

THE PIONEER.

By A. H. Jones.

TERMS.

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Mr. Stanbery's Opinion.

Mr. Stanbery cuts the heart out of the Military bill. If he is right then Congress is criminally wrong. A measure which was carefully and anxiously devised by more than two-thirds of the Senate and the House, and not only adopted, but a second time considered and passed over an able and ingenious veto message, proves to be a delusion and a snare, and absolutely worthless as a measure of reconstruction.

Let us see what the Military bill provided. It was intended to undo all that the President had done. It proclaimed that his policy was a mistake—that the "States" which he organized were not States. Suffrage was bestowed upon Rebels and denied to a class which had been loyal during the war. The Rebels returned to the Union with more power than they had ever possessed, because they voted not only their own strength, but the strength of the disfranchised but enumerated negroes, man for man.

That expressly provided that no legal governments existed in the "Rebel States," and made them subject to "the military authority of the United States." It gave the generals commanding absolute power, and declared that "all interference under color of State authority with the exercise of military authority" should be "null and void."

There have been uneasy rumors from Washington, and, fearing the worst, we have earnestly implored the President to be wise and take no perilous step. Stanbery's first opinion came. We submitted to it. It made little difference practically in the operation of the bill. There were some things about it that were unfair, but we did not wish to borrow trouble, or to unnecessarily embarrass the Administration. The second opinion, however, strikes at the very heart of the bill. It reduces the military power to a mere police force, to keep order and prevent assault and battery.

Mr. Stanbery means to sneer at the "education and training" of our President; for in the veto message that officer denounced the bill because it did what the Attorney-General claims it was never intended to do! In other words, Congress—the generals commanding—Gen. Grant, and even the President—are wrong and Stanbery is right! The civil governments must stand. They are independent and integral. The civil officers must be respected. They are chosen by "the people," and can only be replaced by "the people."

Congress expressly calls these commonwealths "Rebel States." Stanbery says they must not be molested! Congress ordains that these communities must not be allowed to interfere with the military authority. Stanbery contends that the generals cannot interfere with the communities unless they get up a riot, in which case the riot may be quelled! Well, Gen. Grant issued an order July 6, 1866, directing commanders in the South to arrest all Rebels charged with offenses against inhabitants of the United States, irrespective of color, and hold them until a "proper tribunal" could try them. Stanbery virtually says that the Military bill repeals this order, which was a dead letter so far as Mayor Monroe and many other criminals were concerned. Be you keeping the peace, these commanders have no power!

After a few introductory remarks Mr. King introduced Col. David Heaton, of New Bern, who spoke for an hour. He traced the rise and progress of the Republican party, as well as its present objects and aims, in a manner that enlisted the deepest attention. He regarded this party as the great party of progress and freedom. It had put down the rebellion saved the government from destruction, and set every slave free. Col. H. advised the colored man to observe his promises and contracts with religious faith; to acquire property by paying for it with his honest earnings, and thus become independent, and not listen to idle stories about confiscation and free gifts of property. He defended the Congressional plan, and urged its full and faithful acceptance as the only certain means of escape from more rigid measures.

Mr. James E. O'Hara, (colored,) of Goldsboro, spoke for half an hour, with great satisfaction to all. Hon. C. R. Thomas then closed by an able speech of near an hour and a half's duration. Mr. Thomas planted himself squarely on the Congressional policy, and reviewed with his usual ability the course and objects of leading secessionists and latter-day-war-saints, with considerable severity. He was frequently interrupted by applause.

Resolved, That we a portion of the citizens of Lenoir county, North Carolina, do approve, endorse and ratify the platform of the Republican party adopted by the Convention held in Raleigh on the 27th of March last, and we now pledge anew our support to the principles and policy, and the men of the great National Union party of our country—the Republican party.

Resolved, That we have an abiding, conscientious conviction that the "Reconstruction Measures" of Congress are right and just to all sections and classes and species of the people, and we recommend and urge the adoption of these measures as necessary to the preservation of law and order, the restoration of the Union, and the future successful progress of American national government and civilization.

