

HOSPITAL DIRECTORY.

Surgeon A. J. H. Buzzell, Director-in-Chief of hospitals. Office on Front Street, near Dock. City Hall Hospital. Assistant Surgeon C. Abbott. on Third Street, between Princess and Chestnut Streets. Carolina Hotel Hospital. Assistant Surgeon H. D. Hunter, Corner of Market and Second Streets. Wright House Hospital. Surgeon A. D. Palmer, Market, between Sixth and Seventh Streets. Hill House Hospital. Surgeon M. W. Robinson, Corner of Fourth and Mulberry Streets. General Hospital No. 4. Assistant Surgeon Marriewether. General Hospital No. 4, Section 1st. Surgeon C. M. Mofarland. General Hospital No. 4, Section 4th. Surgeon C. Deverlorf. General Hospital No. 4, Section 5th. Assistant Surgeon W. S. Young. General Hospital No. 4, Section 6th. Assistant Surgeon W. E. Day. Camp Jackson and Graham Hospital. Assistant Surgeon T. F. Parker, on ---. Marine Hospital. Assistant Surgeon T. B. Kimble, Eastern part of the town, South of Market Street. Wayside Hospital. Acting Assistant Surgeon D. B. Adams, Corner of Front and Red Cross Streets. U. S. C. T. Hospital. Surgeon H. Tucker, Southern part of the town, near Kidder's Mill. Berry House Hospital. Surgeon W. A. Brewer, ---. Convalescent Camp Hospital. In charge of Capt. Shatz, on ---.

Quartermaster's Department. Department of North Carolina.

The following directory of the Quartermaster's Department of the Department of North Carolina is printed for the information of officers and others having business to transact with that branch of the public service. Chief Quartermaster. Brigadier General George S. Dodge. Office, Cape Fear Bank building, on Front Street, near Market. Assistant Chief Quartermaster. Captain George C. Winslow, A. Q. M. Office with Chief Quartermaster. Depot Quartermaster. Captain Samuel T. Lamb, A. Q. M. In charge of Water Transportation, etc., Office Water Street, between Market and Dock. Captain H. B. Blackman, A. Q. M. In charge of work-shops, forage and fuel, Office on Water Street, above Market. Captain Andrew Ainsworth, Captain of the Port. Charged with the regulation of all vessels in the harbor, and arriving or departing, furnishing pilot-lighting, towing, etc. Office Custom House building, on the wharf, above Market Street.

DANGEROUS EYES. Blue eyes melt; Dark eyes burn. Cornish saying. The eyes that melt! The eyes that burn! The lips that make a lover's yearn! Like meteors of the Northern Night! Then said I, in my wild amazement, What stars be they that greet my gaze? Where shall my shivering rudder turn? To eyes that melt, or eyes that burn? Ah! safer far the darkling sea, Than where such perilous signals be, To rock and storm, and whirlwind, turn My eyes that melt, and eyes that burn!

