

A SKETCH COVERING FOUR  
GENERATIONS OF .....

## The McClary Family.

BEGINNING WITH THE IMMIGRATION OF  
ANDREW McCLARY FROM ULSTER IN  
1726, AND ENDING WITH THE DEATH OF  
ANDREW McCLARY, OF PEACHAM, VT.,  
IN 1869. ....



**T**HIS little sketch was commenced in obedience to an idle whim, thinking to gratify the curiosity of some in our widely scattered family, but I have found the work both pleasant and profitable, and I trust it may add somewhat to the pleasure of those for whom it is written.

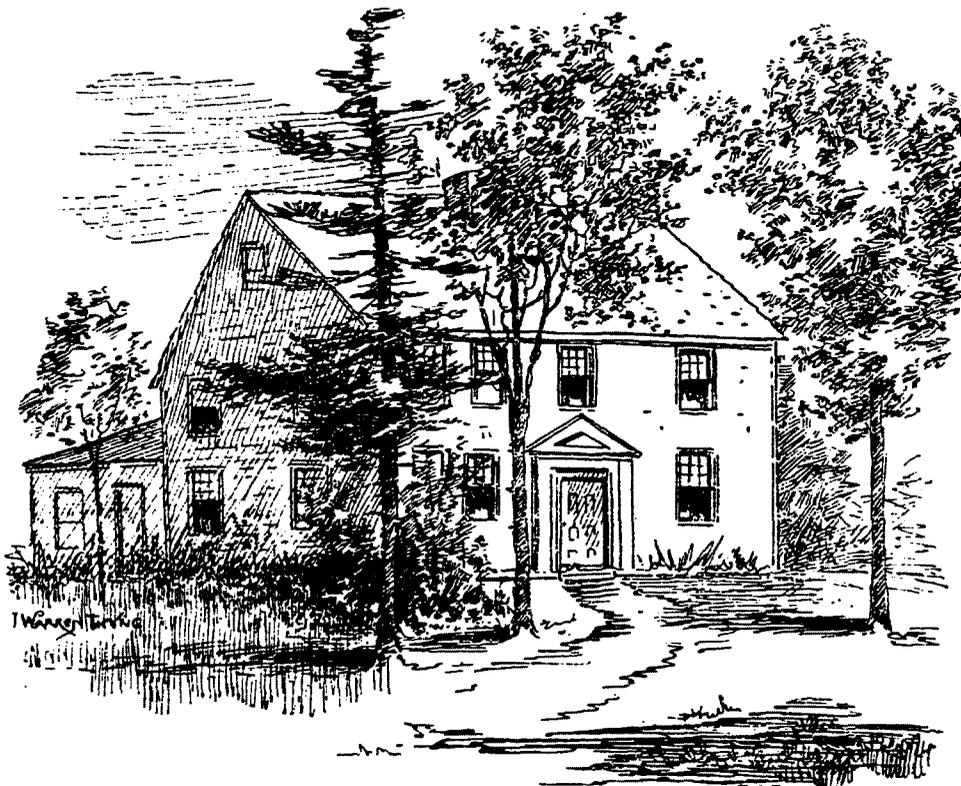
I recently heard the Scotch-Irish defined as "Irishmen who were ashamed of their fellow countrymen." I found on inquiry that some among the Scotch-Irish, themselves, had only a vague and misty idea of the true facts relative to their origin. The desire to correct a popular misapprehension and to incite in our own family some little pride of ancestry is my apology for inserting in this family sketch a rather lengthy chapter of Scotch-Irish history.

For many of the facts relative to the early history of the family I am indebted to Hon. John C. French of Manchester, who is entitled to our thanks for his courtesy and interest.

HORACE P. McCLARY.

WINDSOR, VT., March 1, 1896.





This house located at Epsom, N. H., in which the old immigrant Andrew McClary spent the last years of his life, is one of the landmarks of southern New Hampshire. It was erected in 1741 by Hon. John McClary who lived within its walls for 60 years. It afterwards became the property of his oldest son, Gen. Michael McClary, who made it his home for 72 years. It is at present owned and occupied by Michael McClary Steele, a grandson of General Michael, whose laudable ambition has been to gain possession of all of the old McClary farm, embracing about 1,000 acres of fine land near the center of which this house is located. For 25 years it was the headquarters for the New Hampshire Committee of Safety and the Society of Cincinnati met here three times. Many of the schemes influencing the early history of New Hampshire were concocted within its walls.

The *Manchester Union*, in its issue of May 13, 1893, prints a 3 columns sketch of the old house which includes the following :

“The venerable mansion has a history more genuinely interesting than often attaches to buildings of even legendary fame. In it great men have been born and lived; in its dining hall famous men have sat at the board; in its chambers distinguished statesmen, jurors and heroes have slept; before the wide fireplace in the reception room have gathered the wit and beauty of a time when men were strong and women fair and wine was red. No wonder that the echoes of long lost and forgotten music are said to return at night when darkness and silence reign. Alone in the great guest chamber, one might fancy he had for companions the shades of Daniel Webster, Jeremiah Mason, General Sullivan and other distinguished men who have in other days slept within its walls.”

**N**O MAN may make choice of his ancestry or select his place of birth but satisfied should they be who have the right to say with us, "We are Scotch-Irish Americans."

No history of the Scotch-Irish people has ever been written, but so thoroughly identified are they with the winning and making of this country, such an active interest have they taken in the development of its resources, so faithfully have they adhered to their conviction in religious and educational work, and so competent have they shown themselves in the advancement of the arts and sciences, that no history of the American people has been or can be written which is not replete with Scotch-Irish endeavor and achievement.

## THE SCOTCH-IRISH IN IRELAND.

Soon after the accession of James the first, of unsavory reputation, to the English throne, on some cunningly devised pretext he banished from Ireland the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, and seized their vast estates, comprising about 800,000 acres, located in the Province of Ulster.

Long leases on favorable terms were offered on these lands which induced a large body of Lowland Scotch, a considerable number of English Dissenters, a few French Huguenots and a sprinkling from other nations to leave their homes and settle there. These different nationalities intermarried with each other but not to any extent with the Native Catholics of Ireland who naturally and rightfully regarded them as intruders, and hated them most cordially. Here for a century, with indomitable pluck, they held their own against all comers, and retained possession of the land which is today in the hands of their posterity. They found this province almost a desert, but they made it the garden of Ireland. While other sections more highly favored by nature languished, Ulster prospered; while the rest of Ireland suffered from famine there was always plenty in Ulster. An air of thrift and comfort which was totally lacking elsewhere filled this province.

This was due to the character of the people, who retained in full measure the honesty, perseverance and prudence of the Scotch to which they added in some degree the impetuosity and imagination of the French Huguenot. Their contact with other nations enlarged the horizon of their thoughts, and the constant vigilance they were forced to maintain instilled habits of self-reliance and they became a new people—the Scotch-Irish.

