

HOSPITAL DIRECTORY.

Surgeon-Geo. C. Jarvis, Chief Medical Officer, District of Wilmington.
City Hall Hospital. - Assistant Surgeon C. Abbott, on Third Street, between Prince and Chestnut Streets.
Carolina Hotel Hospital. - Assistant Surgeon D. D. Hunter, Corner of Market and Second Streets.

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.

CHILDHOOD.
Oh, how we cling to childhood's dream,
And linger still o'er joys departed,
Weed each bright and happy scheme
We made when we were free, light-hearted.

MRS. LIRRIPER'S LEGACY.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.
H.
[Continued.]
For my part, I spent a day at the Louvre, said a little man with a green complexion, and his features out of drawing. He was a gentleman who had hitherto been unsuccessful in putting an end to himself. He had been twice cut down, and once sewn up when he had the misfortune to miss his jugular by the eighth of an inch. He had been saved from drowning by a passing friend, whom he hated ever afterwards. He had choked himself, forgetting to stop up the key-hole; and he had jumped out of window just a time to be caught by a passing man-of-war. I spent the day at the Louvre, remarked this unfortunate gentleman; the effect of the fog upon some of the pictures was terrible.

entered into conversation with one of his next neighbors. On his left was the commercial man, whose exposure was to take place the next day; and this gentleman, naturally a bon vivant, was making the most of his time, and committing fearful havoc on the Doctor's dishes and wine. On the right of De Clerval was a gentleman whom Alfred had not observed until they were seated together at table, but he was a remarkable looking man. They talked at first of indifferent matters, or of what went on around them. They got on together as the saying goes. Men are not very particular in forming acquaintances when their duration is likely to be short, and so when the wine had circulated for some time—and every man there partook of it fiercely—these two had got to speak freely, for men who were but friends of an hour.

"You are a young man," said the stranger, after a pause, during which he had observed De Clerval closely; "you are a young man to be dining with Dr. Bertrand."
The Doctor's hesitancy is, I suspect, suited to times to persons of all ages," replied Alfred. "I was going to add, and of both sexes. How is it by the bye that there are no ladies among the Doctor's guests?"

"I suppose he won't have them," retorted the other with bitterness, "and he is right! They would be going into hysterics in the middle of dinner, and deranging the Doctor's arrangements, and so disordering every system of which they form a part, even the great world itself."
"True enough," thought Alfred to himself. "This man has suffered a severe blow from being fool enough to put his happiness in a woman's keeping."

De Clerval stole a look at him. He was a man considerably his own senior. He was a very tall man, and had something of that languid air in all his movements which often belongs to height. His face was deeply marked for his age, but there was a very kind and merciful expression on it, and, though he looked weary and perhaps indolent, he was not by any means a base countenance. He looked like a man who has goodness in him, but instinctively and quietly independent of any influence wrought by principle. A good nature, kind generous and honorable, was there; but the man had no rudder or compass to steer by. It was a fine new vessel adrift.

In his own terrible position one would say that such a man could have no leisure to think of anything else. A man under such circumstances might be excused for a little egotism, might be expected to be absorbed in himself and his own troubles; but it was not so with this stranger. His eye wandered from time to time round the table, and evidently his mind was largely occupied with speculations as to what the rest of Dr. Bertrand's patients were suffering under. "How curious it would be," he at length remarked to De Clerval, "if we could know what is amiss with each one of the guests assembled here. There is a little man opposite for instance, who has not spoken once, see, he is writing in a furtive manner in his pocket-book—writing, perhaps, to some one who will be sorry to-morrow to hear what has happened. What on earth brought him here? One would have expected that he would have died somewhere in a corner alone. Perhaps he was afraid. There, again, is a man who, to all appearance, is worn out with illness. A fixed pain, perhaps, which is never to be better, and which he can—or will—bear no longer. One would have thought that he would have remained at home. But we all seem afraid to die in solitude, and the Doctor makes everything so very pleasant. Listen: here is a new surprise for us."

Dr. Bertrand was an energetic person, and a man of resources. Not only had he, in consideration of the fog and the rain, caused the fountain to be stopped, and the curtains to be drawn over the entrance to the conservatory, but he had arranged that some musicians should be placed where the flowers used to show, in order that a novel air of luxury might be given to this particular festival. Nor were these common musicians, whose performance might have infused gloom rather than cheerfulness into the assembly. The Doctor had caused performers of choice, ability to be selected, and their music now stole gently on the senses of the guests, and produced an effect that was infinitely agreeable.