MRS. LIRRIPER'S LEGACY.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

MRS. LIRRIPER RELATES HOW SHE WENT ON, AND WENT OVER. [Continued.] Mentioning Mr. Buffle gives an instance of there being good in persons where good is not expected, for it cannot be denied that Mr. Buffle's manners when engaged in his business were not agreeable. To collect is one thing and to look about as if suspicious of the goods being gradually removing in the dead of the night by a back door is another, overtaxing you have no control but suspecting is voluntary. Allowances too must ever be made for a gentleman of the Major's warmth not relishing being spoke to with a pen in the mouth, and while I do not know that it is more irritable to my own feelings to have a low crowned hat with a broad brim kept on in-doors than any other hat still I can appreciate the Major's, besides which without bearing malice or vengeance the Major is a man that scores up arrears as his habit always was with Joshua Lirriper. So at last my dear the Major lay in wait for Mr. Buffle and it worried me good deal. Mr. Buffle gives his rap of two sharp knocks one day and the Major bounces to the door. Collector has called for two quarters' Assessed Taxes' says Mr. Buffle. They are ready for him' says the Major and brings him in here. But on the way Mr. Buffle looks about him in his usual suspicious manner and the Major fixes and asks him 'Do you see a Ghost sir?' 'No sir' says Mr. Buffle. 'Because I have before noticed you says the Major' apparently looking for a spectre very hard beneath the roof of my respected friend. When you find that supernatural agent, be so good as to point him out sir.' Mr. Buffle stares at the Major and then nods at me. 'Mrs. Lirriper sir' says the Major going off into a perfect steam and introducing me with his hand 'pleasure of knowing her says Mr. Buffle. 'A-ham!—Jemmy Jackman sir' says the Major introducing himself. 'Honor of knowing you by eight' says Mr. Buffle. 'Jemmy Jackman sir' says the Major wagging his head sideways in a sort of an obstinate fury 'presents to you his esteemed friend that lady Mrs. Emma Lirriper of Eighty-one Norfolk Street Strand London in the county of Middlesex in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Upon which occasion sir' says the Major, 'Jemmy Jackman takes your hat off' Mr. Buffle looks at his hat where the Major drops it on the floor, and he picks it up, and puts it on again. 'Sir' says the Major very red and looking him full in the face, 'there are two quarters of the Gallantry Taxes due and the Collector has called.' Upon which if you can believe my