During the reign of William and Mary the native Irish Catholics, under the leadership of James the second, assisted by the French king, formed a league for their destruction. A less sturdy people would have sought safety in flight, for their foes were numerous, blood-thirsty and determined, but no such thought seems to have entered their minds. Old and young, men and women—all who could, united in self defence, and maintained one of the most desperate struggles for existence ever recorded in history, culminating in the siege of Derry, where for six months, poorly armed, almost without food, by personal valor alone, they held their ground against four times their number of revengeful natives and French soldiers until the siege was raised by reinforcements sent by King William of England.

But what armed foes failed to do, English greed and selfishness was able to accomplish. Their gallantry and loyalty were soon forgotten. Laws were passed infringing upon their religious rights, curtailing their manufactures wherever they competed with their English rivals, and restricting the exportation of farm products whenever they interfered with the sale of English produce. Their rents were raised when their leases expired. Their baptisms and marriages were declared null and they were refused burial in God's Acre, and all this in the land of their own making.

Thus by a thousand acts of meanness, almost without parallel in legislation and utterly without excuse, the contented Ulsterman was changed to the exasperated emigrant and England sowed the wind which led to the whirlwind harvest of the American Revolution.

The emigration to America began to assume considerable proportions about the year 1718 and increased rapidly for a score of years, reaching its climax between 1730 and 1750, during which period at least 200,000 people sailed from Ulster to the English Colonies in America.

Some districts were almost depopulated. The movement occasioned some alarm in England and led to the repeal of some obnoxious laws which stayed the movement to some extent.

#### SCOTCH-IRISH IN UNITED STATES.

The Scotch-Irish came to this country, not as adventurers or alone but as family men with their families, and as Dissenters with their pastors. They generally located in distinct settlements, striking out into the virgin forests, always careful to obtain plenty of good land, but seemingly indifferent to exposure or danger. Equally at home with the axe and the musket—those two most important factors in civilization—they were well qualified to sustain the role they so often assumed of “The Pioneer Guards of this Country.” More landed at Philadelphia than at any other port, only a few, however, remaining with the old settlers. The majority pushed on and settled in Western Pennsylvania and finally in Ohio.

Those who landed at the Virginia and Carolina ports usually passed on over the Alleghany ridge and formed the “Backwater” settlements of western Virginia, and large settlements on the Wautuga and its branches, finally taking possession of the beautiful and fertile “Blue Grass” regions of Kentucky and Tennessee. About 2,000 landed in Boston forming three distinct settlements at Worcester, Mass., Wicasset, Me., and Londonderry, N. H., all of them border towns at that time. At the beginning of the Revolutionary War, we find them occupying nearly all of the frontier posts; less civilized perhaps, but certainly more warlike and valiant than their countrymen in the older settlements.

They formed a cordon which was a great protection to the older towns, and which the wily Red man could never fold back and rarely broke through. They were certainly the best and, perhaps, the only successful Indian fighters that ever came to this country. Others became so by years of practice, but they inherited from the fighters at Enniskillen, Derry and

Boyne, the qualities which made them proficient at the outset. During the Revolutionary War these hardy pioneers took an active and very important part in the struggle for liberty. Twice they defeated the well matured plans of Sir Henry Clinton to crush the South and end the war. In 1778, he had intrigued with the Creek Indians, whose lands lay to Southwest of the Scotch-Irish settlements, and induced them to attack the settlers. He had furnished them with arms and ammunition, and they were gathering their clans preparatory for a march, while he himself should attack them from the eastern border. The bold pioneers held a council of war, and decided to take the offensive. By a series of forced marches they surprised the Indians in their own country, captured and destroyed their arms and ammunition, burned their cornfields, and rendered an aggressive campaign on their part an impossibility.

Again, in 1779, Clinton made another attempt to take the same settlements in front and rear. He arranged with the Creeks to attack from the Southwest while he himself with ten thousand men captured Charleston and overran the Carolinas and Georgia, sending one of his most competent subordinate commanders up towards the settlements with instructions to attack simultaneously with the Indians.

Again the fighting Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, led by Campbell, their pastor, from the "Back-water" settlements and the tall boys from the Wautuga towns mounted their hardy ponies under Sevier, and armed with their short Pitkin rifles, made a forced march of thirty-six hours, a part of the way through a drizzling rain, and attacked Ferguson with 1,100 of the best troops of the British army, and either captured or killed the entire division, and returned in time to meet and defeat the Creeks who were approaching from the Southwest. This fight, known as the battle of King's Mountain in which 960 Scotch-Irish men, without bayonets, attacked 1,100 British in a well chosen and carefully intrenched position and well-nigh annihilated them, was far reaching in its effects. It entirely frustrated the well formed plans of Clinton, and so dis-

heartened Cornwallis that he made a hasty and disorderly retreat of more than 100 miles, and never fully regained his confidence or lost his fear of the sturdy Scotch-Irish soldiers, and his final surrender at Yorktown was but the natural sequence of this first and effectual defeat.

Again in 1777 Burgoyne, one of England's best soldiers, a man who had won renown on the bloody fields of the Peninsula, was sent to Canada with a large and well equipped army. The scheme was to sever New England from the rest of the colonies along the line of the Hudson, while Clinton, who held New York City, was to march North and meet him at West Point. The programme was a good one, and if successfully enacted, would end the war. Burgoyne swept all before him, until at Bennington he met Col. John Stark, a full blooded Scotch-Irish man, with his New Hampshire troops with their liberal sprinkling of the same blood.

Before the battle Capt. David McClary stepped forward, and while the soldiers stood with uncovered heads, made a public prayer to the God of battles for the victory. It was the presence of these grand old Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, 60 of whom came from Derry alone, which inspired all with confidence and enabled Stark to achieve a victory which was but a prelude to Burgoyne's final surrender a few weeks later at Saratoga, where again the important moves were made by the two Scotch-Irish generals, Stark and Morgan.

Clark, in his famous Illinois campaign in which he out-generaled and defeated the British and won for the colonies the broad and fertile plains now embraced in the states of Illinois, Indiana and a part of Ohio, was enabled to do so only because of the wonderful fighting and marching qualities of his Scotch-Irish back-woodsmen from Western Virginia and Kentucky, and without this brilliant campaign, the boundary line between Canada and the United States would probably have been the Ohio river rather than the Lakes.

Again in 1812, a greater part of the successful fighting was the work of the Scotch-Irish soldiers.

The battle of New Orleans, the history of which is the delight of every American school boy and a satisfaction to every American patriot, was won by Scotch-Irish blood. Andrew Jackson, whose indomitable pluck made the victory possible, was a full blooded Scotch-Irishman, his father having sailed from Port Rush, Ulster, in the year 1725. The troops upon whom he relied were the descendants of the Scotch-Irish settlers of Kentucky and Tennessee, and when the battle was fought it was Capt. Coffey with his Tennessee soldiers in their homespun outfits, who defended the weaker part of the American line at the Eastern extremity.

