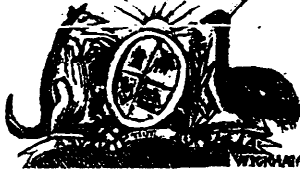


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# Cumberland Times.



AND WESTERN ADVERTISER.

"FOR THE QUEEN, THE LAW AND THE PEOPLE."

N o. 106.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1846.

Vol. III.

### Wanted.

**A GOOD SERVICEABLE HACK.** Any person having such to dispose of, may hear of a purchaser, by addressing A. B., at the Office of this journal, stating terms, &c.

### Sir Wilfred.

**THE** much admired Romance, sung by Mrs. Ximenes, in the very successful Tragic Play, produced at the Victoria Theatre, Sydney, entitled

### THE QUEENS' LOVE.

Author, David Burn, Esq.—Composer, J. Nathan, Esq., Price 2s. Published by W. Baker, 101, King-street, Sydney, and by J. Falkner, 3, Old Bond-street, London.

### £700

**READY** to be ADVANCED in one or more sum or sums, on satisfactory security. By applying at the Office of

MR. LEWTHWAITE,  
Solicitor,  
George-street.

### Parramatta General Registry Office.

MACQUARIE-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE WEST-LEYAN CHAPEL.

**M. A. W. WOODS**, begs most respectfully to inform the residents of Parramatta, and the surrounding Districts, that he has opened at his residence, an Office of the above nature, where Employers of Domestic, and Labor, can be suited, and parties out of employment, can find engagements.

### DISENGAGED—

A Man and his wife, the one as Coachman, and the other as Landress or Housemaid; also, man Cook.

### WANTED.—

A Female, as General House-Servant.  
A middle-aged woman, as general house-servant in small family.

Hours of attendance from 1 till 3 o'clock daily.

### Cottage of Content

CORNER OF GEORGE AND ELIZABETH STREETS, LIVERPOOL.

### M. FITZPATRICK,

Late of the Bay of Islands, New Zealand,

Respectfully acquaints his Friends and the Public generally, that he has just opened the above house, where he hopes to receive that patronage which the Liquor, and the kindest treatment may fairly lay claim to.

M. F., at the same time begs to intimate, that his stock of Rum, Gin, Brandy, Ales, Wines, &c. having been purchased for ready-money, he is enabled to sell at the very lowest prices.

Well Ventilated Rooms, and Good Bedding.

### On Hire.

**A** First-rate, fast, and safe Horse and Chaise, or Saddle Horse, at

CHARLES JACKSON'S  
Birken Back Bridge Tannery.

### To Parents and Guardians.

**ON** sale at the Parramatta Stationery Warehouse, School Books of every description, and at the

LOWEST Sydney prices, comprising—  
Spelling Books, various sorts  
Reading Made Easy  
Primmers at 0½, 1d., 1½d., 2d., and 3d.  
Copy Books  
Ditto Slips  
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Tutors' Assistants  
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### £400

**TO LEND**, Four Hundred Pounds, immediately. The most undoubted security will be required. Apply (if by letter post paid), to

S. LAMBTON  
Solicitor,  
Macquarie-street.

### DREADFUL DISASTER NEAR ROUEN.

(From the Morning Post, August 23.)

A frightful event occurred yesterday, to fill our district with consternation. A rather violent storm had broken over Rouen about noon, the rain had fallen in abundance, and some claps of thunder were heard, but here was nothing to presage the horrible disaster which has desolated one of the richest and most industrious portions of the arrondissement. At thirty-five minutes past twelve, a furious whirlwind arose in the valley beyond Derville, commencing at the Houleme. It first carried away a part of the roof of the factory of M. Rouff, then, gaining force as it proceeded, it overthrew several small buildings, broke down trees and hedges, and destroyed crops. Farther off, buildings were unroofed, and others were crushed in. We have seen some in which the ruins, the furniture, and the corn, hay, &c., were so confounded with the uprooted trees of the field, or gardens which surrounded them, that it is impossible to say where they stood, or where was the garden. The scourge moving with the speed of lightning, carried to a distance some parts of the ruins, then uprooted the highest and largest trees, and at last struck three of the principal factories of the val-