"How well this man understands his business," remarked De Clerval to his neighbor. "There is something almost great about him."
There is nothing that varies more in its effect upon us than music according to the circumstances under which we hear it, it will, to a great extent, prove either stimulative or sedative; still more, of course, does the effect depend upon the music selected. In this case we in the talk already started, with the wine circulating incessantly, with lights flushing in all directions, the effect of the music was exciting in the extreme. And then it had been selected with no common skill. It was not the kind of music, such as makes one think; but it was made up of a selection of vigorous gallant tunes that seemed to stir the blood in the veins, and rather agitate the nervous than soothe them.

main stationary in that place, and to keep a steady eye upon every one at table, in order that the very first sign of anything going wrong with a guest might be instantly observed and acted on. The Doctor's calculations were generally most accurate; still he was a man, and occasionally some peculiarity of disposition on the part of one of his patients would defeat him. Or they might partake of certain dishes in continuous succession, some one or two only of which the Doctor had intended to be taken consecutively. In short, unexpected things would take place occasionally, and the special officer was in attendance.

This individual suddenly bent down and drew his master's attention to a gentleman seated at the other end of the table over whom there had gathered a certain strange rigidity of figure and face. He had dropped his fork, and now sat bolt upright in his chair, staring straight before him with a rigidity of eye and a certain lowering jaw which Dr. Bertrand understood perfectly well.

"Pest!" said the Doctor. "How dangerous some exceptional constitutions are! One never knows where to have them. You must not lose a second; call in the others and examine him. He is of an epileptic constitution, and these are not a moment."

The familiar disappeared for an instant, and returned, accompanied by four or five men, who followed him swiftly to the end of the table where the wretched guest was seated. He had already begun to shriek aloud, and his features were distorted horribly, and the faint was gathering on his lips.

"Oh, my life!" he screamed. "I must have it! Give it me—I must have it—a loan. It was only a loan! I have frittered it away. I want it back. Only a little of it, then, a very little would be something. Ah, it is this man!" The Doctor was near him now, and the epileptic made a furious attempt to get at him. "This man has got my life, my mispent life—it is going—going from me at his will—my life—my life!" The miserable creature was overpowered and fainting, and the four noiseless men carried him away. Still, as they bore him through the door, he lifted up his voice again, and cried aloud for his youth—his lost youth—and said he would use it differently if they would give it back to him again.

They could hear his screams for some time after that, even in the Doctor's padded and muffled house. The incident was horrible, and produced a state of excitement in the other guests. The noise and uproar which followed this terrible occurrence were hellish: every body was up in arms at once, and it was upon the Doctor himself that all the indignation fell. What did he mean by it? He was an impostor. They had been brought there under false pretences. They had understood that what was done in that establishment was done decently, done effectually, done with a consideration for the feelings of the guests, done in a gentlemanlike manner. Here they were, on the contrary, subjected to a scene which was horrible, disgusting, a thing of the hospitals, a horror!

The Doctor bowed before this storm of invectives. He was deeply, abjectly, miserable at what had occurred: such a thing was rare—rare in the extreme. There were people with constitutions that defied all calculation; people who did not know how to live, nor even how to die. Well, he could only express his profound regret. Would they do him the favor to taste this new wine just brought up? It was Lafitte of a celebrated year, and the Doctor drained off a bumper, by way of setting a good example. It was soon followed by the already half-drunken guests and the noise and uproar became worse than ever.

"Did you observe what that gentleman par took of?" asked Dr. Bertrand of his familiar. "The gentleman who has just made a scene, I mean?"
"Did you observe what that gentleman par took of?" asked Dr. Bertrand of his familiar. "The gentleman who has just made a scene I mean?"

"By unlucky chance," was the reply, "he partook in succession of three of your most powerful seasoned dishes. I was thinking—but it is not for me to speak."
"Yes, yes, it is. What were you thinking?"
"I was thinking, monsieur, whether it was judicious to put three preparations of such great strength next to each other."

