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# THE KELLY GANG: FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT.

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# THE KELLY GANG:

BEING A

## FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT

OF THIS NOTED

BAND OF OUTLAWS,

THEIR

### EXTRAORDINARY DEEDS, CAPTURE, & DEATH,

With the Latest Information.

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COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

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AND CONTAINING THE FOLLOWING

#### ILLUSTRATIONS:

Portraits of Dan Kelly, Ned Kelly,  
Kate Kelly, Sergeant Kennedy,  
and the Black Trackers.

The First Attack on the Police.

Sticking Up the Bank at Euroa.

Monument to the Police at Mansfield.

Sticking Up the Police Station at  
Jerilderie.

Capture of Ned Kelly.

The Burning of the Hotel, in  
which Hart, Byrne, and Dan  
Kelly took Refuge.

Sergeant Steele.

The Armour.

The Bodies of Hart, and Dan Kelly,  
after the Fire.

A Photo. of Byrne after Death.

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FREARSON AND BROTHER,

ILLUSTRATED ADELAIDE NEWS AND FREARSON'S WEEKLY OFFICE,  
KING WILLIAM-STREET, ADELAIDE.

# THE KELLY GANG:

**T**HE Australian Colonies have been for years infested with bushrangers. From the earliest period up to the present lawless men have arisen to strike terror to the hearts of order-loving and peaceful colonists, setting laws at defiance, and ultimately reaching that untimely end which overtakes evildoers. Glancing over the annals of the past we find the largest number, and most daring bushranging exploits are recorded from New South Wales and Victoria. This is probably accounted for by these colonies affording greater facilities than the rest, in mountainous and inaccessible country for hiding-places for criminals fleeing from the myrmidoms of the law. In the days when convictism was rife, and fleet after fleet of prison ships landed their living freight on the shores of Botany Bay; when cruel taskmasters used the cat unsparingly, and rations were so scarce that food which now would hardly be given to dogs was greedily devoured; when men were forced to toil in a half-nude state under the burning sun, exposed to severe discipline and hardships of the direst kind, there was at least some excuse for their "taking to the bush" to escape such, and entering on a career more congenial to their tastes. Hundreds of bushrangers were then extant at one time, many of them quite as daring as those of the present day, but never so bloodthirsty or dastardly in the means taken to accomplish their ends. Every year since the foundation of the colonies some new bushranger has arisen, and every succeeding year has witnessed either his downfall or of the gang connected with him; and so will it be to the end, till the appropriation of other men's goods by violent means is no longer attempted, and a *résumé* of the dark scenes we are called on to record have been utterly stamped out and obliterated.

The object of this work is not to deal with the history of bushranging, but with the lives, crimes, and exploits of the most daring outlaws who have perhaps ever existed in the world, viz., the noted and infamous Kelly gang.

Prior to the year 1878 the Kellys were not known beyond the neighborhood of Greta, a small township on the King River, near Beechworth, Victoria, where they had long resided, and followed the pursuit of stock-breeding, or rather "cattle duffing," as the appropriation of animals from the herds of one's neighbor is designated. They were several times in prison for this offence, and though young in years gradually grew old in crime. No outrages like those which have since marked their career could then be charged against them, and the family were even regarded by some as persecuted by the police. The first crime of any magnitude, and which developed the latent evil propensities of the Kellys, was their brutal conduct towards Constable Fitzpatrick, who, in April, 1878, attempted to arrest Daniel Kelly, then but 17 years of age, at the house of his mother, at Greta, on a charge of horsetealing. The officer was attacked by the other members of the family, beaten unmercifully, and then allowed to depart. He had scarcely mounted his horse than the whole party pursued him, and he had to gallop for his life. The mother (Mrs. Kelly), with her sons Ned and Dan, were subsequently convicted of the assault at the Beechworth Sessions, but the two men absconded, and a reward of £100 was thereupon offered by the Government for their apprehension. Nothing was heard of their whereabouts till October, when intelligence was received at Mansfield that the Kellys had been seen in company with two others named Hart and Byrne, near Stringybark Creek, in the Wombat Ranges, about twenty miles from Mansfield. Hearing this Sub-Inspector Pewtress despatched a party of four, comprising Sergeant Kennedy and Constables Lanigan, Scanlan, and McIntyre, to arrest the brothers. Arrived at the scene of operations, in a thickly-timbered country, the police party camped for the night, and on the following morning were attacked by four armed men, of whom two were recognised as the brothers Kelly. The intention of the police to effect the capture of these two ruffians must have been known by the murderers, who were thus enabled to attack the constables at a disadvantage. Lanigan and McIntyre were in charge of the camp, the other two officers being engaged in searching for Stringybark Creek. The four suddenly made their appearance, and ordered Lanigan and McIntyre to deliver up their arms. McIntyre was unarmed, but Lanigan bravely attempted to draw his revolver from behind his back, and was shot dead by the ruffianly band. Soon afterwards Kennedy and Scanlan approached the camp, and on their arrival were confronted by the murderers. Scanlan, on being ordered to deliver up his arms, rushed for the shelter of a tree, attempting to

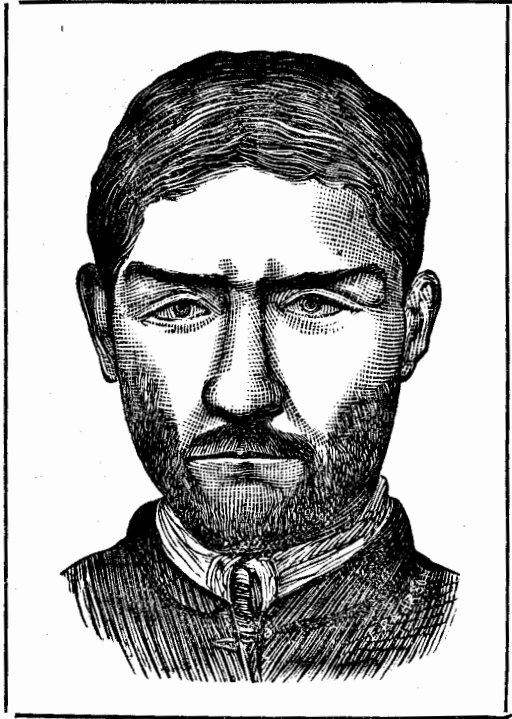
draw his revolver as he ran, but he, too, was shot dead. McIntyre caught a horse, and dashing off at full speed managed to escape. As he left Sergeant Kennedy was exchanging shots with the bushrangers. McIntyre reached Mansfield on foot, and communicated the startling intelligence of the terrible tragedy. A strong and well-armed search party instantly accompanied Sub-Inspector Pewtress to the scene of the murders, and found the bodies of Scanlan and Langan, pierced with bullets and their pockets rifled. About ten days' supply of provisions, ammunition, and horses also fell into the hands of the robbers. The body of Sergeant Kennedy was not discovered for several days after, and when found was observed to be riddled with bullets. It was strongly suspected that the gang kept him a prisoner as long as it suited their caprice, and then blew out his brains. This is a popular opinion, notwithstanding Ned Kelly's statement that Sergeant Kennedy was killed by him in a fair fight.



