# Who is Ned Kelly?

Edward ‘Ned’ Kelly (c. 1854–1880) was the leader of an outlaw gang that created mayhem in north-eastern

Victoria. During his final shoot-out with police, Kelly wore a crudely made set of steel armour. The police didn’t know if they were shooting a man or a monster. A shot in his exposed leg brought Kelly down. He was captured, tried by law and sentenced to death for murder. For more than a century, people have debated whether he was a violent criminal or a hero.

Ned was a master at self-promotion and spin, and he used the media to further his cause. After robbing the bank at Jerilderie, New South Wales, he dictated a letter to be printed in the newspaper. In it, he uses colourful language to defend his actions, including the killing of police. He demands justice for his family and other poor Irish settlers.

Fascination with the story of Ned Kelly has a great deal to do with his body armour, worn during the final siege. Images of the armour are everywhere: on screen, in art, in advertising and tattooed onto skin. Together, the armour and the Jerilderie letter help us understand both the man and the myth.

# What went wrong between Ned Kelly and the police?

The Kelly family was typical of many Irish immigrants of their time. A new law in 1862 allowed them to rent a small plot of land to farm near Greta in north-eastern Victoria. But the land was nowhere near as fertile as

similar-sized plots in Ireland. The farmers struggled, and some felt they’d been set up to fail.

Ned Kelly had run-ins with the police from a young age. The extended Kelly family were skilled livestock thieves. Ned was a regular suspect when crimes were committed in the area. He was hauled before the courts many times on charges of theft, assault, robbery and drunkenness.

The Irish were discriminated against by the English in Ireland, and this continued in the Australian colonies. Many of lawmakers and landowners that the Kellys had dealings with were English. It is not unsurprising that Ned resented their authority. Ned’s opinion of the police, some of whom were Irish, was personal. He respected the policemen who treated him kindly but held grudges against those who did not. These grudges turned deadly.

In 1878, the Kelly gang ambushed four policemen in the bush at Stringybark Creek. Constable Thomas McIntyre managed to escape. Sergeant Michael Kennedy, Constable Michael Scanlan and Constable Thomas Lonigan were murdered.

# Why do we still talk about Ned Kelly?

Ned Kelly’s story has had a huge impact on aspects of Australian identity. What it means to be ‘Australian’ fascinates many historians, writers and artists.

Australia was first established as a penal colony on Aboriginal land. Ned’s father was a convict, and Ned grew up in an environment steeped with a general sense of stick-it-to-the-man. This was fertile ground for the birth of an Australian antihero.

Antiheroes are figures – sometimes real, sometimes not

– who are considered heroes despite major character flaws. Anglo-European examples include England’s Robin Hood and America’s Jesse James. In Asia, China’s Song Jiang, Japan’s Ishikawa Goemon and India’s Parashuram are examples of antiheroes. In the Marvel universe, Thor’s brother Loki is an antihero.

Ned Kelly’s story is one of the threads woven into the complex fabric that is Australian identity. The fact that so many people still either celebrate or disapprove of Ned is evidence that the conflicts around national identity in Kelly’s lifetime continue today.

# Why is Ned Kelly’s armour in the Library?

No-one is certain of exactly how the Kelly gang’s armour was made. Parts are made from farm machinery, which was most likely stolen. Many people believe blacksmiths in the Beechworth area forged the armour. They may have been sympathetic to the Kelly gang and wanted them to have an advantage over the police.

In 1892, the museum asked to borrow Ned Kelly’s armour for display in the Exhibition Building in Carlton Gardens. The police replied that they didn’t have Ned’s armour, but the museum could borrow one of the other sets. It borrowed the set believed to have been made for Kelly gang member Steve Hart. The museum put it on display until 1964, when an assistant director asked: ‘Why should we revere a convicted murderer?’. The armour was then transferred to the Library’s collection.

Curator Allison Holland researched the history of the Kelly gang armour in 2001. Examining photographic evidence and the results of material analysis, she discovered that the set held by the Library and believed to be Steve Hart’s was, in fact, Ned’s.

Case label

Unknown maker

# Armour worn by Ned Kelly at the Glenrowan siege on 28 June 1880

Steel, 44 kg

Right shoulder plate purchased by the library with funds from the Sundberg Bequest and the Department of Communications, Information Technology and the Arts, 2001

H20171

RSAF ENFIELD, *manufacturer*

# Snider-Enfield 0.577-calibre long rifle belonging to Ned Kelly before 1880

Metal and wood H2002.136

Unknown maker

# Boot worn by Ned Kelly c. 1870–80

Leather, iron and wood

On loan to State Library Victoria from the descendants of the late Jesse Dowsett

The Jerilderie Letter

After robbing the bank at Jerilderie, New South Wales, Ned Kelly dictated a letter to be printed in the newspaper. In it, he uses colourful language to defend his actions, including the killing of police. He demands justice for his family and other poor Irish settlers.

