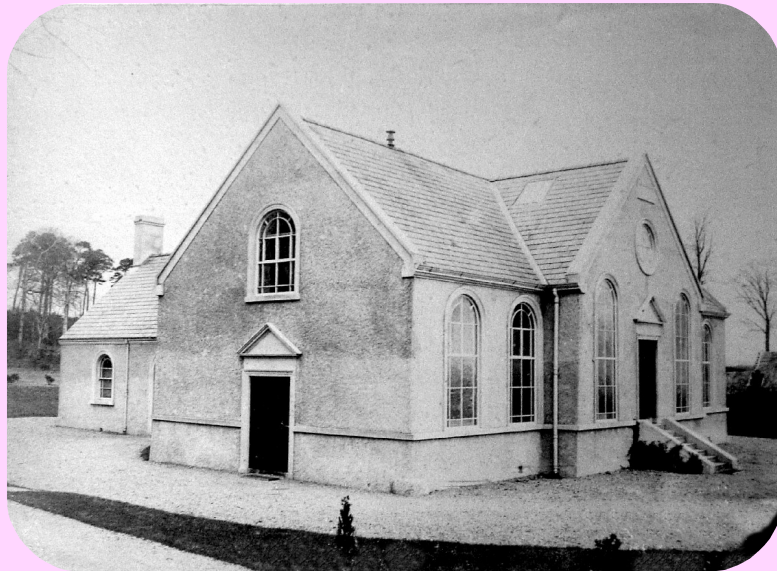


**My Recollections  
of my Trip to Ireland  
(1872 /73)  
by *William J. Beattie***



First Donegore Presbyterian Church  
as it was at the time of William's visit

## INTRODUCTION



**William John Beattie in 1903**

In 1873 William John Beattie, a teenage American boy, came with his widowed mother to spend the summer months with County Antrim relatives. His mother, Ann, was a Kirkwood from North Antrim. The trip from St. Louis, Missouri, to Ireland was a great adventure for a young lad in those days and he retained vivid memories of it. So much so that William felt impelled 57 years later to write a memoir for his grandchildren. He revealed a great ability to recall and to describe who he met and what he saw. In so doing he provides a unique picture of life in the year 1873 in parts of the US and in County Antrim, Ireland.

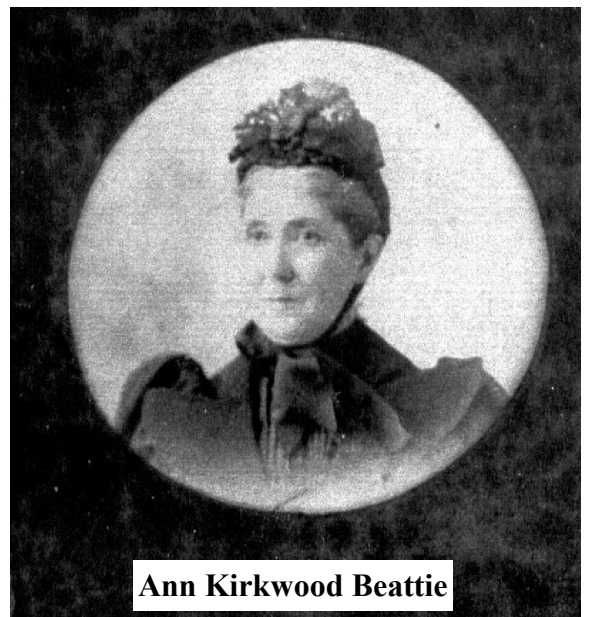
Before boarding the Liverpool boat in New York he and his mother travelled from St Louis to Philadelphia. They stayed for the winter months of 1872/73 with a cousin, Mr. Ray, who owned a prosperous tailoring business. Mr. Ray's apartment was above his store and contained a very advanced "so-called bathroom." William's mother took him to a selection of Philadelphia churches, including Presbyterian, Dutch Reformed, Covenanter, Episcopal and a lively Mission Sunday

School attended by 3000. He got to know an elderly Quaker who wore the old Quaker costume and spoke with "thee" and "thou." William touched the Liberty Bell in Independence Hall and noted that Philadelphia was the cleanest city in the US because only smokeless anthracite was burned.

For County Antrim readers his descriptions of relatives and where they lived are a valuable example of how we were seen by an observant visitor. Coming into Belfast he saw the White Star ships being built. He stayed with Beattie and McConnell relatives. Two of these families belonged to First Donegore and young William attended the Parkgate meeting house. In mid summer he admired the sunrise from Donegore Hill. He was taken to the 12<sup>th</sup> July picnic at Antrim Castle. He even met an affable Lord O'Neill of Shane's Castle but was not inclined to doff his cap to him, to the embarrassment of his uncle.

William J. Beattie became a very successful architect and business man. His 1873 boyhood trip may have shaped the man. His Aunt Jane thought he was a sickly boy but under her care he became "robust." Some of the things he saw set him thinking. A carpenter at McConnell's transformed an oak tree into a perfect farm cart, all done quickly and without a plan. A tailor had been called to make him a suit. This was done without a single measurement being taken and was a perfect fit. William concluded that these clever people had taught him that one must visualize an object in its entirety before starting to make it. This thinking "followed me all my life and made me the mechanic I have proved to be."

While William's story does not allow us to know Ann Kirkwood Beattie as much as we would like, her influence on



**Ann Kirkwood Beattie**

the young "Will" is pervasive. She has used this trip to encourage the development of an open mind in her son. Thus she exposed him to all those different churches in Philadelphia and he has been taught to respect "anyone who believes in God." On the outward voyage she gives him an intensive grounding in Geography. During their stay she does not hold him back from the experiences on offer. She has daughters back home; while they get presents they miss out on what she was able to do for William.

His relatives wanted him to stay in Ireland but although he had a "gorgeous" time he was a convinced American boy set on going back to old Missouri. The transcript of William's manuscript has not been altered in any way. We felt it better to prefer the authenticity of the original to the pursuit of minor corrections. However, there is one exception to which we need to draw attention. William Beattie confused two rivers; what he calls the Boyne is in fact the Bann or even the Bush. If those Coleraine people told the young William that William of Orange crossed the Bann, then shame on them!

We are most grateful to the Beattie family of Seattle, Washington, USA for their permission to reproduce this endearing and valuable text.

**DJA**

May 2010

### **My Recollections of my Trip to Ireland**

I was 12 years old in 1872. My mother and I, both having been troubled with chills and malarial fever for several years previous, Dr. Scott, our family physician, advised a change of climate. Hence in September, 1872, we set out on our journey.

In those days St. Louis was the principal western city, the center of most western business. Chicago was only a village of wooden houses and plank walks on Lake Michigan.

We packed a trunk and a satchel and a hamper of food, with the city of Philadelphia as our objective. We were called for at our old house at 2007 Eugenia Street by a two-horse bus about eight in the morning. Our trunk was checked by the driver and we did not see it again until it was delivered in Philadelphia. The bus had a rail around the roof and the trunk and other baggage was put on top. After driving around to pick up some other passengers, we were taken to the old Planter's House on Fourth and Pine Streets where all the railroad offices were located. There we were transferred to a larger bus that held about fifty passengers. It was of the same design as the smaller one, but was drawn by six horses instead of two. About nine o'clock, after much excitement, we got started, leaving an applauding crowd of people who had gathered to see the bus off.

There were no paved streets in St. Louis at that time. The roadway was limestone macadam and when it was not muddy, it was very dusty. We rattled down to the levee over the big cobblestones, some of which are still there. The bus thundered through the wharf boat and onto the ferry. The ferry was a very large steamboat. The bus and the six-horse team took up very nearly the width of the boat deck. It was comparatively quiet on the boat except for the clanging of bells and the rush of steam from the engines. When we reached the east side of the river we passed through another wharf boat and up the river bank. There was no road, just a high sand bank. From there we entered the O and M railroad depot, which consisted of long wooden platforms with some sheds on one end.

The train was made up and ready to go, so it was a bustle to get on, as everyone was for himself. The train consisted of an engine about the size of the small switch engine now in use, a baggage car and four coaches. We got into the next to last one and got the third seat on the righthand side. We were told this was the best car on the train. It was a wooden coach, much like the old coaches later used for suburban traffic. It had open platforms at the ends with hand-controlled brakes. A brake-man sat on the front seat and every time the engine whistle blew, he jumped up and ran to the platform to grind the brakes.

At that time there were no Pullman sleepers. It was about 1874 when the Pullman Company was organized and located in a shop on 21st Street and Scott Avenue in St. Louis. After the Chicago fire, that city was reinforced by a large influx from the East. This new element was bidding for all promising business and sent a delegation to St. Louis to offer the Pullman Company a large tract of land, tax-free, and other inducements, all of which conservative St. Louis thought they could not meet. That is how St. Louis lost that industry, as it did many others and kept it from being, as it should be now, the largest manufacturing city in the United States. The fact was that St. Louis was then the largest commercial and distributing center of the west. Great opportunity only visits once, and when let slip is hard to retrieve.