KATE KELLY. From a Melbourne Photograph.

A handsome monument has been erected in the main thoroughfare at Mansfield, Victoria, to commemorate this tragic event, and was unveiled by Captain Standish, Chief Commissioner of Police, on the 21st April, in the present year. It stands 25 feet high, is ornamental and artistic, and bears the following inscriptions :—

On the east side—"In Memoriam, Michael Kennedy, born at Westmeath, Ireland, aged 36 years; Thomas Lanigan, born at Sligo, Ireland, aged 34 years; Michael Scanlan, born at Keiry, Ireland, aged 35 years. This monument is erected by subscriptions from the inhabitants of Victoria and New South Wales, A.D. 1880." On the



**NED KELLY.**

From a Portrait taken in Pentridge.

west side—"To the memory of three brave men, who lost their lives while endeavouring to capture a band of armed criminals in the Wombat Ranges, near Mansfield, 26th October, 1878." On the north and south sides the inscriptions detail the number of years which the murdered men served in the police force.

Public excitement in Melbourne and all towns throughout Victoria reached its height when the tidings of these terrible murders were fully known, and it was felt that stringent measures were necessary to check the career of the bloodthirsty villains who had so successfully escaped their deserts. All sections and grades of society were

strongly interested, and constantly on the *qui-vive* in anticipation of hearing of the arrest or death of the Kellys.

The Victorian Parliament, feeling it imperative to take prompt steps to put down bushranging, and bring the murderers of the police to justice, in November, 1878, passed an Outlawry Bill, the provisions of which declared the Kelly gang outlaws, and permitted any one to shoot them wherever they might be found. A reward of £500 each for their capture was also considered sufficient stimulus to effect it, but this sum was after a few months increased to double the amount, and later on to £2,000, or £8,000 in all, for the whole of the gang—dead or alive.

It was not till December 9, 1878, that any reliable information as to the movements of the Kellys could be obtained. They were supposed, and correctly, to have reached shelter in the inaccessible ranges which stretch far away in the background past Longwood, Euroa, Violet Town, and with few intermissions of level country unite with the mountainous region of Gippsland. A view of this appeared in the *Weekly* of May 10, and depicted the romantic character of the scenery here, in which a wilderness of precipices, forming natural fortresses and unsurmountable barriers, are prominent features. From these vast and beetling heights every movement or advance of hostile parties along the verdant valleys below can be observed, and an army, however brave, could be successfully routed or slaughtered by a handful of men. It is no wonder the Kellys, with the knowledge they possessed of this locality, were able so long to elude pursuit and capture, or that their friends were able to convey provisions and necessaries to them without detection.

On the date just mentioned two daring and skilfully-planned robberies were perpetrated by the outlaws at Mr. Younghusband's Faithfull's Creek Station, and at the branch of the National Bank of Australasia, Euroa. The particulars are as follows:—

At about half-past 12 in the day a man went to the homestead at Mr. Younghusband's Faithfull's Creek Station, about four miles from Euroa. Accosting a station hand (Fitzpatrick) he learned that the manager, Mr. Macauley, was from home, and then signalled to three companions, who had remained at some distance. When they came up he announced himself as Ned Kelly, and demanded refreshments for the four, and fodder for their horses. After enquiring about the number of hands on the station, Kelly locked Fitzpatrick and a lad who was present up in a storeroom, and three other men who came in soon after for dinner were added to them. Mr. Macauley next arrived, and had to surrender, and then the outlaws sat down to dinner, two at a time, but refused to eat or drink anything that some of the others did not first partake of. Their horses were stabled and fed, and when Kelly and his gang had had enough the imprisoned men were allowed some food. Towards evening a hawker drove to the outskirts of the station and prepared to encamp for the night. He and his boy were also secured in like manner, and placed with the other prisoners. The contents of the hawker's cart were next taken out and strewn about the ground, and the outlaws treated themselves to an entirely new outfit from head to foot, with soaps and perfumery. They kept one of their number constantly on guard, and by the time all had completed their toilet it was nearly dark. Shortly afterwards they went to sleep, two at a time, the other two keeping watch. Those who were awake conversed freely with their prisoners even respecting the murder of constables near Mansfield; thus the night passed away.