Resolved, That the foregoing resolutions and proceedings of the meeting be published in the Newbern Republican, and that other Republican journals be requested to copy.

Large Republican Meeting at Kinston.

KINSTON, N. C., June 15.

Lenoir county is awake to the importance of the hour! The largest political meeting known here for years took place today. It is estimated that not less than 1,500 were around the speaker's stand. Many had come from a distance of ten or fifteen miles. The great mass were colored voters, but a large number of whites were also on hand, among them some of the leading and influential men of the county, and all listened to the speaker with the deepest interest.

Hon. Richard W. King, was chosen as chairman, and Rev. Edward H. Hill, as secretary. After a few introductory remarks Mr. King introduced Col. David Heaton, of New Bern, who spoke for an hour. He traced the rise and progress of the Republican party, as well as its present objects and aims, in a manner that enlisted the deepest attention.

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A Swarm of Bees on a Man's Face.

A correspondent of the London Field gives the following interesting narrative:

In June 1874, Mr. Simmonds, a farmer residing at Brookland Farm, Weybridge, was dressing in order to attend the rent audit at Woburn House. Before putting on his coat, he perceived from his window an unusually large swarm of bees, filling the air with a cloud and noise. It was, in fact, as he afterwards ascertained, two swarms that had come out of two distinct hives, and had united in the air. He ran out in his shirt sleeves, and without his hat, to see where they would alight. The bees, after making some circles in the air, led him off to the bank of the river Wey. Thinking that the bees might cross the river, and perhaps escape, he adopted a plan not uncommon with bee masters, viz: that of throwing dust into the air among the bees. This will often make them settle quickly. They did settle quickly, and this more so than he expected, for in a short time the whole of one of the largest swarms that he had ever seen, settled upon his head, face and breast. They hung down like a great beard to the bottom of his waistcoat. Had he not been well accustomed to bees and perfectly collected, his situation would have been a very dangerous one; for, had he at all irritated this mass of armed insects, he would no doubt have received a sufficient number of stings to have placed his life in peril. He was obliged to close his eyes slowly, and to keep his mouth shut. Then, in order to prevent their entering his nostrils, which they endeavored to do, he slowly thrust one hand through the mass, and with his two fore-fingers managed to keep drawing and pushing them away from his nostrils as they tried to enter. This was necessary, as bees are generally irritated by being breathed upon.

When Tibertus was near his end he hesitated as to whom he should appoint as his successor in the Roman empire. He ordered his grandsons, Tibertus, and nephew, Caius, should be invited to his apartment one morning, and appealing to the gods to decide the question privately determined in his own mind that the youth who came first should have the crown. Young Tibertus delayed an hour, and the empire was lost and won. The story has a lesson to my purpose. I repeat what is a day?—And answer, perhaps a point on which hangs the fortunes of this life, perhaps the issues of the life to come. One thing is certain, a day may be lost but never can be regained. You suffer it to float down into the ocean of the past, but you can never recall one of its most precious moments; you may lose thus an opportunity of acquiring good or doing good, but that opportunity will never be yours again—You have a day you could apply to the acquiring intellectual stores; you neglect it, and thereby lose just that amount of knowledge forever. You may throw away the fruits of one day's labor by idleness, and you are that much poorer all your life.

Women on the Farm. A discussion is going on in the New Hampshire Mirror and Farmer as to whether men or women should do the milking. "A Young Farmer's Wife," of New Hampshire, gives her views as follows: "Having read with considerable interest the communications from Mr. Hersey and a 'Farmer,' and disagreeing with them, my husband wished me to give my views on the subject. I cannot agree with the former, that women should always do the milking; yet I think a woman should know how to milk, that when husband or father is gone from home the milking may be done at the usual time, and they have the satisfaction of knowing that the chores will be done when they return home with the day's labor.

