

(Read download) The Desolate South, 1865-1866: A Picture of the Battlefields and of the Devastated Confederacy

The Desolate South, 1865-1866: A Picture of the Battlefields and of the Devastated Confederacy

John T. Trowbridge

*audiobook / *ebooks / Download PDF / ePub / DOC*

 Download

 Read Online

#2365382 in Books Duell, Sloane and Pearce / Little, Brown 1956-06Ingredients: Example
IngredientsOriginal language:EnglishPDF # 1 #File Name: 0836953037320 pages | File size: 62.Mb

John T. Trowbridge : The Desolate South, 1865-1866: A Picture of the Battlefields and of the Devastated Confederacy before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Desolate South, 1865-1866: A Picture of the Battlefields and of the Devastated Confederacy:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. One of the finest books on the immediate aftermath of the post-Civil War ...By John W. PowersOne of the finest books on the immediate aftermath of the post-Civil War South I have ever read. A must read for anyone who wants to understand where the South ended up after their traitorous war and what disastrous consequences they brought upon themselves that influenced the course of southern social and economic development for the next 100+ years.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Civil War must readBy DavidGreat book for Civil War geeks. Fascinating insights to the immediate postwar South.2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. Desolate indeed, a first hand accountBy gardener97John Trowbridge - a self proclaimed yankee abolitionist - went south to record - for his editor - a first hand account of the war and it's aftermath. He interviewed hundreds of people and the picture that emerged tore his own heart apart with the cruelty and horror that emerged. He never expected what he found. One example: when Columbia, South Carolina, fell, the federals turned the cannon on the beautiful marble columns of the houses for spite and also even on the mill wheel in the granary so no one would be able to grind even if they could raise grain again. They were supposed to provide 'soup kitchens' for

the citizen population but instead stole all that as well as everything that could be moved. They looted the houses for valuables and food, clothing and pots pans, chickens and goats, etc, and then stole the wagons and horses to haul off their loot and then burned everything else. Horses and cows too old to be worth stealing, they marched up river, slaughtered and dragged into the river to foul the water downstream. When they left, Trowbridge says, the women and children went out to the field where the federal horses had been stabled, scratching up small grains of oats and hay that the horses had dropped, to keep from starvation. This is the 'other side' that has seldom been written about. Trowbridge did such a magnificent job of placing the reader within the time and place that this book - originally published in 1866 - was reprinted. Politic aside, this is a tragic story you will not easily forget. Speaking of the federal officers that were in Columbia: The soldiers were full of fun and mischief. Says one, 'I'm going to the smoke-house, to sweeten my mouth with molasses, and then I'm coming in to kiss these dumb perty girls.' They emptied out the molasses, then walked through it, and tracked it all over the house. They dressed up their horses in women's clothes. They tore up our dresses and tied them to their horses' tails. They dressed up the negroes that followed them. They strung cow-bells all around their horses and cattle. They killed chickens and brought them into the house on their bayonets, all dripping." Two came into the house drunk, and ordered the old cook to get them some dinner. She told them we had nothing; left. "Go and kill a weasel!" said they. She boiled them some eggs. They took one, and peeled it, and gave it to my little boy. "Here, eat that!" said one. 'But I've a good mind to blow your brains out, for you're a d___d little Rebel.' This man was from Connecticut, a native of the same town my husband came from.

Book by John T. Trowbridge