Now we will return to our journey. We rattled along, stopping at every little crossroad or wooden platform. We stopped at Vincennes, Indiana, for supper, which was served in the depot dining room. This was a large one-storied shed. What an assortment we had! The places were all set, each plate with its cup of coffee and innumerable side dishes of everything from soup to nuts, twenty minutes to gulp down all you could and all for fifty cents, and then run for your train. We sat up until I was so sleepy I curled up on the seat and was lost for the night. We arrived in Cincinnati very early the next morning. After switching and bumping around for about two hours, our train was off again and arrived in Pittsburgh late that night. We changed cars there. It took all the rest of the second night and all the third day to reach Philadelphia.

We spent the winter of 1872-3 in Philadelphia. The wooden railway depot was just west at Broad Street and East Market Street. We arrived at the business place and home of William Ray, 1010 Market Street. Mr. Ray was a double cousin of my father. His father and my grandfather were cousins and married twin sisters,

Mary, my grandmother and Isabel Lysle. Mr. Ray was a bachelor, a gentleman of the old school, very devout and an elder in the United Presbyterian Church, at that time presided over by the Rev. Wiley. His church was on the east side of Broad Street, north of Spruce Street. Mr. Ray had a large place, a four storey building. All but the long entrance hall to the second floor was occupied by his merchant tailor business. Mr. Ray lived above the store. A maiden cousin of his, Miss Anna Ray, was his housekeeper and companion. They lived there all alone, occupying the upper three floors of about ten rooms. Miss Ray was about the same age as my mother and a more lovable Christian character I have never met. She was tall, slightly built, a handsome woman and more than kind to me.

Mr. Ray was very austere and quiet and an exceptionally good and kind man. I found he had a good sense of humor with all his firmness. He employed two expert cutters and several tailors, also two salesmen. One -- I have forgotten his name -- was a dandy, dressed in the latest cut and catered to the upper social trade. On the walls were long shelves with drawers under them and two rows of tables down the center filled with all kinds of suit cloth in bolts, and some ready-made clothes. While at Mr. Ray's I learned much about the art of cutting and fitting, also how to patch and sew on buttons that would stay put. I have had lots of that to do all my life since.

One funny incident happened while there. The saleswomen sometimes had leisure to talk and one day the subject of cards came up. I told them I could play cards, having been taught by my mother at home. She was most advanced and liberal minded in all those things and thought it best that her children should get the knowledge and enjoyment of innocent games at home. Well, at Mr. Ray's cards were taboo and there were none on the premises. The desire to have some fun led me to tell the salesmen I could make a deck if I had fifty-two cards. They produced fifty-two obsolete business cards on the back of which I drew a good imitation deck. When Mr. Ray was out on business, we would have a game. This frolic lasted but a short time when one day Mr. Ray caught us playing. He severely reprimanded his men, especially for teaching a young lad to play cards.

Imagine his surprise and confusion when I informed him that I had made the cards and was teaching the men to play whist. He gathered up the cards and took them to my mother, and said to her, "The young rascal has not only confessed to making these cards but to teaching my men to play a game called Whist. I caught him in the act. Mother calmly looked at him with a twinkle in her eyes and said, "Let me see the cards", which she examined very slowly and carefully. When done she said "I can see no great harm done except in wasting the time of your men which I will see that he does not do again. As to the cards, I taught him to play most all the card games at home for I believe that it is best that children learn such things at home where they can be directed as to what is good and innocent in any pastime. And this has clearly shown one thing. The boy can draw! I have learned that he has a talent and propose to help him develop it." Which she did, she made an architect out of me! The cards were burnt and I was put to studying geography, arithmetic and drawing -- and how -- they kept me at it all day, every day, for a while.

Mr. Ray must have done some thinking. He did not refer to the incident again, but he took more interest in me from then on. He religiously piloted me to Sunday School and church and he found out, as he told Mother, that I was not such a heathen after all. One day, in a talkative mood, he told me of some of his boyish pranks. He was born and raised in Philadelphia. One day on the way to school --- they were studying Geometry at the time --- they started to tease an old woman who kept a fruit stand and where they often bought apples. She was very crabbed at times and a perfect target for their mischief. The boys started to call her names such as polygon, obtuse triangle, semicircle, parallelogram and so on. She was infuriated and chased some of them, during which time some of the boys helped themselves to some of her fruit. However, she found out where some of them lived, and Mr. Ray was one. He told his father he had not taken any of her fruit but had helped call her "geometry" names. His father punished him, not for the names, but for showing disrespect to the poor old lady who had evidently never heard of such words and no doubt thought they were terrible cuss words. His father explained to the old lady and all was well. I judged he did not think me so bad for the card job.

Mother bought a lot of school books and paper for me. I had first to read about Missouri and draw a map, and then so on, outlining the various countries and states, which firmly impressed upon my memory these subjects to this day. My drawing led to many other things.

Philadelphia at that time was a very large city. It had originally been laid out with remarkable engineering

ability. The streets were wide, the blocks rectangular in shape and the lots deep. A block was about four hundred feet square, and like St. Louis, the houses were numbered by squares. Thus 1010 Market street was ten blocks from the Delaware River. The names of the streets in the center of town were very easy to remember. Market Street as the center running east and west was at least a hundred feet wide in the roadway with fourteen foot side-walks on each side. In the middle of the street was a double track of rail-road from 9th Street to the river front. The river front was occupied by large wholesale houses and warehouses into which they had a rail-road siding. The freight cars were pulled east of Broad or 14th Street by mule teams, sometimes as many as twenty-five or thirty mules in tandem formation, depending on the number of cars in the train. It was odd to see rail-road cars pulled by mules. This practice has long been discontinued.

Our stay in Philadelphia was from September, 1872 to May, 1873 and I had time to learn much about the city and its people. Near Mr. Ray's shop I got acquainted with some very nice people, especially one old Quaker. These people had a wholesale drug house on the corner of 10th and Market. The old man had me come to his office several times to talk about St. Louis and he told me many things. He wore the Quaker costume of knee-breeches, cut-away coat and sugar loaf hat, and he spoke with "thee" and "thou."

One day Mother sent me to buy her some needles and thread, which I thought sounded. easy enough. I went into the dry-goods store and said "Please, I want some needles and thread." "We do not carry such trifles. You will have to go to the thread store." "Where?" "Up the street a ways." Well, I walked about two blocks and sure enough, there was a store where they carried nothing but thread. They directed me on to the needle shop.

At Mr. Ray' s they had a so-called bathroom. Bathrooms in those days were scarce and a great luxury. The fixtures in this one consisted of a tub with a cold water hydrant attached . The tub was wood, bottom and all, with hoops to hold the sides. It was just like an old-fashioned wooden tub or bucket. The drain was a lead pipe running out the wall. Unless the tub was kept wet, it leaked, and as the bathroom was directly over the tailor shop, it was important not to have it leak. They had some very wet weather one dry cold day in that tailor shop. Mother said to Mr. Ray, "Get some good heavy paint and Willie can paint that tub and you will have no more trouble." So they let it dry out for several days and my painting job began right there and has never stopped since. You see if it is once found out that you can do things like that, there is always plenty to do and no end to it.

We had other relations besides the Rays on my mother's side of the house, the Wilsons at Kensington, an outskirt of Philadelphia reached by what they called the 10<sup>th</sup> and Lombard Street Rail-road, and the Grahams who lived at 1126 Lombard Street. Lombard Street was one block north of Pine Market Street was the center and the streets to the north were named Chestnut, Spruce and Pine, and to the south. they were Arch, Race and Vine, very easy to remember. The cross streets were numbered 1st, 2nd, etc. from the Delaware River. Our time was put in between these three places all winter. Mr. Ray's was our headquarters and where we got our mail. While at Mr. Ray's, the tailors got Mr. Ray to let them make me an overcoat for Christmas, and such a lot of fun they had over that. One cutter got out his notebook and the Frenchman cutter took the measurements. They stood me on a low stool and measured me outside and inside. I thought they would never get done . They gave me the privilege or selecting the cloth and were surprised and somewhat chagrined when I picked out the best and most expensive material in the store. However it was put up to Mr. Ray and he said, "I will not disappoint the boy. I admire his taste." It was very good heavy cloth called chinchilla, a very dark brown. The tailors evidently intended to make that coat a work of art by the amount of pain they took with it. They cut enough of the bolt to make the coat, wet it to shrink it, dried and ironed it and spent a lot of time laying it out with square and tape. Finally they cut the cloth and lining, then basted it all together and it was ready for the first fitting. I was again put on the stool and pawed over and over, not just this one time but about four times before it was completely to the Frenchman's liking. I finally got the coat, and such a coat! I do not think any boy in the country had its equal. I never wore it out. I used it for an overcoat for two years and for a top coat for several years more and finally I got so big that my folks gave it away. I have gone into some detail over this coat for the reason that I will refer to it again later on from a different angle.

Adam Wilson, a cousin of my Mother's, was a physician and surgeon. He lived in Kensington which was reached by the 10th and Lombard Street rail-road. It was about three miles from the center of town. I made many trips there alone on the cars and always tried to get a front seat so I could see ahead, a trait I have never gotten over. He kept a drug store there in Kensington. In those days a drug store was for drugs only. Dr.