"Now, I have as good a husband as a woman need have, kind and willing to help me when I wish him, and I think it no disgrace for me to milk and do the chores when he is gone, or to rake hay when a shower is coming, or to be in a hurry; or to do any work when he needs my help, if I can without neglecting my own duties. I never lived on a farm till I was married, so that I knew nothing of a farmer's life; yet I can do any kind of work—taking care of the turkeys, chickens, and flowers. I feel as though I was discharging my duties better by helping when I can, as my leisure time doing that which is more ornamental than useful, though I like a little of that. I do not think a woman should be a drudge, but a companion and helpmeet, making home the happiest place on earth. I do not think that a girl should be brought up to think it a disgrace to do anything but play on the piano, embroider, dress, and flirt. Such a one may do for a city gent, but not a farmer's wife."

The Surratt Trial. WASHINGTON, June 17. In opening for the prosecution, after describing the assassination of the District Attorney, said that the prosecution would show to the entire satisfaction of the jury, by competent and credible witnesses, that the prisoner at the bar, John H. Surratt, was then and there present aiding and abetting in that murder. He would show that at the time of the murder he was in front of Ford's Theatre, co-operating with Booth, they would hear what the prisoner said there; they would know him as a director of the bullet that pierced the president's head, and a director of the knife that fell upon the throat of the Secretary of State; they would know that the companionship then and there between the prisoner and Booth was not accidental but was the result of long and premeditated plan and association. The examination of witnesses was then commenced.

What is a Day? How often we have heard this remark—"What is a day? Can we not spend it as we choose, free for once to throw aside the trammels of business, the cares of life, and the obligations of duty? May we not postpone these matters till to-morrow and give ourselves to the wings of fancy to-day? What is a day? The bright and glorious sun shines in the cloudless firmament. The breath of June is laden with the incense of flowers, the woods echo with the songs of birds, the bosom of mother earth is clothed with the fresh and stainless vestments of summer. Nature waits forth in the richness of her beauty, inviting to voluptuousness and pleasure; let us repose then upon her bosom and give care and toil to the winds. What is a day? I hear the old clock ticking steadily in the corner, and ask what is a second? The hammer strikes the hour. I ask what is an hour? I see the sun rise and set, and ask what is a day? What is it? The spring came with the winds of March and went with the flowers of May. Summer is measuring by seconds, hours, and days its ceaseless tread, and soon will be gone. The autumn and winter will succeed, and what is a year? Ah! how the mysterious mind is cheated of its, how thoughtlessly it is being borne along to its mysterious destiny! All great results are reached little by little, step by step.

The longest journey is accomplished inch by inch, the greatest wealth penny by penny, the most splendid acquisitions are made up of items in themselves small and insignificant. Take from the ocean a drop of water every year, and in the end you would drain it dry. Blot out a star each century, and the heavens would in time be robbed of every gem. Extract from the earth a grain of sand for every generation of mankind, and at last it would cease to be. Yet what is a drop of water, a star, a grain of sand in the universe of God. When Tibertus was near his end he hesitated as to whom he should appoint as his successor in the Roman empire. He ordered his grandsons, Tibertus, and nephew, Caius, should be invited to his apartment one morning, and appealing to the gods to decide the question privately determined in his own mind that the youth who came first should have the crown. Young Tibertus delayed an hour, and the empire was lost and won. The story has a lesson to my purpose. I repeat what is a day?—And answer, perhaps a point on which hangs the fortunes of this life, perhaps the issues of the life to come. One thing is certain, a day may be lost but never can be regained. You suffer it to float down into the ocean of the past, but you can never recall one of its most precious moments; you may lose thus an opportunity of acquiring good or doing good, but that opportunity will never be yours again—You have a day you could apply to the acquiring intellectual stores; you neglect it, and thereby lose just that amount of knowledge forever. You may throw away the fruits of one day's labor by idleness, and you are that much poorer all your life.

