

The Russian Brutus.

A TRUE STORY OF THE Nihilist Movement in Russia.

(From the Sunday World.)

The full moon shed its mellow light over one of those mild, dreamy landscapes of Southern Russia which are so common, so uniform and yet varied in their simple beauty; a broad stream, its rippled surface glittering in the silvery rays; sleepy willows bathing their overhanging boughs in the water; the endless, undulating steppe, veiled in a dreamy mist, extending on the left bank of the river, on the right of which the ground rose in a steep slope covered with fruit trees resplendent with the white blossoms of spring. On the crest of the slope, where the trees clustered the thickest, a high wooden roof was visible, shining in the moonlight, and from behind the foliage, the ruddy light of a lamp-lit window cast a slanting ray into the silvery night.

This ray of light was the only trace of human life. Not a sound came to disturb it, except those voices of the night which in themselves, seem to form part of silence—the chirping of the crickets, the frogs' choir chanting their evening song in the reeds below, the sleepy bark of a dog in the distance. A peaceful repose seemed to have spread over the earth, bidding rest to all troubled, aching hearts, peace to all hatred and strife.

And yet the man who paced up and down the short gravel walk in front of the house hardly felt the influence of the peaceful scene. His steps were troubled and unsteady, and though his deportment, evidently through long habit, was as stiff and rigid as that of a soldier pacing the parade ground, yet the head covered with snowy white hair, was bowed low on his breast. The fingers of his clasped hands worked nervously and occasionally a suppressed exclamation of a heavy, half-subdued sigh issued from between the firmly set lips, with the thick, bushy white mustache overshadowing them.

The martial figure of this old man was well known throughout the whole province of Goltava and whenever General Savellief, or "the old General" as he was familiarly called, appeared he was gladly and respectfully greeted by every one without distinction of age, of class, or of position. Peasant or noble, young or old, all felt an instinctive respect for him, all came under the influence of that peculiar atmosphere with which an honest life, a straightforward nature surrounded old age, winning the hearts of the honest and angry knaves into respect. After resigning his position in the army at the close of the Crimean war, General Savellief retired on his small estate as poor a man as when he entered the Government service and resolutely refused to accept any other office. "My Emperor is dead (he meant the Emperor Nicholas) and I do not understand all your new ways and reforms."

Military discipline and the will of the Czar, which he considered as being an emanation of the will of God on earth, had been the only guiding principles of his whole life. Benevolent towards all, indulgent for all faults and shortcomings, on these two points he was unflinchingly severe. "A foe of the Czar is a foe of God," he was wont to say. When in 1848 he had to superintend the execution of a so-called political criminal—a child nineteen years old—he prepared himself for the task as for a holy sacrifice and went to the communion on the eve of the bloody day. On the other hand, his rigid, fanatical loyalty did not in the least impair his naturally honest, straightforward, benevolent disposition. The poor of his parish venerated him and even his enemies could not hold respecting the character of a man whom they hated as the ready tool of a brutal tyranny.

He had married young, the woman he had loved when yet a schoolboy. Eight years their union remained childless. When at length in 1847 a child, a boy, was born, the father's joy knew no bounds, but was of short duration, for a few weeks after the event the mother died. Since then all that there was of gentleness and love in the heart of the lonely, rising soldier, was shed on that one boy, the little Andruska (diminutive for Andre). And yet he rarely gave vent to this feeling and his son had scarcely any occasion to become aware of it. Strict obedience was the General's rule in education as well as in politics; the hierarchy of sacred power culminating in the Czar, began for him in the father. Thus this strange man lived on, proud and honest, without fear or reproach, one of the last true knights of a decaying and corrupted autocracy. From the solitude of his modest country seat, the old General neither saw nor cared to know how the ideal, the deity he had worshipped had long ago fallen to pieces, and lost the last glimmer of its former prestige. For him the Czar was still the father of his people, the ordained and hallowed representative of God on earth.

