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

*John T. Trowbridge*

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**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:

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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