

Copy of a letter written by Katie Butler (daughter of Cassie Turner and David Brockway of Greeley, Colorado. Granddaughter of Catherine & George Turner)

Pier Farm, Va. Nov. 1906

My Dear Mrs. Pier,

Have tho't of you many times during my absence from home & wanted to write you about my trip. But every day has been full. Not of work, mostly pleasure. I have had a delightful trip. The people, the weather and everything have combined to make or rather help me have a good time.

As you know I left home Sun. 21st at 4 P.M. The next night 9-30 bro't me into Chicago, next afternoon at 2 P.M. was in Buffalo, N.Y. Here I took the electric car & went over to Niagara, twenty four miles on hour ride, first car's round trip. Never enjoyed anything more than this trip to one of the natural wonders of the world. Here you see nature in all her grandeur & glory. was very fortunate in meeting a lady & gentleman & their son from Michigan, who were out for a few days, just to see Niagara. We tramped till dark, had supper & went out again till after nine o'clock. It was delightfully cool by the time we reached Buffalo & we were having beautiful moonlight evenings. And seeing Niagara by moonlight as well as by daylight was indeed a double pleasure. Of course what I saw here is beyond my power of description. Got up early next morning, had breakfast & tramped till nine o'clock. We then took the electric car on what is called the Niagara Belt line & Great Gorge Route which takes you fourteen miles around the Falls, up on the American side & down on the Canadian side, allowing you to stop at all the points of interest, go about, take next car & so on. We stopped at the Whirlpool & Rapids, Niagara Glen, Cove of the Winds, Queenston Heights, Brooks Monument & a few other places. We were near enough the Falls twice to be quite wet from the spray. At the Cave of the Winds went down one hundred & eighty feet, down a circular stairway in a little round house, here they supply you with a rubber suit & a guide to go in back of the Falls. I stood on the battle field of Queenston Heights where the Americans thrashed the English in one of their 1812 skirmishes. And here the British General Brock was killed & a fine monument erected to his memory. This is seven miles below the Falls. We finished our trip late in the afternoon & paid a visit to the shredded wheat biscuit plant. Entered, took the elevator to the roof where we met the guide with a party just ready to take a tour of the plant. Went thro' each story til we reached the ground floor. Saw the wheat as it comes from the threshing machine & on thro' every process till it comes out nice brown biscuits, put in nice clean pasteboard boxes, then in the new wooden boxes ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ so fresh and clean, nailed up with or by machinery & shoved off ready for shipment. It is now nearly night Nov. 24th and I must start back to Buffalo, while my newly made friends return to take another view of the Falls & to enjoy a boat-ride in the little Maid of the Mist, which goes between one of the many bridges, which span the river & the Falls as safely as they can go to the Falls. At Niagara you will meet many nice people out on their vacation, all enthusiastic over what they have seen, ready to tell you where to go & what not to miss. Met a minister who was so thrilled with emotion, & endowed with such a wonderful power of description that he preached us a real sermon in the few minutes we were talking to him. We were constantly meeting people who were ready to tell us something about the place. So that all together my stay here was very pleasant. But I must hasten on or I will miss my train. Leave Buffalo at 7-30 & speed away toward Montreal, making several stops & changing in between.