It was the presence of the Kentucky and Tennessee veterans fresh from their victory over the Creek Indians, which gave confidence to the hastily gathered militia and without them the city would have fallen an easy prey to the large army which had been sent against it by the English, and while the splendid victory did not change the terms of peace, we may well believe that it has many times since been potent in modifying the arrogance of our English cousins.

It was Sam Houston who gave us Texas. It was Zachary Taylor who gave us part of Mexico. It was Jefferson who negotiated for the Louisiana purchase. Every important acquisition of territory from 1776 to the present has been the result of Scotch-Irish diplomacy and valor.

They were the first in this country to inculcate the idea which underlies the Declaration of Independence—that rulers are responsible not only to God, but to their subjects as well. They were the first to advocate the division of church and state. The constitution was written by one of their number; they were the leaders in the convention which adopted it, and four of them, Jefferson, Hamilton, Knox and Randolph, were of the first cabinet after its adoption. The mention of such names as Grant, Lincoln, Fulton, Morse, McCormick, Greely, Powers, Gray and hundreds of others of Scotch-Irish descent, would more fully indicate the important parts they have taken in statecraft, invention, literature, art and education.

Our family is listed in Browning's "Americans of Royal Descent" as one whose lineage has been traced to the legitimate issue of Kings, which is a matter of small moment, but it should be much to us that we can trace our descent from the men who fought at Enniskillen, Derry and Boyne; that during the war of the Revolution they were patriots; that as soldiers or citizens, in this country or elsewhere, they have acted well their part.

#### THE McCLARY FAMILY.

On a ship leaving Port Rush, Ulster, Ireland, on Aug. 7, 1726, came James Harvey, Andrew McClary and William Maxwell, with their families reaching Boston on Oct. 8. They seem to have passed the winter at Haverhill and reached the Scotch-Irish settlement at Londonderry on April 19, 1727, and immediately after to have located at Nottingham, a town chartered in 1722 and lying only a short distance from Londonderry. The McClary family at this time consisted of Andrew McClary, his wife, and son John, who was seven years of age. Here the family remained for eleven years during which time there were born to them another son, Andrew McClary, Jr., and three daughters.

In 1738 they moved to Epsom and settled upon a rising knoll of beautiful land, on which now stands the old McClary house, shown on the cover of this pamphlet, where he reared his family to habits of industry and thrift, and was himself a competent and successful business man as well as a brave pioneer. He seems to have gained the confidence of his associates at an early day. The records show that he was chosen selectman of Northwood at the town meeting of 1733, which was the first time that any but the original 120 proprietors were allowed a voice in public matters, and that he held the same office at Epsom in 1742, 1743, 1750, 1751, 1754, 1755, 1756.

While he thus incidentally gained a livelihood and assumed his full share of the responsibilities of office at this time, we can see in retrospect that his most important work in life was

the rearing and training of his family. That this work was faithfully done is evidenced by the important parts they and their children were qualified to take in all public affairs for nearly a century. The family was not large and never became so. At no time were there more than four and most of the time but two or three eligible to public office, yet the records show that from 1743 to 1804, a period of 61 years, they filled the office of selectmen of Epsom for 31 years; that from 1796 to 1819 they served ten terms in the New Hampshire senate; that one of them (Col. John) was a delegate from the senate to the Provincial congress in 1775; that all through the French and Indian and Revolutionary wars they were prominent members of the New Hampshire committee of safety, which for 25 years held its sessions at the McClary house; that they were active and influential in the organization and support of the state Militia, one of them holding the position of adjutant general for 25 years, and two of them holding at different periods the office of brigadier general; that one of them (Gen'l Michael McClary) was tendered the nomination of governor of the state but refused it; that for 83 consecutive years, they held important positions of trust and honor in the state.

At the beginning of the Revolutionary War, the family comprised the old emigrant, probably about 80 years old, his two sons, John about 55 and Andrew about 45, and seven grandsons, aged 6, 8, 10, 13, 16, 21 and 23 years of age, also three daughters, Margaret, who married Dr. Samuel Wallace, Jane, who married John McGaffy, and Ann, who married Richard Tripp, and several grand-daughters.

The boy of 16 years soon after died, while attending school at Medford, which left in the family only three men of proper age for army life.

These three men promptly enlisted at their country's first call and one only returned.

Andrew McClary, who held the rank of major under Stark, was killed at Bunker Hill. John McClary, with rank of lieutenant in Whipple's brigade, was killed at Saratoga in 1779.

Michael McClary, who served in Dearborn's company as ensign at Bunker Hill, was promoted to a captaincy in Scammell's brigade and served four years.

He lived to be 72 years old and died at Epsom. So influential was he in all local affairs that it became a trite saying among the mothers that if their children would obey them as readily as the people of Epsom obeyed General McClary, they would be fully satisfied. No one can visit the locality and talk with the people whose ancestors were their familiar associates without being impressed by the fact that they were men of large hearts and generous habits. There is associated with their memory a fragrance indicative of unselfish lives and good work well done.

Mention is made of their service in D. H. Hurd's History of New Hampshire, in an article which closes with the following: "The town of Epsom has furnished many worthy men during the past 150 years, who have held positions of trust and honor in the state and nation, but none stand out in such bold relief or are more worthy of remembrance than the McClarys; in fact no family in the Suncook Valley fills so large a space in its history or the hearts of its people. For nearly a century they were the leading influential men in all our civil, political and military affairs, and were identified with all the important events and measures that received the attention and governed the acts of the successive generations during that long period of time \* \* \* \* \* We know of no instance in our state where history has so sadly neglected to do justice to a family which has rendered so efficient service in defending the rights and promoting the interests of our commonwealth and nation as in this instance."

#### MAJOR ANDREW McCLARY.

Major Andrew McClary of Revolutionary fame, through whom we trace our lineage, was the second son of the emigrant, Andrew McClary, who came from Ulster to this country in 1726.

Like all others he was the twofold product of his inheritance and environment. For ten generations his ancestors had lived in an atmosphere of danger, and exercised that eternal vigilance which was to them the price of safety as well as liberty. The earliest recollections of his childhood must have been the gatherings at the block-house where, in times of danger, the mothers took their little ones for safety and talked, not of fashion, but of strength and valor. The stories of his youth were not fairy tales, but true recitals of adventure from the lips of the brave scouts who made his father's house a common resort.

The seed thus sown on good soil yielded an abundant harvest. We find him at an early age acting as a scout himself, and later, an officer in Roger's famous company of New Hampshire Rangers, and finally, as he gained experience and caution, the chosen and trusted leader in all local expeditions against the Indians. In intervals of peace he cleared large tracts of land, engaged in mercantile pursuits, erected a factory, and seems to have been a good all round business man. While he possessed in full measure the true Scotch-Irish thrift, and needed plenty of elbow room, which he was able to obtain and hold, he could not be classed with the Presbyterian congregation who were described by their pastor as a people "who not only kept the ten commandments but everything else they could lay their hands on," for tradition says he was "open handed and generous and much given to hospitality."