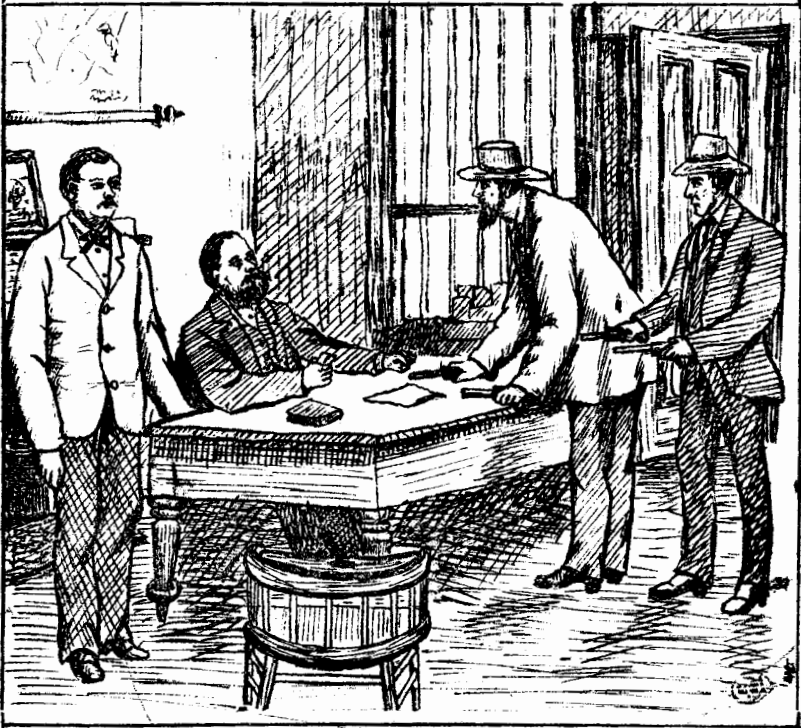
In the morning they broke down all the line of telegraph on both sides of the North-Eastern Railway, which was near to and in sight of the homestead. This prevented communication with Benalla, where there was a large force of police. Breakfast was had, and then a spring-cart drove up to the station containing two neighboring selectors and two visitors from Melbourne, who had been kangarooing. These four were also bailed up, and placed with the other captives in the storeroom. A cheque bearing Mr. Macauley's signature was next taken from the desk, and between 3 and 4 o'clock p.m. the two Kellys and Hart started for Euroa, leaving Byrne to guard the prisoners. They took two carts with them, the hawker's boy driving a vehicle, and Hart riding a horse. It was scarcely 4 o'clock p.m. when they drove to the door of the bank, and Ned Kelly obtained entrance from the bank clerk on the pretence of wanting cash for a cheque. When inside he and Hart made the clerks surrender by presenting revolvers, and they all went into the room of Mr. Scott, the manager, and placed him under duress. They next obtained the keys by intimidation, and bundled all the notes and specie into a sack, the amount being about £2,000, an ingot of 31 ozs. of smelted gold, 260 ozs. of gold, and a number of securities. They drank whisky with Mr. Scott, and made Mrs. Scott, with her children and two maid servants, get ready to ride out. The horse was put into Mr. Scott's buggy, which his wife had



First Attack on the Police, Oct. 26, 1878.



SERGEANT KENNEDY.



Sticking up the Bank at Euroa, Dec. 10, 1878.



to drive, the occupants being herself, her mother, and some children. The clerks, servants, Mr. Scott, and other children were placed in carts, and the cavalcade started for Faithfull's Creek Station, the hawker's cart being first with Ned Kelly in charge, then the buggy, followed by the selector's spring-cart, driven by Dan Kelly, the rear brought up by Steve Hart on horseback. Passing out of the town they had to go close



DAN KELLY.

From a Photograph taken at Mansfield.

to the one policeman who kept order in the town, the railway officials, and a number of men employed in building a new station, but they were unheeded, and went on, and reached Mr. Younghusband's station in time to take tea. Byrne had increased the number of his prisoners by capturing a line-repairer, who had been sent to put the wires in order, and who on arrival found them in such a state that he had to seek aid, and went to the homestead for that purpose. The outlaws did not hurry themselves, but waited until 9 o'clock p.m., when they took their departure. Previous to doing so they liberated Mr. Macauley, and directed him to keep the other men shut up till they had gone three hours, but he let them out a quarter of an hour after they left. Information was then conveyed to the police, and efforts made to follow the gang, who made off to the Strathbogie Ranges.

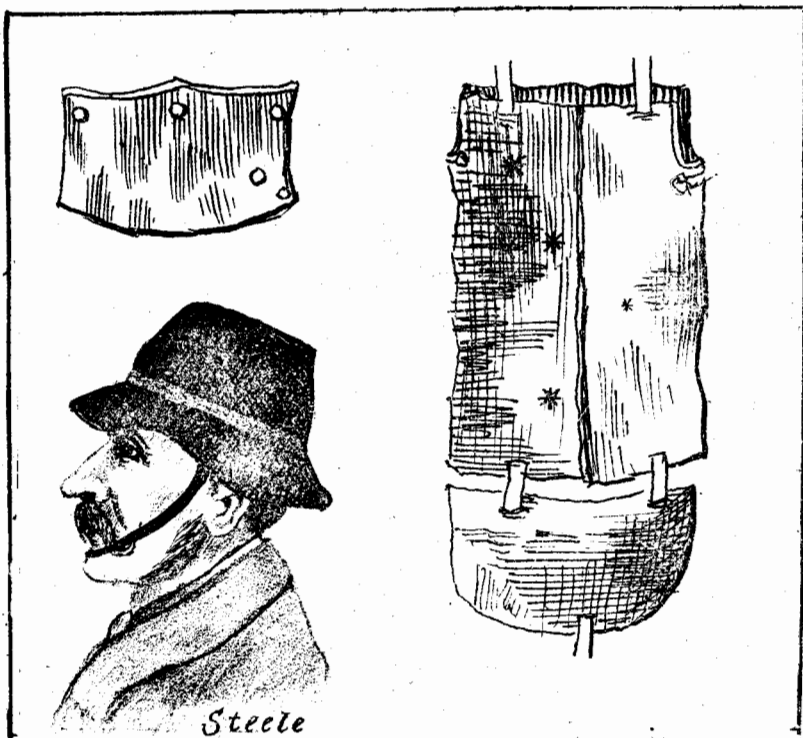
After this successful exploit the Kellys remained quiet for a time in their lair, doubtless carousing over their ill-gotten gains, and laughing at the inability of their pursuers to reach them. A month, however, of idleness, even if spent amid romantic scenery, with conversation relative to dark deeds only, would be more than sufficient even for a bushranger; and it is not surprising that we hear of their entrance once more into public life, and of another step made towards notoriety on February 8, 1879.

About midnight on that occasion, having crossed the Border from Victoria to New South Wales, they stuck up the township of Jerilderie, thirty miles from the Murray, made prisoners of two constables (Devine and Richards) at the Police Station, put on police uniforms, went round the town boldly, and reconnoitred. Next day they had their horses shod at the local blacksmith's shop, took possession of the Royal Hotel, bailed up the Bank of New South Wales officials, and obtained from them £2,000. Jerilderie contains upwards of 200 inhabitants, and it seems astounding that four men could so completely paralyse their efforts as to prevent their making not the least resistance.

