

HOSPITAL DIRECTORY.

Surgeon Geo. C. Jarvis, Chief Medical Officer, District of Wilmington.
 Surgeon C. McFarland, Director-in-Chief of hospitals. Office on Front Street, near Dock.
 City Hall Hospital.—Assistant Surgeon D. 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 O. Logan, Market, between Sixth and Seventh Streets.
 Hill House Hospital.—Surgeon M. W. Robinson, Corner of Fourth and Mulberry Streets.
 General Hospital No. 4.—W. W. Harris.
 Camp Jackson and Graham Hospital.—Surgeon S. Euston in charge.
 Marine Hospital.—Assistant Surgeon Jno. E. Patterson, Eastern part of the town, South of Market Street.
 U. S. C. Troops Hospital.—Surgeon M. Tucker, Southern part of the town, near Kidder's Mill.
 Berry House Hospital.—Assistant Surgeon F. C. Plunkett.
 Sherman Hospital.—Assistant Surgeon W. E. Dav. Wayside Hospital.—S. Secord, Corner of Front and Red Cross Streets.
 Gear Hospital.—Corner of 6th and Mulberry, W. H. Bradley, Acting Assistant Surgeon in charge.
 Baptist Church Hospital.—Assistant Surgeon Wesley Phillips in charge.
 Convalescent Camp Hospital.—In charge of Major Durgen—Louis Lafontaine, in charge.

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.—Brevet 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.

ALONE.

All alone, all alone, in this cold dreary world,
 One of one they have left me and gone;
 And sadly I wander o'er life's troubled sea,
 With no one to guide me along.

How oft I have wandered at eve's twilight hours,
 To the graves of the loved ones at rest;
 How gentle and careful I've called those sweet flowers!
 On the mounds which rise over their breasts.

But never again those sweet smiles shall I see,
 From fond sisters and brothers so dear,
 For this world is all darkness to me
 Since the loved ones have left me so drear.

My footsteps grow weary, my heart dies away
 When I think of the future and past;
 Yet, trusting in one who I earnestly pray
 Will give rest to this mortal at last.

MRS. LIRRIPER'S LEGACY.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

III.

[Continued.]

ANOTHER PAST LODGER RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE AS A POOR RELATION.

It was about seven on a frosty evening when I arrived at the imposing entrance of Rutland Hall. No cousin George came rushing out to meet me. "Of course not," I thought; "I am unused to their formal manners in this country. He is lying in wait for me on the mat inside." I was admitted by a solemn person as quickly and mechanically as though my restoration to home and kindred were a thing that had happened regularly in his presence every day since his birth. He ushered me into a grand hall, but no mat supported the impatient feet of the dignified master of the house. "Ah!" said I, "even this, perhaps were scarcely etiquette. No doubt he stands chafing on the drawing-room hearth rug, and I have little enough time to make myself presentable before dinner." So, resigning myself to circumstances, I meekly followed a guide who volunteered to conduct me to the chamber assigned to my especial use. I had to travel a considerable distance before I reached it. "Dear me!" I remarked to myself when I did reach it, "I had expected to find the rooms in such a house more elegantly appointed than this!"

I made my toilette, and again submitting myself to my guide, was conveyed to the drawing-room door. All the way down stairs I had been conning pleasant speeches with which to greet my kinsfolk. I am not a brilliant person, but I sometimes succeed in pleasing when I try, and on this occasion I had the desire to do my best.

The drawing-room door was at the distant end of the hall, and my arrival had been so very quiet, that I conceived my expectant entertainers could hardly be aware of my presence in the house. I thought I should give them a surprise. The door opened and closed upon me, leaving me within the room. I looked around me and saw—darkness there and nothing more.

Ab, yes, but there was something more! There was a blazing fire which sent eddying whirls of light through the shadows, and right in the blush of its warmth a little figure was lounging in an easy chair. The little figure was a girl of apparently about fifteen or sixteen years of age, dressed in a short shabby black frock, who was evidently spilling her eyes by reading by firelight. She lay with her hair thrown back, a mass of fair curly hair being

thus tossed over the velvet cushion on which it rested, while she held her book aloft to catch the light. She was luxuriating in her solitude, and little dreaming of interruption.

She was so absorbed in her book, the door had opened and closed so noiselessly, and the room was so large, that I was obliged to make a sound to engage her attention. She started violently then, and looked up with a nervous fearfulness in her face. She dropped her book, sat upright, and put out her hand, eagerly grasping a thing I had not noticed before, and which leaned against the chair—a crutch. She then got up leaning on it and stood before me. The poor little thing was lame, and had two crutches by her.

I introduced myself, and her fear seemed to subside. She asked me to sit down, with a little assumption of at-homeness, which did not sit upon her with ease. She picked up her book and laid it on her lap; she produced a net from the recesses of her chair, and with a blush gathered up the curls and tucked them into its meshes. Then she sat quiet, but kept her hand upon her crutches, as if she was ready at a moment's notice to limp away across the carpet, and leave me to my own resources.