Truth Crushed, will Rise. The New York Tribune and Washington Chronicle, together with other influential journals, are advocating the re-assembling of Congress. We call attention to the fact. The issue is between the Military Commanders of the Districts, and the rebel Provisional State governments, the former being backed by Congress and the Republican party, the latter by the President and his faction. Had Congress wiped out these organizations, when the Southern Unionists appealed to them to do so last winter, which appeal is still continued, there would have been no trouble now in Louisiana or elsewhere. We trust that the error may be corrected in July next. Republican reconstruction is scarcely possible when rebel State organizations are tolerated by Congress itself, and a premium thus offered to disloyalty. Will Congress still persist in handling treason with kid gloves and spunking it with otto of roses when it assembles in July?—Standard.

NEW ORLEANS, Friday, June 14. A letter from Queretaro, published in El Comercio, of Matamoros, of the 2d inst., says the Government will for the present content itself with banishing Maximilian and the principal Imperial chiefs, reserving the infliction of extreme penalties for those only whose crimes demand it. In doing this the Government is not more influenced by the expressed wishes of the Government of the United States than by the requirements of its own dignity and the principles of justice, morality and conciliation. Escobedo has been ordered to remain at Queretaro. Another report, however, says that he left there for the capital on the 23d inst. On the 22d he wrote to the Governor of Mexico that the latest news from the capital was that Marquez had attempted to come out, but was driven back by Diaz.

The 4th Day of July. This day, loudly dear to every patriotic American heart, is not now far distant. Let the Republicans of the Old North State celebrate it with befitting demonstrations. The associations that hallow its memory should be recalled—the words of Washington and the fathers, forgotten amid the din of war, should be repeated, until the embers of Union and Liberty are kindled into a consuming flame. "Ring out wild bells into the morning sky!" In our own City, there will be a large meeting held, and eloquent speeches are expected to be present on the occasion. The people of the neighboring Counties are invited to attend. Come by hundreds and thousands. Come and help us to swell the anthem of Liberty, Union, and Equality!—Raleigh Standard.

There was a time when foreign Powers were taught to respect the flag of the United States. The Government not only had long arms, but it showed the disposition to stretch them out. When France undertook to intimidate the country by demanding an apology from President Jackson, that fearless functionary, who took for his motto "to demand nothing but what is right, and submit to nothing that is wrong," sent a special message to Congress, notifying them that a large French naval armament was under orders for our seas, and said: "Come what may, the explanation which France demands can never be accorded; and no armament, however powerful and imposing, at a distance or on our coast, will, I trust, deter us from disregarding the high duties which we owe to our constituents, to our national character, and to the world."

How different was the spirit of this communication to that which Secretary Seward sends to Admiral Dahlgren upon the question of courtesy to the renegade rebel Tucker, sailing under the Peruvian flag.—Chronicle. SERENADE TO JEFFERSON DAVIS—His Response.—A few days ago, on arriving at Niagara Falls, on the Canada side, Jefferson Davis was serenaded, and in response to the compliment, spoke as follows: Gentlemen: I thank you sincerely for the honor you have this evening shown to me; it shows that true British manhood to which misfortune is always attractive. May peace and prosperity be forever the blessing of Canada, for she has been the asylum for many of my friends, as she is now an asylum for myself. I hope that Canada may forever remain a part of the British Empire, and may God bless you all, and the British flag never cease to wave over you.

Alabama, by her State Convention at Montgomery, raises the Republican standard, and plants it firmly upon the solid foundation of peace, Union, free schools, and equality of political rights. The work has already been commenced in that State, which will insure a victory upon this platform if its supporters but earnestly continue their efforts. The Republicans here, however, no time or strength to waste upon wavering or faint-hearted friends. They must advance their standard fearlessly, counting those who do not rally to its support as opposed to its progress. The sixty-nine \$1.00 bonds recently reported lost in the Treasury Department were found yesterday mixed up in a package of beer stamps, where they are supposed to have been placed through the carelessness of a clerk. "Am I not a little pale?" inquired a lady, who was short and comely, of a crusty old bachelor. "You look more like a big tub," was the blunt reply.