

During the afternoon of that day, February 17th, the whole of the Fifteenth Corps passed through the town and out on the Camden and Winnsboro' roads. The Seventeenth Corps did not enter the city at all, but crossed directly over to the Winnsboro' road from the pontoon bridge at Broad River, which was about four miles above the city.

After we had got, as it were, settled in Blanton Duncan's house, say about 2 p.m., I overhauled my pocket according to custom, to read more carefully the various notes and memoranda received during the day, and found the paper which had been given me, as described, by one of our escaped prisoners. It proved to be the song of "Sherman's March to the Sea," which had been composed by Adjutant S. H. M. Byers, of the Fifth Iowa Infantry, when a prisoner in the asylum at Columbia, which had been beautifully written off by a fellow-prisoner, and handed to me in person. This appeared to me so good that I at once sent for Byers, attached him to my staff, provided him with horse and equipment, and took him as far as Fayetteville, North Carolina, whence he was sent to Washington as bearer of dispatches. He is now United States consul at Zurich, Switzerland, where I have since been his guest. I insert the song here for convenient reference and preservation. Byers said that there was an excellent glee-club among the prisoners in Columbia, who used to sing it well, with an audience often of rebel ladies:

#### SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

Composed by Adjutant Byers, Fifth Iowa Infantry. Arranged and sung by the Prisoners in Columbia Prison.

I

Our camp-fires shone bright on the mountain  
That frowned on the river below,  
As we stood by our guns in the morning,  
And eagerly watched for the foe;  
When a rider came out of the darkness  
That hung over mountain and tree,  
And shouted, "Boys, up and be ready!  
For Sherman will march to the sea!"

#### CHORUS:

Then sang we a song of our chieftain,  
That echoed over river and lea;  
And the stars of our banner shone brighter  
When Sherman marched down to the sea!

II

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman  
Went up from each valley and glen,  
And the bugles reechoed the music  
That came from the lips of the men;  
For we knew that the stars in our banner  
More bright in their splendor would be,  
And that blessings from Northland world greet us,  
When Sherman marched down to the sea!  
Then sang we a song, etc.

III

Then forward, boys! forward to battle!  
We marched on our wearisome way,  
We stormed the wild hills of Resacar  
God bless those who fell on that day!  
Then Kenesaw frowned in its glory,  
Frowned down on the flag of the free;  
But the East and the West bore our standard,  
And Sherman marched on to the sea!  
Then sang we a song, etc.

IV

Still onward we pressed, till our banners  
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,

And the blood of the patriot dampened  
The soil where the traitor-flag falls;  
But we paused not to weep for the fallen,  
Who slept by each river and tree,  
Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel,  
As Sherman marched down to the sea!  
Then sang we a song, etc.

V

Oh, proud was our army that morning,  
That stood where the pine darkly towers,  
When Sherman said, "Boys, you are weary,  
But to-day fair Savannah is ours!"  
Then sang we the song of our chieftain,  
That echoed over river and lea,  
And the stars in our banner shone brighter  
When Sherman camped down by the sea!