Needless to say, he had educated his son in precisely the same creed. From his tenderest infancy Andruska had been isolated from the outward world and lived with his father a curious life of the past—the life of an old man, not looking forward into the dazzling uncertainty of the future, but seeking in the remembrance of the past all that is good and sacred and joyful. The boy grew up behind a Chinese wall, apart from all the joyful excitement, the busy uproar of his generation, "heavily laden," as the good Russian poet Lermontoff says, "with the hoary wisdom of his sires."

When Andruska was fourteen years of age his father brought him to St. Petersburg to the Corps des Pages, the first military school of the empire. On taking leave of his son in the reception-room, of the school, the General for the first time in life betrayed some weakness. He clasped Andruska in his arms and whispered, "Be a good boy, become an honest soldier; remember you have got an old father whose life you hold in your hand. If you ever shall bring shame on our name, I shall die." The boy felt too heavy, burning tears fell on his brow, and bewildered, and amazed by this unexpected outburst of feeling, he had hardly suspected, he threw both his arms around his father and broke out into a fit of wild, uncontrollable sobbing. All the pas-

sion, all the love which had been hitherto chilled in his young heart by his father's repulsive severity, seemed at that moment to stream out at once, shaking his body from head to foot, and mingled with a half-conscious feeling of pity for himself, for his cold bleak childhood.

And thus father and son parted. During the four years of his studies, Andruska but rarely saw his father. The journey to Poltava was a long one. The net of railroads which now connects the South of Russia with the capital did not exist even in the wildest dreams of a loyal subject of the Czar. Travelling was slow and expensive, and General Savellief's fortune less than modest. When at length at the end of his studies, which he accomplished brilliantly, the young artillery officer, Ivanovitch Savellief, came to pass the long vacation with his father in the small country house of Poltava, the latter was deeply struck with the change in the appearance and the temper of his son. Instead of a merry, somewhat silent, but healthy and blooming boy there sprang out of the *pereladanya* (mail cart) the General had awaited with such throbbing impatience, an earnest, pale man with a nervously expressive, deeply marked face, with a fiery, piercing and unflinching gaze—one of those young faces only to be found among the Russian generation of to-day, a face telling a tale of deep thought, of premature suffering and of a great, tormenting love. And the boy's temper was changed too. Of his former awe, mingled with an impulsive tenderness towards his father, no trace was to be found. He met the latter respectfully, but with a certain hint of independence and of many dignity which struck the old General with utter amazement, though it pleased him on the other hand to find in his son something akin to his own iron nature. They met no more like father and son, but like two soldier friends, one younger than the other, but both hardened in the battle of life. It was, however, precisely this resemblance in both their natures which brought them further apart than ever. Both were not slow in detecting that they had no interest, had no idea, no aim in life in common with each other. While the son was scarcely able to answer correctly all his father's queries about the whereabouts of this or that general, the newest patterns of uniforms, or the most recent events in the life of the imperial family, the father felt but little interest and showed still less understanding for the young officer's erudite explanations of the newest improvements in artillery, or the projected reforms in the military administration. Besides, the son had other studies which engrossed him, other books, not treatises on artillery, which he read without ever showing them to his father. Once the latter coming unexpectedly into his son's room, saw the titles of two of the books, "The Life and Writings of Ferdinand" and "Commentaries on John Stuart Mill's Political Economy." Both names were naturally unknown to him, and the name of Tchernyshevsky, the celebrated Russian Socialist, being not printed on the last-named book, the brave old general retained no other impression from that incident, than that his son, though a capital soldier, was somewhat of a bookworm.

In autumn Andruska returned to St. Petersburg and entered the military academy. He passed rapidly one grade of the military career after the other, was in 1870 promoted captain, the Shipka pass affair, during which the young artillery officer rendered signal services, bringing him the dignity of colonel and the grand cross of the St. George Order. At the same time his name became widely known in scientific circles. He became editor of one of the best military reviews of St. Petersburg, and his house was the gathering place of the best and ablest representatives of civil as well as military intelligent circles.