The constables and their families were kept under strict surveillance from Saturday night till Monday at noon, without any one in the township supposing for a moment that dangerous individuals were in the locality. The sticking up of the bank proved a simple matter. Mr. Tarleton, the manager, had just returned from a long ride, and was enjoying a cold bath. Mr. Lyving heard the noise of approaching footsteps from the rear, but thinking it was the manager paid no attention until aroused by the entrance of Byrne, who immediately ordered him to bail up, stating, at the same time, that he was Ned Kelly, and presenting a revolver. Mr. Lyving and his fellow-assistant saw resistance was useless, and surrendered. They were marched to the Royal Hotel, where they found the Kellys had placed a number of persons in a room, whom they threatened to shoot if they offered the least resistance. Kelly inquired for Mr. Tarleton, and brought back Mr. Lyving to the bank to find him. The manager was surprised in his bath, and bailed up after the usual fashion. He was utterly incapable of doing anything other than directed. The bushrangers proceeded to rob the safe, and after some little trouble succeeded in securing over £2,000, principally in gold. The money was placed in a sack and conveyed away, the bank officials being brought back to the hotel. While in the bank two men named Rankin and Gill entered, and Kelly ordered them to bail up, whereupon they turned and fled precipitately, Ned Kelly following in close pursuit. Gill contrived to escape, and remained hidden in a creek adjacent until the danger had passed; but Rankin was not so fortunate. He was overtaken by the outlaws, and roughly handled. Indeed, his chances of life were not worth much, as Kelly seemed in a terrible rage, and desirous of shooting him. His life was only saved by the intercession of those in the hotel. Constable Richards seemed a special object of revenge to the desperadoes. Ned Kelly resolutely declared he should die, as he had been engaged in pursuing him. However, Mr. Tarleton's good offices saved the man's life, as the outlaw gradually relented, and did not carry his threat into execution. The telegraph operator and his assistant were next waited on; the wires cut and the insulators destroyed. Those officials were also conveyed to the hotel, where there were about twenty-five in duration, expecting every moment something might occur to cause bloodshed. The men were so disposed that in the event of resistance, and one being overcome, another stood ready with a loaded rifle ready to fire. Ned Kelly "shouted" for several persons, and became quite conversational. He expressed a desire to have a document printed giving a sketch of his life, and sought Mr. Gill, publisher of a local paper, for that purpose. But Mr. Gill remained *non est*, and his wife was consulted. She expressed her unwillingness to comply with the request, and the document was then given to Mr. Lyving, who undertook to have it published. In the meantime Byrne had mounted his horse, and with the money taken from the bank in his possession took his departure in the direction of the Murray. To facilitate his escape with the plunder, the Kellys and Hart remained about the hotel for several hours. Before leaving they directed the telegraph stationmaster not to connect the wires before morning, or he might expect condign punishment. Towards dusk the remainder of the gang followed Byrne, stating that they were going to stick up the bank at Urana. They had no sooner left the township than steps were taken to restore telegraphic communication, and in the course of a few hours Sydney and Melbourne were in possession of the startling intelligence.

After this daring outrage the search for the Kellys became hotter than ever, and native police, well-known for their skill in tracking, were brought from Queensland to trace their hiding-place. These men, however, having no commencing clue to guide them, failed in accomplishing the desired end, and admitted their inability to find the slightest trace of aught indicating the spot in which the outlaws lay *perdu*. Since

Portion of the Armour made out of Ploughshares.



The Bodies of Hart and Kelly after the Fire.

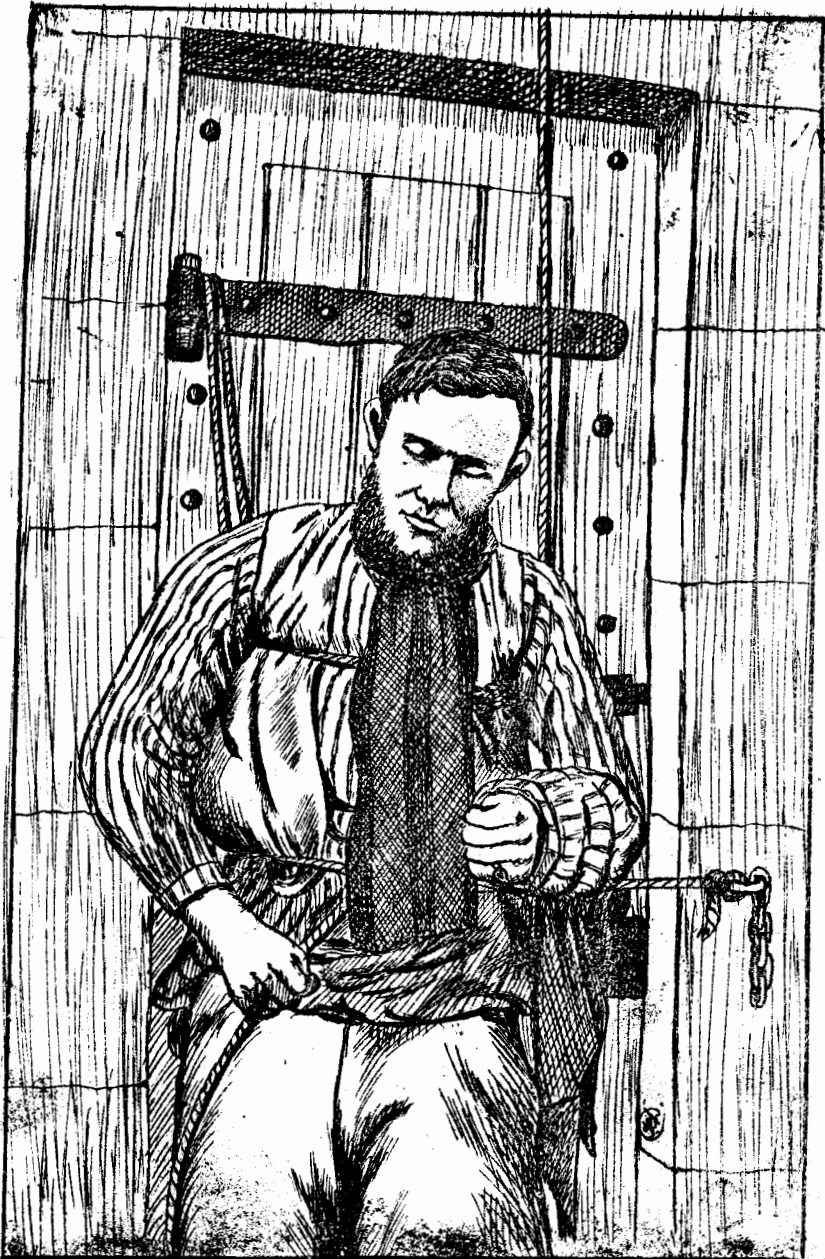
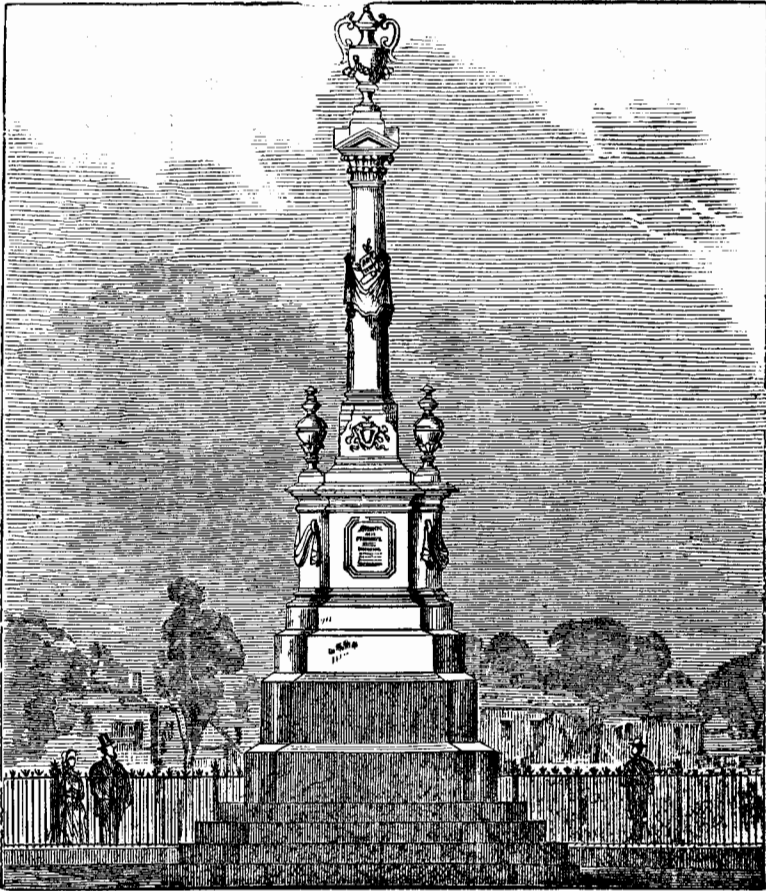


