THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

Devoted to News, Politics, Intelligence, and the Improvement of the State and Country.

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Seceletd Boetry.

Work and Win.

Up ! awaken from your slumbers; There is work for you to do; Would you plod along life's pathway Than your silly, selfish pleasures? If another's way is dark, Shed some sunlight o'er his pathway, Lend a band to steer his bark.

Each one has his work appointed-Has some field to labor in, While ambition points us upward To the motto, "Work and Win." Do not think yourselves degraded, We have our respective spheres; All cannot be doctors, lawyers, Merchants, ministers or peers.

Every person has his station-Has some duty to perform, Which, if nobly done, is worthy Of the highest honors worn; Let us live, then, truly, nobly, And in life's incessant din. Have some aim for which to labor, With the motte, " Work and Win.

There are thorny paths before us, Paths that other feet have trod, Until, wearied with life's burden, They were laid beneath the sod, We must all toil up the hill-side-Up where bravest sons have been, Never falt'ring, always striving, With the will to work and win.

For the Ladies.

From the Darlington Southerner.

ROSWELL SINCLAIR.

FORGIVENESS.

BY MRS. E. B CHEESBOROUGH. "Do you wish to kill me, Mr.

Sinclair? Take your hand from my throat, please.' He relaxed his grasp, and she

sank with a smothered sob on the couch, while she put her delicate when I think of the black talsefinge:s around her throat, as if to hood by which you got a husband, ease the pain of the iron hand that had just left it. She grasped ner-

Her husband stood sternly watching her; how she quailed before the fierce black eye that seemed devouring her with its

angry gaze. Regina," he said at length. She simply looked up at him .-Oh! what a wee begone, heart

broken look met his gaze. "I have nearly killed you, have

" Would you had," she said passionately. "I had better be dead: death will be sweeter to me than hife-life with all this bitterness, this woe."

"Why did you deceive me?" he asked sternly. "You know my nature; you knew the depths of my love; did you not know that I would sooner see you dead at my feet than know you had deceived

She made no reply. She knew that she had deceived the man she had married; for long before she had ever seen him she had I ved. with all the passionate ardor of her nature, one who was now unto her as dead.

"You do not answer my question, madam; why have you thus deceived me? Why did you mar ry me when you loved another?" And again the fierce eyes glared angrily on her.

She said, choking down the sobs that were ready to smother her-"I married you for the reason that many a woman marries-for a support."

"Thank you, madam; I appreciate the compliment in being chosen to clothe, house and feed you. It is delightful to have a wife on these terms," and the dark eyes of R swell Sinclair glowed

"Well, madam, I hope that you have been supported to your satis taction," continued the ironical voice. "I believe that you have had all that any reasonable woman could wish; you have had plenty to eat. You were poor when I married you; I think you had but no forgiveness. two gowns, you now have twenty-two, doubtless, and your neck is encircled by diamonds."

The miserable wife put up her hands and unclasped the diamond necklace, and gently laid it on her band's neck and said: husband's lap.

"That is right, madam; before you go hence, you must strip your-self of your finery and your jew-

She looked up at him with a wild, startled gaze. "You will not turn me from you, Roewell?"

"Drive you, certainly not; shall simply request you to find other quarters."

"A woman cannot easily make home, Roswell."

"But she can mar one easily," he replied bitterly.
"I have no one but you, Pos-

well," was the pathetic answer. "You have not me, or rather, you will not have me long; for I have heard this night that which has set my whole being on fire.

"You turn me into the streets, Roswell; I have no home but this."

"No, no, madam, I am no such and to-morrow we part forever."

"Regina, I am not a man of words, but of actions. I am not a meek angel; there are some things I never forgive, and the man or the woman who deceives so again. I bury them-bury them in a grave so deep that, so turning from her husband, she far as I am concerned, they never threw herself on the couch and

rise again. I cast them so far from my sight and my affections so completely, that, even in memory they live no more. I have she was gone. She had taken buried two men and one woman nothing with her; her rich dresses in this way; and you have dug your own grave, and now I am ready to throw you into its depths. To-morrow you leave my house forever-forever."