"Quite true," answered the Doctor. "I will make a note of the case."
Meanwhile De Clerval and his neighbor had fallen again into conversation. There seemed about the stranger something like an interest in his companion. It appeared as if he still thought this dining room of the Doctor's no place for so young a man.
"If I am too young to be here," said De Clerval, "ought not you, who are of maturer years to be too wise?"
"No," replied the other; "I have reasoned the thing out, and have thought well and carefully of what I am doing. I had one last chance of happiness after many missed or thrown away; the chance has failed me; there is nothing in store; there is nothing possible now that would give me the least satisfaction. The world is of no use to me, and I am of no use in the world."
There was a pause. Perhaps De Clerval felt that under the circumstances there was a little room for argument; perhaps he perceived that he was silent and the stranger went on.

(To be continued.)
They had an excellent practice in the old Dutch churches in New York to prevent the preacher from indulging in long sermons. An hour-glass was placed at the right hand of the minister, and it was the clerk's duty when the hour-glass of the sand had run out to remind him that the time to end the sermon had come. By frequent use of this device, the Puritan fathers, through which they stole out and escaped when they could endure no more.

OFFICIAL.

HEAD QUARTERS DISTRICT OF WILMINGTON, N. C., March 7, 1865.
General Order, No. 2.—Brevet Brigadier General Z. B. Hayes, is assigned to the charge of all captured, abandoned and confiscated property in the District, more especially such as will be eventually turned over to the Treasury Agents.
It is the duty of the said Hayes to ascertain the description, quantity and the claimants, of all such property, present or absent, 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 stores under this command are strictly ordered 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 things captured, abandoned and confiscated property, to be disposed of according to established rules, that are well defined, not only for the benefit of the Government, but as well for the protection of the private rights of the citizen.

The order of Brig. Gen. Hayes, in Wilmington, on Market Street, near Court Street, District Headquarters.
E. LEWIS MOORE, Capt. & A. A. Gen'l.
HEAD QUARTERS DISTRICT OF WILMINGTON, N. C., March 7th, 1865.
General Order, 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, all rifles and muskets and their appendages, 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 this town was occupied by the law authorities. All such arms must be promptly turned in, or the parties possessing them will be summarily dealt with.

By order of Brig. Gen. J. R. Hawley:
E. LEWIS MOORE, Capt. & A. A. Gen'l.
HEAD QUARTERS DISTRICT OF WILMINGTON, N. C., March 13, 1865.
GENERAL ORDER, 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, Brevet Brig. Gen. Abbott.
Should any of the parties referred to desire to replenish their stocks of goods they, as well as all who desire to sell goods, wares and merchandise, are referred for instructions, to the Temporary Rules published by U. S. Heaton, Treasury Agent.

By order of Brig. Gen. Hawley:
E. LEWIS MOORE, Capt. & A. A. Gen'l.
The permits referred to in the foregoing, will be delivered to the applicants by Lieut. Col. Handlett, Assistant Provost Marshal.
HEAD QUARTERS DISTRICT OF WILMINGTON, N. C., March 17th, 1865.
GENERAL ORDER, No. 5.
It being an inevitable military necessity to raise a fund to meet the expenditures called for in administering the civil affairs of the District and City, the following taxes are hereby levied:
I. Upon all goods, wares and merchandise brought into the District on and after March 1st, one-half of one per cent. to be laid according to the sworn invoices exhibited to the Local Special Agent of the Treasury Department, to whom it will be paid.

II. Supply stores authorized by the Treasury Department, having authority to sell \$2,000 per month will pay \$3 per month; those who have authority to sell over the above-mentioned amount will pay \$4 per month.
III. All traders and grocers not authorized to import will pay one dollar per month for their permits.
IV. Billiard tables and Bowling Alleys, three dollars for each table and each alley per month.
V. Carriage Drays, fifty cents per month.—The taxes levied by the second, third, fourth, and fifth sections will be collected by and paid to Lieut. Col. J. E. Handlett, Prov. Marshal of Wilmington.
By order of Brig. Gen. J. R. Hawley:
E. LEWIS MOORE, Capt. & A. A. Gen'l.
HEAD QUARTERS DISTRICT OF WILMINGTON, N. C., March 21st, 1865.
Notice is hereby given that all Joiners' and Carpenters', and Mechanics' Tools, not now actually used by the Government, must be turned in immediately to Capt. Blackman, Assistant Quartermaster, just above the Custom House.
All Axes above the number absolutely necessary for household purposes, must also be turned in. Good Mechanics who bring Tools, will find immediate employment. Receipts will be given for property taken in.
Rewards will be paid for information as to where Tools can be found.
By order of Brig. Gen. Hawley:
E. LEWIS MOORE.