Wilson was eminent in his profession and a tireless worker. That winter Philadelphia had an epidemic of smallpox. Dr. Wilson distinguished himself in his mode of treatment and to his credit lost no patients to whom he administered when called before the last stages of the illness. He found and applied the remedy which has become universal, that of bicarbonate of soda, common baking soda. This invaluable compound has since been used most in the treatment of grippe and other like sicknesses. He vaccinated all his family and me too but mine did not take. It seems that when I was about seven years old I had a spell then pronounced chicken-pox, but he said when he examined me that from the scar I had, he believed I had had a light case of the real thing. Dr. Wilson's store and home was a large house on a corner, with the store in front, and with the kitchen and dining room in back with an entrance off the side street. The parlour and some bedrooms were on the second floor. The third floor had some more bedrooms in the front part and in back was a large room used for laundry and the heavy cooking. The roof was flat with a lattice floor and a rail around the parapet walls with posts to stretch the clothes line. They dried all the wash on the roof. (Note) (Philadelphia at that time was the cleanest city in the country. The citizens used nothing but anthracite coal and there was no smoke or soot to make things dirty, or to breathe. The houses were mostly built of red brick and had white painted woodwork, including panelled shutters at most of the windows. The white actually stayed white. That winter no matter where you went you could see the mourning signs. They had a custom of draping the white shutters of their homes with black crepe where anyone had died and they kept this crepe on for two or three months.)

Dr. Wilson's family consisted of just him and his wife, a very kind and pretty woman, and their two boys Adam Jr. and John, eight and six years of age. When I was there we had quite a frolic at times. The drug-store had a cellar independent of the cellar of the living quarters. It had a stair down behind the prescription counter. Dr. Wilson kept his visiting clothes in this stairway. I will never forget the time he found us three boys in this stairway, hiding among his clothes. We were chased into the house and scrubbed and dosed, for he was afraid of some of us getting the disease he was so zealously fighting. However none of us got the smallpox except the servant girl whom he quarantined and attended himself.

Philadelphia was a great place to get fresh oysters. The Wilsons had them often. Mrs. Wilson made pancakes with oysters in them. Little Johnny could never get enough of them. That was the only place I ever had oysters cooked that way. While around the drug-store I learned many things that in after years were of great benefit to me. They had a young man who took care of the store when the doctor was out which was most of the time. He told me about the drugs, what they were for, taught me to make pills and such. It seems to me now that he must have had a lot of patience to take the interest in me that he did. I am sorry that I have forgotten his name but will always remember him as a very kind fellow. One day Mrs. Wilson took me and the two boys to see one of her sisters who lived about eight blocks down Kensington Avenue. The only thing I remember about the visit is that we had watermelon wine and it was good enough to remember. The lady was of Pennsylvania Dutch stock and knew lots of those homely accomplishments. The first trip I ever saw a whip-top was in Philadelphia. It was a low flat top you start to spin and the sport is to make it jump and spin by hitting it with a whip. I made some many years later for one of my grandchildren.

Another strange thing to me was the use of pennies. The smallest change at home was a nickel. The pennies used there were the old colonial pennies about the size of our silver quarter. They had some but very few of the small ones then.

While in Philadelphia I made the acquaintance of the Wiley family. They had one son, Sammy, about my age. He will appear later on in this story. His father was pastor of the First United Presbyterian Church, which was a large brick meetinghouse on Broad Street north of Lombard. Like all Presbyterian churches in those days it was very sombre. They sang the Psalms of David without any music. The people were led in singing by a presentor who took his key by the use of a timing fork and very often it was pretty far off. I did not know much about music at that time, but it was so different and harsh compared with what we had at home that I could not help mentioning to Mr. Ray that it did not sound so good to me.

Mother took me to several churches. One was a Methodist church, called the "Marble" church on the corner of Broad and Arch Streets. It was a beautiful place, all white marble outside and inside, floor and all. They had an organ and sang hymns. We went to Henry Wadsworth's Dutch Reform Church several times, also once to the old fashioned Covenanters' Church. As we went in the older folk were given a card called a token by which they could participate in the communion service which lasted from ten until after four in the afternoon. They had four preachers and each had to preach several times. There was no music. The people

paraded around the long communion tables at the end of the sermons. Maybe I was not a tired boy! I slept part of the time, but surely had a full dose of the Covenanter religion that day. How different it was when we visited the Wannamaker Mission Sunday School, also on Broad Street. It was a very large building more in the shape of a theatre, with galleries that were so arranged as to form class rooms when they closed the front glass doors. Their attendance that day was over three thousand. I remember one church on the west side of Broad Street, I think it was Episcopal, and it was the prettiest church I had ever seen. It was built all of green stone. I remember, too, the entrance to the Masonic temple. They were just completing it at the time and I watched the masons plans and watched them place the twelve columns, all of different marble, in the entrance, six on each side. I thought it very beautiful.

On Christmas day I was invited to the Wileys and had quite a good time until after dinner when I was taken with a violent chill and then fever. I was rushed back to Ray's and dosed with quinine for several days.

In January we visited the Graham family. Mr. Graham was a cousin of my mother's and sister to Dr. Adam Wilson. Their mother was living with them. when we first went there, but the old lady, Sara Wilson died in February of that year. She was seventy-eight years of age. Mr. Graham lived in a three-story house in a row on Lombard Street. He was a little man but like many little men and all Scotch, was very important. He worked for a large shipping firm in the grain and flour business. While we were there the exchange had an election for president and Mr. Graham's boss was running for the office. That day Mr. Graham had been very busy electioneering for his boss and came home all excited over the outcome. He could talk of nothing else. He was so nervous that before leaving down town that he had arranged for them to send him a telegram as soon as the ballots were counted. To make sure he wrote out the telegram form "Who is elected?" Sure enough, about seven o'clock that evening a telegram arrived, just as he had written it, "Who is elected? My, but he was mad. It was just as he had instructed, but far from the information he wanted. He was very near-sighted and wore heavy glasses, but he was so excited he could not believe his eyes. He got Mother to read the telegram to him and the more his wife and the folks laughed, the angrier he became. Finally, he put on his overcoat and got his cane and started out to clean up the telegraph office. He did not get more than a block from home when he slipped and fell on the ice. He damaged his plug hat badly and came home limping and all bruised and had to be bandaged and rubbed and put to bed. The next morning he found out in the paper, along with everybody else, that his boss had been elected. He was too done-up to even congratulate him.

Moral: Do not get over-anxious about an election, but I always do.

One day in the early Spring the two Graham children, aged five and three, were up in the third story back room with me. The room overlooked the back yard of the house in the next street. We were amusing ourselves by singing "My father and mother were Irish and I am Irish, too. We bought a wee pig from Ireland and it was Irish, too." The window was open and we were singing at the top of our voices. There was an old woman across the alley hanging out her clothes. She was furious and shouted and shook her fist at us and of course we sang all the louder. Finally she came around the block and complained to Mrs. Graham. "I know I am Irish but do not want to be reminded of it, especially in the company of pigs." That ended our frolic. Mrs. Graham told her we were part Irish, too, and said she could see no harm in the song, but surely did not want trouble with any neighbour.

We visited Fairmont Park and the City Waterworks from there. The pumps were very interesting. They were Ericson hot air pumps invented by the same man who invented the screw propellor for ships. They also showed us the marble palace built by Biddle, the man who tried to bribe President Jackson. I can still remember the beautiful scene looking across the -Schulkill river from the water-works in Fairmont Park.

After we went back to Mr. Ray's I spent lots of time watching the men work. The tailor sat cross-legged on a table. He taught me to beeswax the thread and how to sew on buttons that stay. He taught me to make invisible patches in clothes and many other tricks of the trade that I still retain and have too often had to put to use.

In April we visited Independence Hall on the day that the Crown Prince of Russia, Alexis, was visiting there. We then went in and saw all the historical relics. I remember the Liberty bell. It was then exhibited on a counter in the main entrance hall. I felt it and put my hand in the crack as no doubt a million of children have done since. I remember a full sized picture of Washington This was easy for me to note, as I had often seen one like it in the office of old friend and business associate, Mr. McMurry. It had been given him as a

prize for the best exhibit of bank-door safe locks at the Crystal Palace at a fair held in New York in 1898. It is now at Washington University in St. Louis.

The form and shape and size of Independence Hall has been a source of pleasure to me in visualizing the scene every time I see it pictured. I wish to say here that the greatest factor in education we can give is visual instruction, much of which I was blessed with at the age of most enduring benefit.