words my dear the Major drops Mr. Buffle's hat off again. 'This— Mr. Buffle begins very angry with his pen in his mouth, when the Major steaming more and more says 'Take your bit out sir! or by the whole infernal system of Taxation of this country and every individual figure in the national debt, I'll get upon your back and ride you like a horse! which it's my belief he would have done and even actually jerking his neat little legs ready for a spring as it was. 'This says Mr. Buffle 'is an assault and I'll have the law of you.' 'Sir,' replies the Major 'if you are a man of honor, your Collector of whatever may be due on the Honorable Assessment by applying to Major Jackman at the Parlors Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings, may obtain what he wants in full at any moment.' When the Major glared at Mr. Buffle with those meaning words my dear, I literally gasped for a teaspoonful of sal volatile in a wine-glass of water, and I says 'pray let him go no further gentlemen I beg and beseech of you! But the Major could be got to do nothing else but snort long after Mr. Buffle was gone, and the effect it had upon my whole mass of blood when on the next day of Mr. Buffle's rounds the Major spruced himself up and went humming a tune up and down the street, with one eye almost obliterated by his hat there are not expressions in Johnson's Dictionary to state. But I safely put the street door on the jar and got behind the Major's blinds with my shawl on and my mind made up the moment I saw danger to rush out screeching till my voice failed me and catch the Major round the neck till my strength went and have all parties bound. I had not been behind the blinds a quarter of an hour when I saw Mr. Buffle approaching with his collecting books in his hand. The Major likewise saw him approaching and hummed louder and himself approached. They met before the Airy railings. The Major takes off his hat at arm's length and says 'Mr. Buffle I believe?' Mr. Buffle takes off his hat at arm's length and says 'that is my name sir.' Says the Major 'have you any commands for me Mr. Buffle?' Says Mr. Buffle 'Not any sir.' Then my dear both of 'em bowed very low and naughtily and parted, and whenever Mr. Buffle made his rounds in future him and the Major always met and bowed before the Airy railings, putting me much in mind of Hamlet, and the other gentleman in mourning before killing one another, though I could have wished the other gentleman had done it fairer and even if less polite no poison. Mr. Buffle's family were not liked in this neighborhood, for when you are a householder my dear you'll find it does not come by nature to like the Assessed, and it was considered besides that a one-horse pheasant ought not to have elevated Mrs. Buffle to that height especially when purloined from the Taxes which I myself did consider uncharitable. But they were not liked in the family in consequence of both being very hard with Miss Buffle and one another on account of Miss Buffle's favoring Mr. Buffle's article young gentleman, that it was whispered that Miss Buffle would go either into a consumption or a convent she being so very thin and of her appetite and two cross-shaved gentlemen with white hands round the necks peeping round the corner whenever she went out in waistcoats resembling black pin-flores. So things stood towards Mr. Buffle when one night I was awake by a frightful noise and a smell of burning and going to my bedroom window saw the whole street in a glow. Fortunately we had two sets empty just then and before I could hurry on some clothes I heard the Major hammering at the attic's doors and calling out 'Dress yourselves!—Fire!—Fire! Don't be frightened!—Fire! All right!—Fire! most tremendously. As I opened my bedroom door the Major came tumbling in over himself and me and caught me in his arms. 'Major! I says breathless 'where is it?' 'I don't know dearest madam' says the Major—'Fire! Jemmy Jackman will defend you to the last drop of his blood—Fire! If the dear boy was at home what a treat this would be for him—Fire! and altogether very collected and bold except that he couldn't say a single septem without shaking me to the very center with roaring Fire. We ran down to the drawing-room and put our heads out of window, and the Major calls to an unfeeling young monkey scampering by, be joyful and ready to split 'Where is it?—Fire! The monkey answered without stopping 'Oh here's a lark! Old Buffle's been saving his house right to prevent its being found out that he boned the Taxes. Hurray! Fire! And then the sparks come flying up and the smoke came pouring down and the cracking of flames and spitting of water and banging of engines and hacking of axes and breaking of glasses and knocking at doors and the shouting and crying and hurrying and the heat and altogether gave me a dreadful palpitation. 'Don't be frightened dearest madam,' says the Major—'Fire! There's nothing to be alarmed at—Fire! Don't open the street door till I come back—Fire! I'll go and see if I can be of any service—Fire! You're quite composed and comfortable ain't you?—Fire, Fire, Fire! it was in vain for me to hold the man and tell him he'd be galloped to death by the engines—pumped to death by his exertions—wet from death by the sky and me—flattened to death when the roofs fell in—his spirit was up and he went scampering off after the young monkey with all the breath he had and none to spare, and me and the girls huddled together at the parlor windows looking at the dreadful flames above the houses over the way, Mr. Buffle's being round the corner. Presently what should we see but some people running down the street straight to our door, and then the Major directing operations in the busiest way, and then some more people and then—carried in a chair similar to Cap Farber's—Mr. Buffle in a blanket. My dear the Major has Mr. Buffle brought up our steps and whisked into the parlor and carried out on the sofa, and then he and all the best of them without so much as a word being said again fall asleep, leaving the impression of a white cloud for Mr. Buffle awful in his blanket with his eyes a rolling. In a twinkling they all burst back again with Mrs. Buffle in another blanket, which whisked in and carted out on the sofa they all burst off again and all burst back again with Miss Buffle in another blanket, which again whisked in and carted out they all burst off again and all burst back again with Mr. Buffle's article young gentleman in another blanket—him a holding round the necks of two men carrying him by the legs, similar to the picture of the disgraceful creature who has lost the fight (but where the chair I do not know) and his hair having the appearance of newly played upon. When all four of a row, the Major rubs his hands and whispers me with what little hoarseness he can get together, 'If our dear remarkable boy was only at home what a delightful treat this would be for him!'