It is more than possible that the inn-keeper's comments on a Scotch-Irish settlement that "they were a people who would praise good whiskey and drink it, and damn bad whiskey and drink that with equal relish" may have included the major, for it cannot be denied that he was somewhat given to conviviality—thus we find record of his visiting Portsmouth, and while in an argumentative state of mind entering into discussion with six British officers who, not being pleased with his sentiments, undertake to eject him from the room with the result of themselves being thrown through the window by this doughty patriot. As an officer he was the idol of his troops—hail fellow

well met, and yet no soldier ever refused him implicit obedience, a man who could hold his troops to posts of danger and if necessary, sacrifice their lives, but whose kind heart would give him no rest until every wounded soldier of his command was cared for and personally looked after.

A true history of all his adventures would be as thrilling as a Cooper's tale, but if he kept any record of his work, which is improbable, it was burned with his house and other effects, while he was fighting at Bunker Hill. A few of his comrades in arms, upon whose hearts he had deeply engraved his own character, outlived the war and have placed on record these deep and lasting impressions—a few notices of the press and a short page of history make up all we can know of his life work.

At the close of the French and Indian war in 1760, he seems to have turned his attentions more fully to his business transactions, and to have taken an active interest in church and town affairs. We find him serving continuously as selectman from 1764 to 1769, a member of the legislature during several sessions, apparently influential in all the walks of life, but especially interested and prominent in all matters pertaining to the militia.

At the beginning of the Revolutionary War he was at Epsom, cultivating his large and productive farm and pushing his various business enterprises with energy. On April 20, 1775, while he was plowing the parade ground which was located on his farm, a messenger came giving news of the battle of Lexington, and within twenty-four hours he was at Medford, 70 miles away, ready to take his part in the impending conflict.

Cogswell's History of Northwood gives an account of this forced march in language as follows: "McClary was plowing in the well-known muster field when he heard the blowing of the horn and was roused by that tocsin to arms. Like Cincinnatus, he left the plow in the furrow, and hastily armed himself and dashed off to Deerfield accompanied by a few daring spirits.

At the Parade patriots were waiting for him and on they go to Nottingham. A company of some 80 heroes—such as

none but Sparta ever gave to the world—were here assembled by 1 o'clock from Nottingham, Deerfield, Chichester, Epsom and Northwood. They leave the square about 4 o'clock the same day and travelling all night reach Medford early next morning."

This company, of which McClary was the chosen leader, included many who became distinguished officers of the Revolutionary Army. Among them Capt. Cilley, afterwards General Cilley, Capt. Dearborn, afterwards Colonel, Member of Congress, and in 1812 Commander-in-Chief of the American Army. Bartlett, Butler, Morrill, Gray, Sanborn, McGaffey, Hilton and Michael McClary, all of whom were soon after commissioned as Captains, and others equally brave and efficient, who gallantly fought their country's battles or found a soldier's grave. They held the post of honor at the battle of Bunker Hill, and its members were always afterwards to be found where dangers were thickest and responsibilities greatest.

Upon the arrival of the New Hampshire troops at Medford they were divided into two regiments, the larger of which chose Stark for Captain and McClary for Major.

On April 23rd, we find McClary addressing a long letter to the Provincial Congress in which he states the fact that the New Hampshire troops number about 2,000 "brave and hearty, resolute men, full of vigor and blood, from the interior parts of the province, which labor under a great disadvantage for not being under proper regulations for want of field officers, etc."

For the next seven weeks he was active in the organization and discipline of his men. On June 16th Col. Stark's regiment, then quartered at Medford, received the order to march to Bunker Hill. They formed in front of a house occupied as an arsenal and each man drew one gill of powder, 15 balls, and one flint.

About 1 o'clock the regiment started. When they reached Charlestown Neck they found two regiments halted in consequence of heavy enfilading fire thrown across it by the frigates and floating batteries anchored in Charles and Mystic rivers.

Major McClary then went forward and observed to the commanders "if they did not intend to move on he wished them to open and let the New Hampshire regiment pass through," which they *immediately did*.

In the battle this regiment was placed at the Western extremity of the American line and had for their defensive fortification a winrow of hay and a rail fence, neither of which offered any obstruction to British bullets, but not a man flinched and when the ammunition was exhausted and it became necessary to withdraw, they covered the retreat with the steadiness of veterans.

The part which Major McClary took in the battle of Bunker Hill is a matter of history. Much has been written concerning his gallantry and efficiency from which the following may perhaps be regarded as appropriate to make up part of a family sketch.

General Dearborn, who was in this battle captain of a company in the Major's regiment writes this account of his death: "From the ships of war, and a large battery on Copp's Hill, a heavy cannonade was kept up upon our line and redoubt from the commencement to the close of the action and during the retreat, but with little effect except killing the brave Major Andrew McClary, of Col. Stark's regiment, soon after we retreated from Bunker Hill. He was among the first officers of the army, possessing a sound judgment, of undaunted bravery, enterprising, ardent and zealous both as a patriot and a soldier. His loss was severely felt by his compatriots in arms, while his country was deprived of the services of one of her most promising and distinguished champions of liberty. After leaving the field of battle, I met him and drank some spirit and water with him. He was animated and sanguine in the result of the conflict for independence, from the glorious display of valor which had distinguished his countrymen on that memorable day. He soon observed that the British troops on Bunker Hill were in motion, and said he would go and reconnoiter them to see whether they were coming out over the Neck; at the same time he directed

me to march my company down the road towards Charlestown. We were then at Tuft's House near Ploughed Hill. I immediately made a forward movement to the position he directed me to take, and halted, while he proceeded to the old pound which stood on the site now occupied as a tavern house, not far from the entrance to the Neck. After having satisfied himself that the enemy did not intend to leave the strong position on the heights, he was returning towards me, and when within twelve or fifteen rods of where I stood with my company, a random shot from one of the frigates lying near where the center of Cragie's Bridge now is, passed through his body, and put to flight one of the most heroic souls that ever animated man. He leaped two or three feet from the ground, pitched forward, and fell dead upon his face. I had him carried to Medford, where he was interred with all the respect and honors we could exhibit to the *manes* of a great and good man."

At the dedication of the Bunker Hill monument, the orator of the day in mentioning the important part taken in the battle by Major McClary, closes in words as follows:

"Thus fell Major McClary, the highest American officer killed at the battle, the handsomest man in the army, and the favorite of the New Hampshire troops. His dust still slumbers where it was lain by his sorrowing companions in Medford, un-honored by any adequate memorial to tell where lies one of the heroes who ushered in the Revolution with such auspicious omens. His death spreads a gloom not only over the hearts of his men, but all through the Suncook Valley. His sun went down at noon on the day that ushered in our Nation's birth."