"O, Roswell, have you no pity in your nature."

"Pity! Was there any pity in your tones to-night, when I heard you say, 'Robert, I was always true; you forgot, but I remembered.' Did I not hear you exact a promise that Robert Arlington should keep inviolate the secret of his early love for you, for you said your husband was somewhat peculiar, a little jealous, and he would not be pleased to hear that his wife was once the betrothed of Robert Arlington. Ah! how you started when you saw my eyes at the win-dow that looked into the balcony, and knew that I was in possession of your carefully guarded secret. I have heard it said that women are natural liars, and, by beavens,

in silence. "Well, madam, what have you to say ?"

She dashed aside the tears that were blinding her, and said: "I proved untrue to me and married another. We never met again until last night."

"Had you told me this four years ago, when I asked you to marry me, you would not have been my wife. Do you remember that I asked you if you had ever loved any other, when you said you loved me?"

"Why, did you not tell me the truth ?"

"It is so hard, Roswell, for woman to confess to tell the truth,' she said bitterly."

"Had you no other reason, Regina ?"

" What ?"

"I was an orphan and poor; I thorns that wound them at every clair was among the first wounded step. I had not the courage to and taken prisoner. tread that thorny way; I did as many a woman does, married for love you, and if I had only have grey, and lines of sorrow were had the noble courage, the self-confidence, that some women have, I would have gone forth and taken my stand beside the working sisterhood. I did you no wrong, Roswell Sinclair, when I married you. I brought you youth and beauty and laid them at your feet for gold. Even though I did not love you, I was attentive to your wants, and you have ever found me docile and sympathizing"

Roswell Sinclair, the man who ter memories rushed over her as never forgave, turned pallid at this she gazed at him; one more look, recital, and his eyes flashed indignantly. He was a proud man, and it went through his heart like a sharp sword, this candid confession of the woman he loved. He sat speechless; there was anger, re-sentment, mortification, in his glance, but no pity, no tenderness,

Regina Sinclair looked an instant at the hard, resentful face before her, then she arose and threw her arms around her hus-

"Roswell, do forgive me."

"There are female Judas' as

a brute as that; only take your

where." "Forgive me, and let me stay," pleaded Regina Sinclair. "I never forgive!" was the

stern reply. me once never has a chance to do shuddered. "God have mercy on those who never forgive," and

> wept bitterly. The next morning when Roswell Sinclair sought his wife's room, were all folded up in the large chest; her jewels were in the ebony and silver casket where she had kept them; her desk stood on the rosewood table, and even her work-box remained on the bureau. He sat down and glanced around at the deserted apartment, that spoke so eloquently of its departed occupant. A cold chill seemed to come over him; e shuddered as he grasped nervously at the arms of the chairs. He looked up at the picture in its glowing colors, which his wife loved so well-Hagar going forth into the wilderness. How prophetic it seemed;

out into the wilderness, the great black wilderness of the world, had gone Regina. He tried to think that he had acted right, even while conscience whispered that he had done wrong. He solaced himself with the idea that he had been deceived—grossly wronged—and He opened his eyes and looked at that he had meted out a fitting her, and putting forth his hand he punishment to the deceiver, and said:

ne was avenged. "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay," saith the Lord; and the all the bitter past away, and Sister vously the diamond necklace that husband hurled these bitter words human hand that snatches the word encircled her throat. She shad at her. Inmiliated and insulted of vengeance from the grasp of Diduction of vengeance fr both wavs-1:im at whom it is aimed, and he who aims it. Forgiveness, like charity, carries a double blessing; he is blessed who for gives, and he is blessed who is fordid love Robert Arlington, but it given. It was years before the re was before I ever saw you. He vengeful, haughty spirit of Roswell Sinclair telt this. In the meanwhile, he wrapped himself in the mantle of cold reserve, and lived in miserable solitude in his proud ancestral halls. When some

