PEN AND INK SKETCH OF GEN. SHERMAN.

An army correspondent gives the following description of Gen. Sherman, as he appeared in Kingston, Ga., a few days before departing on his great expedition:

Newspaper correspondents are usually very shy of Sherman, owing to the mistaken impression that he is the sworn enemy of the whole Bohemian fraternity. I confess that until Friday night I feared Sherman almost as much as his Satanic majesty, and many a time have I taken refuge behind some well-dressed staff officer, lest Sherman's eagle eye should detect my citizen suit, and his austere voice order me to leave his lines, notwithstanding I carried Grant's pass in my pocket, and had given no aid and comfort to the enemy. The other night, however, I was entrapped, and, with no line of retreat open, I braced myself for the charge. Sitting in the tent of two of his gentlemanly staff, listening to the enlivening music of Col. Humbright's Lancaster, Penn., Band, who were serenading the General, before I was aware of the close proximity of the Chieftain, whose wrath I so much feared, one of the staff suddenly presented himself at the entrance; and addressing me, I moved to the entrance, when there immediately stood before me the terror of newspaper correspondents — Major-Gen. Sherman! "General, permit me to make you acquainted with Capt. ——," remarked the Aid; and before I had time to recover from my astonishment, the General had extended his left hand, which I grasped, and a moment after, we were sitting in the tent, engaged in as social conversation as though we had been acquainted for years. The moment my palm touched that of Sherman, and his voice uttered, "I am delighted to meet you," all terror and embarrassment disappeared, and I sat there for half an hour, listening to his compliments of the band, his laconic replies to business papers presented for endorsement, and his clear ideas upon every subject referred to.—Sitting there beneath the canvas tent, which wes lighted up by a crackling fire burning at the entrance, I had an excellent chance to study that strange genius whose word decides the destinies of more than one state, and to whose fiat every bayonet yields submission. The General sat in an army chair, over the back of which one arm hung down; his small piercing eyes, one moment gazing upon the ruby flames, the next peering into the darkness beyond, as though striving to see the lungs from which the exquisite music of the band issued. The Adjutant General presents a paper for endorsement. Sherman's eyes fall; in an instant he knows its contents, and before he has refolded it, his lips dictate the endorsement, which Capt. Dayton's admirable business practise enables him to comprehend at once. Sherman's eyes once more peer out: his ear is turned to catch the clear music of the opera of the Three Shepherds; his head seems to move involuntarily in harmony with the notes; the simple remark "beautiful," escapes him; his eyes drop to the floor—rest there for a moment so intently that one supposes he is sketching a four month's campaign in his great mind—the eyes are raised abruptly, and he utters a few brief words that show us he loves music and has a very nice discrimination between good and bad. He detects every error and follows it by a nervous twitch of the body that shows it does not rest pleasant on his ear. In conversation, he is quick, social and winning; conveying an idea in a very few words; never experiences embarrassment in his selection of words to give his thoughts expression, and in language so clear that no one can well misunderstand him. He is indeed a remarkable man; his eyes take in more in one instant than most men's do in a month. In his presence half an hour, a visitor is almost constrained to believe that Sherman has as many minds as a clock has wheels, all conforming to the mechanism of the grand whole, but each thinking for its individual self. His is a strange organization, that few men can fully understand, but one that all who meet him are certain to admire and wonder at.

GENERAL SHERMAN a few days ago wrote to his father-in-law, Hon. Thomas Ewing, that he was the leader of the bravest and best army that ever marched on American soil.

JOSH BILLINGS ANSWERS HIS CORRESPONDENTS.

Olicia—I never have visited the Mormons, but my friend Artemus Ward has, and he tells me they are a healthy people, and fond ov femail society. He says they hav more religion, akording to their populashun, than tha kno what to dew with. They marry young, and often. The produkshun ov the country iz Mormons. They beleaf in a hereafter, but it iz generally a hereafter of wimmin. They are fond ov amusements, sich az pitching cents and sliding down hill.

Scipio—If I had the dyspepsy I would buy me a hard trotting hoss, (off from the kanawl), and ride him bare back 40 miles a day for a spase ov time. If that didn't seem tew influense me, I would issue proposals tew the lowest bidder to be fed for one year on bran bred and slippery elm tea. If that didn't seem tew influense me, I would sell my house and lot, and invest the proceeds in pattent medisin, and take the whole lot in rotashun. If that didn't seem tew influense me, I would cum tew the konklusion that I had the water brash, or some other d——sh thing, I didn't care which, and take a job ov thrashing out wet rye for evry tenth bushel, and git—well.

Clarence—We never undertake tew return rejekted manuskrip. The fact iz, we don't read more than half we reject. It iz a way we hav got.

Censor—Evrything haz a side tew it, a tru side and a redikilous side. The tru side will take care ov itself. There iz nothing very ridikilous in truth. You are much mistaken if you think we are censorious bekauze we are obliged tew be. We are under heavy bonds tew look into things, and deskribe their appearanse.

Mattg—It iz very natral that you should ask me in what manner you should reseave, the proposal from your lover. It iz sumthing ov a trick tew dew it nice. You don't ought tew jump into the collar suddin, nor fly back suddin; like a bocky hoss, but yu ought tew take it kind, looking down hill, with an expreshun, about half tickled and half scart. After the pop iz over, if yure luvver wants tew kiss you, I dont think I would say yes or no, but let the thing kind ov take its own course. There iz one thing I hav alwus stuck tew, and that iz, give me long courtships and short engagements.

