THE JOURNAL.

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—:o:—

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Passeng'r, " 3,	"	"	4:27 p. m.
Freight, " 9,	"	"	6:00 p. m.
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B. & M. TIME TABLE.

Leaves Columbus,		8:20 A. M.
" Bellwood,		8:50 "
" David City,		9.15 "
" Garrison,		9:31 "
" Ulysses,		9:55 "
" Staplehurst,		10:12 "
" Seward,		10:30 "
" Ruby,		10:46 "
" Milford.		11:00 "
" Pleasant Dale,		11:18 "
" Emerald,		11:37 "
Arrives at Lincoln,		12:00 M.

Leaves Lincoln at 12:50 P. M. and arrives in Columbus 4:10 P. M.

O., N. & B. H. ROAD.

Bound north.		*Bound south.*	
Jackson	4:55 P. M.	Norfolk	6:30 A. M.
LostCreek	5:30 "	Munson	6:57 "
Pl. Centre	5:57 "	Madison	7:45 "
Humphrey	6:51 "	Humphrey	8:34 "
Madison	7:40 "	Pl. Centre	9:28 "
Munson	8:28 "	LostCreek	9:55 "
Norfolk	8:55 "	Jackson	10:30 "

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The Columbus Journal.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Space.	1w	2w	1mo	3m	6m	1yr
1col'mn	$12.00	$20	$25	$35	$60	$100
½ "	8.00	12	15	20	35	60
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Business and professional cards ten lines or less space, per annum, ten dollars. Legal advertisements at statute rates. "Editorial local notices" fifteen cents a line each insertion. "Local notices" five cents a line each insertion. Advertisments classified as "Special notices" five cents a line first insertion, three cents a line each subsequent insertion.

MY RUSSIAN BISHOP.

'Keep her steady, Mac, and tell Brown, in the engine-room, to stick to her present rate of speed. Seven knots all things considered, is decent going, even down stream, on one of these Russian rivers; and then we are in duty bound, you know, to economize the company's firewood, cheap as it is.'

'Ay, ay, Captain Burton,' cheerfully responded my tall, raw-boned first officer, entering with national alacrity into a question of thrift.

Macgregor, chief mate, and Brown chief engineer, were, with myself, John Burton by name, the only three Englishmen on board the Fair Helen, a fine steamer, of light draught, but considerable engine power, belonging to the Anglo-Russian Steam Navigation Company, and built expressly for service on the Dnieper. We were pretty far to the north just then, in the government of Monilew, where the great river first becomes navigable for anything bigger than a skiff or flat-boat, and were coming down now, with a string of rafts in tow.

Macgregor left me on his round of inspection, but I, who had just then no call of duty, remained idly leaning against the taffrail, and gazing, now at the summer sky of greenish blue, now at the swampy and reed-grown shores, where herds of black buffaloes and flocks of sickly sheep browsed on the rank grass, and once again at the brown waters of the sluggish Borysthenes, now swollen by recent rain. Astern of the steamer was the long array of rafts which we were towing, composed of timber, cut down in the forests farther north, which forms a valuable article of export to the more pastoral and treeless south of Russia. Most of these rafts had shells or straw thatched hovels built upon them, to screen the laborers from sun and rain; and at the edge of each, some half dozen men, with long poles in their hands, kept watch, in case the clumsy craft should ground among the shallow mud-banks.

I had now spent over two years in Russia, and had acquired some little knowledge of the country, and what was harder, a tolerable smattering of its very difficult language, while there were those who regarded me as singularly lucky in having been appointed, young as I was, to the command of the Fair Helen. The duties, however, incumbent on me as skipper of a river steamboat in Russia, were not much to my inclination, and I believe I should long since have resigned my post and gone back to blue water and a sailor's life, had it not been that I fell in love, and that my love was returned.

Pretty Annie Clemments, only child of the English manager of Prince Demidoff's paper mills at Mohilew, was the enchantress whose bright eyes detained me in Russia, and only two months had elapsed since our troth plight had received the sanction of Annie's father. Mr. Clemments, who had from his youth up filled lucrative positions in the Czar's dominion, and had saved money, was a good type of a class of Englishmen who may be described as Anglo-Russians. His industry and business habits had given him a marked superiority over the people among whom he dwelt; but at the same time he was imbued with an alomst superstitious respect for the government under which he had long lived, and for every abuse and every freak of administrative tyranny on the part of the higher powers.