Edward ‘Ned’ KELLY

(c. 1854–1880)

# Letter, known as the Jerilderie letter

February 1879

56-page manuscript by Joe Byrne’s hand Gift of Bronwyn Binns, 2000

MS 13361

This is the document given to me by Ned Kelly when the Bank

at Jerilderie was stuck-up in Feb 1879

Dear Sir

I wish to acquaint you with

some of the occurrences of the present past and future In or about the

spring of 1870 the ground was

very soft a hawker named Mr Gould got his waggon bogged between Greta and my mother’s house on the eleven mile creek, the ground was that rotten it would bog a duck in places so

Mr Gould had abandon his waggon for fear of loosing his horses in the spewy ground. he was stopping at my Mother’s awaiting finer or dryer weather Mr McCormack and his wife. hawkers also, were camped in Greta the mosquitoes were

very bad which they generally are in a wet spring and to help them

Mr John had a horse called Ruita Cruta, although a gelding was as clever as old Wombat or any other Stallion at running horses away and taking them on his beat

which was from Greta swamp to the seven mile creek conse- quently he enticed McCormacks horse away from Greta. Mr

Gould was up early feeding his horses heard a bell and seen McCormack horse for he knew the horse well

he sent his boy to take him back to Greta. When McCormack’s got the horse they came straight out to Goold and accused him of working the horse; this was false and Goold was amazed at the idea I could not help laughing

to hear Mrs McCormack

accusing him of using the horse after him being so kind as to send his boy to take him from the Ruta Cruta and take him back to them. I pleaded Goulds innocence and Mrs McCormack turned on me and accused me of bringing the

horse from Greta to Goolds waggon to pull him out of the bog I did

not say much to the woman as my Mother was present but that same day me and my uncle

was cutting calves Gould wrapped up a note and a pair of the

calves testicles and gave them to me to give them to Mrs Mc Cormack. I did not see her and I gave the parcel to a boy to give to her when she would come instead of giving it

to her he gave it to her husband consequently McCormack said he would summons me I told him neither me or Gould used their horse. he said I was a liar & he could welt me or any of my

breed I was about 14 years of age but accepted the challenge and dismounting when Mrs McCormack struck my horse in the flank with

a bullock’s shin it jumped forward and my fist came in collision with McCormack’s nose

and caused him to loose his equil- librium and fall postrate I tied

up my horse to finish the battle but McCormack got up and ran to the Police camp. Constable Hall asked me what the row was about I told him they

accused me and Gould of using their horse and I hit him and I would do the same to him

if he challenged me McCormack pulled me and swore their lies against me I was sentenced to three months for hitting him and three months for the parcel and bound to keep the peace for 12 months. Mrs McCormack gave good substantial evidence as she is well acquainted with

that place called Tasmania

better known as the Dervon or Vandiemansl and and

McCormack being a Policeman over the convicts and women being scarce released her from that land of bondage and tyranny, and they came to

Victoria and are at present residents of Greta and on the 29th of

March I was released from prison and came home Wild Wright came to the Eleven Mile to see Mr Gunn stopped all night and lost his

mare both him and me looked all day for her and could not

get her Wright who was a stranger to me was in a hurry to get back to Mansfield and I gave him another mare and he told me

if I found his mare to keep her until he brought mine back

I was going to Wangaratta and seen the mare I caught her and took her with me all the Police and Detective Berrill seen her as Martains girls used to ride her about

the town during several days that I stopped at Petre Martains Star Hotel in Wangaratta, She was a chestnut mare white face docked tail very re- markable branded M as plain as the hands on a town clock. The property of a Telegraph Master in Mansfield

he lost her on the 6th gazetted her on the 12th of March and I was a prisoner in Beechworth Gaol until the 29 of March therefore I could not have

