

HOSPITAL DIRECTORY.

Superior Geo. O. 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. Buxton in charge.
 Marine Hospital.—Assistant Surgeon Jno. E. Patterson, Eastern part of the town, South of Market Street.
 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. Day, Wayside Hospital.—S. Secord, Corner of Front and Third Streets.
 Geer 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 workshops, 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 pilots, lighting, towing, etc. Office Custom House building, on the wharf, above Market Street.

ALBUM LINES.

Upon this pearly page I've opened
 A little rhyme for thee, my friend—
 Little, but yet sincere;
 So that when I am gone,
 And your eye doth rest upon
 This little tribute here,
 Back o'er the past your mind may flee
 And give a transient thought to me.
 Oblivion's spell it chance may break,
 And of the past some thought awake,
 When all that was bright and clear
 And e'er with joy was crowned;
 When Pleasure lingered 'round,
 And sunny skies were clear—
 Of happy days all swiftly flown;
 But those, sweet memory, can ne'er be gone.
 The happy hours I've spent with thee
 Like softest notes of minstrelsy,
 My heart have ever thrilled;
 May thy life be wreathed with joy—
 With happiness without alloy—
 Thy cup with pleasures filled.
 My earnest prayer shall ever be,
 That choicest blessings rest on thee.

MRS. LIRRIPER'S LEGACY.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

III.

[Continued.]

ANOTHER PAST LODGER RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE AS A POOR RELATION.

As the days passed, and my relations became more and more involved in their winter gaieties, I found myself more and more thrown upon my own resources for amusement. Occasionally I was included in an invitation, and accepted it; but in general I preferred indulging my fancy for keeping aloof from those who were little charmed with my company. A system of the most unblinking bribery had won for me a warm welcome from the savage tribes in the nursery. Many and many an evening found me walking down that hedged lane in the frosty dusk, with Teecie Ray limping by my side, talking her grave simple little talk. I had always some fresh puzzle to propose to her, and she was always ready to knit her smooth brows over its solution. Once she stopped short, and struck her little crutches on the snow.

"You ought to go away from here and work," she cried. "O, if I could!"
 A certain Sir Harry arrived at Rutland Hall; I will not trouble myself to think of his second name; it is not worth remembering. He was a wealthy bachelor of high family, and his movements were watched with interest by the lady of the house. This Sir Harry had a fancy for smoking his cigar in the hedged lane, and on more than one occasion he encountered my little benefactress limping on her solitary way, and stared at the pretty fresh face under her old black hat, till it blushed with uncomfortable brilliancy. Teecie changed her track like a hunted hare, but Sir Harry scented her out, and annoyed her with his fulsome compliments. The matter reached Mrs. Rutland's ears, and she vented her chagrin on the defenceless little girl. I know not what sorry accusations and reproaches she bestowed upon her during a long private lecture; but, that evening when, at the children's tea-hour, I entered the nursery door with a new ball in my hand for Jack (the youngest and least objectionable of the band), I saw Teecie Ray's face grievously clouded for the first time. It was flushed and swollen with passionate crying. I

do not intend to commit to paper certain remarks which I made sotto on beholding this disfigurement.

"Come, come, Teecie," I said, while nurse was busy quelling a disturbance which had arisen because "Cousin Guy" had not brought something to every one else as well as Jack; "where is all your philosophy, little mother? You need never preach to me again, if you set me such a bad example."

Teecie said never a word, but stared on in to the fire. This wound had cut deep. Sir Harry, Mrs. Rutland, of Rutland Hall, at that moment I should have dearly loved to knock your two good-for-nothing heads together!

"Teecie," I said, "you have one friend, at any rate, even if he be not a very grand one."

She gave one of her quaint expressive little nods. Translated, it meant: "I understand all that, but I cannot talk just now." By-and-by however, she brightened up, and went to the table to claim her share of tea and thick bread-and-butter, and I began to mend a bow belonging to Tom. Tom was one of the leaders of the unruly tribes, a regular savage chief-tain.

Ere two days more had passed I felt strongly inclined to exercise the horsewhip on this young gentleman's shoulders. Tom, one fine morning, was seized with an impish inspiration to play a trick upon Teecie. Stealing her crutches, he walked about the nursery mimicking her poor little limp, and then marching off with them, heedless of her entreaties to have them restored, carried them in triumph out of doors, and smashed them in pieces with a hatch et. Teecie sat helpless in the din and riot of that ill-conditioned nursery. Bright bracing days came and found her a prisoner, looking with longing eyes through the window-panes, out over the beautiful country lands. Tom saw her patience with the most audacious indifference. But why talk about Tom? I could not help believing, nor do I ever intend to help believing, that older heads than Tom's plotted the cruel caging of that bonnie bird.