'This must be Bykhow!' said I, starting from my reverie, as I caught sight of the copper-coated cupola of the church of St. Michael, overtopping the wooden roofs of the tiny town; 'but what have we here!' I added, as a boat put off from the wharf and was soon alongside of the steamer, which had slackened speed in obedience to a signal from the shore. 'Why, it is a bishop!'

And, indeed, the most prominent personage of the group which presently boarded us was, to judge by his garb and mien, a prelate of the Russian church. He wore gracefully flowing robes, almost oriental aspect and the quaint mitre, with its narrow edging of purple and gold, which distinguishes a Muscovite bishop. Behind him came three attendants—his chaplain, his crosier-bearer, and another, who tinkled a little silver bell; at the sound of which our Russian sailors and deckmen dropped upon their knees, and struggled with one another who should be the first to kiss the bishop's ungloved hand, on which glistened a great amethyst ring.

I found the bishop, who was a young man, not more than two years older than myself, very urbane and affable. He spoke French, and German too, fluently, and was in tone and bearing quite a citizen of the world.

The bishop's business with me was soon stated. He wanted a passage to the city of Kiew for himself and attendants; and also for a party of ecclesiastical students from the great monastery of Glinka, who were bound for the same place, to be solemnly inducted within the pale of the Russo-Greek priesthood by the Archbishop of Kiew. There were, moreover, some three or four nuns, who desired to avail themselves of the same opportunity for returning to their abbey.

At first I was somewhat puzzled. Truth to tell, the vessels of the Anglo-Russian Navigation Company did very little business in the passenger carrying line. By towing, by the transport of light goods, and so forth, we earned a decent dividend; but although we had an elaborate printed tariff of charges, 'the neat private cabins,' and 'saloon' for first-class passengers, had come too sadly conspicuous by their absence. However, the bishop, with his easy way made things pleasant. Russians, he said with truth, needed, in fine weather, but scanty accommodation. Students, nuns, and himself, could rough it, only thankful for a speedy journey. And the payment he would leave to me to apportion.

'A compliment,' added the prelate with a laugh and a shrug, 'which I assure you, captain, I would not offer my own countrymen. But you English have a conscience.'

I do not forfeit my national reputation for fair dealing, for charging his worthiness—for such I believe to be the correct designation of a Muscovite bishop—too much for the meagre comfort which I was able on the Fair Helen to supply this clerical company. We set to work with hammer and saw, and as all sailors, even Russian fresh water mariners, are handy fellows, we soon knocked up some rough cabins for the nuns, while I gave up my own quarters to the bishop. As for the students, the weather was fine, and a set of hardy young fellows might surely make shift to keep the deck.

There were, as it turned out, four nuns, two of them being tall, burly Tavorniks, of that she grenadier aspect so common among the Russian peasant women who take the vow, and the other two, slight, delicate in manners and appearance, and unmistakably ladies. There were twenty three students, well-grown lads enough, but apparently shy and ill at ease, and who huddled together in a mob when brought on board and shunned conversation. Nor was the nuns very communicative; but the bishop, who was a fluent and agreeable talker, made amends for the taciturnity of the rest.

At Stostiza, where we stopped to take in firewood, and where the overseers of the rafts went ashore to hire fresh laborers in the room of a dozen fever-stricken wretches on whom the miasma of the muddy river had done its work, and who had been left behind it at Bykhow, a sad procession went by the wharf alongside of which the steamer lay. This consisted of some thirty political prisoners, Poles, as we were told, implicated in an abortive revolt near Minsk, and now on their way to Siberia. They were all ranks and ages; some with delicate hands and faces that told of culture and refinement; others who showed the marks of honest toil; but all bore themselves with a certain air of quiet dignity which seemed to impress even the half savage Cossacks who guarded them. There was something in the proud endurance of the captives which touched me. They were in chains, their clothes were worn and ragged. Their faces were wan with the privations of a Russian prison, and all were footsore and weary. Yet it was impossible not to admire the patient courage of their demeanor.