Stole the mare. I was riding the mare through Greta Constable Hall came to me and said he wanted me to sign some papers that I did not sign at Beechworth

concerning my bail bonds I thought it was the truth he said the papers was at the Barracks and I had no idea he wanted to arrest me or I

would have quietly rode away in- stead of going to the Barracks. I was getting off when Hall caught hold of me and thought to throw me but made a mistake and came on the broad of his back himself in the

dust the mare galloped away. and in- stead of me putting my foot on Halls neck and taking his revolver and putting him in the lock up. I tried to

catch the mare, Hall got up and snapped three or four caps at me and would

have shot me but the Colts patent refused. This is well known in Greta

Hall never told me he wanted to arrest me until after he tried to shoot me when

I heard the caps snapping I stood until Hall came close he had me covered and was shaking with fear and I knew he would pull the

trigger before he would be game to put his hand on me so I duped, and jumped at him caught the revolver with one hand and Hall by the collar with

the other. I dare not strike him or

my sureties would loose the bond money

I used to trip him and let him take a mouth- ful of dust now and again as he was as helpless as a big guano after leaving a dead bullock or a horse. I kept throwing him in the dust until I got him across the street

the very spot where Mrs. O,Briens Hotel stands now the cellar was just dug then there was some brush fencing where the post and rail was taking down and

on this I threw big cowardly Hall on his belly I straddled him and rooted

both spurs onto his thighs he roared like a big calf attacked by dogs and shifted several yards of the fence I got his

hands at the back of his neck and trid to make him let the revolver go but he stuck to it like grim death to a dead volunteer he called for assistance to a man named

Cohen and Barnett, Lewis, Thompson, Jewitt two blacksmiths who was looking on

I dare not strike any of them as I was bound to keep the peace or I could have spread those curs like dung in a paddock they got ropes tied my hands and feet and Hall beat me over the head with

his six chambered colts revolver nine stitches were put in some of the cuts by Dr Hastings And when Wild Wright

and my mother came they could trace us across the street by the blood in the dust and which spoiled the lustre of the paint on the gate-post of the Barracks Hall sent for more Police and Doctor Hastings.

Next morning I was handcuffed

a rope tied from them to my legs and to the seat of the cart and

taken to Wangaratta. Hall was fright- ened I would throw him out of the cart so he tied me whilst Constable Arthur laughed at his cowardice for it was he who escorted me and Hall to Wangaratta. I was tried and com- mitted as Hall swore I claimed the mare the Doctor died or he would have proved Hall a perjurer Hall has been tried several times for perjury but got clear. as this is no crime in

the Police force it is a credit to a Police-

man to convict an innocent man but any muff can pot a guilty one Halls character is well known about El Dorado and Snowy Creek and Hall was considerably in debt to Mr. L. O.Brien and as he was going

to leave Greta Mr. O.Brien seen no

other chance of getting his money so there was a subscription collected for Hall

and with the aid of this money he got James Murdock who was recently hung in Wagga Wagga to give false evidence against me but I was aquitted on

the charge of horsestealing and on Hall and Murdocks evidence

I was found guilty of receiving and got 3 years experience in Beechworth Pentridge’s dungeons. this is the only charge ever proved against me Therefore I can say I never was convicted of horse or cattle stealing.

My Brother Dan was never charged with assaulting a woman but he was sentenced to three months without the option of a fine and

one month and two pound fine

for damaging property by Mr Butler P.M. a sentence that there is no law to uphold

therefore the minister of Justice neglected his duty in that case, but there never was such a thing as Justice in the English laws but any amount of injustice

to be had. Out of over thirty head of

the very best horses the land could produce I could only find one when I got my

liberty. Constable Flood stole and sold the most of them to the navvies on the railway line one bay cob he

stole and sold four different times the line was completed and the men all gone when I came out and

Flood was shifted to Oxley. he carried on the same game there all the stray horses that was any time without

an owner and not in the Police Gazette Flood used to claim

He was doing a good trade at Oxley until Mr Brown of the Laceby Station got him shifted as he was always run- ning his horses about. Flood is different to Sergeant Steel, Strachan, Hall

and the most of Police a they have got to hire cads and if they fail the Police are quite helpless. But Flood can make a cheque single-handed. he is the greatest horsestealer with the exception of myself and George King

I know of. I never worked on a farm a horse and saddle was never traced to me after leaving employment since February 1873 I worked as a faller at Mr J. Saunders and R

Rules sawmills then for Heach and Dockendorf I never worked for less than two pound ten a week since I left Pentridge

and in 1875 or 1876 I was overseer for Saunders and Rule. Bourke’s water-holes sawmills in Victoria since then I was

on the King River, during my stay there I ran in a wild bull which I gave

to Lydicher a farmer he sold him to Carr a Publican and Butcher who killed him for beef, sometime

afterwards I was blamed for stealing

this bull from James Whitty Boggy Creek I asked Whitty Oxley racecourse why

he blamed me for stealing his bull he said he had found his bull and never blamed me but his son-in-law Farrell told him he heard I sold

the bull to Carr not long afterwards I heard again I was blamed for

stealing a mob of calves from Whitty and Farrell which I knew nothing about. I began to think they wanted

me to give them something to talk about. Therefore I started wholesale and retail horse and cattle dealing.