"Thomson thought there was nobody in the room," she said, as if anxious to account for her own presence there. "I always stay in the nursery, except sometimes when they all go out and I get this room to myself. Then I like to read here."

"Mr. Rutland is not at home?" I said.
 "No, they are all out dining."
 "Indeed! Your papa perhaps did not get my letter?"

She blushed crimson.
 "I am not a Miss Rutland," she said. "My name is Teecie Ray. I am an orphan. My father was a friend of Mr. Rutland and he takes care of me for charity."

The last word was pronounced with a certain controlled quiver of the lip. But she continued:

"I don't know about the letter, but I heard a gentleman was expected. I did not think that it could be to-night, though, as they all went out."

"A reasonable conclusion to come to," I thought, and thereupon began musing on the eagerness of welcome displayed by my affectionate cousin George. If I were the gentleman expected, they must have received my letter, and in it were fully set forth the day and hour of my proposed arrival. "Ah! George, my dear fellow," I said to myself, "you are not a whit changed!"

Arriving at this conclusion, I raised my glance, and met, full, the observant gaze of a pair of large shrewd grey eyes. My little hostess for the time being was regarding me with such a curiously legible expression on her face, that I could not but read it and be amused. It said plainly: "I know more about you than you think, and I pity you. You come here with expectations which will not be fulfilled. There is much mortification in store for you. I wonder you came here at all. If I were once well outside these gates I should never limp inside them again. If I knew a road out into the world you come from, I would set out bravely on my crutches. No, not even for the sake of a stolen hour like this, in a velvet chair, would I remain here."

How any one glance could say all this was a riddle; but it did say all this. The language of the face was as simple to me as though every word had been translated into my ear. Perhaps a certain internal light, kindled long ago, before this little orphan was born, or George Rutland had become owner of Rutland Hall, assisted me in deciphering so much information so readily. However that may be, certain things before surmised became assured facts in my mind, and a quaint bond of sympathy became at once established between me and my companion.

"Miss Ray," I said, "what do you think of a man who, having been abroad for fifteen years, has the impudence to come home without a shilling in his pocket? Ought he not to be stoned alive?"

"I thought how it was," said she, shaking her head, and looking up with another of her shrewd glances. "I knew it, when they put you into such a bad bedroom. They are keeping all the good rooms for the people who are coming next week. The house will be full for Christmas. It won't do," she added, meditatively.

"What won't do?" I said.
 "Your not having a shilling in your pocket. They'll sneer at you for it, and the servants will find it out. I have a guinea that old Lady Thornton gave me on my birthday, and if you would take the loan of it I should be very glad. I don't want it all, and you could pay me back when you are better off."

She said this with such business-like gravity, that I felt obliged to control my inclination to laugh. She had evidently taken me under her protection. Her keen little wits foresaw snares and difficulties besetting my steps during my stay at Rutland Hall, to which my newer eyes, she imagined, must be ignorantly blind. I looked at her with amusement, as she sat there seriously considering my financial interest. I had a fancy to humor this quaint confidential relation that had sprung up so spontaneously between us. I said gravely:

"I am very much obliged to you for your offer, and will gladly take advantage of it. Do you happen to have the guinea at hand?"

She seized her crutches, and limped quickly out of the room. Presently she returned with a little bon-bon box, which she placed in my hand. Opening it, I found one guinea wrapped up in silver paper.

"I wish it had been more!" she said, wistfully, as I coolly transferred it to my pocket, box and all. "But I so seldom get money."

At this moment the solemn person who had escorted me hither and thither before, announced that my dinner was served.

On my return to the drawing-room, I found, to my intense disappointment, that my beneficent bird had flown. Teecie Ray had limped off to the nursery.

Next morning, at breakfast, I was introduced

to the family. I found them on the whole, pretty much what I had expected. My cousin George had developed into a pompous portly patrifamilias; and, in spite of his cool professions of pleasure, was evidently very sorry to see me. The Mamma Rutland just countenanced me, in a manner the most frigidly polite.—The grown-up young ladies treated me with the most well-bred negligence. Unless I had been very obtuse indeed, I could scarcely have failed to perceive the place appointed for me in Rutland Hall. I was expected to sit below the salt. Was that dreadful thing—a person of no importance. George amused himself with me for a few days, displaying to me his various fine possessions, and then, on the arrival of grander guests, left me to my own resources.—The Misses Rutland endured my escort on their riding expeditions only till more eligible cavaliers appeared. As for the lady of the house, her annoyance at having me quartered indefinitely on her premises was hardly concealed.—The truth was they were new people in the circle in which they moved, and it did not suit them to have a poor relation coming suddenly among them, calling them 'cousin,' and making himself at home in the house. For me, I was not blind, though none of these things did it suit me to see. I made myself as comfortable as was convenient under the circumstance, took every sneer and snub in excellent part, and was as amiable and satisfied on all occasions as though I believed myself to be the most cherished inmate of the household. That this meanness of mine should provoke their contempt, I had hardly a right to complain of. Nor did I.—I accepted this like the rest of their hospitality, and smiled contentedly as the days went on. The gloom which had oppressed me on my first arrival in England had all betaken itself away.—How could I feel otherwise than supremely happy at finding myself thus surrounded by my kind relation thus generously entertained under their hospitable roof?