My dear we made them some hot tea and toast and some hot brandy and water with a little comfortable nutmeg in it, and at first they were scared and low in their spirits but being fully insured got sociable. And the first use Mr. Buffle made of his tongue was to call the Major his Preserver and his best of friends and to say 'My for ever dearest sir let me make you known to Mrs. Buffle' which also addressed him as her Preserver and her best of friends and was fully as cordial as the blanket would admit of. Also Miss Buffle. The article young gentleman's head was a little light and he sat a moaning 'Robina is reduced to cinders, Robina is reduced to cinders!' Which went more to the heart on account of his having got wrapped in his blanket as if he was looking out of a window in a case, until Mr. Buffle says 'Robina speak to him!' Miss Buffle says 'Dear George' and but for the Major's pouring down brandy and water on the instant which caused a catching in his throat owing to the nutmeg and a violent fit of coughing it might have proved too much for his strength. When the article young gentleman got the better of it Mr. Buffle leaned against Mrs. Buffle being two bundles, a little while in confidence, and then says with tears in his eyes which the Major noticing wiped, 'We have not been an united family, let us after this danger become so, take her George.' The young gentleman could not put his arm out far to do it, but his spoken expressions were very beautiful though of a wandering class. And I do not know that I ever had a much pleasanter meal than the breakfast we took together after we had all dozed, when Miss Buffle made tea very sweetly in quite the Roman style as depicted formerly at Covent Garden Theatre and when the whole family was most agreeable, as they have ever proved since that night when the Major stood at the foot of the Fire-Escape and claimed them as they came down—the young gentleman head foremost, which accounts. And though I do not say that we should be less liable to think ill of one another if it might most of us looked a better understanding if we kept one another less at a distance. Why there's Wozzenham's lower down on the other side of the street. I had a feeling of much sorrows several years respecting what I must still call Miss Wozzenham's systematic underbidding and the likeness of the house in Bradshaw having for too many windows and a most unbrogous and outrageous Oak which never yet was seen in Norfolk Street nor yet a carriage and four at Wozzenham's door, which it would have been far more to Bradshaw's credit to have drawn a cab. This frame of mind continued bitter down to the very afternoon in January last when one my girl, Sally Rairy-ganoo which I still suspect of Irish extraction though family represented Cambridge, also why abscond with a bricklayer of the Lixaric persuasion and be married in patterns now waiting till his black eye was decently got round with all the company fourteen in number and one horse fighting outside on the roof of the vehicle—I repeat my dear my ill-regulated state of mind towards Miss Wozzenham continued down to the very afternoon of January last past when Sally Rairy-ganoo came hanging (I can use no milder expression) into my room with a jump which may be Cambridge and may not, and said 'Hurroo Missis! Miss Wozzenham's sold up!' My dear when I had it thrown in my face and conscience that the girl Sally had reason to think I could be glad of the ruin of a fellow creature, I burst into tears and dropped back in my chair and I says 'I am ashamed of myself!' Well? I tried to settle to my tea but I could not do it what with thinking of Miss Wozzenham and her distresses. It was a wretched night and I went up to a front window and looked over at Wozzenham's and as well as I could make it out down the street in the fog in was the dismallest of the dismal and not a light to be seen. So at last I says to myself 'This will not do, and I puts on my oldest bonnet and shawl and wishing Miss Wozzenham to be reminded of my best at such a time, and to behold you and I goes over to Wozzenham's and knocks. 'Miss Wozzenham at home?' says turning my head when I heard the door go. And then I saw it was Miss Wozzenham herself who had opened it and sadly worn she was poor thing and her eyes all swelled and swelled with crying. 'Miss Wozzenham' I says 'it is several years since there was a little unpleasantness betwixt us on the subject of your grandson's cap being down your alley. I have over-looked it and I hope you have done the same.' 'Yes Mrs. Lirriper' she says in a surprise 'I have.' Then my dear, I says 'I should be glad to come in and speak a word to you.' Upon my calling her my dear Miss Wozzenham breaks out in a very most pitiful and a not unfeeling elderly person that might have been better shaved in a higher class, that over it offering a polite apology for the mumps having worked themselves into his constitution, and also for sending home to his wife as the fellow which was in his hand as a writing book, 'I was able to say quite natural. I was in a kind of comfort days she sir! Then please to give she shall have it!' And

Miss Wozzenham and we go into the front room with a wretched light that seemed to have been crying too and was spattering out, and I says 'Now my dear tell me all' and she wrings her hands and says 'Oh Mrs. Lirriper that man is in possession here, and I have not a friend in the world who is able to help me with a shilling.' [To be Continued.]