Whitty and Burns not being satisfied with all the picked land on the Boggy Creek and King River and the run

of their stock on the certificate ground free and no one interfering with

them paid heavy rent to the banks for all the open ground so as a poor

man could keep no stock, and impound- ded every beast they could get, even off Government roads. If a poor man happened to leave his horse or bit of

a poddy calf outside his paddock they would be impounded. I have

known over 60 head of horses impoun- ded in one day by Whitty and

Burns all belonging to poor farmers they would have to leave their

ploughing or harvest or other employment to go to Oxley. when they would get

there perhaps not have money enough to release them and have to give a

bill of sale or borrow the money which is no easy matter. And along with all this sort of work, Farrell the Policeman stole a horse from George King. And had him in Whitty and Farrells Paddocks until he left the force. And all this was the cause of me and

my step-father George King taking their horses and selling them to Baumgarten and Kennedy. the pick of them was taken to a good market

and the culls were kept in Petersons pad- dock and their brands altered by me

two was sold to Kennedy and the rest to Baumgarten who were strangers to me and I believe honest men.

They paid me full value for the horses and could not have known they were stolen. no person had anything to do

with the stealing and selling of the horses but me and George King. William

Cooke who was convicted for Whittys horses was innocent he was not in my com-

pany at Petersons. But it is not the place of the Police to convict guilty men as it is by them they get their living

had the right parties been convicted it would have been a bad job for the Police as Berry would have sacked a great many of them

only I came to their aid and

kept them in their bilits and good employment and got them double pay and yet the ungrateful articles convicted my mother and an infant my brother-in-law and another man

who was innocent and still annoy

my brothers and sisters and the ignorant unicorns even threaten to shoot myself But as soon as I am dead they will be heels up in the muroo. there will be

no more police required they will be sacked and supplanted by soldiers on low pay in the towns and special

constables made of some of the farmers to make up for this double pay and expence. It will pay Government

to give those people who are suffering innocence, justice and liberty. if

not I will be compelled to show some colonial stratagem which will open the eyes of not only the Victorian Police and inhabitants but also the whole British army

and now doubt they will acknowledge their hounds were barking at the

wrong stump. And that Fitzpatrick will be the cause of greater slaughter to the Union Jack than Saint Patrick was to the snakes and toads in

Ireland. The Queen of England was as guilty as Baumgarten and Kennedy Williamson and Skillion of what they were convicted for When the horses were found on the Murray River

I wrote a letter to Mr Swanhill of Lake Rowan to acquaint the Auction-

eer and to advertize my horses for sale I brought some of them to that place but did not sell I sold some of them in Benalla Melbourne and other

places and left the colony and became a rambling gambler soon after I left there was a warrant for me and the Police searched the place and watched

night and day for two or three weeks and when they could not snare me they got a warrant against my brother Dan And on the 15 of April Fitzpatrick came to the Eleven Mile Creek to arrest him he had some conversation with a horse dealer whom he swore was William Skillion this man was not called in Beechworth, besides several other Witnesses, who alone could have proved Fitzpatricks falsehood

after leaving this man he went

to the house asked was Dan in Dan came out. I hear previous to this Fitzpatrick had some con versation with Williamson on the hill. he asked Dan to come to Greta with him as he had

a warrant for him for stealing

Whitty’s horses Dan said all right they both went inside Dan was having something to eat his mother asked Fitzpatrick what he wanted Dan for. the trooper said he

had a warrant for him Dan then asked him to produce

it he said it was only a telegram sent from Chiltren but Sergeant Whelan ordered him to releive Steel at Greta and call and arrest Dan and take him into Wangaratta next morning and get him remanded Dans mother said Dan need not go without

a warrant unless he liked and that the trooper had no business on her premises without some Authority besides his own word. The trooper pulled out his

revolver and said he would blow her brains out if she interfered. in the arrest she told him it

was a good job for him Ned was not there or he would ram the revolver down his throat Dan looked out and said Ned is com- ing now. the trooper being off his guard looked out and when Dan got his attention drawn he dropped the knife and fork which showed he had no murderous intent

and slapped heeuaus hug on him

took his revolver and kept him there until Skillion and Ryan came with horses which Dan sold that night. The trooper left