We stayed in Philadelphia until the 3rd of May. My uncles Sam and William Beattie having written and invited us to visit them in Ireland and my Mother and I still suffering from attacks of malaria, we accepted. We engaged passages on the steamer "City of London", an Inman liner and one of the best. We went by railroad to New York. At that time the terminal was in Jersey City. We crossed over to New York on the ferry as there were no bridges then. We stayed the night at Mr. Lyons' house. He lived at Fifty-second Street, near Broadway, and was a friend of Mr. Ray's. The next morning we were up and on our way to the docks in horse cars. There we had our baggage checked and waited until afternoon to climb the stairs to the ship's deck. We located our staterooms, then returned to the deck and watched the loading of the freight and passengers. I remember seeing the tall warehouses about a block away sending bags of flour and other things on steel runways. They would hoist the sacks to high towers and let the bags slide by gravity down to the hatch of the ship. Sometimes a bag would burst away up in the air and the wind blow the flour away like a puff of smoke. The ship did not start until about five as they had to wait for the tide to rise so the steamer could cross the bar at what they then called Hell Gate, which has long since been blasted out and dredged to very deep water. The stateroom of our assignment was a room no larger than a good-sized bathroom. The beds were bunks on the wall, one over the other. Our room had an extra lounge so that Miss Ray, who accompanied us, and Mother and I could all be in one room. I had the upper bunk over Mother's. I had to climb to get in it as it had a high board in front to hold you in when the ship rolled. The bunks were only two feet wide and no room to move about. There was one porthole window with very thick glass in a brass sash. It was kept tight in rough weather as the waves dashed against it. The room was lighted with an oil lamp. They used lard oil and a floating wick and it smoked and smelled a lot. The bowl of the lamp was open on top and so hung as to be level no matter how the ship rolled, by being placed at right angles to the supporting frame of the lamp. I am going into some detail so you can appreciate the improvements that have been made in my lifetime.

Sam Wiley and his mother were on board so I had a companion. After tea we went on deck to get some fresh air and a last look at our beloved country fading in the setting sun, a beautiful sight. We stayed on deck until it was quite dark and then went down to our rooms and our strange beds. Everything had seemed exciting and quite nice up to then. I awoke next morning and had a struggle getting out of that top bunk. When I did reach the floor I had trouble standing up, the ship was rolling so, right, left, up and down and sometimes all four ways at once. I had a hard time getting my clothes on, finally giving up trying to dress standing. The sea was splashing on the window, a light green color. I can see it yet. We managed to get washed at a tin basin and ready for breakfast. By holding onto the walls and anything fastened tight we managed to get to the dining saloon where we had quite a surprise. The tables were all set with the trays fastened tight onto them. The trays were square and had sides about three inches high to keep the dishes from sliding off. Such things as pepper and salt were on swinging shelves over the table. I ate my porridge, roll, butter and coffee all right, but it was not long after breakfast, while playing in the lounge that I began to feel very ill. I was hustled to our stateroom and, my oh my, my head was going around in one direction and my insides in the other, and all my good breakfast coming up to the light of that smoky oil lamp. I was sick all that day. The next day we were told that the rough sea was caused from ground swell off the banks of Newfoundland. About the third day out, when we were well into the Atlantic proper, I began to feel myself again. Sammy was still sick and did not show up for five or more days. I was tramping around with the women folks and asking questions about where we were going and what direction until Mother began to realize how little I knew. After we were out of the rough seas, she came out on deck where it was cool and pleasant with a geography book and a pencil. Where she ever got that book, I never knew. I was put to work drawing maps. She said a young man that could draw a deck of cards could learn to draw and understand maps, and other things in the line of education. I had to draw a map of the eastern part of the United States, showing the Atlantic, and the western part of Europe, also a large scale map of England and Ireland. The following five days I learned more about geography than I would have learned in years at school, and it was so impressed on my mind that I still remember all of it. The lessons dwindled when Sammy appeared and had almost stopped by the time we got

across. We were twelve days on the ocean. About nine o'clock on the eleventh day we heard a bell ringing and a lookout up in front of the mast sing out, "Land ahead." Toward two in the afternoon we were sailing along the southern coast of Ireland. How good it looked! We were about three miles out from shore. The ocean was smooth and calm and looked like a big sheet of glass. That day we saw a lot of whales away to the south. We got a good view of them through field glasses, especially when they came up to blow or spout. The spouts looked like momentary fountains. We had seen schools of porpoises several times before. On the trip over we saw many sharks that followed the ship to pick up the refuse. I spent a lot of time at the rear bulk rail watching them.

We reached Queenstown Harbour about four o'clock. The harbor is a landlocked bay with an island in the entrance which is a very high and steep rock. It is fortified and has a barracks on top. It was a beautiful sight to see the red-coated soldiers filing up the zig-zag steps to the barracks and to hear the bugles calling them to supper. The hills on each side are very high and green so green and fresh looking that I thought, "Well put, Emerald Isle." After eleven days out on the ocean it did seem good to see the green land again. Our ship did not enter the harbor proper but anchored out in the roadway and discharged mail and express to tugs that came out for it. We were surrounded by swarms of small rowboats with fakirs selling apples and a variety of other things, or simply begging.

About six o'clock we got underway on the last leg of our ocean trip. Next day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, we were steaming up the Mersey Estuary to Liverpool. We got there too early for the tide and had to wait that night at the south of the river. At that time all the big ships had to anchor out in the center of the harbor and all freight and passengers were transferred by tugboat to the docks.

Uncle William had crossed over from Belfast the night before and came out on the tugboat to meet us on the ship. We were taken to the docks and after some examination by some English officers, were free to go. Uncle William took us to the St. James Hotel in the down-town section of Liverpool. We went in a hack, as they called a two horse carriage. We stayed at the hotel all that day as the ship to Belfast did not leave until evening. While there I spent most of my time at the lobby door watching the street traffic and I remember how thrilled I was to see for the first time those gigantic Norman horses pulling great loads of freight on low drays with apparently little effort. In the afternoon we visited the town sights. We saw Trafalgar Square where there was a huge statue of King James and one of Wellington. At six we were taken to the dock again and boarded a steamer to cross St. George's Channel to Belfast, Ireland. The boat seemed small alongside the "City of London." They had only two staterooms, one for women and one for men. To Uncle William I was a man and had to bunk in the saloon with him. We had our supper at the hotel in Liverpool as there was no dining service on the small steamer. It was dark and late before we started. The trip was completed during the night and in the morning we were in Belfast. I was up early and on deck and saw the great shipbuilding docks on the south side of the bay where they were building huge ships for the White Star Line. We arrived early and had breakfast at an old-fashioned inn. We then visited some friends by the name of Keneer, who lived in a three story house of brick. Our train for Antrim left at eleven o'clock on the North Counties Railroad. The engine and cars were a curiosity to me they seemed so little, almost like toys. The cars were divided into compartments crosswise with a door on each side to the platform. The seats were the entire width of the cars, one facing the engine, and the next, the opposite. Before the train started, the platform officer took the tickets and locked the doors and then we were off for the town of Antrim, about twenty miles from Belfast.

Antrim is a quaint old town on the northeast corner of Lough Neagh and at the foothills of the Donnegore mountains. It had but one business street and a square where the church was located. Uncle Sam met us in Antrim. At that time he was a director of the railroad owing to the fact that he owned a block of railroad stock. The railroad roadway was built very queerly according to our ideas. Instead of ties, they had a continuous line of stone coping on which the rails were set.

Uncle Sam had come up in his cart with his servant man and our trunks were loaded onto it; then we were taken in a jaunting car. A jaunting car is a two-wheeled vehicle with a driver's seat facing the horse in the shafts, and with the passengers' seats facing outward, one on each side and extending out over the wheels. They hold three people on each side and there is a center place for light baggage, a very full load for one horse. They were for hire in every town at that time and still are. They served as our taxicabs do here although the charge was very small by the hour or by the mile. Uncle Sam, as I remember, was about sixty years of age. He was the eldest of my father's family who were Sam Beattie, Margaret Beattie Davidson,

Robert Beattie, Isabel Beattie McConnell, David, my father, and William Beattie named for my grandfather and for whom I was named. Uncle Sam was a man of about 160 pounds, as they put it, eight stone, five feet seven inches tall with square shoulders. He wore a full beard which had been red but was then gray. He had a head full of gray hair and I thought him a very fine looking man. I have no memory of my father, as he died while I was still an infant. Uncle Sam was a bachelor of a very quiet and sober disposition and very religious. Uncle William was over six feet tall of light build with red hair and very much freckled. He was a bachelor, too. They lived together in Uncle Sam's cottage, although Uncle William had a house and farm of his own, all furnished and ready to live in. He always expected to get married and live there but he never did. They were very comfortably settled with cousin Sarah Davidson as housekeeper. She was a woman of about thirty years of age five feet six inches tall and strongly built, dark hair and eyes and a fair very fine complexion, a fine looking woman. She never married.

Uncle Sam's place was on the main road between Antrim and Rannelstown. They called it a farm. He had twelve acres. The straight road runs along the north end of Loch Neagh at an average distance of half a mile from the lake. The part south of the road is walled in by a seven foot wall with gates at mile intervals. The strip between the road and the lake was a continuous park. Lord Antrim's domain extended about a mile from Antrim joining the estate of Lord O'Neal, which extended to Rannelstown. In this park were the castles of the two Lords and it was kept up as our parks are now, only better and more natural with fine gravel walks winding through lawns and forests of all kinds of trees.

