock-cutting for the Boston and Albany railroad at Wellesley. In most of the water-works he built Mr McClallan was a large and in some the principal stockholder; so that his interests are distributed widely in continuously remunerative investments. Up to even the Saturday before the fatal attack, he kept the direction of all his business,—E. R. Stickney of this city, secretary of the Chicopee water-works, who has been his efficient book-keeper and agent for 10 years past, visiting him every week to give him account of each matter and receive his instructions. He was so bright, hopeful and constantly interested, talking genially and humorously, as his wont was, and taking such pleasure in his friends, that it was difficult to surrender hope that he might have at least a reprieve of some years.

William McClallan was socially identified with this city from his youth. He was a musician by natural gift and by education, and was organist at various times in the First church, the old South church on Bliss street, the old Unitarian church, and the present church of the Unity. His playing was marked by exquisite taste and the finest religious expression. His selection of music was singularly choice, and no one could better comprehend the line that divided the classic from the common. His wife, who survives him, was Phebe A. Pierce of Greenfield, and sang in the church of the Unity when they were married in 1868. Their entire community of tastes was notable, and Mrs McClallan, as the Springfield public know from her rare public appearances in recent years, has developed her pure and noble voice to a high degree of perfection by study in this country and in Paris. This was Mr McClallan's chief delight, beyond the pleasure of his friends' society. No man had friends more warmly and deeply attached than his. His home was in this city for some years before his removal to Boston, first at the Haynes house and then on Maple street near the corner of Park; but for the last five or six years he has lived in Boston, at the United States hotel, until two years ago, when he removed to the Victoria hotel on the Back bay. He made very frequent visits to this city and Chicopee during this period, and used to anticipate returning here at some time. A man of generous, honorable, faithful, social nature, constantly doing unpretentious kindnesses, always ready to help those who needed help, he will be greatly missed and deeply mourned, and those who knew him can but feel that the world is less interesting and life the poorer for his departure.