> visit by, " she basely deceived me," for he had not yet learned to for-Thus in bitterness of heart, lived Roswell Sinclair in his gloomy house, asking no sympathy and receiving none. A shadow rested upon his home and upon his heart

memory of the woman he had ban-

ished intruded itself upon him, he

strove to beat back the unwelcome

-a great darkness that could be Dark clouds, too, lowered over his country, which at length assumed the lurid glare of war. Glad knew the paths by which women for anything to break the gloomy gain a livelihood are beset with monotony of his life, Roswell Sin-

Six years had elapsed since the night he had parted with Regina. a support. I knew that I did not His dark hair was silvered with engraven on his face. As he lay the vision. She had not seen him before, as she was at a distant post when the prisoners had been brought in the night before. She gazed long and anxiously at the flushed sleeper; though sadly changed, she remembered well that proud, handsome face. What bitter memories rushed over her as then she turned instinctively away. But her sympathy soon over-pow-

low chair beside the sufferer.

for the first time, Roswell Sinclair. well as male, who even now, as they did of yore, betray with a kiss."

But you will forgive me?" she pleaded.

By forgiveness, you mean that well sinclair. Her beauty attracted him, he produced by the found herself his few months she found herself his wife. He carried her to his proud the first time, Roswell Sinclair. Hurled, but dragged slowly into eternity, through the most horrible they did of yore, betray with a posed, and though she almost control of the first time, Roswell Sinclair. Hurled, but dragged slowly into eternity, through the most horrible death gates known to humanity. Only Dante, in his wildest flights of poetic imagination, could have depicted one-half the horrors of the second floor, and here the long corridors but the second floor, and here the long corridors but the first time, Roswell Sinclair. Hurled, but dragged slowly into eternity, through the most horrible death gates known to humanity. Only Dante, in his wildest flights of poetic imagination, could have depicted one-half the horrors of the second floor, and though she almost of poetic imagination, could have depicted one-half the horrors of the second floor, and the second floor and here the long corridors but the first time, Roswell Sinclair. Hurled, but dragged slowly into eternity, through the most horrible death gates known to humanity. Only Dante, in his wildest flights to the right wing of the building, and of poetic imagination, could have be death gates known to humanity. Only Dante, in his wildest flights of poetic imagination, could have be death gates known to humanity. Only Dante, in his wildest flights of poetic imagination, could have be death gates known to humanity. Only Dante, in his wildest flights of poetic imagination, could have be death gates known to humanity. Only Dante, in his wildest flights of poetic imagination, could have be death gates known to humanity. Only Dante, in his wildest flights of poetic imagination, could have be death gates known to humanity. Only Dante, in his wildest flights of poetic ima house—these old ancestral balls—that I will shower diamonds upon you, and give you velvets to wear, and in return you will a new carried her to his proud home; he surrounded her with almost Oriental splendor; he loved her, but it was with that jealous, exacting love that makes and in return you will give me almost as miserable as positive interesting to the same house can hold no jealous, exacting and unforgiving, no; the same house can hold no longer the deceiver and the deceived."

"You turn me into the streets, Reswell: I have no home but this?"

"You turn me into the streets, She had guarded the secret of her secret of early love well from the jealous gaze of her husband, but, in an un-lucky moment, he discovered all. He arose and hastily paced the preence from my house, and I will She had been driven from his presence out into the vast, weary world, and she carried with her only the bitter memory of the many years of harshness and cruelty. The large, hot tears gathered slowly in "Never forgive!" and Regina the eyes of Sister Angela, as she reviewed the bitter past, and gazed upon the sleeping form of the man she had once called husband. Yet no resentment filled her heart; she was ready—she even yearned

o say-"I forgive." The night wore on, and Sister Angela kept her watch beside the wounded man. An angel-a pitying angel-watched him as he slept, but he knew it not. The long rows of cots looked ghastly beneath the faint rays of the lamp, and some of the faces of the occupants were pallid and wan. The silence was broken only by the deep breathing of the sleepers, and a half-smothered groan from some sufferer as he vainly tried to court sleep. Occasionally, some soldier dreaming of home, would cry out the leved happily in his sleep. Once only did Roswell Sinclair wake during that long night. He asked for water. Sister Angela handed it to him; he took it from her and drank eagerly, then, thanking her

he went to sleep.
But one night, the last night of his stay, as she walked through the ward to see how her patients He opened his eyes and looked at