and invented some scheme to say that he got shot which any man can see is false, he told Dan to

clear out that Sergeant Steel and Detec- tive Brown and Strachan would

be there before morning Strachan had been over the Murray trying to get up a case against him and they would convict him if they caught him as the stock society offared an enticement for wit- nesses to swear anything and the germans over the Murray would swear to the wrong man as well as the right, Next day Williamson and my mother was arrested and Skillion the day after who was not there at all at the time of the row

which can be proved by 8 or 9 witnesses

And the Police got great credit and praise in the papers for arresting the mother of 12 children one an infant on her breast and those two quiet

hard working innocent men who would not know the difference a revolver

and a saucepan handle and kept them six months awaiting trial and then convicted them on the evidence of the meanest article that ever the sun shone on it seems that the

jury was well chosen by the Police as there was a discharged Sergeant amongst them which is contrary to law they thought it impossible for a Policeman to swear a lie but I can assure them it is by that means

and hiring cads they get promoted I have heard from a trooper

that he never knew Fitzpatrick

to be one night sober and that he sold his sister to a chinaman

but he looks a young strapping rather genteel more fit to be a

starcher to a laundress than a Policeman. For to a keen observer he has the wrong appearance or a manly heart the

deceit and cowardice is too plain

to be seen in the puny cabbage heart- ed looking face. I heard nothing of this transaction until very close on

the trial I being then over 400 miles from Greta when I heard I was outlawed and a hundred pound reward for me for shooting at a trooper in Victoria and a hund-

red pound for any man that could prove a conviction of horse-stealing against me so I came back to Victoria knew I would get no

justice if I gave myself up I enquired after my brother Dan and found him digging on Bul- lock Creek heard how the Polic

used to be blowing that they would not ask me to stand they would shoot me first and then cry sur- render and how they used to rush into the house upset all the milk dishes break tins of eggs empty the flour out of the bags onto the ground and even the meat out of the cask and destroy all the provisions and shove the girls in front of them into the rooms like dogs so as if any- one was there they would shoot the girls first but they knew well

I was not there or I would have

scattered their blood and brains like rain I would manure the Eleven mile with their bloated carcasses and yet remember there is not one drop of murderous blood in my Veins.

Superintendent Smith used to say to my sisters, see all the men

all I have out today I will have as many more tomorrow and we

will blow him into pieces as small as paper that is in our guns Det- ective Ward and Constable Hayes took out their revolvers and threat-

hened to shoot the girls and children in Mrs Skillions absence the greatest ruffians and murderers no matter how deprived would not be guilty

of such a cowardly action, and this sort of cruelty and disgraceful

and cowardly conduct to my brothers and sisters who had no protection coupled with the conviction of

my mother and those men certainly made my blood boil as I dont think there is a man born could have

the patience to suffer it as long as I did or ever allow his blood to get cold while such insults as these were unavenged and yet in every paper that is printed

I am called the blackest and coldest blooded murderer ever on record.

But if I hear any more of it I will not exactly show them what cold- blooded murder is but wholesale and retail slaughter, something different to shooting three troopers in self defence and robbing a bank. I would have been rather hot-blooded to throw down my rifle and let them shoot me and my innocent brother, they were not satisfied with frightening

my sisters night and day and

destroying their provisions and lagging my mother and an infant

and those innocent men but should follow me and my brother into

the wilds where he had been quietly digging neither molesting or inter- efering with anyone he was making good wages as the creek is very rich within half a mile from where I

shot Kennedy. I was not there long and on the 25 of October

I came on Police tracks between Tabletop and the bogs. I crossed them and returning in the evening I came on a dif-ferent lot of tracks making for the shingle hut I went to our camp and told my brother and his two mates me and

my brother went and found their camp at the shingle hut about a mile from my brothers house, saw they carried long

firearms and we knew our doom was sealed if we could not beat those before the others would come as I knew the other party of Police would soon join them and if they came on us at our camp they

would shoot us down like dogs at our work as we had only two

guns. we thought it best to try and bail those up take their firearms and ammunition and horses

and we could stand a chance with the rest We approached the

spring as close as we could get to the camp as the intervening space being clear ground and no battery We saw two men at the logs they got up and one took a double barrel- ed fowling-piece and fetched a horse down and hobbled him at the tent

we thought there were more men in the tent asleep those being on sentry we could have shot those two men with- out speaking but not wishing

to take their lives we waited. Mc Intyre laid the gun against a stump and Lonigan sat on the log I advanced, my brother Dan keep- in McIntyre covered which he took to be constable Flood and had he

not obeyed my orders, or attempted to reach for the gun or draw his revolver he would have been shot dead. but when I called on them

to throw up their hands McIntyre obeyed and Lonigan ran some six or seven yards to a battery of logs insted of dropping behind the one he was sitting on, he had just got to the logs and put

his head up to take aim when I shot him that instant or he would have shot me as I took him to be