The New Hampshire Gazette in its issue of July 1775, contains the following:

"The Major evinced great intrepidity and presence of mind in the action. His noble soul glowed with ardor and love of his country, and like the Roman Cincinnatus who left his plow, commanded the army, and conquered his opponents, so the Major, upon the first intelligence of hostilities, left his farm and went, a volunteer to assist his suffering brethren where he was soon

called to a command which he executed to his eternal honor, and has thereby acquired the reputation of a brave and distinguished patriot. May his name be held in respect by all lovers of liberty to the end of time, while the names of the sons of tyranny are despised and disgraced, and nothing left of them but the badges of their perfidy and infamy. May the widow be respected for his sake, and may his children inherit his spirit, but not meet with his fall."

The History of the Battle of Bunker Hill, published in 1826, contains the following:

"The hardy yeomanry of New Hampshire beneath whose strokes the lofty forests and their savage inhabitants had been levelled with the dust, who had been used to little control but what the God of nature imposed, were moved with much indignation at approaching tyranny. They flocked as volunteers to the neighborhood and chose Col. Stark, Maj. McClary and Lieut. Col. Wyman their leaders. Their colonel was worthy to command this formidable band; he had been a distinguished Captain of Provincial Rangers, received into the service of the Crown—was at Quebec under General Wolf, and enjoyed half pay as a British officer—an offering he made, with other sacrifices, for the good of his country. Their major also was a favorite officer, nearly 6 1-2 feet in height, with a Herculean form, in perfect proportions, a voice like Stentor and strength of Ajax; ever unequalled in athletic exercises and unsubdued in single combat, whole bodies of men had been overcome by him, and he seemed totally unconscious that he was not equally unconquerable at the cannon's mouth. His mind and character were of the same grand and energetic cast with his person; and though deficient in the advantages of finished education, he had been a member of the state legislature, and his mercantile concerns were extensive \* \* \* \* \* During the tremendous fire of musketry and the roar of cannon, McClary's gigantic voice was distinctly heard animating and encouraging the men as though he would inspire every ball that sped with his own fire and energy \* \* \* \* \* McClary, as attentive to the wants of his

men as desperate in fighting them, galloped to Medford and returned with dressings for the wounded. He ordered Captain Dearborn to advance towards the Neck with his company, while he crossed over to reconnoitre the enemy. He was returning with Lieut. Col. Robinson and others, and observed that the shot commissioned to kill him was not yet cast, when a cannon ball from the Glasgow tore him in pieces. No smaller weapon seemed worthy to destroy the gigantic hero."

Many years after the battle General Dearborn who had lived in his immediate vicinity and had known him intimately, whose large experience as a civilian and a soldier qualified him to judge correctly, made this comment on the Major's military ability, compared with his contemporary officers:

"With all the bravery of Stark he possessed greater mental endowments; with the natural ability of Sullivan, he combined the magic power to incite his men to noble deeds; with the popularity of General Poor, he was more cool and discreet. In fact he combined more completely than any of his associates the elements that tend to make a popular and successful commander, and had his life been spared he would doubtless have ranked among the most able and noted officers of the Revolution."

Certainly as a neighbor and friend, as a soldier and companion, he held a firm place in the hearts of all his associates, and had he lived to the close of the war, we may well believe that his record would have brought him national fame and made his name a familiar household word in this land of liberty.

#### CAPTAIN ANDREW McCLARY.

OF THE U. S. A.

Captain Andrew McClary, of the U. S. A., the second in our line of descent from the immigrant, Andrew McClary, was born at Epsom, N. H., in 1765. *Andrew McClary*

He was the second son of Major McClary, being ten years of age at the time of his father's death.

The family thus bereft consisted of the wife, Elizabeth McCrillis McClary, four sons, James Harvey, Andrew, John and William, and three daughters, Elizabeth, Nancy and Margaret.

James Harvey, the oldest son who was three years older than Andrew, was the only one of the boys who settled at Epsom. He succeeded to his father's business of taverner, store-keeper and manufacturer, and became prominent and influential. He served one or more terms in the senate and was for several years brigadier general of the state militia. He married Betsey Dearborn. Seven children were born to them, none of whom left any posterity. Andrew and John became military men and died in public service. William, the youngest son, emigrated to Canada and finally settled in Campton, Quebec, where his children became influential and wealthy farmers.

The three daughters married and settled at Epsom. Elizabeth became Mrs. Heath, Nancy became Mrs. Stevens. Margaret married Mr. Haseltine, one of the early graduates of Dartmouth College and the first settled orthodox minister at Epsom, and at present writing, some of her grandchildren are living, and reside in New York state.

The home of this family was an old time Tavern, an institution of the past which lives only in the memory of those who have grown old. It was the Freight, Express and Post Office combined. Daily papers were at that time practically unknown, and the small weekly sheets published in the larger towns found their way to but few firesides.

The Tavern was the conservatory of news, and the landlord usually a person of much talk and great influence. Often times he was as pictured in Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

A Justice of the Peace was he  
Known in all Sudbury as "The Squire."  
Proud was he of his name and race  
Of old Sir William and Sir Hugh.  
And in the parlor, full in view  
His coat of arms, well framed and glazed  
Upon the wall in colors blazed.

More often he was like old Israel Putnam, or Vermont's first governor, Chittenden, a tavern keeper because of the imperative needs of the community. The houses in a new settlement are small and the families large. Few can entertain strangers on any terms. Those who come to spy out the land must have shelter, and naturally seek hospitality at the house with largest capacity. Thus the man with abundance of room in a new community must entertain, either with or without compensation, and probably for this reason we find many prominent families of that period drifting into the occupation of taverners.

Before their huge fire places, politics, religion and all the weighty questions of the day were fully discussed. The young people gathered here for their social amusements and their dancing.

Here, too, rum was lawfully sold, and the general behavior of many in the community was largely dependent upon the discretion of the landlord. In connection with this phase of tavern life Dr. Haseltine writes a letter in which he describes a rather amusing episode which figures indelibly in the early recollections of his boyhood. The McClary tavern, like all other first class inns, kept a supply of cherry-*rum*. Once a year in cherry time, the casks were brought up from the cellar, and the old cherries emptied out and the barrels filled with new cherries and new *rum*. At such a time the school, which was not far distant was dismissed and the pupils, returning to their homes were attracted by the heaps of cherries lying on the grass, and proceeded to help themselves freely. Soon after a herd of pigs came along and devoured the balance; meanwhile the poultry had indulged their appetite. The unforeseen result was that very soon school children, pigs and poultry were in a delightful state of partial intoxication.

There was little time for idleness in the McClary household; the large farm must be tilled, the potash factory looked after, the stores to attend, and presumably some portion of land to clear each season—plenty of healthy work to develop brawny muscle. There was, outside of the home, work waiting for every-

one—roads to build, churches and schoolhouses to locate, erect and maintain, dams to construct, mills to build and the thousand and one other things which play a necessary part in the change from the forest primeval to the cultivated and productive farm.