Stujent—We never furnish ortograffs in less quantity than bi the package. It iz a bizness that grate men hav got into, but it dont strike us az being profitable nor amuzing. We furnish a near and very dear friend our ortograff a few years ago, for 90 days, and it got into the hands ov one of the banks, and it kost us $275 tew get it back. We went out of the bizzness then, and have not hankered for it sinse.—*Troy News.*

ADVENTURE WITH A BENGAL TIGER.

Just as daylight was failing us, and while we were still a couple of miles from camp, I observed a troop of monkeys crowded together on a tree which overhung a clump of long grass, bounding from branch to branch in a state of great agitation, screaming, chattering, and making hideous grimaces, as if half enraged and half terrified at the sight of some object beneath them.

"What is the matter with the monkeys?" I inquired of my guide in Hindostanee.

"It is a tiger, probably," he replied, puffing away at his cheroot with perfect coolness, and striding along as if it were all a matter of course.

"The devil it is!" said I, thunderstruck at the coolness of the young rascal; for the path we were pursuing being bounded on each side by impenetrable jungle, obliged us to pass within a few yards of the haunted thicket; and cocking both barrels of my rifle, I stepped out at my best pace to escape from the dangerous neighborhood as quickly as possible.

We had just passed the thicket, and were making a short turn round the end of it, where, to my utter dismay, I found myself face to face, and within twenty yards of a royal tiger busily engaged in tearing up the carcase of a wild boar he had just killed. My hair almost stood on end as the brute raised his enormous head, smeared with blood, and glared upon us with his malignant green eyes. Mohadeen dropped his cheroot, and remained motionless as a statue, with his keen eye steadily fixed on that of the tiger. I knew of the nature of the animal to be aware that it was more dangerous to retreat than to stand fast; but thinking that a charge was now inevitable, I was determined to have "the first word of flying," as we say in Scotland, and was about to raise my rifle, when Mohadeen, without removing his gaze from the tiger, laid his hand upon my arm, and kept it down with a firm grasp. The tiger growled and showed his teeth, but unable to withstand the fascination of the human eye, he gradually withdrew the paw, which jealously clutched his prey, crouched together, as if appalled by the steady gaze of the savage, turned slowly round, and uttering a sulky growl, slunk away into the long grass. No sooner was his back turned, than Mohadeen, clapping his hands to his mouth, sent forth that peculiar wild yell which appears to strike terror to the heart of the most savage animal, and we instantly heard the stealthy tread of the tiger change to a rapid gallop, as he fled in dismay from that unearthly cry.

"We have made him eat dirt," remarked the young savage, coolly picking up his cheroot, replacing it in the corner of his mouth, and walking off as if nothing remarkable had happened. We now set off towards camp at a round trot, for the short twilight of the tropics was fading rapidly, and my guide, although he affected to despise tigers by daylight, was perfectly aware they were not to be trifled with after nightfall. We reached the tents without further venture, and I confess I was not a little glad when we came in sight of our cheerful camp fires.

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HILTON HEAD, S. C., Nov. 14, 1864.

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[Official.]
HEADQUARTERS, DEPT. OF THE SOUTH,
HILTON HEAD, S. C., Dec. 15, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 166.

I. IN SEVERAL RECENT CASES IN WHICH soldiers have been tried by Court Martial for sleeping on post, the Court seem to have thought that the accused could not be convicted, because not properly posted by non-commissioned officers. The practice of allowing sentinels to relieve each other is in violation of par. 413, Army Regulations, and should never be permitted, but it is an error to suppose that a sentinel who relieves another without being properly posted by a non-commissioned officer, is for that reason free from accountability under the 46th Article of War.

II. It appears from the record of another case that a mistaken idea is prevalent relative to the obligation to obey orders, which, from inadvertence or other causes, are not sent through the ordinary official channels. The omission of an intermediate commander in the transmittal of orders, may be respectfully called to the attention of his superior, by the commander omitted, but furnishes no excuse to the officer receiving the order, for disobedience.

III. The action of Brig.-Gen. Rufus Saxton, Commanding Beaufort District, in designating Fort Marion, St. Augustine, Florida, as the place of confinement for Privates William H. Washington and Creed Calaway, Co. D, 102d U. S. C. T., and Private John H. Johnson, Co. G, 26th U. S. C. T., as promulgated in General Orders No. 40 and 41, Headquarters, Beaufort District, is approved. Private Charles Jones, Co. B, 26th U. S. C. T., whose sentence was promulgated in the latter order will also be confined at Fort Marion. The Provost Marshal General is charged with the execution of this order.

By COMMAND OF MAJOR-GEN. J. G. FOSTER,
W. L. M. BURGER,
Asst. Adjt. Gen.

[Official.]
HEADQUARTERS, DEPT. OF THE SOUTH,
HILTON HEAD, S. C., Dec. 16, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 165.

ON THE RECOMMENDATION OF HIS REGIMENTAL, Post, and District Commanders, 1st Lieut. Max Rosenberg, Co. G, 54th N. Y. Vols., is hereby dismissed the military service of the United States, subject to the approval of the President, for incompetency, habitual drunkenness, neglect of duty, and the constant use of opium.

By Com'd of MAJOR-GEN. J. G. FOSTER,
W. L. M. BURGER,
Asst. Adjutant General.

[Official.]
HEADQUARTERS, DEPT. OF THE SOUTH,
HILTON HEAD, S. C., Dec. 19, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 167.

W. H. DENNIS, ESQ., ASSISTANT UNITED States Coast Survey, having reported to these Headquarters for duty, is hereby announced on the Staff of the Major General Commanding, with the assimilated rank of Captain; he will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

BY COMMAND OF MAJOR-GEN. J. G. FOSTER,
W. L. M. BURGER,
Asst. Adjt. Gen'l.

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