'Bah! They are not of our century, these Poles,' said the biship taking a pinch of snuff and offering to me the guilt box with snave courtesy. 'They sacrifice themselves for a dream.'

We were a long time at Stostizta for the overseer's new hands were hard to coax away from the volka shops, though when they did arrive they turned out to be fifteen as strapping fellows as I had ever seen; men too, who walked with the steady step of old soldiers. Of this, however, since conscription passes half the peasantry through the ranks, I thought little, but gave orders to cast off the mooring, get up a fuller head of steam, to make up for lost time, and push on to Rogaczew, our next halting place. Four Versts down the river I caught the gleam, among the tall reeds of the bank, of Cossack lance points, and soon rounding a head land, descried the kafila of prisoners. These latter marched but slowly, and their mounting guards, under the orders of an officer in green uniform—a major, as I guessed by his medals and the glitter of his epaulettes were driving them on with blows and threats. Just as we came abreast of the captives, I heard the overseer of the rafts shouting hoarsely orders which seemed worse than useless, for by some mismanagement of the poles, the raftsmen had grounded one of the cumbrous structures on a sand-bank. The tough tow rope jerked and creaked.

'Stop her, there below—reverse engines!' I called out; but scarcely had I done so before to my utter amazement the traveling bishop drew from beneath his purple-hemmed cassock a silver whistle, and blew a long, shrill note. The effect of this signal call was magical in its rapidity. Wading waist deep in the water, the raftworkers whom we had taken in at Stostizta hurried to the shore, scrambled up the slippery bank, and rushed like so many tigers upon the escort that guarded the prisoners!

'Ha! traitors! Cut the villains down!' thundered the Russian major, whisking out his saber and aiming a heavy stroke at the first assailant who reached him; but a cudgel parried the blow, and in less time than it takes to tell it the officer was disarmed and dragged from his saddle. Of the nine Cossacks, eight were dismounted and bound without any serious resistance, but the ninth eluded the bands that clutched at his bridle, fired, wounding the man nearest to him, and wheeling his shaggy steed, rode off at a gallop, pursued by a storm of pistol-balls and curses.

'Help! captain! cap——' gurgled in choking accents a well-known voice; and I looked round to see Macgregor vainly struggling in the grasp of three ecclesiastical students one of whom held him by the throat. Another of these interesting neophytes was pressing the muzzle of a revolver to the forehead of the sacred helmsman; while five or six had found their way to the engine-room, to judge by the sounds of scuffling that proceeded from the hatchway.

'Secure him!' cried the false bishop, pointing to me, and three young fellows all well armed, and all with their black robes disordered and revealing the very secular garb which they wore beneath, rushed upon me. Bewildered as I was, the English instinct of giving as good as I got prompted me. One antagonist stunned by a well directed blow, dropped like an ox beneath the poleax; a second was tripped up, and the pistol wrestled from his grasp; but then a flash of blinding fire glared before my eye, and next all grew black and hushed and quiet, and then the very world seemed to swim away from me as I fainted.

When I regained my senses it was night. The stars twinkling above us and the wash and ripple of the river were the first sounds which reached my dulled ear. How my head ached! The throbbing pains it occasioned me made me try to lift my hands to my brow; but I could not stir. I was bound and helpless, and I groaned aloud.

'Is it you, Capt. Burton? said a lugubrious voice near me. 'Deed, then, but I'm glad to hear ye speak, though it is that way for I thought ye were dead.'

'What has happened, Mac?' I asked feebly, 'Can you not help me get up? Who boarded—pirates, or—'

'Nae pirates, captain,' interrupted the mate. 'The job's a poletical one, nae doubt; and Sharpe himself was a saint to you fause-tongued loon o' a bishop he called himself, the ring leader o' the gang. And as for helping ye, laddie, how can I do it, seeing I lie here tied neck and heels, like a calf for the shambles? Brown and the fireman, and the rest of the crew, are all in irons below, with the hatches battoned down over them. The overseer and raft-laborers have run off, frightened, puir chiels out o' their bits o' wits, and the major and his Cossack rievers are about as comfortable, Captain Burton, as ourselves. Our best hope is in the coming o' the police.'