Photo. of Byrne after being shot.

February, 1879, up to June 26, 1880, they have never been seen or heard of, and so impressed were many persons with the belief they had got safely out of the colonies that the police force was reduced in the suspected district, and the Governments of New South Wales and Victoria decided to shortly withdraw the large reward promised for their capture.



**Police Memorial Monument at Mansfield.**

The first tidings of the reappearance of the Kellys was telegraphed to the metropolis of each of the colonies on the 27th June, and the tale of crime, revealed in a few words, created a profound sensation. In Adelaide especially the history of the past, in which these bloodthirsty villains figured so prominently, was unforgotten, and the direful tidings recently added thereto will swell the catalogue of horrors with which memory is laden. A police watch-party, headed by Constable Skerritt, were located in a slab house at Sebastapol, seven miles from Beechworth, and near the residence of the mother of one of the outlaws, their orders being to watch for communication between her and the gang. On Saturday evening, June 26, the four outlaws, having surrounded the hut under cover of darkness, and having a German named Antonio Weekes with them as a decoy, made him go to the door and call out "Skerritt." The constable, naturally concluding it to be a friend, opened the door, when Byrne, who was close to it, shot him dead, exclaiming as he did so, "You'll not blow any more what you'll do with us." The other police were then asked to surrender, but refused

to do so, and the hut was in a state of siege for hours, during which shots were fired into it, and threats of burning it down and committing other atrocities were uttered by the gang. At early morn the villains withdrew to perform other sanguinary exploits in a new direction, and the besieged constables were enabled to reach Beechworth and relate their experiences and the death of their comrade.

Glenrowan, on the North-Eastern Railway line, 139 miles from Melbourne, was the next and final scene in their desperate career, and the tragedy there enacted equals all ever conjectured by the wildest imagination in the hemisphere of romance. There has been nothing to compare with it in the annals of Australia, and nothing approaching it will, we trust, ever again be chronicled. The doings of bushrangers in the olden time fade into insignificance before those of the demoniac Kellys, which are on a par only with the violent acts of the madman Morgan.

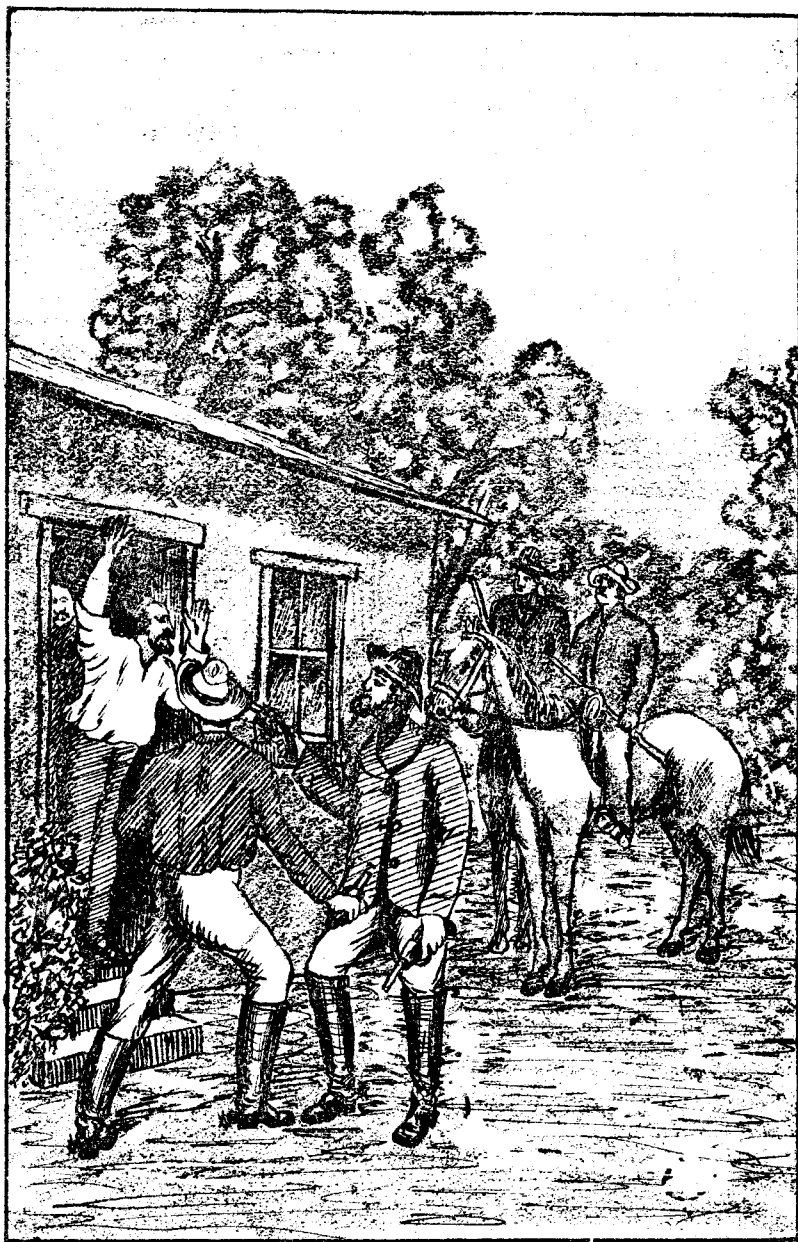
Arrived at Glenrowan, the door of the station-master's house was burst open, and Mr. Stanistreet, who was in bed with his wife and children, were subjected to the indignity of having to rise immediately and dress. Ned Kelly then bade him accompany him and take up the rails on the line as a special train was expected: but the station-master having stated his inability to assist in the bushranger's requests, was left in charge of Steve Hart, whilst the rest went down towards Wangaratta to obtain assistance to demolish the rails. During their absence Hart broke the chest in which were some workmen's tools. The rails were eventually taken up by the gang, assisted by Reardon, the line-repairer, for fully a mile; and but for the precaution of a pilot-engine being sent ahead of the special train, a serious accident would have occurred, and the latter wrecked by these miscreants.