Crossed the St. Lawrence by boat from Oudenburg N.Y. to Prescott, Canada. I am now under the Union Jack, the flag of my childhood. Reached Montreal 9-30 Sat. night. Spent Sunday here. In company with a young lady visit three of the largest churches, Dominion Square & the U.M.C.H. One of these churches was St. James Cathedral, Catholic, fashioned after St. Peters in Rome, beautiful music, finest pipe organ in the city. People kneeling here & there in front of images & saying prayers on beads, made me think I might be in India or China where the heather in his blindness bows down to wood & stone. The U.M.C.H. here is quite an institution. The Sec. told me they had twenty five hundred members, four hundred and fifty of them were mere boys. Building nicely equipped & furnished, beautiful reading rooms, large plunge baths, spray & shower baths & fine gymnasium. A great many French & a great many Catholics in Montreal. This old Canadian Metropolis is very interesting to tourists. It has many characteristics of the old as well as the new civilization. Has many places of ~~interest~~ historic interest & scenes of natural beauty. If time & means would permit would like to tarry here at least a week & study French & Indian & English History. But I must journey on. My next stopping place will be my childhood home. A little country village called Brockway, first settled by my Great Grandfather and named for him. He settled because of the lumber. Always has been and is yet a great lumber country. And here my father lumbered for a good many years, until thirty three years ago he decided to go West. I know they are anxiously waiting for the train. Yes friends & relatives & childhood schoolmates were glad to see me. I am the only one of the four families who went West at that time who has ever visited the old home. My father has two brothers living here, each have large families. My mother's only sister's family lives here, two sons & a daughter. And they each have large families, some of them married & settled here or near by. These Vail ~~relatives~~ cousins are the nearest relatives I have outside of my own family or at least they seem nearer than any other cousins as they were close neighbors when we were children & after they were grown up were at our house a great deal & Mother took care of them all when they were little. They seem just like older brothers & sister to me. I cannot tell you how glad they were to see me. They did everuthing for me and made my visit just as pleasant as possible. I visited some of my earliest childhood schoolmates, one in particular with whom I have corresponded for thirty three years. My dearest girl friend. We have never lost track of each other, tho' she has lived in several states & traveled for husband's health. He died with consumption a few years ago & she with her four small children returned to her people & the old home to remain at least till they were grown up. We were children together more than forty years ago. The last gathering I attended here thirty three years ago was at her home & the last one I attended this time was in the same house with her. I visited our old home several times. One day went there & then went from there to school over the very same road I traveled the first day I ever went to school. While here it was my privilege to attend the first wedding that ever occurred in this house. It was the first house father ever built, is nearly fifty years old, my first home. I enjoyed tramping over this old farm. Even the old barn seemed to extend a friendly greeting as I entered. Went thro' the cemetery down by the little country church & read the names of aunts & uncles, Great Grandfather & Great Grandmother & many old friends. After I had been here a few days, Mother's brother, Uncle John Turner, came here from Ottawa to see me. Ottawa is the capital of the Dominion & is called the Washington of the North. Uncle John visited with me here a week & then we went to Fredericton together. Mother had given me a long list of places she wanted me to visit & would often say, if you could only meet your Uncle John Turner he would take you all these places. Unexpectedly I did meet him. A happy coincidence. It added greatly to the pleasure of this trip to his and Mother's old home.

Sarah Anna
 George
 Robert
 Alderman
 Jacob
 went West
 Lemuel
 to Penn.
 Josephine
 m.
 Franklin
 Langley
 died
 1901
 grand father's
 (John Bullas
 Davis) sister