Thus years went on. The great Nihilist movement broke out, holding Russia in a constant state of agitation and terror. The storm reached even the old General in his solitary retreat. His exasperation against the "miscreants and murderers" knew no bounds. He even went so far as to write a letter, addressed personally to the Czar, professing his services for the "good and holy cause." He never received any answer. The great number of young nobles implicated in the conspiracy was what especially annoyed him. "Have all those young knaves no fathers with honor enough in their hearts to kill the vipers they have nourished in their bosom?" he used to exclaim when the papers brought to him the name of some aristocratic "criminal." And then he added in an undertone: "Thank God! thank God!" thinking of his son, and what a blessing it was that he had turned out so serious, hardworking, brave soldier, "without any such nonsense about him."

Then came the culminating point of the revolutionary horrors—the Winter palace explosion. The old general's indignation knew no bounds. At the same time a strange, apparently groundless feeling of anxiety for his son, from whom he had not received any letters for some time, seized on him. "I am growing old," he wrote to Andre, "and would like to see you, perhaps for the last time. Try to get leave of absence and spend a couple of months with me." The son had obeyed the father's wishes. And this night, the 16th of May, he had arrived at Dubrovka—this was the name of the Savellief estate. The same position which had brought him from the nearest railway station was also the bearer of a letter for the General. The latter, however, more touched and agitated by the meeting with "his child" (as he still called the bearded colonel) than he cared to show, put the letter mechanically into his pocket without looking at it, and then forgot all about it. Long after midnight, father and son having emptied a couple of bottles of champagne, of which the old General had always a small supply in his cellar, both retired to rest. On entering his bedroom, where his old orderly Matveitch, awaited him, the General remembered the letter, and drawing the lamp nearer to where he stood, broke open the seal. He first read the signature: "Anton Podbielsky." His brows contracted as if a painful recollection had cast a shadow over them.

"What business has that man to write to me?" he muttered. Podbielsky was a Polish nobleman who had formerly been the General's schoolmate. As a very young man, he had been implicated in the great Polish insurrection of 1830 and had purchased his pardon from the Russian Government, by betraying some of his associates. Since that time General Savellief, who hated all traitors, even if they had rendered service to the good cause, had broken off all relations with Podbielsky, while the latter, rising rapidly, soon reached a prominent and influential position in the newly formed "Third Section," or secret police. Now he was chief of the chancery of that dreaded institution, and moreover, specially entrusted with the investigation of the Winter Palace explosion. That man wrote as follows:

"DEAR GENERAL: Remembering our former relations, allow me to address a word of earnest warning to you. Your son has been found to be implicated in the case of the dynamite explosion I am now investigating."

The old man read no further. With a terrible oath, his face purple with indignation, he sprang up and threw the letter to the ground.

"A lie, an infamous lie!" he exclaimed.

"Your Excellency," whispered the terrified Matveitch, "What is the matter?"

"Nothing. Leave me!"

The old servant went out, shaking his head sorrowfully.

On remaining alone the General's first impulse was to burn the letter without reading it. On considering, however, the position Podbielsky occupied and the responsibility he incurred by writing such a communication, Savellief soon convinced himself that the letter contained more than an empty threat or an utterly groundless calumny. He picked up the paper with trembling hand and read on:

"There is, alas! no possible doubt as to his guilt. All I can do for you and for him is to warn you a few hours before his arrest. In the night following the receipt by you of this letter, he shall be arrested at your house, if till then he has not in some manner disappeared. I know this is a breach of duty I am committing. I want, however, to show you that even a gendarme is capable of remembering an old friend. Yours, (in this Podbielsky's).

Painting for Andre, his broad chest heaving with an uncontrollable agitation, the General read these lines to their bitter end. The close air of the room suffocated him. He threw open the folding doors of the terrace and stepped out into the garden. And there he is now, pacing to and fro the gravel walk and crunching the paper he holds in his hand with a nervous grip.