Such were the surroundings of the boyhood of Captain Andrew McClary. He attained his majority in 1786 at a time when this country seemed drifting toward anarchy. The league of friendship which had been made between the states in 1774 had accomplished the purpose for which it was formed, and state rights were again triumphant. The constitution had not yet been adopted. It was the critical, the germinal period of America's history,—the time in which the twigs were bent from which the trees were to grow and make this a land wherein all lovers of freedom should delight to dwell.

Capital, that most timid of creatures, had hidden herself away; credit was hard to obtain; taxes were enormous and the prompt meeting of financial obligations had come to be regarded as an amiable eccentricity; the shipping interest of New England had been well-nigh destroyed by the war. Agriculture seemed to be the only field open to enterprise, and I fancy this was not entirely to the taste of the young McClarys. The military instinct again determines their life work and we find Andrew and John enlisting in the regular army, commissioned as ensigns by Washington's own hand. I do not suppose they were more patriotic than others, but when we consider the purpose for which the army was enlarged and the work in which they were to engage, I think we may safely claim for them the attribute of bravery.

For two successive years the armies, sent against the North-Western Indians, were disastrously defeated. Contrary to treaty stipulations, the English still held the forts on the western border, from which they covertly supplied the Indians with arms and ammunition and incited them to harass the frontier settlements. The rich lands won for us by the Scotch-Irish of western Virginia and Kentucky, and secured by the splendid diplomacy of Franklin, Jay and Adams, could not be occupied by settlers. After

the defeat of Harmar in 1790 and St. Clair in 1791, the old Scotch-Irish general, Anthony Wayne, (Prudent Anthony Wayne, Washington termed him, but known generally as Mad Anthony Wayne by the public, who judged him only by the daring and success of his exploits) was given command of the army, and the feeling was strong that fighting was the programme. It was not boy's play—the foe was crafty and strong. They were well armed. They neither gave nor expected quarter. If they carried away prisoners, it was simply to torture them. Certainly the men who would undertake to carry the colors of their companies in such a war were not cowards. The army was at that time a shadow only. There was after the close of the war of the Revolution a strong feeling against a national army. The states preferred to depend upon their militia. In accordance with this almost universal prejudice, the army was reduced to 840 men, and an act passed Sept. 29, 1789, legalized their reorganization into the regular U. S. Army for frontier purposes. The act of April 30, 1790, effected a new organization, and increased the number to 1216 men. This army under the command of Harmar assisted by militia was badly defeated by the North-Western Indians in the campaign of 1790. In the spring of 1791, another regiment was added, and the command given to St. Clair, who was also worsted in the campaign of 1791 by the same tribes.

In the spring of 1792, this effective force was increased to 5,000 men, and the command given to Anthony Wayne. It was under this call for men that Andrew McClary enlisted in the regular army, and was sent to the frontier where he remained in the faithful and efficient discharge of his duties for ten years, never visiting his home and seldom communicating with his own people. It was during this ten years that the North-Western tribes were taught obedience and fear, their chosen warriors being disastrously defeated at the battle of Maumee Rapids, fought Aug. 20, 1794.

During the first five years of his service, in which occurred some of our most brilliant Indian fighting, he was promoted from the position of ensign to that of captain. Then came five years of guard duty, during which time he probably had charge of some

remote station, where vigilance and honest hard work were essential to the safety of the settlements rapidly springing up on the rich border lands. Unfortunately for the purposes of this sketch the army records covering the period of his service are in such confusion that they are practically inaccessible.

The following brief succinct statement of facts covers the ground, however, as showing his enlistment, promotion and discharge:

Ensign,	2nd infantry,	Apr. 11, 1792.
Ensign,	Sub. legn,	Sept. 4, 1792.
Lieut.,	Sub. legn,	Feb. 21, 1793.
Lieut.,	2nd infantry,	Nov. 1, 1796.
Capt.,	2nd infantry,	Jan. 19, 1797.
Honorable discharge,		June 1, 1802.

His honorable discharge in 1802 was occasioned by a reorganization of the army by which it was placed upon a peace footing, and reduced to 3,000 men.

That he was immediately proffered the position of First Clerk in the War department is certainly indicative of excellent standing as an army officer. That he was able to retain the position for nine years shows that he possessed business ability of no mean order, for it was a period of growth requiring more judgment and less routine than at the present time.

When war was declared against England in 1812, the Captain's martial spirit asserted itself, and he promptly resigned his clerkship and enlisted. He was active in the organization and drill of the 21st infantry, in which he held the rank of captain. The campaign of the summer of 1812 was a failure. It includes that portion of American history which every lover of his country should read alone and in the night, where he may blush unseen, as he contemplates the inability, the intrigue and the cowardice which characterized the whole movement. To a man of Capt. McClary's temperament, who had seen active service under competent leadership, the "fuss and feather" methods of the whole affair must have been very trying, and 'tis no wonder that we find record of his resignation under date of Dec. 15, 1812.

He returned to Washington, and soon after died there.

His brother John, who enlisted in the regular army at about the same time with himself, never returned from the frontier, but died in service, with rank as Captain at Fort Gibson. There are many parallel lines in the lives of these two brothers. Each enlisted with rank as ensign; each was promoted to the rank of captain; each spent practically his whole active life in public service and died in harness; each left at Epsom one son. In their long service at a critical time on our frontier, there must have been much of interesting adventure, and if the records covering their period of service are ever made accessible to the public, this chapter should be rewritten.

Charles McClary, the only son of John, located in Canada, and a letter from his daughter Nancy, (Mrs. E. L. Paul,) thus briefly sums up his life: "Charles McClary, born Sept. 18, 1792, came to Canada with his step-father when this country was new, and of course knew all about pioneer life. At the age of 23, he married Betsey Cass, and they together, about three miles north of Stanstead and Derby Line, made themselves a comfortable home out of the wilderness, first in a little log house and, as prosperity increased and his family grew up, they built a fine house and set of barns, second to none in the township. Mr. McClary was ever known as one of those against whom the tongue of slander could find nothing to say, and very many remember him as one who never turned the weary or famishing from his door. He died on the 25th of May, 1869." The letter also makes mention of the fact that his third son, Charles is now a member of the Canadian Parliament.

#### ANDREW McCLARY.

Andrew McClary of Peacham, Vt., the fourth in our line of descent from the immigrant Andrew McClary, usually addressed as Capt. McClary, because of his long connection with the local militia, was born at Epsom, N. H., on Apr. 11, 1790, and was therefore about two years old when his father enlisted in the regular army. What communication passed between the soldier out on the frontier and his family, or to what extent he provided for

their support it is impossible at this late day to ascertain. At the time of his death, Andrew was notified by his executors to prove claim as heir at law to the property. This he failed to do, for reasons unknown to the writer; presumably there was little to inherit, as the salary of Captain or Clerk in the War department was not large at that time. The mother, Polly Allen, who later in life, became Mrs. Mark Nelson, was a woman of more than ordinary ability, but without much education. She was a good mother, being extremely fond of her son, and so long as she lived never failed to make him an annual visit, usually making the journey on horseback, as the roads between their respective homes were little better than bridle paths at that time. When he was seven years old, she provided for his maintenance in the family of Thomas Urann of Tunbridge, Vt., where he remained for seven years, and played, schooled and worked in common with other pioneer boys. At the age of fourteen he seems to have cut loose from parental government, turned his back on the Urann's, and located with the Shakers at Enfield, N. H.