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He took me every single place Mother wanted me to see. Parliament Buildings, Government House, the old Scotch Kirk where my Great Grandfather worshipped, then the cemetery where Mother's father & mother are buried & then Grandfather Turners house & her home till she was married. The house is a very large convenient one & is just as good as ever, shows no sign of decay. A very nice lady lives here with her son, is a lovely housekeeper, showed me all thro' the house. It did me good to see the house that Mother had so often spoken of looking so nice. I looked around the parlor & thro't I could tell just ~~thz~~ where father & mother stood when they were married. I had never been here since a baby, a year old. Fredericton is a pretty old ~~city~~ fashioned city on the St. John River. I walked up & down & across this River. The bridge here is a mile long, has a draw for vessels to pass thro'. See all kinds of boats & vessels here & lots of lumber in the River. Mother had many a steamboat ride on this old River, used to go to St. John to visit her aunts, this is a large city at the mouth of the river, and here you see the great Atlantic liners & everything that rides on the water. But this pleasure like all earthly pleasures must come to a finish & Uncle John returns to his home in Ottawa & I to my friends in Brockton. My next is to a pretty little city, St. Stephen, just separated from the State of Maine by the St. Croix River. Visit a cousin here & in company with another cousin take a steamboat ride of about thirty miles down this river to a pretty little summer resort called St. Andrews. Here are beautiful hotels & cottages & lovely view of the ocean. In a few days on my return from these places I visit in turn three other & smaller towns, where live cousins & families on both fathers & mothers side, my next long trip is to P.E.I. to visit another brother of Mothers. He lives in Charlottetown, the capitol of this, the smallest of the provinces of the Dominion. P.E.I. is called the garden of the Dominion. It is a beautiful farming country & Charlottetown is a pretty little city on the coast. The Island is in the Gulf of St. Lawrence forty five miles from N. B. coast. The trip ~~was~~ across was delightful, beautiful, calm, moonlight evening going over, water smooth as glass. Beautiful boat, handsomely furnished. Stayed one week with Aunt & Uncle & a married daughter & her husband. And here as before the whole week was devoted to my pleasure. Uncle James is two years older than Mother & like my other Uncle of whom I have told you, he hated to give me up, it was almost like seeing Mother. They both said you are so much like your Mother. the trip back was in the morning on the water & was delightful. You are out of sight of land for sometime. After my return from the Is. I began to make my farewell calls & visits. Tho't I would get this thro' in a few days, but was soon informed of the plans & I found myself obliged to attend an "At Home" every afternoon for two weeks. It was pleasant & in a way it was hard the last few days to say so many good byes. Many time they closed our gathering with - "Bless be the Tie" or "God be with you till we meet again". And the last Sabbath I attended a beautiful Communion Service in that little country church with those dear old friends. A fine old Scotch Presb. minister from the city came out to preach the sermon. I never heard a finer sermon. - - - My trunk is packed & the last farewells must be said. A cousin and her husband accompany me as far as Lincoln, Me. I stop at ~~Winn~~ Winn, Me. & visit Mothers youngest brother, four years younger than Mother. This is a little town on the Penobscot River. I stay here from Thur. noon till Mond. mornina when I take the train for Lincoln to spend one day with this cousin & her daughter and family. At night I go on my way to Boston, spend two days here in this old historic city. Would like to have spent more time among these old landmarks & revolutionary relics. Visited the Old South Church, Old State House, Fanniel H all, Navy Yard, Charlestown Harbour, Boston Common, Bunker Hill monument & a few other places. Old South Church is interesting not only because of the relics Revolutionary & pre-revolutionary which it contains but because it was here that they listened to those orations which prompted the thro' inn of the tea into Boston Harbour, they went out from this old Church & dumped the

Jim
Turner

George
Turner

Ed
Turner

tea. The Old State House and Fanniel Hall are full of interesting History. You can sit in Mrs. John Hancocks chair or write on the Hancock dining table, or sit in the settee made from the old elm from Boston Common. You can see the queer old lantern hung on the liberty tree the night they celebrated the repeal of the Stamp Act. Some of the bonnets worn by our Pilgrim Grandmothers (not any prettier than Salvation Army bonnets) & some of their elegant china. The large round mahogany table used by the first Legislative Council & many other things of interest, but I must not tarry here in these halls of fame, for I am anxious to get to Virginia & Washington lies between. So I make a hurried trip over to Lynn, ten miles from Boston to the house of another Uncle, or at least his widow has lived here a number of years. Mother wished me to stop here and get a picture of Uncle Ned for her, which I get and return to Boston to take the evening train for Washington. This is only about fourteen hours ride. From Boston to Wash. pass thro' Providence, New Haven, New York, Cross the Hudson River on ferry boat, you see Statue of Liberty in N.Y. harbour. We pass thro' Newark, Philadelphia & Baltimore. Reach Wash. 2 PM Nov. 1st. I simply get located Thursday afternoon. Same place Sadie & Ed stayed, ate at the same table. It is almost a year since they were here. Friday morning begin my sightseeing in company with two fine young ladies from Minneapolis. Will not describe what I saw as Sadie & Ed have done all that. Will only mention places. Treasury, State, War & Navy Buildings, White House, Capitol, Congressional Library. I cannot refrain from taking time & space to say I do not think anything more beautiful & more magnificent could be seen in Europe. We may well look with pride upon this superb building when we realize that it is a product of American talent. Architects, painters & sculptors were all American citizens. Post Office Dept. Dead Letter Office, Smithsonian Institute & National Museum, Corcoran Art Gallery, Pension Building where Inaugural ballis held (but no room for dancing). Lincoln Museum & house where Lincoln died. Visited the U.S.C. & the great market Sat. night. Spent one day at Mt. Vernon, Alexandria & Arlington. This great National Cemetery is a sight. Certainly a silent city. Twenty thousand graves. Sixteen thousand Union soldiers in one plot - graves all marked with low stones of uniform size. Two thousand more buried in one place marked with one large monument, bearing the sad inscription - Unknown. In another plot are a great many Officers graves with five monuments. and still another where are buried fifteen hundred Spanish - American soldiers, graves marked same as Union Soldiers. Here is the Custis-Lee mansion, once the home of Robert C. Lee. At Alexandria we went into the old Church where George Washington worshipped when a young man. He helped survey this city when he was only sixteen years old. His name is still on the door of his pew. He was one of the first Vestrymen. (Episcopal Church). We sat in his pew & then in Robert E. Lee's just across. I read the Lord's Prayer, Apostles Creed, & ten Commandments from the same old tablets placed there when the Church was built. The same cut glass chandelier hangs here that was presented by Geo. Washington. Sunday to president Roosevelt's Church, Alice Roosevelt's Church & New York Ave. Pres. Church. Sat. morning we went to the top of the Washington Monument, 555 ft. high. I did not much enjoy going so high in the elevator, but they go very slowly, especially coming down. Have beautiful view of the city & Potomac. ~~From Washington to Lynchburg~~ & as I watched this river quietly rolling on to the sea, was reminded of a quotation from an old soldier "It is all quiet along the Potomac" You make the trip from Washington to Lynchburg in about seven hours. Pass several battle grounds of the Civil war, many of them familiar spots to A.D.