OFFICIAL.

HEAD QRS DIST. OF WILMINGTON, N. C., March 16th, 1865. GENERAL ORDERS, No. 13. [RETRACTED] 17. Mr. Thomas H. Hawley, at the old stand of Hedrick & Ryan, Market Street, Wilmington, is authorized to open an Intelligence Office. Persons wishing employment, a house or farm, servants or mechanics, and those wishing to hire, will make application to him. By order of Brig. Gen. J. R. Hawley: E. LEWIS MOORE, Capt. & A. A. Genl.

HEAD QUARTERS DEPT. OF WILMINGTON, N. C., March 7, 1865. General Orders, No. 2.—Brevet Brigadier Genl. E. L. Hayes is assigned to the charge of all captured, abandoned and confiscable property in the District, more especially such as will be eventually turned over to the Treasury Agents. He will take immediate measures to ascertain the description, locality, quantity and the claimants, or alleged owners, absent or present, and generally gather such information as will tend to the permanent distribution of the property. All persons are hereby instructed to give him immediately all such information within their reach. All military forces under this command are strictly enjoined to afford him aid and protection whenever needed, and without further instructions, they will prevent all destruction of property, and all pillaging, marauding and unlawful trade. All this captured, abandoned and confiscable property is to be disposed of under clearly established rules that are well devised, not only for the benefit of the Government, but as well for the protection of peaceable and loyal citizens. The office of Brevet Brig. Gen. Hayes is in Wilmington, on Market Street, next door to the District Head Quarters. By order of Brig. Gen. HAWLEY: E. LEWIS MOORE, Capt. & A. A. G.

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF WILMINGTON, N. C., March 7th, 1865. General Orders, No. 3.—All persons in this District are hereby enjoined to bring in and deliver to Capt. Ackerman, at the office of Brevet Brigadier General Hayes, next door to District Headquarters, swords, pistols, and military weapons and equipments, that were formerly held by the so-called Confederate authorities. It is known that a large quantity of small arms of various descriptions were left in the District, and that a portion thereof was taken by unauthorized persons about the time the town was occupied by the lawful authorities. All such must be promptly turned in, or the parties holding them will be summarily dealt with. By order of Brig. Gen. J. R. Hawley: E. LEWIS MOORE, Capt. & A. A. G.

HEAD QRS DIST. OF WILMINGTON, N. C., March 13, 1865. GENERAL ORDERS, No. 4. As a military necessity, permission has been given to a number of residents of Wilmington, to open their stores and shops, for the purpose of selling, in reasonable quantities, to supply the immediate personal necessities of the inhabitants within the military lines, the supplies of dry goods and groceries, that they had on hand when the place was taken by the national troops. These sales may be made without the certificate of the Local Special Agent of the Treasury Department. No sales can be made to persons living without the lines, unless they show a military permit to come in, and a permit from the Treasury Agent to buy a specified quantity. No intoxicating liquor shall be sold, without the written permission of the Commandant of the Post. By order of Brig. Gen. Abbott: E. LEWIS MOORE, Capt. & A. A. Genl.

HEAD QRS DIST. OF WILMINGTON, N. C., March 20th, 1865. GENERAL ORDERS, No. 6. No sale or transfer of cotton, rosin or turpentine, or of naval or military stores, or of captured or abandoned personal property of any description, referred to in the various acts of Congress and orders of the War Department on these subjects, can be carried into effect in this District unless the whole transaction is submitted to the District Commander and the Treasury Agent. Until the proper authorities can be advised of the intent, legislation of Congress and receive instructions under it, or receive orders from the departmental commander, all sales, transfers, removal, or transactions of whatever description involving said property, except such as are necessary to save it, are positively forbidden, as under what may be the assumed authority brought here from other parties. Any person violating this order will be deemed guilty of desertion, and summarily ejected from the District. By order of Brig. Gen. Hawley: E. LEWIS MOORE, Capt. & A. A. G.