Having completed their work, they went to Jones' Hotel to wait results, and passed the time in drinking and making prisoners, adding to the number at intervals, of every person who came in their way. It may be considered a merciful interposition of Providence that the police, under Superintendent Hare and Sub-Inspector O'Connor, reached Glenrowan safe, and were, on arrival, informed by Mr. Curnow, the local schoolmaster, of the true state of affairs. The constable had been made prisoner, but had escaped, and the information he gave showed there was no time to lose. Jones' Hotel was instantly surrounded, and fighting promptly commenced, the police acting with considerable coolness and decision, and the outlaws showing a determined and defiant front. Within the house at this time there were over thirty prisoners, who at a later period succeeded in effecting their escape by the front door whilst Hart and Dan Kelly were firing from the verandah at the back. Bullets whizzed on all sides, and the fight waxed long and furious, the only spot for safety for the besiegers being found behind some trees, from which shelter the least movement exposed them to danger. In the early part of the fray Superintendent Hare was shot in the left wrist, and though desirous to stay, was ultimately compelled, from the serious character of his wound to quit the spot and return to Benalla. Mr. Rawlins, a volunteer, is also highly spoken of, and his conduct is characterised as brave in the extreme.

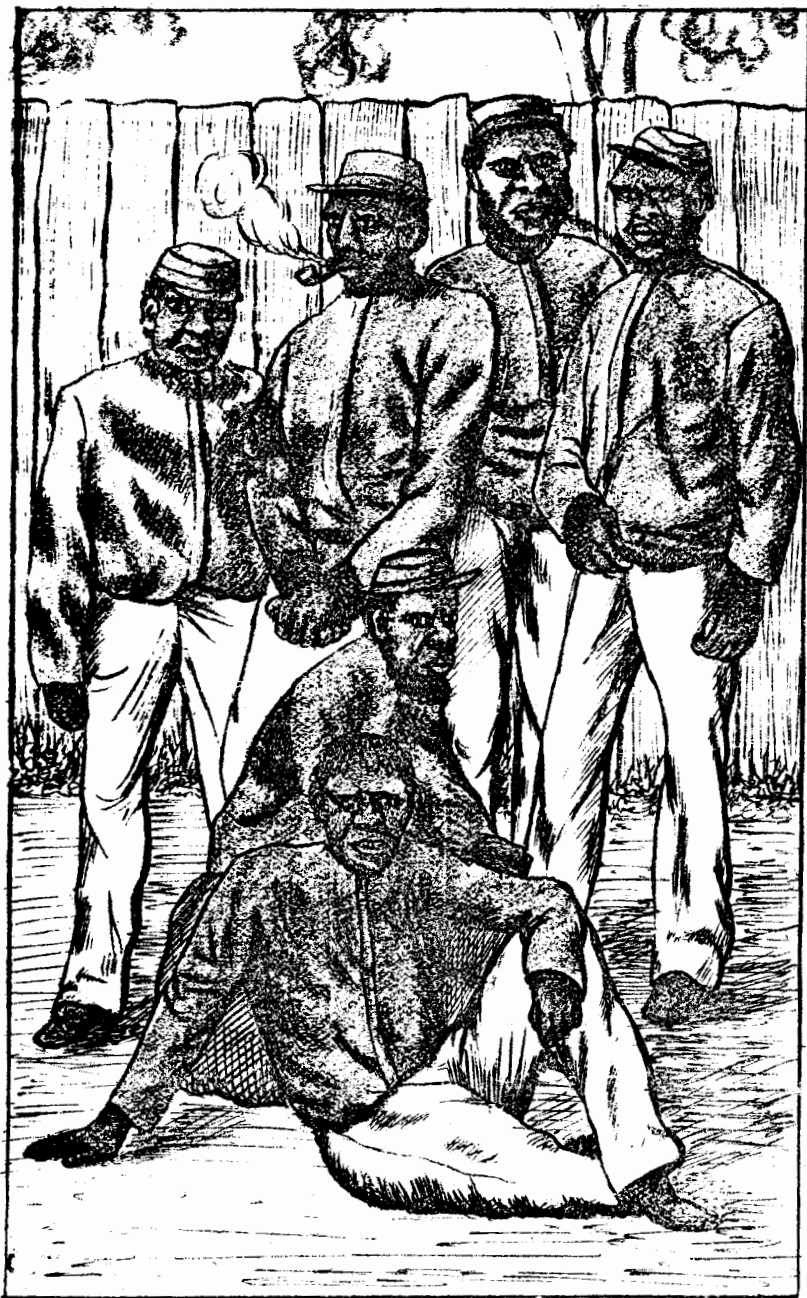
After Superintendent Hare's departure, Sub-Inspector O'Connor and Senior-constable Kelly continued the attack, in which they were ably assisted by the Queensland trackers. Fighting went on all night, and at daylight police reinforcements arrived, under Superintendent Sadlier and Sergeant Steele.