To get back to the thread of my story, we arrived about three o'clock at Uncle Sam's house, a beautiful cottage in a beautiful setting. His land was a narrow strip about six hundred feet on the road and running back northwardly to make up twelve acres. The lane to the house was on the east side and extended from the road back eight hundred feet to a courtyard, a paved space about sixty feet square and surrounded on three sides by the various buildings that it connected. The house faced the main road and was surrounded by a flower garden enclosed by a thick hedge of blackthorn. It had gravel walks and a gate opening into the court. This was seldom used as everything drove into the court and went in from the back. The house was a Queen Anne cottage with heavy stone walls and a slate roof. The east half contained the kitchen. It was a large room, with an open fireplace on the east wall, with a heavy iron crane raised on sills at each end. They burned peat in this fireplace and all their cooking the old open-fire way. They had iron covered pans called Dutch ovens to bake in, and large iron pots to boil. The pots were swung over the fire on the crane which had hooks to hold the pot handles. The Dutch ovens were set on the live coals and covered with burning peat. Back of the kitchen, to the north, they had a passage to the back door and to the east they had a room called a scullery where they kept big jars of milk and other supplies on shelves. This room and the kitchen were paved with large red tiles very much like those now used for porch floors. As there was no cellar, these tiles were laid on a cement base the way we now lay terraces. This necessitated a step to the floor of the rest of the house. In the center of the front was an entrance hall about six feet wide. On the wall opposite the door was an old-fashioned hat-rack with a small center mirror and hooks on each side with umbrella arms and drain pans, which were very useful for it rained and rained and folks often came soaked and dripping. At first Mother and I were afraid of getting wet, but getting wet there was different from home, for it was a matter of course and it did not make us or anybody else sick.

To the west of the hall they had what they called a parlor. It was a large living-room with fireplace, bookshelves, desk, dining table and chairs, and other comfortable lounging chairs. They ate dinner in this room, but the other meals were served in the south end of the kitchen to the family. The servants had a dining room of their own, a long narrow room with table and benches back of the parlor. The stairs went up from the kitchen, back of the hallway. They had two large bedrooms in front and a small one to the east. Mother and Miss Ray were assigned to the southwest front room and I was put in the little room. Uncle Sam and Uncle William used the other front room. In the room in which I was, was a large bin in which they kept a stock of oatmeal with a chute down to the kitchen, just like a farm grain bin. The courtyard was enclosed on the south by the main house, on the west by a feed room, a tool room and a cart shed and a covered driveway to the horse and cow barns. Back of the cart shed was a pig-sty. All were built of heavy stone with slate roofs. For a small farm it was the most complete and substantial I have ever seen, new or old. The flower garden was a beauty. On the east wall of the house they had a pear tree trained like a vine which almost covered the whole wall. In their garden among the roses and other flowers, they cultivated berries; gooseberries in particular. These berries were about three times the size of ours and had a sweet flavor when ripe. They took great pride

in them. To the south, between the garden and the road, they had a field of flax. The fields were enclosed with hedges and a small stream they called a burn. This creek or stream was clear as crystal and had lots of eels in it. One thing I thought was funny. They had a blackberry thicket out in a field but thought the berries poisonous. They were very much concerned when I came in one day with my mouth and hands stained and my hat full of fine large berries, which my Mother and Miss Ray thoroughly enjoyed. I had a great time running round early in the mornings. It was delightful to see the meadowlarks soar way up almost out of sight and singing all the while. Some days it rained---and how! No one thought anything of getting wet. The first three weeks I was alone I amused myself by going with the servants to plant potatoes and other things. They planted a one acre field with what they called mangleweisen, a very coarse kind of turnip for the stock. I also got some string and made a kite and got it up but it was not much good. The first of my cousins to come was James McConnell. He was a friendly fellow, a young farmer who helped his uncles with their work as well as doing most of the work at his home. He took me to their house for a two week visit. The McConnell farm was near Park Gate and up in the foothills of the Donnegore Mountains, Their house was a one-story with an attic; they called it a loft, They had a large kitchen. with an open fireplace where they burned peat as did all the families around there. They had a large living-room and off that there were bedrooms like staterooms on a boat. The beds were built in like berths. While there we explored a cave or vault that had been built in their garden long before they had acquired the place. We got in by removing some of the stones of the arch. It was a long narrow room which they supposed had been used as a hiding place for illicit liquor. However it was empty, with no real clues as to its former use. At that time they were building an addition to the house. They had the material in a lot back of the house, among which was a load of lime. I was poking holes in the lime with a long stick when all or a sudden lime squirted out of one of the holes right into my face and eyes. Maybe it did not hurt! James gathered me up and carried me into the house to Auntie McConnell, who rushed me to the milk jars and doused my head and face with milk. My eyes were sore for several days and I learned never to fool around with slaking again.

Uncle James McConnell had a carpenter making a new cart for him. They had to get a permit to cut down a large live-oak tree. Even at that time they had the strictest conservation laws. They had to declare what use they were going to make of the wood and have it approved before they could cut the tree. The carpenter had only a kit of hand tools. He started in on the logs and built that cart without any drawn plans and all the parts fitted exactly. The hubs, spokes, fellows, body, tongues and all were cut out of that oak tree by hand. I watched him make every piece and in a remarkably short time, it was done. They got the irons and ties at the blacksmith shop at Park Gate. The carpenter put all the pieces in place and painted the cart dark green. I rode in it and it was smooth and fine. While at McConnell's, Cousin James took me on a trip away up into the mountains where I saw people spinning flax yarn and weaving with hand looms. Mother brought back tablecloths for each of my sisters, and my daughter still has one of them; handsome enough for a museum, but much too large for modern use. We also got some (mountain dew) home-brew rye whiskey which I was told not to speak about until after I got out of Ireland.

The McConnell farm was on sort of a shelf, or level step on the side of the mountain, about a quarter of a mile from the main road from Antrim to Belfast. On this shelf, to the west a quarter of a mile away was the Episcopal Church and the church graveyard. At the side of the graveyard was a mound said to have been built by the Druids, or ancient inhabitants of Ireland. From this mound could be had a view of the whole valley. Auntie McConnell told me about their bad boy, James, when he was sixteen years old. He and a neighbor boy took a large dog to the chapel one night and tied him to the tower bell rope. The floor of the chapel slanted a little and the dog, being fastened so as to allow his hind legs to reach the floor on the high side, every time he would get a foothold on the floor and jump, the bell would toll. She said that was a night to remember. The people all over the valley were out with candles. On account of the superstitions about the Druids around there and around the graveyard and the Episcopal Church, no one could be induced to go near enough to see what was wrong. They all thought there must be a ghost ringing the bell so queerly. At last, toward morning, two old ladies went with candles and brooms and found the poor dog. The boys had their laugh, but it was years before they dared confess that night's work.

I spent a week at Aunt Jane Beattie's home. She was Uncle Robert's widow. He had been dead some years at that time. They lived directly north on a second shelf or plateau of the hills in the original home of Grandfather William Beattie. He was born and lived in this house for ninety four years. It was a good old house, built of thick rock walls and thatched roof, and was well fitted up inside, as Grandfather was a good

carpenter as well as a farmer. They took me to the U.P. Church at Park Gate and I sat in my Grandfather's pew, the one he had made and occupied during his long lifetime. It was made of white oak and I have no doubt is still in use. While at Aunt Jane's, I told her about making a kite and the trouble I had getting the right kind of string. She got her spinning wheel out of the loft and made me a ball of the finest linen twine I have ever seen. I helped card the flax and she did the spinning. There were about a thousand feet in the big ball. I brought it home and it was my delight for several years.

It was about the middle of June when I was at Aunt Jane's. One evening she said we would stay up all night so I took a long nap. She woke me up at eleven o'clock and we started to walk to the top of the hill north of the house. We stayed out there all night and it was twilight all the time. Soon we saw the sun rise over the hills of Scotland. The view from that hill was something so great that I haven't the words. We could see the north Atlantic Ocean, and toward the northeast the hills of Scotland. The top of the hill was very rough with jagged rocks called whinstones. They were primeval rock of the porphyry variety, almost black. There was little but rock and tufts of heather on that hill.

Aunt Jane had two sons, Robert and Hugh. They were twenty-five and twenty-three at that time. They were very quiet and seemed to have plenty to do on the farm. Robert was very tall and Hugh was shorter and had more fun in him. They did not seem to take much interest in their American relations. Aunt Jane was entirely different. One day she said to me "You do not seem to be very strong." She went to her cupboard and poured out a glass of her cherry wine and told me to drink it. She said if I would stay with her, she would make a strong man out of me.