"A few hours," he mutters, "every moment these people may come and take him away. I must, I must speak to him, hear of him that he is innocent."

Having formed this resolution the General raised his head and walked back into the house with a firm step. There was still a light in his son's room when he knocked at the door. The young Colonel opened at once and on seeing his father's troubled countenance exclaimed too:

"What is the matter, father?"

"Read that," the latter answered, giving him the letter.

Andre became as pale as death, but his eyes shined with his father's piercing gaze, when, on reading the letter, he looked up to him.

"Andruska!" the old man exclaimed in a tone of unutterable anguish, and clasping his trembling hands as if in prayer, "Tell me that this is a lie! Speak, answer me before God!"

A long silence followed. At last the answer came in low, firm tones:

"I cannot, father, for I have never told a lie!"

"You—you—are!"

"The eyes of the old man dilated, his hands grasped the air convulsively, and he tottered back to the wall. Andre rushed forward to support him, but the General ordered him back with an imperious gesture.

"Don't touch me," he gasped.

"Back, back!"

At this moment a knock at the door was heard. The General went to it with a steady step and looked it. Then he approached a closet in which he kept his firearms, opened it, drew out one of the chests a pair of pistols and placed them on the table, uttering in a hoarse whisper:

"Choose!"

"What do you mean, father?"

"Choose, I tell you—there is no time to lose!"

The Colonel remained motionless, leaning against the table. Two minutes of terrible anguish passed in silence. At length the General took up one of the pistols and retreating a few steps pointed it at his son.

"Colonel Savellief!" he exclaimed, "defend yourself!"

"Not against my father," Andre answered, in a low, vibrating voice.

One moment more of breathless suspense. Once more the knock at the door was heard, louder than before. Then Andre and Andre fell to the ground motionless without uttering a sound. The old man cast one look at his son, from body then deliberately cocked the second pistol and turning it against his heart pulled the trigger.

His huge form shook and tottered like an oak before the last blow of the axe which fell to the ground, but did not fall. His eyes took a glazed hue, his feet sank beneath him, but with a last, almost superhuman exertion of an iron will, he steadied himself, went to the door, unlocked it, and, seeing a gendarme officer on the threshold, whispered:

"You have nothing more to do here; the criminal is punished!"

Then he fell heavily to the ground—dead.

August Flower.

The immense sale and great popularity of Green's August Flower in all towns and villages in the civilized world has caused many imitators to adopt similar names expecting to reap a harvest for themselves at the expense of the afflicted. This medicine was introduced in 1868, and for the cure of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, with their effects, such as Sour Stomach, Costiveness, Sick Stomach, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Palpitation of the Heart, vertigo, etc., and it never has failed to our knowledge, three doses will relieve any case of Dyspepsia. Two million bottles sold last year. Price 75 cents. Samples 10 cents.

Traveler's Column.

D. T. JOHNSTONE.

Chatham Livery Stables.

Regular Coaches to trains leaving and arriving at CHATHAM RAILWAY STATION.

Office and Stables - - - Water Street, Chatham.

1880. TIME TABLE. 1880.

Steamer "New Era,"

CAPTAIN. CHARLES CALL.

Until further Notice the above Steamer will run as follows:-

Leave Newcastle for Chatham.	Leave Chatham for Newcastle.
7.20 a.m.	9 a.m.
10.30 a.m.	12 noon.
2 p.m.	3 p.m.
5.30 p.m.	7 p.m.

Will call at Donington, every trip, and to Nelson at 9 a.m., 12 noon and 5 p.m. trips from Chatham.

On Saturday evenings the Steamer will leave Newcastle at 6.30 p.m., instead of 5.30 p.m., and Chatham at 8 instead of 7 o'clock.

Newcastle, Chatham, & Newcastle, N.B. R. R. CALL.