Strachan the man who said he would not ask me to stand he would

shoot me first like a dog. But it happened to be Lonigan the man

who in company with Sergeant Whelan Fitzpatrick and King the Boot maker and constable O. Day that tried to

put a pair of hand-cuffs on me in Benalla but could not, and had to allow McInnis the miller to

put them on, previous to Fitzpatrick swearing he was shot, I was fined two pounds for hitting Fitzpatrick and two pounds for not allowing five curs like Sergeant Whelan

O. Day Fitzpatrick King and Lonigan who caught me by the privates

and would have sent me to Kingdom come only I was not ready and he

is the man that blowed before he left Violet Town. if Ned Kelly was to be shot he was the man would shoot him and no doubt he would shoot me even if I threw up my arms and laid down as he knew four of them could not arrest me single-handed not to talk of the rest of my mates, also either me

or him would have to die, this he

knew well, therefore he had a right to keep out of my road, Fitzpatrick

is the only one I hit out of the five in Benalla, this shows my feeling towards him as he said we were good friends & even swore it

but he was the biggest enemy I had in the country with the exception

of Lonigan and he can be thankful I was not there when he took a revolver and threathened to shoot my mother in her own house it

is not fire three shots and miss him at a yard and a half I dont think

I would use a revolver to shoot a man like him when I was within a yard and a half of him or att- empt to fire into a house where my mother brothers and sisters

was. and according to Fitzpatricks statement all around him a man that is such a bad shot as to miss a man three times at a yard and

a half would never attempt to fire into a house among a house full of women and children while I had a pair of arms and bunch of fives on the end of them

that never failed to peg out any- thing they came in contact with and Fitzpatrick knew the weight

of one of them only too well, as it run against him once in Benalla. and cost me two pound odd as he is very subject to fainting. As soon as I shot Lonigan he jumped up and stag- gered some distance from the logs with his hands raised and then fell he surrendered but too late I asked McIntyre who was in the tent he replied no one. I advanced and

took possession of their two revolvers

and fowling-piece which I loaded with bullets instead of shot. I asked McIntyre where his mates was he said they had gone down the creek, and he did not expect them that night he asked me was I

going to shoot him and his mates. I told him no. I would shoot no man if he gave up his arms and leave the force

he said the police all knew Fitzpatrick had wronged us. And he intended to leave the force, as he had bad health, and his life was insured, he told me he intended going home. And that Kennedy and Scanlan were out looking for our camp And also about the other Police he told me the N.S.W Police had shot a man

for shooting Sergeant Walling I told him if they did, they had shot the wrong man And I expect your gang came to do the same with me he said no they did

not come to shoot me they came to apprehend me I asked him what

they carried spenceir rifles and breech- loading fowling pieces and so much ammunition for as the Police was

Only supposed to carry one revolver and 6 cartridges in the revolver but they had eighteen rounds of revolver cartridges each three dozen for the fowling piece and twenty one spenceir-rifle cartridges and God Knows how many they

had away with the rifle this looked as if they meant not only to shoot me only to riddle me but I dont know either Kennedy Scanlan or him and had nothing against them, he said he would get them to give up their arms if I would not shoot them as I could not blame them, they had to do their duty I said I did not blame them for doing honest duty but I could

not suffer them blowing me to pieces

in my own native land and they knew Fitzpatrick wronged

us and why not make it public and convict him but no they would

rather riddle poor unfortunate creoles. but they will rue the day ever Fitz- patrick got among them, Our two mates came over when they heard the shot fired but went back again

for fear the Police might come to our camp while we were all away and manure bullock flat with

us on our arrival. I stopped at the logs and Dan went back to

the spring for fear the tropers would come in that way but I soon heard them coming up the creek. I told McIntyre to tell them to give up their arms he spoke to Kennedy who was some distance in front

of Scanlan he reached for his revolver and jumped off, on the off

side of his horse and got behind a tree when I called on them to throw up their arms and Scanlan who carried the rifle slewed his horse around to gallop away but the horse would not go and as quick as thought fired

at me with the rifle without unsling- ing it and was in the act of firing again when I had to shoot him

and he fell from his horse. I could have shot them without speaking but their lives was no good to me. Mc Intyre jumped on Kennedys horse and I allowed him to go as I did

not like to shoot him after he surren- dered or I would have shot him as he was between me and Kennedy therefore I could not shoot