" Regina !" That one familiar word swept

Angela burst into tears of grati-" My darling, my darling,

in low, broken tones, as the hand he held in his grasped him tighter. Sister Angela could only weep

and sob, "Yes, yes, forgiven." "Even as I forgive, O my wife, my precious wife, how blessed a thing is forgivness!"

And the next day the prisoner went his way. Sister Angela, too, was missing, and when the war was ended, Roswell Sinclair and Sister Angela were found in the old ancestral house together, but the name she then went by was Regina queen.

Divine spirit of forgiveness, if thy white wings could only enfold al' of earth's children, what ceaseless melodies would make musical the world.

The Great Fire in Richmond.

We copy the following graphic description of the late terrible conflagration in Richmond from the New York Herald. The writer was one of those who barely escaped with their lives:

Not a year has passed since— swiftly, suddenly and without a shadow of premonition—this city was plunged into a depth of gloom almost without a parallel in the annals of any city on this continent, by the falling in of the floor of the Court of Appeals in the Capitol building. Since then flood has spread desolation throughout the State to add to the list of horrors that have marked the last denow I have to chronicle a calamity, which coming at the time it does, makes us feel that it is writ-ten by the fates, "City of the Sev-nearly the same distance, was a en Hills, thou art doomed."

THE DEMON OF FIRE

has again ravished it and added to the destruction of property and ered all harsher feelings, and re- loss of life. Desolation, destructurning, she took her seat on her tion, death, come hand in hand Then the whole past rushed to Christmas Eve, which never, even her mind. She remembered how, in the dark days of our civil strife, in her early girlhood, Robert Arlington had won her love. She had promised to marry him, and after waiting patiently three years, he proved false to his vows, and married another. It was a terrible blow—a blow that seemed to

five if not more souls were, not the head of a staircase all egress hurled, but dragged slowly into was blocked up with an indiscrim-

Not since the burning of the old Theatre has Richmond witnessed such a scene.

Built without any brick partitions above the first floor, the flames having once gotten a head-way, any attempt to check them was worse than futile. In a few minutes after the fire was discovered by the watchman, who happened to pass the pantry where a stove had been negligently allow-ed to burn, and which, becoming red hot, communicated to the floor, it had rushed with lightning speed from cellar to garret, and by the time the fire department had be-come thoroughly organized for work, the whole interior of the imliving flame—mad, wild, hissing flame—in its resistless, desolating sweep, hurling athwart the frosty sky masses of burning time. sky masses of burning timber, like some volcanic demon laboring to disgorge itself-now silent, as if to gather new strength; now roaring, cracking, thundering, as if striving to drown

THE SHRIEKS OF ITS VICTIMS,

the hoarse, confused cries of the firemen, the shrill whistles of the engines and the agonizing hum of the swaying crowd of citizens be-low, ready to do and die in the cause of humanity, but powerless.

"SAVE MY CHILDREN !" Here a brother looking frantically for a sister, or a wife pleading for some tidings of her husband, who when last seen was braving fire and smoke to save some relation; there a man sturified by horror and tear; beside him another, whose gallant spirit knows not the mean-

SAM HINES who has just brought two friends from the fourth story out and rushed back for a third, who is seen at street below; but now the stairway forgiven?" said Roswell Sinclair, Too late; the fire fiend has claimed him. A volume of black, stifling smoke envelops him; angry, forked flames leap like serpents' and grasp more tightly the hand tongues from without the mass, and his gallant soul is in eternity.

Creeping, writhing, hissing dur-ing the lulls of the winter's blastrushing as it springs fresh from its lair—the demon finally seizes upon two large buildings adjoining the hotel. Then the scene, if possible, becomes more fearful than before, mingling as it does the falling of walls and the crashing of the floors

with the other. HORRORS OF THE SCENE.