When seventeen years old he went to Newbury, Vt., and commenced work for Joseph Ricker, a cattle broker and general merchant. With the exception of six months in the army, in 1812, he remained with Mr. Ricker until he was 24 years old, at which time he married the oldest daughter of his employer on Apr. 5th, 1814. He had previously purchased a farm in Groton, buying the "betterments" of a discouraged pioneer who had located his claim and made a small clearing. Their wedding trip was the 12 mile journey to this new home, she riding on horseback and he driving the stock. Here for 24 years they lived and prospered. Eight children were born to them. An eminent historian has said, "Happy is that people without a history," and I think it is equally true that happy is that man, the even tenor of whose life does not embrace startling episodes, which may be developed into interesting sketches. Here they lived, happily and peacefully, interested in their farm work and in each other. Going through the regular gradations common to all early settlers—first the log house, then the frame building; first the little lean-to for a stable, then the commodious barn made necessary by

the increased size of their clearings. They found the place an unproductive wilderness, and left it one of the best and most productive farms in town. If the philosophy set forth in Swift's *Brobdengnag* "And he gave it for his opinion that whoever made two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind and do more substantial service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together," is correct, Andrew McClary deserved well of mankind. Certainly the farm with its miles of substantial stone wall and large productive fields is one of the deep footprints he has left in the sands of time.

Andrew McClary was a thrifty farmer and soon became forehanded, but his success was in some measure due to the helpfulness of his family. His wife and daughters spun the flax and wool which supplied the home with cloth for all purposes. The older boys, strong, healthy lads, were interested and energetic. They were not like "dumb brutes driven to the strife," but took pleasure in the improvements on the farm.

As illustrative of the facility with which work was done, the scheme for water-works may be cited. For the first 18 years of their life there, the drinking water was brought in pails from a spring several rods below the house. One day Isaac and Ira, aged 17 and 15, discovered a fine spring about two-thirds of a mile from the house, and conceived the idea of connecting the same with the home. With *plumb* and *square* they ascertained that the spring was high enough to give a good flow into the house. They immediately got out their pump logs and hired a professional borer to bore them out. He worked two days, boring the regulation amount of 8 rods per day—then came a holiday. He left his tools there and Isaac concluded to try his hand at boring. His first day's work was 20 rods instead of 8. When the workman returned after the day of recreation, he was a good deal surprised and somewhat embarrassed. He could not well charge a high price per day and do only two-fifths as much as the boy of the house; neither did he wish to

establish 20 rods instead of 8 as a regulation day's work. The result was that Isaac finished the job, and such was the alacrity and zest with which they entered into the work, that in less than 30 days from the discovery of the spring, the water was running to the house which today draws its supply from the same source. In 1838, having accumulated what was then considered a competence and being desirous of giving his children educational advantages, he sold his farm and moved to Peacham, the Academy there being then the leading educational institution in northern Vermont. His removal from Groton was deplored by his neighbors especially, and by his fellow townsmen generally. The following is quoted from Harley Hill's book on Groton:

"Capt. Andrew McClary resided in Groton and was a prominent and worthy citizen. He married <sup>the daughter</sup> a daughter of Joseph Ricker from Newbury, and resided in town many years with his family. He was a military captain, a most superior officer, and held various prominent positions in town. He was a man of high moral principles, conscientious, and honest in all business relations. He removed to Peacham with his family where he resided until his death. No man in town was more respected or had fewer enemies, and his removal from Groton was a loss to the community long realized."

He was not until late in life a religious man, but he was eminently a just man; the friend of the poor; and charitable towards all. While on the farm he never charged a poor man more than \$10 per ton for hay, though the market price was often more than that. He never took but six per cent for his money, though at times he could have obtained eight.

It is interesting to note in the life of this plain farmer the strong undercurrent which might have made him a soldier had circumstances favored. It induced his enlistment in 1812 for six months, but it was six months of inactivity, a portion of which time he was laid up in the hospital with the measles, but later in life his connection with the local militia, of which he was captain, was one of his chief joys. It led to about the only

extravagance to which he ever yielded—his uniforms must be and were of the finest broadcloth, the whiskey which he as captain furnished, must be and was good in quality and abundant in amount. His older boys must be and were instructed in martial music and provided with musical instruments. The writer has their assurance that some of the hardest day's work of their lives were performed on June training grounds, under the drill of their father. This extravagance led to about the only contention he ever had with his frugal wife who could no more fathom the hidden trend which led to it than can the hen who hatches ducks understand their instinctive love of ponds.

On or before his removal to Peacham he seems to have severed his connection with the militia, and for 29 years his life there was one of peace and happiness. His doors were always open to the poor, and his house often the asylum for those who had stronger claims elsewhere. When he died on Sept. 17th, 1867, many a poor man felt that he had lost his best friend.

The following letter from his oldest granddaughter who had excellent opportunities for observing his walk in life, her home for nearly 20 years being only a few steps from his own, forcibly and eloquently illustrates the impression he made upon those who knew him intimately during his long residence in Peacham:

BALTIMORE, MD., Dec. 29, 1895.

MR. HORACE P. MCCLARY.

*My dear Cousin*.—At your request I gladly add my tribute to the inestimable character of my paternal grandfather.

My earliest distinct recollection of him is embodied in a visit to him in '51, and never can I forget what a haven of comfort and rest that commodious living room appeared, when after a long day's ride in the intense cold of a Vermont December, we were ushered unannounced into its light and warmth. As if it were but yesterday, I see the picture: the large, curiously shaped room, with windows toward the east, west, and south; the ungainly Fairbank's stove with its blazing fire; seated at a small table, my grandmother, a woman of small stature, and quiet gentle manners, plied her knitting needles as she rocked to and fro in a high backed chair. Another step into the room,

and I beheld my grandfather, seated in his cumbersome, heavy arm chair, in one hand a candle and in the other a newspaper, doubtless a Boston paper, and doubtless a week old, for I think at that time the railroad was not built farther north than Concord, N. H. I can even tell you the subject of conversation that evening, for child as I was of but five years, it left an impression upon my mind. The theme was the condition of Hungary, as presented by that eloquent orator and patriot Kossuth, who at that time was making a tour of the States, and the unrest, the poverty and suffering he so graphically depicted were contrasted with the quiet peace and plenty and comfort of our own homes. Here amid surroundings plain but substantial and comfortable, with abundance and to spare, thankful for blessings, and not coveting luxuries, passed the declining years of this honored pair. Not until many years after they left me did I realize the beauty in their lives, but now with a broader experience of life, I often wonder at the simple, trusting faith, the deep humility and devotion of lives that had not been chastened by some great sorrow, and that to them was unknown.