ley. Lightning, is, in fact, less rapid than was the destruction of these establishments. The destruction is so complete that the imagination cannot conceive it, and no description could give an idea of it. They have been literally reduced to crumbs. To crown the fatality the event took place at an hour when the greatest activity is going on, and the hands the most numerous. Of the three establishments which have been destroyed one is in the commune of Malanny, namely, that of M. Baillou, and which was carried on by M. Neveu; the two others were situated near Monville, namely, those of M. Picquot and M. Mare. At M. Neveu's one hundred and twenty persons were at work. The roof fell in and the walls gave way before any person could escape. At M. Mare's the number of persons at work was seventy. The calamity was not less sudden than complete. At M. Picquot's the number of persons at work was not less than 180. The roof being first carried away, those within rushed to the doors, and they became so crowded that only a few comparatively could get out. This factory was finished scarcely a year ago, and the proprietor was blamed for erecting it in a more solid manner than any of the others of the valley. The chimney, which was 150 high, fell down to within a few yards of the ground, and was thrown across the river. The third floor was cut off with wonderful precision, and was also thrown into the water. The two other stories next gave way, and at last the ground floor was so completely demolished that scarcely two bricks remained in their place. All this was accomplished in less than two minutes; people from all parts hurried to render assistance; all the manufactories and workshops in the neighbourhood sent out their men, and at once began to clear out the ruins to save those under them who might be yet alive. Nothing can equal the scene presented at the principal theatres of this vast disaster. Machinery looms and bars of iron were fractured, enormous pieces of timber were broken as if they were mere straws, and lying together in one confused mass. Torn fragments of clothing were seen amongst flocks of cotton wool, with arms and legs protruding from the heap; pieces of flesh were adhering to the irons, and many parts were dyed with blood. Now and then deep groans were heard; some men and children, preserved as it were miraculously by an overhanging beam, were taken out uninjured, but more frequently some severed limb or dead corpse, or a body so mutilated that death would have been preferable to the torture endured. On the road nothing was to be seen but carts carrying away the dead or wounded. Temporary hospitals were promptly established. Surgeons came from Rouen, brought by M. Flobert, and bestowed their care and pains upon all, even those of whom no hope could be entertained. The master of the Hotel of the Cheval Noir placed at the disposal of the faculty the largest room in his house, with all the linen and every other useful thing which he had then at his command. Twenty-six of the sufferers were laid in the ball-room and in the orchestra. A number of the clergy came to bestow the consolation of religion, and the cure of Monville, dressed in his surplice, recited the last prayers for the dying over those whom the faculty despaired of saving. Men, women, and children were weeping over their relations, many of whom were expiring in the most cruel agonies. This dreadful scene was rendered even still more harrowing, when the medical men, in the interest of such of their patients of whom they entertained hopes, required that all persons who could not be made useful, should be withdrawn. This necessary demand was executed by the authorities with the most affecting kindness and consideration, but the cries and lamentations it caused were rending to the hearts of all present. At the guard-house, at Monville, were placed all the bodies taken out of the factory of M. Picquot. We have seen seventeen. Two were those of young girls one that of a woman, and the rest of men and boys. Among these last several had been taken out of the river, into which they had been precipitated from the third floor. Some were entirely crushed, others had their heads severed from the trunks. Need it be said that the spectacle was most horrible. When we withdrew from the seat of the catastrophe, at ten at night, we found fifty wounded, part of whom could not be expected to live through the night. It was believed that there were ten more victims still under the ruins. Out of three foremen, one was killed, and two others saved alive, but severely injured. The loss in money is estimated at 120,000f. At M. Neveu's there are nine killed and fifteen wounded, but how many remained under the ruins was not known. His loss is estimated at 250,000f. At M. Mare's there were six dead and a great many wounded. His loss is put down at 120,000f. In all forty dead and one hundred wounded—many of these last mortally. The aggregate loss is computed to amount to 620,000f. Over the whole of the crest of the hills which enclose the