Kennedy without shooting him first Kennedy kept firing from

behind the tree my brother Dan advanced and Kennedy ran I followed him he stopped behind another tree and

fired again I shot him in the arm- pit and he dropped his revolver and ran I fired again with the gun as

he slewed around to surrender I did not know he had dropped his revolver. the bullet passed through the right side of his chest & he could not live

or I would have let him go had they been my own brothers I could not help shooting them or else let them shoot me which they would have done had their bullets been directed as they intended them. But as for handcuffing Kennedy

to a tree or cutting his ear off or bru- tally treating any of them is a false- hood, if Kennedys ear was cut off

it was not done by me and none

of my mates was near him after he was shot I put his cloak over him and left him as well as I could and were they my

own brothers I could not have been more sorry for them this cannot be called wil- ful murder for I was compelled to shoot them, or lie down and let them shoot

me it would not be wilful murder

if they packed our remains in, shattered into a mass of animated gore to Mans- field. They would have got great praise and credit as well as promotion but

I am reconed a horrid brute because I had not been cowardly enough to lie down for them under such trying circumstances and insults to my people certainly their wives and children are to be pitied but they must remember those men came into the bush with the intention

of scattering pieces of me and my brother all over the bush and yet they know and acknowledge I have been wronged and my mother and four

or five men lagged innocent and

is my brothers and sisters and my mother not to be pitied also who has no alternative only to put up with the

brutal and cowardly conduct of a parcel of big ugly fat-necked wombat headed big bellied magpie legged

narrow hipped splaw-footed sons of Irish Bailiffs or english landlords which

is better known as Officers of Justice or Victorian Police who some calls honest gentlemen but I would

like to know what business an honest man would have in the Police as it is an old saying It takes a rogue to catch a rogue and a

man that knows nothing about roguery would never enter the force an take an oath to arrest brother sister father or mother if required and to have a

case and conviction if possible. Any man knows it is possible to swear a lie and if a policeman looses a conviction for the sake of swearing a lie he has broke his

oath therefore he is a perjurer either ways. A Policeman is a disgrace to his country, not alone to the mother that suckled him, in the first place he

is a rogue in his heart but too cowardly to follow it up without having the force to disguise it. Next he is traitor to his country ancestors and religion

as they were all catholics before the Saxons and Cranmore yoke held sway since then they were perse-

cuted massacreed thrown into martrydom and tortured beyond the ideas of the present generation

What would people say if they saw a strapping big lump of an Irishman shepherding sheep for fifteen bob a week or tailing turkeys in Tallarook ranges

for a smile from Julia or even begging his tucker, they would say he ought to be ashamed of himself and tar-and-feather him. But

he would be a king to a policeman who for a lazy loafing cowardly

bilit left the ash corner deserted the shamrock, the emblem of true

wit and beauty to serve under a flag and nation that has destroyed

massacreed, and murdered their forefathers by the greatest of torture as rolling them

down hill in spiked barrels

pulling their toe and finger nails and on the wheel. and every torture imaginable more was transported to Van Diemands Land to pine their young lives away in starvation and misery among tyrants worse than the promised hell itself all

of true blood bone and beauty, that was not murdered on their own soil, or had fled to America or other count- ries to bloom again another day, were

doomed to Port Mcquarie Toweringabbie and norfolk island and Emu plains

And in those places of tyrany and con- demnation many a blooming Irish- man rather than subdue to the Saxon

yoke, Were flogged to death And bravely died in servile chains but true to

the shamrock and a credit to Paddys land. What would people say if I became a policeman and took

an oath to arrest my brothers and sisters & relations and convict them by fair or foul means after the conviction of my mother and

the persecutions and insults offered to myself and people Would they say

I was a decent gentleman. And yet a policeman is still in worse and guilty of meaner actions than that The Queen must surely be proud of such herioc men as the Police

and Irish soldiers as It takes eight

or eleven of the biggest mud crushers in Melbourne to take one poor

little half starved larrakin to a watch house. I have seen as many as eleven, big & ugly enough to lift Mount Macedon out of a crab hole more like the species of a baboon or Guerilla than a man.