Living the two succeeding years in a small town some thirty miles distant, where were located four married sons, and two married daughters of my grandfather, my next thought is of his annual visits to them. This to him was as much a duty as a pleasure, and was attended to with the same regularity and exactness that characterized his observance of the Sabbath, or any patriotic or religious festival. One day and night was allotted to each child, and Sunday was always spent with the one who lived nearest the meeting house, that his horse like himself might have a day of rest.

In all his dealings with men, he had his own code of morals, fixed and unchangeable, but just and honest. For instance, he felt sure that an egg as an article of food, was never worth more than one cent, therefore when eggs were more than twelve cents a dozen, they should be sold, or exchanged for some less luxurious article of diet. Thus he taught the thrift that was part and parcel of his life, wasting nothing, desiring little, giving freely to the poor and sick, unselfish, and devoid of envy, malice and all uncharitableness. Allied in his religious belief to the Congregational church, as a faithful, consistent doer as well as hearer of the Word, he stood unquestioned. If his standard was high, he himself maintained it. Always present at the services of the church on Sunday, and when the six day's

work was done, donning his long blue coat, staff in hand, he could be seen wending his way at "early candle lighting" to Saturday night prayer meeting, which he always regarded as the beginning of the Sabbath. There he rarely failed to make publicly his humble confession to Almighty God for his sins of omission and commission, to beg divine mercy for those who were living in enmity to Christ, and for a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the young. Had he been the subject of John G. Holland's poem, "Old Daniel Grey," it could not have been a truer representation of him. Loving peace, but loving truth and justice more, the events of the Civil War aroused in him a spirit of aggressive advocacy. He was then past seventy years of age, and rapidly failing in health, but during all that heroic struggle, all those years of perplexity and anxiety, with uncommon interest he watched the course of stirring events. He grew familiar with the great names that gave lustre to the movement, studied the campaigns, wisely counseled those who went to the front, and cheered and comforted those left at home.

Looking back upon the last years of his honorable life, I see a good man without the weakness that often shadows goodness, and, had I erected the monument that marks his last resting place, cut deep in the marble should have been these words, "He was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." Hoping that my personal recollections of him may have some interest to you I remain,

Very sincerely your cousin,

SUSIE S. PAINE.

It was the good fortune of the writer to know this upright man for the last three years of his life, and to receive from his lips much of that peculiar advice which an old man is likely to bestow upon a boy, and had the soil been favorable, the seed sown must have produced a phenomenal harvest. During the war and until his death he was a member of the old man's club, which met every morning most of the year at the store, where the Boston Daily Journal was read aloud by Mordecai Hale, Esq.,—and no man could make it more interesting. The war and reconstruction news were the regular diet, and the comments made by these wise old men who gathered there, were both interesting and instructive, and none could hit the nail on the head with more certainty than Andrew McClary. Some-

times at these gatherings the dessert was a choice bit of scandal served hot and the balance taken home for family use, but the writer, who was usually present, cannot recollect having ever heard a single discourteous, unkind or ungentlemanly remark from his lips, and while other members of the club were freely discussed and criticised in their absence, no man had ought to say against him so universal was the respect in which he was held.

He died as he had lived, making his preparations with perfect resignation and absolute confidence, and those of us who gathered around his death bed were impressed with the realization that he had so lived that now

“ Sustained and soothed  
By an unflinching trust he approached his grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

His good wife “The Little Mother,” who had been a patient invalid for several years, was gathered to her long home only a few months later.

They were survived by all of their children :

Isaac H.	born	Dec. 2, 1815.	Andrew	born	July 2, 1825.
Ira L.	“	Mar. 3, 1818.	Abby	“	Apr 15, 1827.
Mary R.	“	Aug. 26, 1820.	Benjamin	“	Dec 29, 1832.
Orson R.	“	July 22, 1823.	Jane	“	Sept. 3, 1836.

Two only, Isaac and Benjamin, are now living, but with the exceptions of Jane and Abby, all are represented by descendants among the living, some of whom in each family will be glad to add to this little sketch some record of their life work.

Jane McClary died at Albany, Vt., on Oct. 7, 1871. Her firmest friends were those who knew her most intimately. A woman whose influence was elevating. Her refinement of character, her scholarly tastes and her intense ambition made a strong impression upon all her associates. Her pleasing manners and musical ability gave her much influence and popularity among the young. She was finely educated at Peacham

Academy, and taught for several years at Monticello Seminary, but finally returned to her home to remain with her parents and cheer their somewhat weary lives and close their eyes in death. There was a marked incompleteness in her life here; a wonderful capacity for development without the proportionate opportunity, and we can but have the conviction that she found in her new home what she seemed to lack here.

Abby McClary, who died Dec. 15, 1895, was most happily married to Martin C. Chamberlin of Albany, a gentleman highly esteemed by all who knew him. For the best twenty-five years of her life she was the presiding genius of their home on Chamberlin Hill. Chamberlin Hill with all its associations is her monument, and none need desire or can possess a more beautiful memorial. Its recollections are engraved upon the hearts of thousands who have been royally welcomed there. Three children were born to them, Wallace, Samuel and Jane, all children of great promise and all destined to be suddenly cut down in early life. To those of us who have claimed hospitality there, and had our claims allowed at times in our lives when unstinted and unselfish welcome was hard to find, Chamberlin Hill was indeed a haven of rest and we may be justified in the feeling that heaven without a Chamberlin Hill would be rather incomplete. Certainly as we grow older and find "Alas the rarity of Christian charity," and realize how seldom such wealth of love and interest is bestowed outside of one's own household,

"Time but the impression deeper makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear,"

that she was one of the best and noblest of womankind.

SOCIETY OF CINCINNATI.

At the close of the Revolutionary war, nearly all of the leading American and French commissioned officers, including both Washington and LaFayette, combined to form this society to cement the friendship and perpetuate the memories incident to the war. Each officer was entitled to one successor only.

The McClary family possess the right of two memberships in this order, one descending from General Michael McClary, and the other from Major Andrew McClary, both of which rights were exercised during the life of the New Hampshire branch of this society. This is the most honorable and exclusive of all the patriotic societies, and some steps should be taken to utilize our high privilege in this direction. At present the right descending from Maj. Andrew McClary stands in the following order:

- 1st right, I. H. McClary, Albany, Vt.
- 2d right, Ira D. McClary, Leominster, Mass.
- 3d right, H. C. McClary, St. Louis, Mo.
- 4th right, H. P. McClary, Windsor, Vt.
- 5th right, H. P. McClary, Jr., Windsor, Vt.

GENEALOGICAL TABLE.

WITH DATE OF BIRTH.

**ANDREW McCLARY.**  
Emigrated from Ulster in 1726.