valley of Monville the trees have been destroyed. At Anceauville the buildings of a property belonging to M. Baruel have been blown down and the trees uprooted, and also a number of sheep and cows belonging to M. Caron were killed. A gigantic tree was raised upwards of forty yards, and transported to a considerable distance. Roads are rendered impassable by trees laid across them. Carts, waggons, and other carriages, have been blown over, and many persons carried far away out of their paths. Among the thousand incidents cited we may notice that M. Picquot was on his way to his factory when the storm came on, and stopped him, and before he could recover his road the ruins of the factory alone were to be discerned. Whilst the work was going on in the ruins at M. Neveu's, cries were heard from him, and the men were directed to turn their attention to the spot from whence they proceeded. He was found supporting himself on his wrists, with his back supporting a mass of rubbish, and protecting his mother, who had fallen close to him, and who would have been smothered had it not been for his admirable courage. He had remained in this position, forming a sort of arch over her. Both were taken out without any serious injury, but the emotion of M. Neveu was so great, that for an hour and a half after his deliverance he could not articulate a single word. A workman who happened to be in the third story of M. Picquot's factory, was thrown into the meadow, where he fell without being hurt. As he got up and was endeavouring to proceed to the ruins, he was knocked down by an apple-tree, uprooted by the wind, but he was only slightly injured. The mutilated remains of two young girls had been just taken from the ruins at M. Mare's, when a woman, who had been watching what was going on, recognized them as her daughters. She immediately gave way to the wildest grief, and rushing to the river, threw herself in and was drowned.

### News from the Interior.

**MAITLAND.**—The Chief Constable, nothing daunted by the ill success of his first information under the late Distillation Act, and callous to the well-merited odium that he had acquired for a display of sharp practice, worthy of admiration in a pick-pocket, but damnable in any one else, had procured a second information against a Mr. Neale, a brewer, for selling 2 gallons of ale to one Thomas Boyd, (the miscreant informer in the dismissed case), and as the Bench decided (on what, with due submission, we hold to be but very indifferent evidence,) that the offence was proved, a fine of £20 was awarded. Our contemporary, the "Mercury," has taken the case up, with warmth most commendable, and fully concurring in his observations on this most infamous procedure, we extract his short leader on the matter. "There has been another information laid under the new Distillation Act; and in this case it was sustained and the party convicted. The victim is Mr. Neale, of the Albion Brewery. He was fined £30 for carrying on the business of a brewer without having registered his name and premises. Mr. N. is, we believe, an honest, struggling, hard-working tradesman; the payment of the fine will very seriously embarrass him, if it is attended with no worse consequences. A report of the proceedings in the case will be found in another column. Comment on them would be thrown away. We feel sure that every honest and right-minded man in the community will view them with indignation and abhorrence. We understand that a memorial is about to be got up to the Governor, praying his Excellency to remit the fine. Burglaries of a very adroit and expert description, are at present very rife in Maitland, 3 occurred within as many nights.—The quantity of wool exported during the week 18 to 24th ult., was 419 bales.

**DUNGOO.**—In most parts of the William River the damage done to the wheat crops by the late rains is great, although not so much as anticipated. There were eleven days wet altogether, but the rain came in a gentle manner, so as not to cause the rivers and all the creeks to overflow their banks. On the rain clearing off, all hands were busily engaged opening the stocks of wheat; it was found in a bad state, but none had been sprouting, except the caps, which were all gone. Some few parties here have not done reaping yet, but in the course of another week all will be in, with fine weather.—"M. Mercury."

**NEWCASTLE.**—In our last issue, we noticed the committal of a constable for wilful and corrupt perjury. Last week's "Maitland Mercury" puts us in possession of the full particulars of the case, and a vile one we have seldom read.