actually come into a court house and swear they could not arrest one eight stone larrakin and them armed with battens and neddies without some civilians assistance and

some of them going to the hospital from the affects of hits from the fists of the larrakin and the Magistrate would send the poor little Larrakin into a dungeon

for being a better man than such

a parcel of armed curs. What would England do if America declared war and hoisted a green flag as its all Irishmen that has got command of her armies forts and batteries even her very life guards and beef tasters are Irish would they not slew around

and fight her with their own arms

for the sake of the colour they dare not wear

for years. and to reinstate it and rise

old Erins isle once more, from the pressure and tyrannism of the English yoke, which has kept it in poverty and starvation.

and caused them to wear the enemys coats. What else can England expect. Is there not big fat-necked Unicorns enough paid to torment and drive

me to do thing which I dont wish to do, without the public assisting them I have never interefered with any person unless they deserved it. And yet there are civilians who take firearms against me, for what reason I do not know, unless they want me to turn on them and exter- minate them without medicine. I

shall be compelled to make an exam-

ple of some of them if they cannot find no other employment

If I had robbed and plundered ravished and murdered everything I met young and old, rich and poor. the public

could not do any more than take firearms and assisting the police as they have done, but by the light that shines

pegged on an ant-bed with their

bellies opened their fat taken out render- ed and poured down their throat

boiling hot will be fool to what pleasure I will give some of them and any person aiding or harbouring or assisting the Police in any way whatever or employing any person whom they know to be a detective or cad or those who would be

so deprived as to take blood money will be Outlawed and declared unfit to be allowed human buriel their property

either consumed or confiscated and them theirs and all belonging to them exterminated off the face of the earth, the enemy I cannot catch

myself I shall give a payable reward for, I would like to know who put that article that reminds me of a poodle dog half clipped in the lion fashon called Brooke. E. Smith Superintendent of Police he knows as much about commanding

Police as Captain Standish does about mustering mosquitoes and boiling them down for their fat

on the back blocks of the Lachlan for he has a head like a turnip

a stiff neck as big as his shoulders narrow hipped and pointed towards the feet like a vine stake And if

there is any one to be called a murderer

Regarding Kennedy, Scanlan and Lonigan it is that misplaced poodle

he gets as much pay as a dozen good troopers, if there is any good in them, And what does he do for it he cannot look behind him without turning

his whole frame. it takes three or four police to keep sentry while he

sleeps in Wangaratta, for fear of body snatchers do they think he is a superior animal to the men that

has to guard him if so why not send the men that gets big pay and reconed superior to the common police after me and you shall soon save the country of high salaries

to men that is fit for nothing else but getting better men than him- self shot and sending orphan children to the industrial school

to make prostitutes and cads of

them for the Detectives and other evil disposed persons Send the high paid and men that received big salaries for years in a gang by themselves after me As it makes no difference

to them but it will give them a chance

of showing whether they are worth more pay than a common trooper or not

And I think the Public will soon find they are only in the road of good men and obtaining money under false pretences, I do not call McIntyre

a coward for I reckon he is as game a man as wears the jacket

as he had the presence of mind to know his position, directly as he was spoken to, and only foolishness to disobey, it was cowardice that made Lonigan

and the others fight it is only

foolhardiness to disobey an outlaw as any Policeman or other man

who do not throw up their arms directly as I call on them knows the con- sequence which is a speedy dispatch to Kingdom Come, I wish those

men who joined the stock protection society to withdraw their money and give it and as much more to the widows and orphans and poor of Greta district wher I spent and will again spend many a happy day fearless free and bold,

as it only aids the police to procure false witnesses and go whacks with men to steal horses and lag innocent men it would suit them far better

to subscribe a sum and give it to the poor of their district

and there is no fear of anyone stealing their property for no man

could steal their horses without

the knowledge of the poor if any man was mean enough to steal their property the poor would rise out to a man

and find them if they were on the face of the earth it will always pay a

rich man to be liberal with the poor and make as little enemies as he can as he shall find if the poor is on his side he shall loose nothing by it.

If they depend in the police they shall be drove to destruction, As they cannot

and will not protect them if duffing and bushranging were abolished the police would have to cadge for their

living I speak from experience as I have sold horses and cattle innumerable

and yet eight head of the culls is all ever was found. I never was interefered with whilst I kept up this successful

trade. I give fair warning to all those

who has reason to fear me to sell out and give

£10 out of every hundred towards the widow and orphan fund and do not attempt to reside in Victoria but as short a time as possible after reading this notice, neglect this and abide by the consequences, which shall be worse than the rust in the wheat in Victoria or the druth of a dry season to

the grasshoppers in New South Wales I do not wish to give the order full force without

giving timely warning, but I am a widows son outlawed and my orders must be obeyed.