I was at the McConnells in July and was there on the twelfth, or Orange Day. Orange there means something quite different from the name of the fruit. It is the name of a society of Protestant Irishmen. The evening of the eleventh, the air was full of music in all directions as the scouts were out drumming up their bellows. Bagpipes, fifes and drums and bugles sounded very inspiring in the mountain air, made more melodious by distance. Orange Day we all piled into the cart and started for Lord Masserine's Park at Antrim, where the Orangemen had a picnic. At every crossroad on the way they had erected arches of orange colored lilies, the orange lily being their emblematic flower. The picnic was certainly a wild affair. They had all kinds of contests, and plenty of "mountain dew" and Scotch whiskey. The most ludicrous contest was the one for the bass drummers. The man that beat in the most drumheads got the prize, as it was evident that he had made the most noise. The tune most played by the various bands was, "Kick the Pope Before Me." We left there early in the afternoon and went to Uncle Sams. One morning Uncle William took me for a walk in Shane's Castle Park. We were strolling along the main drive when we heard a carriage coming from behind us, and we stepped aside to let it pass. When it came opposite us it slowed to a walk. It was a beautiful carriage with two fine gray horses and a carriage dog beneath it. It had a driver in uniform, also a footman. In the carriage was an elderly man with a very pleasant face. As they came up, Uncle William took off his hat and made a very low bow. I stood still and erect and looked the man straight in the face. Uncle noticed me and asked out loud if I had no manners. He said, "That is Lord O'Neal. Why don't you take off your hat?" I replied with great vehemence that I did not care if he was a Lord and that I took off my hat only to ladies. By later events it was evident that Lord O'Neal had heard the whole thing. Uncle scolded me and said Lord O'Neal would probably never let me in the Park again. About a week later Mother and I were exploring the old castle ruin on the lake shore. Lord O'Neal was walking there for exercise and came up and introduced himself to my Mother and explained about the ruins. They were the relics of a very grand castle, the seat of the ancient Kings of Ulster. When he was through, he turned to me and said, "I heard your Uncle scold you the other day and was pleased with your reply. It shows the independent way you live in America. I would like to see more of that spirit here." He invited Mother and me to his castle and was most friendly. He wanted to learn all he could about our country and said that he wished that my uncles would treat him as an equal and come to see him often as he knew of their intelligence and knew that they could tell him lots about California where they had once made a long stay. The idea that I am trying to convey is that those titled persons are only people like ourselves, and often their exclusive existence makes them very unhappy and lonesome people.

The Wileys had their visit to Scotland out about the middle of July and Sammy came to stay with me at Uncle Sams for about ten days. We had a great time roaming around and annoying the older folk. One day we went to explore Belfast and travelled all over the city. In the residential section we came upon a Catholic church where there was some kind of service going on. Big as life, we started in, but got only as far as the vestibule. A priest came out and said, "You boys are Protestants and will have to leave as we do not want

any trouble." We thought it strange for at home we could go in and out of a Catholic church the same as our own. However, I found out the reason later.

On August 20, the Catholics celebrated their annual Ribbon Day. They were given the same privileges by Lord Masserine as the Orange men and had a picnic at Antrim. They had parades at Belfast, during which an Orangeman who worked in a hardware store threw a hammer head from a third story window. It struck one of the Ribbonmen in the procession and that started things. That was the riot of 1873, which lasted about ten days until the English Redcoats were called out and formed a circle around Belfast and gradually drove the rioters of both factions to the center and from there to the sea to cool off. After a good wetting had taken all the fight out of them, the riot ended. I have often thought how silly it all was to go fighting over a form of religion. I had been taught to respect anyone who believed in God.

While Sammy was making his visit at Uncle Sam's one Sunday afternoon he and I were in the courtyard having a hilarious time poking the pigs to make them squeal and raising Ned generally as bad boys sometimes do. Uncle Sam got tired of it and wanted Mother to go after us as it was a sin to act so on the Sabbath Day. She told him to let us alone, but he could not stand it. Out he came and chased us into the parlor with a lecture on "The Sabbath Day." He was really angry at the way we were cutting up. He said "Now you two young gentlemen sit down and study these books." He did not have on his specks and did not see what he was handing us. He gave me an old Arithmetic instead of the Catachism that he thought he had. In about an hour he came back and said, "Now I am going to ask you some questions to see if you did what I told you." To me he asked "What is the chief end of man?" I replied, "To know that twelve times twelve is one hundred forty four." He said "What, doesn't your book tell you that and what the Sabbath is for?" I said that it did not, that I had studied it a lot and could not find a bit of religion in it. He took the book from me and when he saw his mistake, he slammed the book on the table and went for a walk, calling to Mother that she should curb these heathen if she could. At tea time, when he came back, he told the story on himself and we had a wonderful time laughing over it.

After Sammy left, we settled down on the farm until the middle of August, when Mother and I went to see our family relations on her side of the family. We went on the railroad to Ballymoney which is about twenty-five miles to the northwest. It is a quaint old town such as you read about in stories of the old world. It consisted of a paved quadrangle as big as a large block in one of our cities, with houses and stores facing this open space. The buildings were narrow tall brick, solid one against the other. The openings were at the four corners where the roads came in. The railroad, being modern, had its station outside this square, or town proper. While waiting for our friends, we explored the town and were accosted by a boy of my own size, crying "Buy a bopp, a penny a bopp, fresh bops." A bop is a large biscuit about the size of a saucer. We bought a bopp and Mother said to him, "You have a fine town here." He replied "Yes, Madam, but it's no the same as it was before the rebellion." Mother said "What rebellion?" He said "Oh, Madam, the Rebellion of 1589." That was almost three hundred years before. It shows how the people keep living and thinking and talking over the long past and how little change there is in those old places. They hand on their historical tradition from one generation to the next and regard it all as a matter of concern to themselves. To make this more curious, the following incident happened to a friend of mine about sixty-three years later. I had a lifelong friend and early neighbour, Otto Schmidt, a German and a fine scholar and civil engineer. He came to me and said he was going to take his family to Europe and would like to visit Ireland. As I had related some of my experiences to him, he wanted my advice about seeing the country to the best advantage. I told him about Ballymoney as I had seen it in 1873, and what the boy had said about the Rebellion and that no doubt, if he made the same remark, he would get the same reply. When he came home, he hunted me up to tell me that he had bought a bopp and heard about the Rebellion. Everything was still the same as I had described it. He said what I had told him had made this the most interesting part of the trip, although he was a German and had visited Germany, France, Holland, England and Wales.

Another experience that shows us that the world is not so large and that, as the wheel runs round, we often pass the same places and see the same forgotten people, happened years later when I was twenty-seven and had a wife and family. While at Mr. Ray's there was a white haired old man named Dr. McMillan, a U. P. preacher, who came to dinner almost every Sunday. He always brought one or sometimes two of his little girls, Margaret, about eight, and Susie, about six. The old man seemed so queer with these children, as he was old enough to be their grandfather. They were very happy, pretty children and had a wonderful time running around Mr. Rea's big house. I was in the building business in St. Louis and was called about some

work in George Allen's house at the corner of Grand Avenue and Delmar Blvd., one of the showpieces of the city. Mrs Allen was very friendly and seemed a long time getting down to the business she had asked me for. When I had the work done and forgotten, she called me again and said she had finally placed me. She was Margaret McMillan, the little girl I had played with so long before. Later my Mother and sister Jane met Mrs McMillan and the youngest daughter on a trip to California. It is strange how casual acquaintances keep turning up and many old friends drop completely out of the picture.

To get back to my travelogue:

My great uncle, Hugh Kirkwood, came to "fetch" us, as they put it, in his jaunting car. His daughter Sarah, was with him. Uncle Hugh was a very little thin man, not much taller than I was, but very broad, active and wiry. He was ninety-six years old at the time. He and his two maiden daughters lived and kept a store on the main road to Bush Mills about six miles from Ballymoney. The store and house were more like the country stores in this country than many we had seen. They had a front porch across the building with the store on the west side next to the crossroad, and the living quarters on the east. They sold all sorts of things such as cloth, rope, tobacco, candy, and all kinds of groceries. He seemed to do a good business.

Uncle Hugh told me about his brother John, my grandfather, how when he packed up and left for America, he did not expect him to stay as their father had emigrated to America and settled in or near Charlestown, South Carolina, but had come home when the American Revolution had broken out. He would not take part on either side and returned to Ireland where he had bought this farm, which had been divided between Hugh and John. However, he had brought many new ideas from this country. He told me about my grandfather's sister who married a Mr. Robinson and went to Australia to live, and to be one hundred and eight years old. Uncle Hugh had a rocking chair that his father has brought back from Charlestown. They called it the American rocking chair and Uncle Hugh always sat in it.

Mrs Wilson, formerly Ann Kirkwood, was also a sister to Uncle Hugh. Great-grandfather's name was William; he married Nancy Knox. They had four children, John, Hugh, Jane and Ann. Grandfather John married Mary Gettis, daughter of Dr. John Gettis, a doctor and surgeon who had served in Wellington's army, and left for some time in France to care for the wounded. There he married a French girl named Marie Dupre, and brought her back to Ireland, where he practiced as a doctor. They lived in Ballymoney.

A very peculiar incident happened while we were there. They wanted us to see all the relations, no matter how distant. One day we set out in the jaunting car, Uncle Hugh, Sarah, Mother and I, and travelled about nine miles to an old castle called Dumfries. It was a large three-story brick building built around a courtyard. Some parts of it had been burned, but it must have contained over forty rooms when first used. Enough was left to be of service. The owners lived in France, and the keeper of the estate called a steward, was our relation. His name was Mr. Brown, a descendant of Willie Brown, burgomaster of Londonderry, during the seige of the war of William and Mary.

