**Title**A Woman's War Record, 1861-1865  
  
**Creator**

Collis, Septima Maria Levy, 1842-1917.   
  
**Notes**

* Mrs. Collis was the companion of her husband at the front. He raised a company of zouaves at the outbreak of the war, which was later augmented to a regiment, the 114th Pennsylvania.
* Transcribed from: A woman's war record, 1861-1865 / by Septima M. Collis (Mrs. Genl. Charles H.T. Collis)New York ; London : G.P. Putnam's Sons ; Knickerbocker Press, 1889.

Portions of page 1 & 2

**A WOMAN'S WAR RECORD.   
BY MRS. GENERAL CHARLES H. T. COLLIS.**

****Born in Charleston, S. C., my *sympathies* were naturally with the South, but on December 9, 1861, I became a Union woman by marrying a Northern soldier in Philadelphia.

Page 74 - 76

It was not until April 14th that I considered my daughter well enough to travel, and then, without waiting for my husband's return from Appomattox,   
I started for Philadelphia, taking a steamboat as far as Baltimore. The war was over; my husband was alive and well; my child was recovering; my life was *brimful* of gladness. With such happy thoughts and in such a mood I reached Baltimore, when I gradually became sensible of an abnormal condition of things, which indicated some *fresh outbreak*, and I became alarmed. People were hurrying through the streets, groups of men and women were engaged in eager discussion; something had happened. There were no cheers, no music; it was *gloom*! There had been a *calamity*. What was it? "The President has been murdered," whispered my orderly, who had gone for information, "and nobody can go North today." Oh, horror! I had learned to love Mr. Lincoln then, as younger people today love to read about him. I had seen him weep, had heard him laugh, had been gladdened by his *wit* and saddened by his *pathos*. I had looked up to him as one inspired. How glad I was afterwards to know that his untimely death was the act of a *mad fanatic*, and that my people who had fought a desperate but unreasonable war had no hand in it.

        When I could collect my thoughts I gathered up my sick child and the little comforts I had brought with me to nourish and sustain her on the journey, and took myself to the nearest hotel, where I remained until the authorities permitted me to continue on my way the next morning. Later I was among the sad and *silent multitude* who witnessed the passing of the funeral *cortége* up Broad Street, in Philadelphia. There were many joys in my life then which made me the happiest of women, but I could willingly have sacrificed some of them to bring that best of the very best back again into life.

*sympathies-*

*brimful-*

*fresh outbreak-*

*gloom-*

*calamity-*

*wit-*

*pathos-*

*mad fanatic-*

*silent multitude-*

*cortége-*