1880. TIME TABLE. 1880.

STEAMER "ANDOVER,"

CAPTAIN. PURSER.

On and after MONDAY the 10th inst., and until further notice, the above Steamer will run as follows:-

Leave Newcastle for Chatham.	Leave Chatham for Newcastle.
7.20 a.m.	9 a.m.
10.30 a.m.	12 noon.
2 p.m.	3 p.m.
5.30 p.m.	7 p.m.

Will call at Donington, every trip, and to Nelson at 9 a.m., 12 noon and 5 p.m. trips from Chatham.

On Saturday evenings the Steamer will leave Newcastle at 6.30 p.m., instead of 5.30 p.m., and Chatham at 8 instead of 7 o'clock.

Newcastle, Chatham, & Newcastle, N.B. R. R. CALL.

On WEDNESDAY, the 2nd day of June, and every alternate Wednesday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Thursday, the 3rd day of June, and every alternate Thursday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Friday, the 4th day of June, and every alternate Friday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Saturday, the 5th day of June, and every alternate Saturday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Sunday, the 6th day of June, and every alternate Sunday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Monday, the 7th day of June, and every alternate Monday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Tuesday, the 8th day of June, and every alternate Tuesday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 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the 27th day of July, and every alternate Tuesday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Wednesday, the 28th day of July, and every alternate Wednesday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Thursday, the 29th day of July, and every alternate Thursday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Friday, the 30th day of July, and every alternate Friday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Saturday, the 31st day of July, and every alternate Saturday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Sunday, the 1st day of August, and every alternate Sunday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Monday, the 2nd day of August, and every alternate Monday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 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10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Tuesday, the 10th day of August, and every alternate Tuesday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Wednesday, the 11th day of August, and every alternate Wednesday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Thursday, the 12th day of August, and every alternate Thursday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Friday, the 13th day of August, and every alternate Friday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Saturday, the 14th day of August, and every alternate Saturday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Sunday, the 15th day of August, and every alternate Sunday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Monday, the 16th day of August, and every alternate Monday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Tuesday, the 17th day of August, and every alternate Tuesday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Wednesday, the 18th day of August, and every alternate Wednesday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Thursday, the 19th day of August, and every alternate Thursday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Friday, the 20th day of August, and every alternate Friday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Saturday, the 21st day of August, and every alternate Saturday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Sunday, the 22nd day of August, and every alternate Sunday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Monday, the 23rd day of August, and every alternate Monday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Tuesday, the 24th day of August, and every alternate Tuesday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Wednesday, the 25th day of August, and every alternate Wednesday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Thursday, the 26th day of August, and every alternate Thursday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Friday, the 27th day of August, and every alternate Friday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Saturday, the 28th day of August, and every alternate Saturday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Sunday, the 29th day of August, and every alternate Sunday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Monday, the 30th day of August, and every alternate Monday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Tuesday, the 31st day of August, and every alternate Tuesday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Wednesday, the 1st day of September, and every alternate Wednesday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Thursday, the 2nd day of September, and every alternate Thursday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Friday, the 3rd day of September, and every alternate Friday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Saturday, the 4th day of September, and every alternate Saturday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Sunday, the 5th day of September, and every alternate Sunday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Monday, the 6th day of September, and every alternate Monday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Tuesday, the 7th day of September, and every alternate Tuesday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Wednesday, the 8th day of September, and every alternate Wednesday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Thursday, the 9th day of September, and every alternate Thursday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Friday, the 10th day of September, and every alternate Friday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Saturday, the 11th day of September, and every alternate Saturday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Sunday, the 12th day of September, and every alternate Sunday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Monday, the 13th day of September, and every alternate Monday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Tuesday, the 14th day of September, and every alternate Tuesday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Wednesday, the 15th day of September, and every alternate Wednesday after, leave Newcastle for Chatham at 7.20 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5.30 p.m. On Thursday, the 16th day of September, and every alternate Thursday