**CLARENCE RIVER.**—We have had continued rain here from the 9th up to the present date (21st ultimo),

the consequence is, we have a great fresh; the river is running rapidly and has overflowed its banks; all the creeks are up, and we are completely isolated at this place, (a station about 60 miles from the head), and shall be so for 3 or 4 days to come. It will greatly retard the progress of the drays conveying the wool to the steamer. All the sheating is over with the exception of the Messrs. Ogilvie's, who, from the great number of their flocks (28,000), will not have done for a long time yet. (The Ogilvies are the greatest of the Cormorants in this District; of course Sir George is with them a Robber, and of course they are pastoral association people, for which reason the Mailauders, sent Ogilvie, senior, when he opposed Mr. Grant, back to Merton, with a tin kettle tied to his tail).—We had Court here last Wednesday, when a fellow named James Kelly, an immigrant was fined £5 or go to quod for two months, for inhumanity to a Black, by setting a number of dogs on the poor fellow to worry him, under the pretence of obeying his master's orders, to turn him out of the paddock, it was an unprovoked aggression, as the blacks are all quiet in this neighbourhood, and Commissioner Fry very justly remarked, should the assault be retaliated, it would, in all probability, not be on Kelly, but on some unfortunate shepherd. This case disposed of, Kelly was then charged with an attempt to commit a rape on a little girl under 11 years of age. The circumstances of the case were as follows—The child's parents had gone to the settlement on business, leaving the girl and two other children at home; the prisoner, who is a young man, came in, took the girl in his lap, and eventually tried to effect his brutal purpose, but was prevented through the presence of the other children; he was committed for trial.—In my last letter I told you that the police had gone in pursuit of the two men who had stolen two mares and a foal from Messrs. Counts and Aitken, of this river, and a pretty journey they have made of it. One of the troopers is named Fallon, and was formerly in the Parramatta Police, and as he and a second trooper were crossing a creek near the Bellingier river, they were surprised on rising the bank, by finding their further passage blocked by two fellows, one presenting a double-barrel gun, the other a single-barrel one, at them—"Dismount, and if you attempt to touch your arms, I'll blow your brains out." The commands of these Gentlemen of the Bush, was obeyed, and I regret to say, without the slightest struggle. The police were then made take off their accoutrements, ammunition, &c., and to give them up—they then returned them their spare shirts, some tea, sugar, tobacco, and quart pot, telling them that they might consider themselves safe, that they would not shoot them this time, but if they met them again perhaps they would, also they did not want the Police horses, and would abandon them in 36 hours, but declined stating where they would be left. One of them said, "Do you know who I am?" "No." "Did you ever hear of Wilson, the Namiot Bushranger?" "Yes."—"Well I am he." The other fellow is named Warren, description—about 5 feet 5 inches in height, stout made, age about 32 or 33. Wilson desired his best respects to Commissioner Fry, adding that he should like to meet him. I am sorry to say, that Mr. Fry is unfortunately prevented by the floods, gratifying the request, but should the river fall to-day or to-morrow, sufficiently—Mr. F. will do his best to give the desired interview, which, in the event of its coming off, will doubtless cost a little expenditure of powder and shot, and the Bushrangers will find themselves "tarnation gumpy I calculate." Mr. Fry's courage has already been tested, in a very desperate encounter, and it will cost the marauders a trifle of blood before they become masters of his horse. After Wilson and his companion had left the Police, the latter proceeded on foot to the M'Leay River Police Station, got assistance, went in pursuit, but failed, as the brigands were watching all their movements. They found on their coming up to a station of Mr. Rens, that he had been favoured with a visit: they had handcuffed Mr. R. to his servant with the Policemen's "ruffles," they then robbed Mr. R. of several articles of wearing apparel, tea, sugar, &c., but gave him a decent suit to put on, when he went to report the case to the Commissioner. A watch hung up in the hut, and opposite atop; Mr. R. in order to save the watch going too fast, directed Mr. Wilson's attention to the elegant travelling cap, which that gentleman kindly accepted of, desiring to know if Mr. R. had on his establishment, a band-box to put his old castor in, so that it might be kept as a memento of him (Mr. Wilson). As the reliques of celebrated men, are valuable, perhaps this cast off chapau of the Brigand Wilson, may yet fetch a good price—after the fellow is either hung, or more mercifully shot. The Government lose near £100 by this adventure. Oh Messrs. Windeyer and Co!—"Extract from a letter."