But alas! when the police and military, in the gray dawn, came lagging up in obedience to the solitary Cossack who had ridden off unharmed, we found that from the Polish frying-pan we had been promoted to the Russian fire. The Major who had passed some hours in impatient durance, tied to a willow tree with a gag between his teeth, and a cord around his wrists, actually foamed with rage, when we were hustled into his presence.

'But for your help, English hounds,' he reiterated, 'yonder rebel scum could not have interfered with the emperor's justice. Prisoners have been rescued, loyal soldiers have been bruised, disarmed, and deprived of their horses. I myself——' 'Here, corporal take the scoundrels away. They shall suffer for the success of their rascally accomplices.'

Macgregor and Brown being able to walk, were sent off to Kiew, each with his right wrist chained to the stirrup-leather of a mounted policeman, while I, on account of the weakness caused by a severe blow on the head, inflicted with a butt end of a pistol, was conveyed in a jolting country cart to Tchernigov, where I was duly lodged in prison.

Very bitter were my reflections as I lay on my hard pallet-bed, watching the scanty sunbeams that played on the barred windows of my cell, and listening to the shrill shrieks and pattering feet of rats distressingly tame, that haunted the jail. What was I to do? My employers would probably supersede me as commander of the Fair Helen. Of Siberia I had no serious fear, but a long imprisonment might end only expulsion from Russia. Annie was lost to me. I knew the rooted prejudices of her father too well to believe that he would ever accept a son-in-law who had conspired against the imperial authorities. And who was to persuade Mr. Clements, that I was blameless in the matter? I could fancy him in his arm-chair, stolidly declaring, in reply to Annie's pleadings on my behalf, that there was no smoke without fire, and as I had made my bed, so I must lie. And so weeks went by.

'Mr. Burton, or Captain Burton, you are free!' It was an officer of rank who spoke, pleasantly enough, tapping his boots with his gold-mounted riding-whip as he stood on the damp stone floor of his cell, with the door open behind him, admitting welcome air and sunlight. 'Your innocence, and that of the other British subjects confined at Kiew, has been at last fully proven by the confession of the principal rebel, Count Demetrius Sobieski, wounded and taken at Wilna. Ah, I see you do not know o' whom I talk. Well, he was your passenger.'

'The bishop?' I asked, half stupefied.

'Yes, the bishop," replied the general with a laugh. 'The students, and the last batch of raft-laborers being, all of them, disbanded Polish soldiers, who were willing to risk their lives for the rescue of the Minsk prisoners; an exploit in which they succeeded only too completely. As for the nuns two of them were men in female apparel, and the others were simply Polish ladies of noble birth, whose husbands were among the exiles, and who were resolved to aid in their deliverence, or to follow them to Irkutsk. Your vessel, the Fair Helen, you will find at Kiew, with your mate and engineer on board of her. And now, Mr. Burton, it only remains for me, on the part of the government, to express our regrets, &c.'

Annie and I are married, years since, and I command a ship of which I am part owner; but we do not live within the range of green-and-white frontier posts, that mark the Czar's dominions.

It must be confessed that the building of a stable for twenty horses on the top of a private mansion, access to which is obtained by means of a lift is calculated to awaken a feeling of astonishment even in these days of marvels. Yet this is the case on a house just erected in Belgrave Square, London, by Mr. Sassoon. Ground is very valuable in that fashionable part of London, and by elevating the horses to the top of the house two birds are killed with one stone, for space is saved and the smell of the stables avoided. The horses do not seem by any means to object to the mode of ascent; possibly they are unconscious of it on account of the closed shutters of the lift.

An exchange says: "Onions are an unfailing cure for diphtheria. They must be placed in a bandage in a raw state, and then beaten into a pulp, and the cloth containing them, juice and all, bound around the throat and well up over the ears. In cases noticed the result has been almost magical, deadly pain yielding in a short time to sleepy comfort."

Gratitude was fancifully said to be the memory of the heart; but, alas for poor human nature! hearts are more than suspected to have wondrous short memories.

Tell-tales are contemptible beings. To retail in one house what is seen or spoken of in another is a treason against society, which cannot be too thoroughly despised.

We should give as we receive, cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation; for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

He who is false to the present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the effect when the weaving of a lifetime is unraveled.