At one time it appeared as if the destruction of the whole block was inevitable. The night was the severest of this winter, the spray from the streams falling in hail upon the half-dressed inmates of the hotel, as they stood watching the means of egress from the building, to see if the next that rushed out was a brother, sister, husband, wife, son or daughter, or to give a word of encouragement to some one poised between two horrible forms of death, and powerless, except to cry out above the din be-

"SAVE ME! I AM BURNING!"

This heart-rendering appeal rang out from more than fifty windows, and rang out only once. It is not known positively that there were more than five actual victims of the flames, but the universal fear is, that this does not approximate the number. One short hour and cade in this beautiful land, and the fire fiend had done its worst. Its progress had been stayed, but two-thirds of the block fronting nearly the same distance, was a fiery charnel lake, still smoking and seething, but conquered. When

THE FIRE FIRST BROKE OUT.

and the cry rang through the house, repeated from mouth to mouth with frantic and despairing energy, your correspondent, whose

He shook her off and said bit and she found herself a penniless city. In one short hour, certainly, despair. Proceeding further to company's office, Howes' machine terly: THE BURNING OF THE SPOTSWOOD and here the long corridors but served as flues to conduct the flame through the building. Continuing on, the ground floor is reached at decked in diamonds. It is imposlast, and then the cold, icy air strikes the face.

A PITEOUS SCENE. Here I saw the wife of Captain McPhail in her bare feet, with a blanket wrapped around her, while her husband, half-dressed, carried their infant child, whose piteous cries could be heard above the din offalling timbers and crashing floors. But there was

AN ACT OF CHIVALRY, worthy of mention. A young man named Towers sprang forward, pulled off his shoes and gave them to the lady, and divesting himself of his overcoat, wrapped the shild in it and as wind in "A MAN AT A FIFTH STORY WINDOW."

I looked up, and there was C. A. Schaffter, the State Superintendent of Public Printing, clinging to the eill of a fifth story window.-His feet reached the upper row of only to serve, like varnish on a glass in the fourth story windew, picture, to bring out the light and and he kicks out the panes. He places his feet on the sash, moves his hands cautiously to the cap of the window and then descends to the sill of that window. In this way the gallant Schaffter came Come ont to spend a day by the from story to story, amid the plaudits of the crowd, by whom he was seized and carried out of joy themselves! Won't you eat danger when he reached the ground.

AMONG THE VICTIMS

is Mrs. Kernsly, the housekeeper of the hotel. In vain was she urged by the proprietor, Mr. Luck ing of the latter word, and who, having saved one friend, is preparing to rush again into the jaws of wanted to save something else, and death to rescue another. Here is at last all the avenues of escape young. ed up by the devouring element. Besides this lady and Hines, among the known victims are Erasmus Ross, famous as clerk of the window of his room from the stairway Samuel Robinson, of New Orstreet below; but now the stairway is in flames. Only one chance remains; it is to jump. He prepares for the fearful leap. Brave hearts will catch him, if he crushes them.

H. Pan, of Danville, Virginia, United States mail agent, and J. B. Fariss, messenger of the South ern Express Company. A number of strangers on the register are missing, some of whom may have gone off on the morning

THE FOLLOWING NAMES,

train.

however, appear on the register who are not believed to have gone

Samuel Friedman and Henry Kroeth, New York.

D. N. Cannergore, of Cincinnati; C. George and E. H. Andrews, of Syracuse, New York; J. H. Wilcox, of Lynchburg; N. Beimstem, of Washington; A. Liel, of Tampa, Florida; H. G. Krotte, of New York; and John H. Holman, Jr., of Jackson Ten-

W. H. II. Stowell, Congressman elect from the Fourth District, was registered and is also missing.

The Spotswood Hotel was valued at \$140,000, and insured in northern companies, represented by D. N. Walker, for \$60,000. Messrs. Branch & Current were insured in the North British and Mercantile for \$5,000. Messrs. Sublett, Luck & Co., proprietors of the Spotswood, had their furniture insured for \$20,000, and their

safes are buried in the ruins.