The bird drooped on its perch; but who cared. Nurse vowed it was a shame, and showed more kindness than usual to the prisoner, but I will not venture to decide how much of this tenderness was owing to the odd crown-pieces which found their way from my hand to hers—all out of the guinea, of course? O yes, all out of the guinea. And there was another friend who sometimes expressed an interest in Teecie Ray's existence. This was that Lady Thornton, whose bounty had indirectly furnished me with pocket money during my stay at Rutland Hall. The favor of this old lady I had done my best to win. She was a nice comfortable old lady, and I liked her. It happened that she called one day during Teecie Ray's imprisonment, to invite the Rutlands and their visitors, great and small, young and old, to a party to be given at her house, a few miles distant. I chanced to be alone in the drawing-room when she arrived, and I seized the opportunity to tell her the story of Teecie's crutches.

"A bad boy!" she said. "A bad boy, malicious boy! She must get new crutches before my party."

"Of course she must," I said, very heartily. The old lady threw back her head, raising her fat chin in a peculiar sort of way, and looking at me direct through her spectacles.

"Indeed!" she said. "Pray, young man, what particular interest do you take in Teecie Ray?"

I smiled. "Oh Teecie and I are excellent friends," I said.

"Teecie and you!" she repeated. "Pray, are you aware that Miss Ray is eighteen years of age?"

"Is she, indeed? I know nothing about the ages of little girls."

"But Teecie is not a little girl, Mr. Guy Rutland. Teecie Ray is a woman, I can assure you!"

Teecie Ray a woman? I could not help laughing. What, my little benefactress, my little mother! I am afraid I scandalised Lady Thornton on that occasion by my utter scorn of her proposition. Christina Rutland swept into the room at this crisis, and relieved me in my difficulty. But often afterwards during that day, I laughed when I thought of Lady Thornton's piece of information. Teecie Ray a woman? Preposterous!

One morning when it wanted but a week of the party, a curious event occurred. The heads of the house met in consultation on the matter, in the library, before breakfast. An extraordinary thing had arrived from London at Rutland Hall. The Thing was a large wooden case, directed to Teecie Ray. On being eagerly opened, it was found to contain a pair of crutches.

And such a pair of crutches! Light and symmetrical, and fanciful, works of art in their way. Tortoiseshell stems with silver mountings of exquisite workmanship, capped with dainty little cushions of embroidered velvet. Thunder-stricken were the elders of the house.

"Who could have done this thing?" was on every lip. Who indeed? Who outside of Rutland Hall had ever heard of Teecie Ray? These crutches were costly affairs. I knew the conclusion they came to, one all. They pitched on Sir Harry as the culprit. It was a thorn in their side, and I rubbed my hands in glee.

Having considered the question in their dismay, they decided that Teecie should be kept in ignorance of her mysterious present. It was not fit for her to use, it would fill her mind with absurd ideas. And so in spite of the arrival of her beautiful new crutches, poor Teecie still sat helpless in the nursery. The wooden case and its contents were hidden away, and no word was spoken of their existence.

I waited a few days to see if the elders would relent, but to no purpose. The bird still pined on its perch. No kindly hand seemed likely to open the cage door and let it fly. There sat Teecie day after day, in her nursery chair, hemming aprons for nurse, or darning the children's stockings, looking longingly out of the window, and growing pale for want of fresh air. Still never rebelling, never complaining.

Meantime the stir of Christmas preparation was agitating all the household, and the children were full of rapture at the prospect of Lady Thornton's Christmas party. There was great excitement in the nursery about pretty new dresses, wonderful fussing about ribbons, and muslins, and fripperies. Teecie alone sat silent in her shabby frock. By-and-by, her hands were full, bowing up sashes, sewing on tuckers, stitching rosettes on shoes. She was a nimble little workwoman, and they kept her busy. Seeing how well a lapful of bright ribbons became her, I thought it a pity that she should not have a gay bright dress as well as the rest.

Nobody said, "Teecie, what will you wear?" nor even, "Teecie, are you not invited too?"—No one seemed to expect for a moment that Teecie could wish to be merry with the rest.—How could she go, she who was lame and had no crutches?