They had told it around that we would be there and it was a hilarious holiday for the whole neighborhood, with picnic lunches and all that. Well, Uncle Hugh liked his grog, and by evening he had all he could carry. His stubborn disposition was in full force and he insisted in driving his own horse home. Drive it he did! The road passed through a bog for about four miles with a deep ditch on each side. However, he drove through all right, as least the horse knew the way and brought us home, although our nerves were pretty well on edge. When we got back to the house, Sarah hustled the old man to bed, expecting that to be his last frolic. However, when we got up in the morning, there he was, sitting in the American rocker, reading the paper. He had gotten up at daylight, milked two cows, and curried the horse. He was an amazing old character. He lived two more years to be ninety-eight.

While there, we were taken to see an old woman who was said to be one hundred-nine years old and had known our ancestors from away back. She told us so much about so many of our people that it was too much to remember. I have often wished that conversation had been recorded, or that I had listened more attentively. It is well to listen to old folks and try to remember what they say for some day you may wish you knew about all the things they told you, but it is too late and all those facts and memories are gone for ever.

One day we were taken down the road through Bush Mills to the Giants Causway. On the road approaching Bush Mills the landscape was the finest scenic sight I have ever seen. I have described it to several people, and they, on visiting this part of the world, have returned to say that my description was perfection. On approaching Bush Mills to the west, the road is straight and of well kept macadam. Looking to the left, or

south, on the center of an almost level plain, a shaft of rock rises some two-hundred feet into the air, just like a needle. This plain is called Anough Glade. Around it is the most glorious blue haze, with high mountains in the distance, showing two peaks, Bessey Bell and Mary Grey, made famous in Thomas Moore's lyrics, "Bessy Bell and Mary Grey."

*"Bessy Bell and Mary Grey,  
They were twa bonny lasses,  
They bigged a barn on yon burn bray,  
and thicked it ower with rushes, oh"*.

Bush Mills is only a turn in the road at which an old stone mill stands in the shade of an age-old live oak tree that spreads out over the road on each side and almost covers the mill behind it. The mill has an overshot wheel. Here the burn, or creek, drops over a waterfall of about twenty feet on the west side as the road turns over the bridge. The scene is enchanting and never to be forgotten. It is all there yet as I have described it, or was in 1932 as reported by a friend of mine, although it is sixty-three years since I have seen it.

The Giants Causway was approached by a winding road through the hills to the north Atlantic coast. The causway is at the nose of the northern promontory of Antrim County and is a vast field of basaltic rock columns fifteen to twenty inches in diameter and regular hexagonal shape, or plan section, all fitted close together as if put there by skilled workmen. The columns vary some in height some rising to fifteen or twenty feet, irregular, but tapering in general to sea level. You can see that the formation extends under water. It crops out again some forty miles on the opposite coast of Scotland and must extend through the ocean bed for all that distance. The day we were there was clear and bright, and from the high places we could see the blue hills of Scotland. We had a picnic lunch on the Causway and then took a boat trip on the ocean in a rowboat. Their boats are heavy and broad, and it took four men to row. We went away out and to the high promontory west of the Causway and we rode into one of the caves, called McDougalls Cave. It was grand and dark in there with the sea gulls flying around overhead. The cave had a very high ceiling about seventy-five feet. They said that the water was very deep in there and that when they had a severe storm from the northwest, the wind whistling through the caves made a sound like a deep moaning cry and gave rise to the superstition of "BanShee" or omen of death. They said this sound could be heard for twenty miles at times. When we came out of the cave, the wind had come up and the men at the oars strained to their work. We had a fine rough ride, away up on a wave and then away down. The waves tossed that rowboat as if it were a chip. When we got to the landing-place, one of the men stood and as the boat rose to the landing, he would help us step, saying "Quick". Someone on the landing reached out to steady each of us as we came ashore. We then climbed into the jaunting car and went back the way we had come to Uncle Hugh's. We went from Ballymoney to Coleraine where we visited the Grants. Mr. Grant was the cloth merchant of the town and had the most modern store we had seen in Ireland. He was rather a distant relative connected with us through an ancestor named Mary Knox. Coleraine was a nice clean town and seemed to keep up with the times. We were taken to see the salmon leap, a waterfall on the River Boyne. Just below the falls there was a beautiful stone bridge, the ancient ford where the army of William and Mary crossed, as history has it, on dead men's bodies. It was a decisive battle and put Ireland under English rule.

We returned from Coleraine to Uncle Sam's and started to talk of returning home. They wanted to keep me in Ireland and made all kinds of promises as to sending me to college and, as they put it, making a man of Willie. Mother listened to it all and at last she said, "We will leave it up to Will, Promise him all you like and give him time to think it over and let him decide." I had been sickly up until the time we had started on our trip and was now entirely well and as robust as any boy my age. I had had a gorgeous time so they all thought they would have an easy time persuading me to stay. I heard all they had to say, but I did not need any time to make up my mind. Nothing doing! I was going back to old Missouri in the United States where all were alike, one as good as another, where there were no Lords or Ladies to bow to and no king or Queen to adore. That settled the matter, so then the uncles made up to outfit me with clothes made there in Ireland. They went to Antrim and bought cloth. One evening they called me into the kitchen and there was a big burly man on a stool with the cloth on his knees. I was introduced to him as the tailor who would make my new clothes. He told me to stand out in front of him and to stand up straight and to turn around which I did; then he got up and said, "All right. I will have the clothes in a week." He did not seem to have a tape measure with him and he took no measurements whatever. Sure enough he brought the clothes in a week and

everything fitted perfectly. There was not a single alteration necessary. That started me thinking. I had watched the carpenter at McConnells make the cart without a plan and here was a tailor who looked more like a farmhand than a tailor, able to make me clothes that fit without even one measurement. After the time I had had in Philadelphia getting that overcoat, with three tailors and at least six fittings, my brain went to work to figure out how it was these fellows could do the work to perfection without all the detail of plan measurements. That line of thought has followed me all my life and made me the mechanic I have proved to be. To carve a statue one must see the form within the block. In other words, one must see an object in detail and visualize it entirely before starting to make it. By intensive concentration many hard problems are overcome.

In the early part of September, we got ready to go home. We bid all the folks Goodbys and took the morning train to Belfast. We had all day to wait there for our boat did not sail until five o'clock. We visited some friends by the name of Keneer, and then took a stroll round the business section. Mother laid in a stock of Irish linen, tablecloths and napkins and such for the girls at home. In passing a hardware store Mother saw a stove made in St. Louis and the same model as the one in our kitchen at home and selling for twenty-five percent less than she had paid for its duplicate at home. We went further and found American flour selling for about half we paid for it at the mill. We also found apples from Ozarks by the barrel for about two thirds of the home price. So much for foreign markets and high tariff!

The boat was a small steamer about a hundred feet long and thirty feet wide. On deck it had two cabins, one for men and one for women. They were large rooms directly below deck with bunks on all sides. I was put in the men's room with Uncle William. It had a table in the center, bolted to the floor and used by the captain as well as the passengers. St. George's Channel is very rough at times and that night we had a gale. The boat rolled and tossed in the sea like a chip. Most everyone was sick; me too. I lost everything I had eaten in Ireland and had a clear hull for the homeward voyage. By midnight, everyone was sick, and that room was an inferno never to be forgotten.

The harbor, or bay, at Belfast is called the Lough. It was beautiful going down to the sea and we had a fine view of the city. Two steamers for the White Star Line were being built at the docks. One was nearly ready to launch, and my, how big they looked alongside our small boat. One can have a little idea of the size of a large steamship until they see it out of the water. Some of the modern ones draw thirty to forty feet of water and are from forty to fifty feet above the water line. We arrived safe at Liverpool the next morning, but in a terrible mess. There was a cargo of sheep on the deck and they were a filthy sight. It took us some time to clean up properly before we went ashore. On the way up the Mersey River, we passed several large ships at anchor in the stream and one of them was pointed out as "The City of Montreal", the ship that was to take us home. We were taken in a cab to the St. James Hotel, where we got another cleaning up and had breakfast. After that Mother and Miss Ray went shopping and Uncle William went to the shipping office to see about our passage on "The City of Montreal" which was to sail for New York at five o'clock that evening. I was left at the hotel and spent the time at the front entrance watching the people and the traffic on the street. That part had a very steep grade and I remember the heavy drays going up that hill. They were pulled by big Norman horses, tandem style. The horses were beautiful, mostly gray, and the largest I have ever seen. It seemed play for them to pull those heavy loads. After dinner, Uncle William took us to see Trafalgar Square where there were several statues and fountains and fine buildings and one Gothic cathedral. I have but a faint and imperfect recollection of all I saw that day for my mind was all astir about getting on that big ship. At five o'clock a tug boat took us from the dock to the ship which was anchored in the middle of the river. The "The City of Montreal" was at that time the heaviest ship afloat and carried the largest cargoes. It was not near as large as the steamers they have now, but it was very high and drew a great depth of water. It had three masts with sails in addition to the steam equipment. We had to wait for high tide before it could turn and start. We had supper on board and went to bed before the ship started. Uncle William had to leave in order to catch his boat back to Belfast so we told him Good bye. That was the last time I ever saw him. We passed Queenstown before daylight and did not see land again until we reached New York eleven days later. I was not seasick at all on the way home; I had gotten over all that on that awful trip over from Belfast to Liverpool.