Shortly before day-dawn the women and children were allowed to leave the hotel, and Mrs. Jones, the landlady whose son and daughter were both shot in the *melee*, were removed. The former was sent down to Benalla Hospital, and died of his wounds on the 29th June. The girl is progressing favourably, but a lad named Reardon, who was wounded severely is likely to die.

How Ned Kelly succeeded in leaving the hotel unobserved is unknown, but at early morn he appeared at the rear of the police, and attacked them with a revolver. After some brief skirmishing he was brought to the earth by a well-aimed shot from Sergeant Steele, who had discovered that the outlaw wore armour, and fired at a vulnerable part of his body. The result was that Ned was at once placed *hors de combat*, and fell, exclaiming, "I'm done! I'm done!" A rush towards him was instantly made by Sergeant Steele and others, and notwithstanding his struggles for freedom, he was firmly secured. On examination it was found he had received several wounds, the most important being one in the region of the groin. These are supposed not to affect any vital part, and there is thus a possibility that the chief of bushranging heroes will be spared to expiate his crimes on the scaffold. He was clad in a complete suit of armour, of a most substantial kind, as will be seen when it is stated that it comprised breast-plates, shoulder-plates, helmet, &c., weighing no less than 97 lb. The other members of the gang also wore armour of the same sort, and as it was bullet-proof, doubtless they had nothing to fear from the accuracy of the weapons used by the police.



Sticking up Police Station at Jerilderie.



THE BLACK TRACKERS.



It would require a larger amount of space than we can afford to detail every particular of the sanguinary fray which lasted till near 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, June 28th. A cannon had been despatched to the battlefield, and would have been used to blow down the hotel in which the outlaws were if necessary, but such extreme measures were not requisite, as the last volley from the police-party was fired Senior Constable Johnston having stealthily approached, set fire to a bundle of straw near the house, and succeeding in reaching shelter unhurt. At this moment Mrs. Skillion, sister of the Kellys, appeared, and stated she wished to induce her relatives to surrender, but she was not permitted to approach the burning building, which from its inflammable character was soon in flames. No sign of life being visible within, the Rev. M. Gibney, R.C., of Perth, W.A., who had accidentally reached the spot, rushed forward and entered the now fiercely blazing structure, where he found the bodies of the bushrangers. Life was extinct. Hart and Dan Kelly lay on the ground side by side, and Byrne was found lifeless near the bar-room. It is reported the latter received the fatal wound which caused his death by a random shot during the contest; the others are supposed to have committed suicide and died together. In the kitchen, at the rear, Martin Cherry, an old man, in his 60th year, was discovered in a dying condition. He had been a prisoner of the gang, and fatally wounded. Shortly after receiving the last offices of religion from Father Gibney he expired. After the hotel had been burned to the ground, amid the ruins the charred remains of the outlaws were found, and near them the armour they wore. Byrne's body was the least injured, but presented nevertheless a horrid spectacle to all beholders. On one of the fingers of the right hand was a ring once owned by the unfortunate Constable Scanlan, whose fate we have already recounted.

A few of the latest particulars respecting this extraordinary tragedy will form a fitting close to its chapter of horrors, and though there is one dark and awful scene which cannot be here depicted, the reader will doubtless agree that sufficient has been related of its most important features.

On Tuesday, June 29th, Ned Kelly was conveyed by rail to North Melbourne, and thence to the Gaol, where he is at present closely confined.

The armour worn by the gang is supposed to have been manufactured from ploughshares, stolen in the vicinity of Greta, by Kelly sympathisers.

Eight of the horses of the gang were stabled at McDonald's Railway Hotel, Glenrowan, and have been taken by the police. They have been identified as stolen animals.

Ned Kelly was born at Kilmore, Victoria, in 1854; Dan, his brother, at Greta, in 1861; Steve Hart, at Fish River, New South Wales, in 1859; Byrne's antecedents prior to his joining these desperadoes is unknown.

Ned Kelly stands about 5ft. 10in., is of fresh complexion, with dark brown hair and hazel eyes; Dan Kelly was 5ft. 6in. high, medium build, light complexion, and blue eyes.

After the remains of the outlaws were recovered from the *debris* of the hotel, they were handed over to their relations, and a wake came off at Greta.

There are a large number of Kelly sympathisers still at Benalla and other parts of the district.

Inquests on the bodies of Skerritt, the constable, the boy Jones, and Byrne were held. It was considered that no inquest was necessary on the remains of Dan Kelly and Hart. Byrne was buried quietly at night in the Benalla Cemetery.

Ned Kelly's wants are carefully cared for in Melbourne Gaol. He has had interviews with his mother, who is a prisoner in the same place.

The Kelly sympathisers are reported to be carrying arms, and threats of vengeance have been uttered against the police. It is feared a collision will yet occur. After the bodies of Dan Kelly and Steve Hart were given up to the relatives, they were removed to Mrs. Skillion's hut, which was rushed by a crowd, and a drunken orgie ensued.

Parties of police are searching the suspected district, and it is determined to deal with disaffected sympathisers promptly and effectively.

The constables in Skerritt's hut at the time he was shot were named Armstrong, Alexander, Ducross, and Dowling. Skerritt was an ex-policeman, an athlete, and only in his 24th year. For some months past he has been supplying information as to the movements of the gang, of which they eventually became aware, hence their shooting him for revenge.

Dick Hart, Wild Wright, and other of the Kelly fraternity have used threats of vengeance, and mischief is still brewing. The end is not likely to be reached for some time to come.

Too much praise cannot be accorded to Mr. Curnow, the local schoolmaster, through whose prompt action and courage the stoppage of the train was effected, and a terrible catastrophe prevented.

The inquest on the body of Byrne was conducted in a very quiet manner, and few persons knew of the affair till it was over. During the hearing Constable Cenny, of Benalla, stated he had known the deceased for more than eight years at the Woolshed, Beechworth, and other places, and that he always bore a bad character.

The reward for the apprehension of the gang would have been withdrawn at the end of the present month (July); fortunately they were captured and exterminated while it was in force, so that those who acted so bravely will at least receive monetary reward for services rendered to the colonies at large. An appeal on their behalf will doubtless be made to the Australian public.