And at last I am here in "Old Virginia". The land of Powhatan & Pocahontas, John Rolfe & John Smith. The home of Washington, Jefferson, Madison & Monroe & later the home of Robert E. Lee & the hot bed of the rebellion. But I think I like this old historic place. To be sure some of the farms down here seem to stand on ~~the~~ edge, but no matter for that things

seem to grow straight & they don't have to irrigate. Have had fine weather since I came. Just now the nights and mornings are a little cool. A little snow fell the night of the 15th but disappeared in a little while. Ed is doing very well & seems to feel better here & so does Harold. Josephine has grown & is real well. She does real well in school, she quite excels in spelling & her writing is better than the boys. She is real good to do chores after school & help her mother. Sat. feeds Billy (the calf) and harness' Keeper (the dog) & gives all the dolls & cats a ride. We have attended a colored wedding & visited the colored school. Never saw so many Darkies. Of course Sadie & I have not wasted much time, we talk all day & Ed and the boys in the evening. Ed said they were powerful glad to see me & I reckon they were as I was the first person they had seen since leaving home that they knew. The boys say it suddenly is quite a treat to see some body from home. (They are quite expert in Negro dialect) so I am learning too. Josephine has written to Uncle Al & told him she supposed he was lonesome but was not going to get Aunt Katie ~~next~~ for a long time yet. I'm getting anxious to see the home folks, but they write for me to stay & make Sadie a good visit as it will be a long time before I can go again. But Albert adds, we will be awful glad to hear the train whistle that is bringing you home. Many things I shall miss when I get back. My nice home & pleasant neighbors. My Church privileges & c. How I shall miss Mother Baxter, we have worked so long together in the Missionary Society. She always came to me with all her little difficulties when she was president. We will all miss her. Next Sunday Ed & I are going to Lynchburg to Dr. Paxton's church & some day this week to town with the boys to visit their school. Then Sadie & Ed are going to take me to see Lynchburg stores, collere, the great tobacco warehouse & c. Next thing on program is a trip to the old President Jefferson Mansions & plantation.

How my dear Mrs. Pier hope I have not worried you with my adventures. Wanted to tell you about my trip. Knew this would be easier for you on account of your hearing. You can take it in small doses or any way you like. I've only written to my own family & to Mother, she has fairly feasted on my letters telling her of her sisters children & their families & of my pleasant visits to her brothers & her old home in Fredericton, one brother she has not seen for 40 years, one 46 & the other 50. Thus endeth my story until I start again for my home in fair Colorado. With best love from your friend.

Katie Butler.

Sadie
sister
or
cousin

Ed
Pier

→
Albert
Butler
her
husband