As I found that the guests at Rutland Hall enjoyed a certain freedom in their choice of amusements, and the disposal of their time, I speedily availed myself of this privilege. I selected my own associates, and I entertained myself as pleased me best. Not finding myself always welcomed in the drawing-room, I contrived, by a series of the most dexterous artifices, to gain the free entrance of the nursery. In this nursery were growing up some five or six younger branches of the Rutland family. After a certain hour in the day none of the elders ever thought of invading its remote precincts.—Five o'clock in the evening was the children's tea hour, and the pleasantest, I thought, in the twenty-four. Nurse was a staid woman, who knew how to appreciate a little present now and again, and to keep her own counsel on the subject. The children were not pleasant children; they were unruly, mischievous little wretches. They conceived a sort of affection for me, because I sometimes brought to the nursery sundry purchases made during solitary rides, picture-books, tops, dolls, or sweetmeats, procured by means of Teecie Ray's guinea. I suggested as much to Teecie one evening as she sat by, watching the distribution, and she nodded her head in sage satisfaction. She thought that I economized my substance very well. It covered a great many small extravagances, that guinea did.

Whatever might be my position at Rutland Hall, Teecie Ray's was deeply intolerable. A spirit less brave must have been cowed and broken by it: a nature less delicate must have been blunted and made coarser. The servants openly neglected her, the children used her as they pleased; wreaked their humors on her, sparing neither blow nor taunt in their passions, and demanding from her at all times whatever service it suited their capricious fancy to need. Nurse, the only one who ever showed a grain of consideration for the orphan, would sometimes shield her from their impish attacks, when she could do so with safety to herself; but she was not permitted to deal with those darlings in the only fashion which would have been at all likely to bring them to reason. As for the elders of the house, Teecie Ray's momentary presence, or the mere mention of her name, was sufficient to ruffle their peace of mind. "What is to be done with that girl?" I heard Mrs. Rutland remark to one of her daughters. "If she were not lame, one might set her to earn her bread in some way; but, as it is—" A shrug of the shoulders, and a certain vinegar-like expression of countenance, which this lady knew how to assume, sufficiently developed the idea thus imperfectly expressed.

And how did Teecie Ray meet all this? She did not complain nor rebel, she did not sulk nor fret. Under that well-worn black frock of hers she carried a little breastplate of sober, determined endurance. When sorely tried, there was never any cowardly submission to be seen in her grave little face, neither was there ever in her manner or words either reproach or remonstrance. She simply endured. Her large patient eyes and mute wide mouth seemed to say, "Whatever I suffer, whatever I long to dare, gratitude shackles my limbs, and seals my lips. I am saved from many things; therefore I am dumb."

The second time I met my little benefactress, was a day or two after our first interview in the drawing room. I came upon her, one afternoon by chance, limping down a hedge lane which lay to the back of the house, away beyond the gardens and the kitchen gardens, and the pleasure grounds. This lane, I found, led to a large meadow, and beyond the meadow there was a wooded hill, and far down at the distant side of the hill there was a river. This was Teecie Ray's favorite ramble, and her one avenue of escape from the torments of the nursery. I immediately began pouring forth a legion of perplexing troubles and difficulties, to all of which she listened with perfect credulity, expressing her sympathy as I went along by an expressive nod of the head, or a shrewd swift glance. Then she gave me her wise little counsel when all was told, and went home, I believe, pondering on my case.

(To be continued.)

OFFICIAL.

HEAD QUARTERS DEPT. OF WILMINGTON, }
 Wilmington, N. C., March 7, 1865. }
 General Orders, No. 2.—Brevet Brigadier Gen'l 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 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 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, }
 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, all rifles and muskets and their appendances, 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 Q'S DIST. OF WILMINGTON, }
 WILMINGTON, N. C., March 13, 1864. }
 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, Brevet Brig. Gen. Abbott.
 Should any of the parties referred to desire to replenish their stocks of goods there, as well as all who desire to sell goods, wares and merchandise, are referred for instructions, to the Temporary Rules published by D. 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. Randlett, Assistant Provost Marshal.

HEAD QUARTERS DISTRICT OF WILMINGTON, }
 Wilmington, N. C., March 17th, 1865. }
 GENERAL ORDERS, }
 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 \$5 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. Carts and 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. F. Randlett, Prov. Marshal of Wilmington
 By order of Brig. Gen. JOSEPH B. HAWLEY.
 E. LEWIS MOORE, Capt. and A. A. Gen'l.

HEAD Q'S DISTRICT OF WILMINGTON, }
 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.
 Rewards will be paid for information as to where Tools can be found.
 By order of Brig. Gen. HAWLEY.
 E. LEWIS MOORE, Capt. & A. A. G.