I had one disappointment and it seemed very real at the time. One of the sailors had made a model ship. It was about three feet long and was a beauty. To get money for the Sailor's Orphan Home, he raffled it off. Nothing would do but that I should buy a ticket and I thought the ship was mine. But when the raffle came

off two days before we landed, the model was won by a man who promptly gave it back to the sailor. I did not know how those things worked, but I learned a lesson and I know now that Mother was pleased that I got left. It taught me not to try to get something for nothing or to gamble, no matter how good the cause; a lesson our young folks might profit by with all the contests and changes before them now. It also inspired me with strong determination to have a model ship, which I made after I got home. I also drew a picture of one which hung on the door of the fifth grade of Lincoln School for several years.

As I had no companion to play with, I got well acquainted with the ship's officers and the sailors. One sailor was very kind and let me go with him almost every place. One day they missed me and found me with this sailor in one of the lifeboats. He was splicing rope and fixing things in the boat. He taught me to splice a rope and tie a sailor's knot. I had learned to tie a weaver's knot when I was up in the Donnegore Mts. where they weave linen on hand looms. The deck officer was a dandy. He let me look through the transit at noon when they were locating the position of the ship. He explained it all to me and also taught me to read the magnetic needle in connection with the meridian observation. Although I had no knowledge of the mathematics part at the time, I never forgot the part I did understand.

One afternoon about three the lookout in the top (they kept a sailor in a seat or nest away up in top of the foremast to watch for things and other ships); cried out "Storm coming, direction south of west sixteen points." From one six foot level the horizon is six miles out, and for every six feet that you climb, you add six feet to your field of vision. The deck of our ship was about twenty-four feet above the water so we could see for a radius of about fifteen miles in all directions. The mast was about fifty feet above the deck, which gave the lookout a vision of about thirty-seven miles. He used a strong set of field glasses. As storm clouds are above the water about a thousand feet or more, he could see them at a great distance. The deck officers read the barometer, then altered the direction of our course. He said to me, "Now we are going to have some fireworks." He shouted to the boatswain and things began to happen. The hatches were fastened down, the sails trimmed, and on each of the three masts they put up a copper wire with a large copper ball on the lower end and three pronged sets of lightning rod points on the top end. It was a sight to see the young sailor boys, called middies, climb to the top of the masts and lash those wires in place. The storm broke over us in about an hour, a heavy thunderstorm. The sea rose, that is, it got rough, and the lightning flashed. It seemed at times as if the lightning and the thunder came together, and from where I was with the deck officer in the companionway, when the heavy rain permitted we could see the lightning strike the wires and roll down and into the sea. It certainly was a grand sight. The officer explained to me how it was that lightning rods conducted the bolts and directed them so as to prevent danger, and damage. He told us of how one of our great men, Benjamin Franklin, had discovered that electricity could be controlled and used to advantage.

When we got to Fire Island, we had to wait for high tide to take us over the Hellgate. That was a shallow rock bottom in the entrance to New York Bay, since blown up and dredged out so that ships can come in all the time. The first person on board was a pilot who had come alongside away out and steered us into port. Then the customs officers came aboard and we all had to march before them to declare what we had in our trunks, and be examined by health officers. The ship steamed right up to the dock. There was a long covered wooden platform where we were put ashore. Before we passed Hellgate, a tug had come out and taken all the steerage passengers to Ellis Island. After we landed, inspectors examined our luggage. Ours seemed to be all right, as they chalked them and let us go. We took the streetcar up Broadway to 52nd Street and stayed at Mr. Lyons. That afternoon we visited Central Park which was only a block away.

The next day we returned to Mr. Ray's in Philadelphia, where we stayed a week to tell all the folks, the Wilsons, the Grahams and other friends, all about the people and places in Ireland.

We went from Philadelphia to Harrisburg and changed cars on the Cumberland Valley Railroad to Greencastle, which is about midway between Harrisburg and Harper's Ferry. There we visited Mr. McCrory, a jeweler. He was an old man and as fine a one as I have met. His son was married to a sister of Uncle James Smith, and lived in St. Louis. Mr. McCrory had his jewelery store on the main street, a long narrow room filled with clocks of all kinds. His workbench was in front of the window facing east. There he did all kinds of repairing. He showed me an old watch that belonged to a man in Massachusetts. It had been made in Switzerland and worked on by several jewelers and finally sent to him. He had finished repairing it and was just keeping it to see if it worked properly. At the hour it played a little tune and three little figures appeared on the dial playing on violins. He told us it was very valuable as an antique. He also told us about a train he had seen going through Newcastle. The railroad ran right down the middle of the main street. During the

Civil War an engine and two cars carrying ammunition from Harrisburg to Harper's Ferry during the battle of Gettysburg passed so fast that it was just a whistle in the north and a red flash in the south. Greencastle is on the western foothills of the Cumberland Mountains and halfway up so that the valley was in view for a great distance. It made a grand picture with the river in the valley and the mountains in the distance. I remember it quite clearly.

Mrs. McCrory was one of the nicest old ladies I have ever met. On Saturday while we were there she had an apple-peeling party. The young folks gathered at their house after supper and had contests as to who could peel the most apples and cut the skins off the thinnest. They peeled a good wagon load, ready for apple butter. After they got them all done, they had refreshments and a frolic. On Monday, things were stirring early. They had a large open fireplace with a crane in the center. They built a big wood fire and filled an enormous copper kettle with apples and other ingredients for apple butter. They used a long paddle with a crosspiece at right angles on the end to stir the butter. A person could stand eight feet from the fire and stir, and it had to be stirred all the time to keep it from sticking and scorching. I stirred off and on all day. But my, that apple butter was good! It took two strong men to lift the kettle off the fire.

On Tuesday they baked enough bread for the rest of the week. There was a Dutch oven built of brick in the backyard. It had iron fire doors in front and a chimney in the back with a damper in it. It was nine feet long and four feet wide. The inside floor of the oven was smooth brick. They built a wood fire right in the oven and kept it up until the whole thing was hot; then they opened the door and brushed out all the fire and ashes. They sprinkled the floor with corn meal, and then put in the loaves, setting them in place with a long paddle. It was the best bread I ever tasted.

We left Greencastle the last of September. We started home by way of Harrisburg. It was late when we got there and I did not get to see much of the capital city of Pennsylvania. However, we had a gorgeous view of the Horse Shoe Bend the next morning. When we approached Altoona, the train had two engines, one pulling and one pushing. Sometimes, from the car window on a curve we could see both engines at once.

We reached Pittsburg about noon and had dinner there and then took the "Panhandle" now the Pennsylvania railroad for home. We stayed at the depot until our train was ready and the impression I got of Pittsburg was anything but favorable. I have been there several times since then and the first impression has been somewhat softened, but at that time it seemed to be one large fiery furnace with nothing but high bridges, smoke and sulphur fumes and smoke and fire; a good representation of Dante's Inferno. We went into and out of one tunnel after another and over the top of blast furnaces until we got well into West Virginia, where we finally got some fresh air and a sight of the stars in heaven.

We arrived in the Relay station in due time and were ferried across the Mississippi River. While on the river, we had a view of the start of the new Eads Bridge. Some barges were anchored where they were building the piers.

At the Planter's House we transferred from the large bus to the smaller one and arrived about two o'clock. The impression coming up Clark Avenue past the old skating pond where the great Union Depot now is, was that everything seemed small and dingy, but I was glad to get home. They all had me on parade in my new Irish tweeds and Scotch cap and talking with the brouge of a flannel mouth. I can hear them laughing at me now.

I wish to add that I hope this will give you as much pleasure in the reading as I have had in the writing, and if you can find anything in it to help you, I will know that the effort has not been in vain. I offer no advice. I only wish to say that if you will follow the precepts of your mother more closely than I have, you will avoid the snags of life. Had I done so, I would have been a better Grandfather. My daily prayer is that you live a righteous Christian life, and that you overcome the world and inherit everlasting life, through our Heavenly Father's guidance.

Your Grandad,

*William John Beattie*

**Note:** William John Beattie was a prominent architect and builder, and owned and operated the Beattie Manufacturing Company of St. Louis for nearly sixty years. He built the paraffin palace at the Chicago Worlds Fair, was a commissioner and helped build the St. Louis Worlds Fair where he had an exhibit. He was the inventor of the swing door, the first card index system in the old Boatsman Bank of St. Louis, constructed a scroll saw from an old sewing machine, helped work on the first electric streetcar, and was first to install electric lights in his factory in St. Louis. He built a large house of his own design in Webster Groves, a suburb of St. Louis, in 1894.

*(From the files of Kathleen Brant Whipple,  
Grand Daughter of Margaret Beattie Brant.  
March 2009.)*