It happened that I had an errand to the nearest town. It was rather late when on my return, I called at the best millinery establishment in the place, and asked for a parcel.

Yes the parcel was ready. A large neat flat box.

"Would the gentleman like to see the lady's pretty dress?" The box was opened, and a cloud of some airy fabric shaken out under my eyes. I cannot of course, describe it, but it was something white, very pure and transparent, with something else of pink just blushing through it. It was very tasteful, I pronounced, trying to look wise. There was only one fault: "Did it not seem rather long for a little girl?" I asked, remembering the figure it was to adorn, with its short skirt just coming to the top of the boots, so well worn and mended.

"Oh, sir," said the milliner, with dignity, "you said the young lady was eighteen years of age, and of course we have given her a flowing skirt."

It was late in the evening when I reached home. Two merry carriage-falls were just departing from the door as I drove up. A few minutes afterwards I was in the nursery with the milliner's parcel in my hands. There sat dear little Cinderella, resting one flushed cheek on her hand, and contemplating the litter of scraps of ribbon, fragments of lace, scissors, flowers and reels of cotton, which lay scattered around her. She had had a toilsome tiresome day, and now they had got all they wanted of her, and left her to her solitude.

A flash of pleasure sprang to her face when she saw me.

"Oh, I thought you had gone to the party with the rest of them," she said.

"No," said I, "I have not gone yet, but I am going presently. I came for you."

"For me!" she echoed in dismay. "You know I could not go. I have no dress, even if I could walk."

"A friend has sent you a dress," I said, "and I will undertake to provide the crutches. Nurse will you please to take this box, and get Miss Teecie ready as quickly as possible. The carriage is waiting for us at the door."

Teecie flushed very red at first, and I thought she was going to burst out crying, and then she turned pale, and looked frightened. Nurse, to whom I had slipped a magnificent Christmas box, immediately fell into raptures over the pretty dress.

"Come, Teecie," I said, "make haste!"

And, trembling between dread and delight, Teecie suffered herself to be carried off to her toilette.

By the time I returned from an exploring expedition, with the wonderful silver-and-tortoiseshell crutches under my arm, Teecie was ready.

Teecie was ready. Those three simple little words mean so much that I feel I must stop and try to translate them into all they are bound to convey. They do not mean that Teecie, the child whom I was wont to call my little benefactress, my little mother, had got on a nice new frock, and was equipped for a juvenile party like other children. But they mean that there, when I came back, stood a beautiful girl by the nursery fire, in a fair sweeping bluish colored robe. When she turned her head, I saw that the sweet face framed in its childlike curls was the same, but still the old Teecie Ray was gone, and here was (precavi Lady Thornton!) a lovely woman.

We were all three ludicrously amazed at the sudden metamorphosis that had taken place. Teecie was too simple not to show that she felt the change in herself, felt it keenly, with a strange delight and a strange shyness. Nurse had so long been accustomed to use her as a child that she stood bewildered. As for me, I was first frightened at what I had done, then enchanted, then foolishly awkward, and almost as shy as Teecie herself.

When I presented the crutches, nurse looked at me as though I must be some prince in disguise, out of the Arabian Nights. It was with a curious feeling that I saw Teecie try them, not limping now, rather gliding over the nursery floor, with the little velvet cushions hidden away amidst clouds of lace and muslin under her round white shoulders, and the airy masses of the flesh tinted gown just crushed back a little by the gleaming silver staves. I don't know why it was that I thought at that moment, with a certain rapture, of a guinea in a little bon-bon box, that lay below in the one shabby portmanteau which I had thought proper to bring with me to Rutland Hall!

Our equipage, awaited us. It was too late now to withdraw from what I had undertaken. Teecie and I were soon passing over the snowy roads to Lady Thornton's. I will not attempt to describe the remainder of that memorable evening, or the sensation caused by our arrival; the wonder and mortification of my kind relations; or the mingled pleasure and displeasure of the hostess, who, while delighted to see her little favorite, took occasion to whisper angrily in my ear: "And pray, sir, how is all this to end?"

(To be continued.)

"My dear, I love thee!" as Mr. Benedick said to his wife when she helped him to a slice of venison. She smiled delightedly.

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, of 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 citizen.

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 equipments, 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 with 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 W. 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 \$3,000 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 R. 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.