

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY. SKETCH OF LIFE AND  
LABORS OF MISS CATHERINE S.  
LAWRENCE, WHO IN  
EARLY LIFE DISTINGUISHED HERSELF AS  
A BITTER OPPONENT OF SLAVERY AND  
INTEMPERANCE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649050383

Autobiography. Sketch of Life and Labors of Miss Catherine S. Lawrence, Who in Early Life Distinguished Herself as a Bitter Opponent of Slavery and Intemperance by Catherine S. Lawrence

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**CATHERINE S. LAWRENCE**

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY. SKETCH OF LIFE AND  
LABORS OF MISS CATHERINE S.  
LAWRENCE, WHO IN  
EARLY LIFE DISTINGUISHED HERSELF AS  
A BITTER OPPONENT OF SLAVERY AND  
INTEMPERANCE**





AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

---

SKETCH OF

LIFE AND LABORS

OF

Miss Catherine S. Lawrence,

WHO

IN EARLY LIFE DISTINGUISHED HERSELF AS A BITTER OPPONENT  
OF SLAVERY AND INTemperance, AND LATER IN LIFE AS  
A NURSE IN THE LATE WAR; AND FOR OTHER  
PATRIOTIC AND PHILANTHROPIC SERVICES.

---

Written by **Herself**.

---

ALBANY, N. Y.:

AMASA J. PARKER, RECEIVER OF WEBB, PARSONS & CO., PRINTER.  
1893.

LIBRARY  
**UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA**  
DAVIS

---

**COPYRIGHTED, 1893.**

---

## INTRODUCTION.

---

The writer of the following pages having been solicited frequently by her friends and by members of the Grand Army corps to give her life and her labors in the army to the public, has, after long consideration, consented, though somewhat reluctantly, to do so.

The writer of this preface has acquainted himself quite thoroughly with this little volume while in its manuscript form, and he is prepared to pronounce it a highly interesting work and well adapted to promote christianity and good morals, such as can be introduced safely into the best and most refined families or libraries in the land.

The authoress claims to be a lineal descendant of Capt. Lawrence of the frigate *Chesapeake*, and she frequently applies to herself throughout this work the words used by that hero of the war of 1812, "Don't give up the ship." The indomitable pluck which seems to have characterized her career from childhood to a period of over three score and ten, is evidence of her having descended from a noble ancestry. Thus in her case tradition is confirmed by inheritance.

The publication cannot fail to be read with especial interest, by all who were actively engaged in putting down the late Rebellion. This book should have a



large sale and wide circulation, not only on account of its fearless advocacy of truth and of its rigorous denunciation of injustice of every form ; but because of the material aid which the sale will secure to her, as she approaches the end of the voyage of life.

The government has not been as liberal with her by way of awarding a pension, as it has in many other instances much less deserving. Her pension of \$12.00 per month is not large enough to furnish her with the common comforts of life, as every impartial judge must admit. It is hoped and expected that the proceeds of the sale of this work will so supplement this pittance, which she receives from the government, as that life's sunset shall be undimmed by the mists of anxiety and unobscured by the clouds of want.

CHESTER HARRIS.

ALBANY, *April 20, 1893.*

## A CHILD IS LOST.

---

The little girl of Mr. L. has strayed away. The villagers and lower neighborhood are all out searching the woods and farm, and draining the raceways and flumes, but have found no trace of the child. The raceway leading from the upper mill to the oil mill below is about an eighth of a mile. This was thoroughly searched, every corner of the mills was gone over, the company was about giving up the search and were fearful that she must have gone to the large stream, which was very high at this time. It would be very difficult to find her. Just at this time, Mrs. S., who was living on the bank near by, as she was walking along, noticed some little doll's garments fastened on the hooks of the tender bars. She thought for a moment, "this is Kittie's work. She has surely gone to the large stream and is drowned! Before I see her mother I'll go down the bank and see if I can find any traces of her." Very soon she found little footprints in the sand. "Now I'll see where she found her way into the water; working my way through the brushes, I came to a large flat stone projecting into the water, and there lay the little adventuress fast asleep with a doll garment in one hand, the other under her head." Mrs. S. looked at her a moment and said to herself, "Well, you are

a little body, but you have raised a regiment who are fighting for you on land and water!" She caught her up and carried her upon the bank, held her with one hand and raised her up in sight, and the nearest gun was fired which gave the signal that the child was found. All this time Kittie was improving her lungs in high soprano, and was taken to her mother.

Among the workmen was a fine musician who taught dancing-school in winter and worked in the shop the rest of the year. He had a long table in the shop and on this he gave Kittie lessons in dancing. She had an outfit of tight pants made of red pressed cloth, a sailor jacket, and soldier cap. She was fond of dancing and made great progress. She had no playmates, being the youngest of twelve children, and those living were grown to man and womanhood and some were married. But Kittie would always find something to amuse herself with. One day, after her mother had dressed her nicely, she went out to catch birds, as she called them; found a large number gathered around a mud puddle. She approached them softly with her apron uplifted, fell upon them, as she thought, but her butterflies were not to be caught, but Kittie was in a sad plight, her face and dress were covered with mud!

Kittie had a place of punishment, a little stairway room with a stool in it; in this she was put, sometimes for a half hour or more or less, according as her disobedience demanded. This was called by Kittie her jail-house. When she saw herself covered with mud she knew that she was now to go to her place of punishment. Off she started and entered her jail-house