Among those who had very gers not accounted for. It is probable some of the citizens worship.) Come here and he have taken some of them to their gentleman harness his h houses. The name of the house- But I cannot enlarge further. keeper burned was Mrs. Emily not she, however, illustrate Kennearly.

The business houses destroyed crush out all the sweetness from half past two o'clock A. M. a cano could be seen rushing, they knew her life. Then her parents died, py of fire hung over the whole not whither, and shricking with crockery store, Adams' Express sphere rooms, broad and air were Messrs. Branch & Currants abundant, work play, a cont

The sun that went down last

THE BLEAK RUINS

decked in diamonds. It is impossible to gather anything like a full statement of the incidents of this last catastrophe, or to depict its horrors to-day. It is as if another funeral pall had been spread over the entire community.

A Real Lady. One summer I was boarding with my family in a farmhouse by

the seashore. Our host was a pit-

iful miser, starving himself, starving his family; and, a fortiori, starving his boarders. Sick of human nature, sick of petty, miserable contention, a party of us started out one day, in a wagon, for a fine beach some miles away, to try to forget our woes in the kind lap of mother nature. As we approached the beach, we stopped at a farm house to ask permission to put our horse in the barn. Knocking at the door, it was opened by a motherly-looking woman of 50, in spectacles, the glasses of which, however, far from hiding, seemed warmth of a pair of loving blue eyes underneath. She gave us the your lunch in our apple orchard, it's so nice and cool and shady there? And would't you like a pan of sweet milk to have with it?" Bless your dear, loving heart," I cried internally. "Then the stern necessities of farm life do not shrivel and wizen and dry rot souls after the manner of Old Grimes we are boarding with! But perhaps this old lady had trodden a more

silken path."

ing ocean.

I looked round the room. There were milk-pans enough to make one's life one eternal scour. Her dress too was trussed up; her arms were bare, and with that battered from a neighboring room. "Ah! that's your grandchild, I suppose?" 'No, that's my baby." I was about as incre fulous as Sarah of old; but she went on. "I've had sixteen children!" Sixteen children! All these milk-pans, ordinary work of the farmhouse, and room still in the heart for such a reception as we had had, for such a generous " I do like to see young people enjoy themselves," for such hearty proffers of the hospitality of the apple orchard, and of a full gallon of sweet milk! Ah! I see it. "Where there is room in the heart, there is always room in the house," room for all these children, and then room to spare for a bevy of pleasure seeking, do-nothing strangers, who would seem sent only to suggest the complaint: Why must my life be a ceaseless toil of nursing, scrubbing, ripping, sewing, while these people can lie on the rocks all day long, counting the breakers, cooled by the spray, dozing off to the music of the puls-

I could tell a great deal more about this blessed woman-how she refused all pay, feeling she was already paid amply in the delight of kindness itself; how she manifested a delicacy of politeness wines and carpets for \$7,000, in the North British Company.

The National Insurance Companies of the N ny, of Baltimore, loses \$3,000, and of manner in such a genuine presthe Continental, of New York, \$3,000. All the goods ready for delivery in the celler of the Sonthern Express Company were destroyed. The company's money " Madame, I am ashamed to say I do not know how to harness that narrow escapes were M. Maille- horse!" "Of course not; everyfert, of New York, engineer of body can't do everything!" and the James river obstructions; S. this in a tone as though she were A. Pearce, of Columbia, S. C., already overwhelmed with amazeprivate secretary to Senator ment at the number of things I Sprague, and Mrs. E. Magill, procould do. Her replying thus, I prietress of the theatre. The De say, and then running to the back Lave Troupe lost their baggage -- door calling to two of her sons in the hotel register was found to the field, "Here, you, Hear Clay! night, and there are only six stran Daniel Webster! (room still that heart, we see, for a streak chiro ously the creative power of a heart-creative power to me small house big, narrow to