The antecedents and history of the Kelly's, which were at first mere matters of rumour, have now been correctly placed before the public, and although in the first portion of this narrative they were fully mentioned, a few additional items of intelligence just to hand will prove acceptable:—

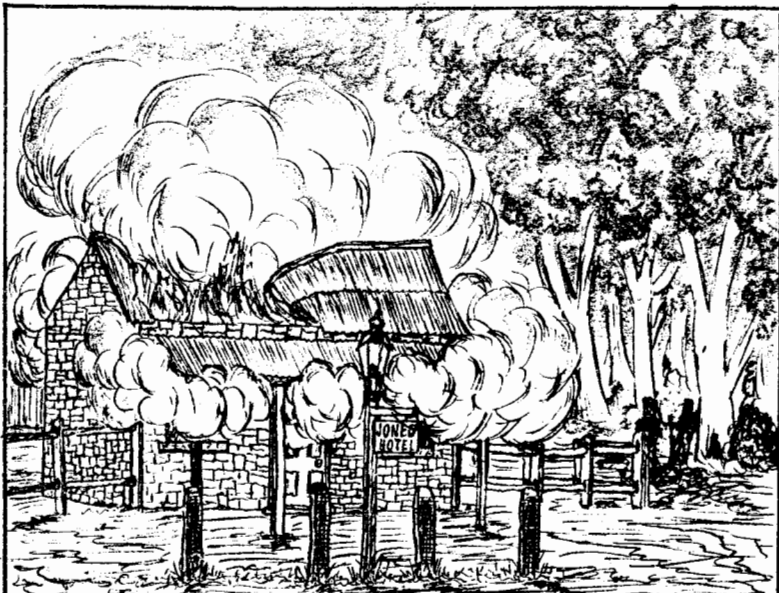
The Kelly family originally consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, and their offspring, viz. :—Edward, James, Daniel, Kate, Mary, and Bridget. The latter died young, and old Kelly "shuffled off the mortal coil" in a natural way about fifteen years ago. James Kelly, now in his 22nd year, did not form one of the gang, not perhaps from lack of inclination, but in consequence of being incarcerated in gaol at Berrima, New South Wales, where he is still serving a long sentence for horse-stealing. Kate Kelly, a fine specimen of the native born bush girl, is unmarried, and her skill in horsemanship would compare favourably with the dashing riders in the arena of Chiarini's Circus, or the most daring cattle-hunters of the Murrumbidgee. There is little doubt she has been instrumental in conveying information and assistance to her outlawed brothers, and it is a wonder she has not long since been arrested as one of the most prominent of the Kelly sympathisers. Remarkable to state she has been able to elude police vigilance, and even while *known* to be communicating with the criminals, has been permitted to go hither and thither wherever she choose.

Mrs. Skillion, the wife of William Skillion, is the eldest of the Kelly daughters, and is reported to occupy a respectable position, there is little doubt, however, she with her husband, has naturally felt strong sympathies towards their outlawed relations, and aided them in like manner with the rest. Closely connected with the Kellys in the neighbourhood of Greta, are other families, the scions of which entertain speculative propensities, and feel small compunction in appropriating the horses and cattle of their honest brethren. Convictions for these crimes were once hard to obtain, but thanks to the vigilance of the officers of the law, many of the chief offenders are now in gaol, and crime is being gradually lessened. Brought up in such a locality, with nought elevating or excellent in the prospective future, with only villainous associates to incite them to deeds of evil it is no wonder that Ned and Dan Kelly entered the lists of criminal notoriety, and proceeded step by step on the ladder of crime. It is proved by facts recently made known, that Morgan and Power, both bushrangers of a daring and bloodthirsty type, were harboured by the Kellys, and to a large extent associated with them. The action of these men must have exerted great influence over Ned and Dan, and the lessons they then learned have been gratifying to their teachers, who probably found them apt pupils. The same spirit which actuated the wretch Morgan to imbrue his hands in innocent blood, and shoot men down without a minute's warning, was merely a counterpart of that shewn by the Kellys in shooting Constables Lanagan and Scanlan, or in putting an end to Sergeant Kennedy, whose prayer to be left a chance of recovery from his wounds was unheeded, as the shot recording his doom rang loudly on the air.

Prior to Ned Kelly's removal to Melbourne Gaol, Senior-constable Kelly had some conversation with him, and asked if Sergeant Kennedy had given him a letter before he died. His answer was "No, he fought to the last, and I had to shoot him, or he would have shot me; when he fell all he said was, 'God forgive you!'" Kelly also admitted shooting the constables at Stringy Bark Creek.

While being conveyed by train, on arrival at Beveridge station, he pointed to a hill, on the left, and said, "That is the spot where I was born, twenty-eight years ago; now I am passing it, I suppose, to my doom." In reply as to whether he believed his brother Dan and Hart had shot themselves, he said he thought not, as they were too cowardly to do it.

Dr. Shields, the medical officer of the Melbourne Gaol, with Dr. Ryan, have Ned Kelly under their care, and they do not consider he has received any wounds likely to prove fatal. Some slugs have been extracted from a wound in his right hand, near the thumb, and it was this injury which prevented his using his rifle. He is still suffering from a serious wound in the left arm, the bullet having entered midway between the wrist and elbow, passing through the arm and repiercing it three inches above the



THE BURNING OF THE HOTEL.



CAPTURE OF NED KELLY.

joint. In addition to the wounds just enumerated he received four slug wounds in the right thigh and leg, and a wound in the left foot. It is wonderful indeed he escaped with his life.

Superintendent Hare has been congratulated by the Government on his bravery in attacking the outlaws. The wound in his wrist is not so serious as at first feared, and beyond the hand being stiffened it is not expected he will suffer much inconvenience when quite convalescent.

Ned Kelly was brought before the Melbourne Police Court on Monday, July 5th, and remanded for eight days. The evidence taken was unimportant.

The escape of the outlaw leader from certain destruction when exposed to a constant shower of bullets at first seemed little less than a miracle, but when it is seen how invulnerable was the armour he wore, the matter is at once clearly comprehended. Our illustration shows the front and side view of the helmet, breast-plate, apron, and appearance of armour in front. Though rude in workmanship, it is nevertheless an ingenious invention, and but for its discovery the wearer might long have borne a "charmed life." It must, however, have been no small burden to carry, as its weight is no less than 97lb. The iron of which it is made is fully a quarter of an inch thick, and it is reported was once in the form of plough-mould-boards, and stolen from the owners near Greta. Eighteen bullet-marks are visible on the armour, and though the indentations are considerable in no case were any bullets forced through it.

#### JOE BYRNE (Photographed after death.)

This prominent member of the gang was shot whilst drinking a glass of liquor at about 5 o'clock a.m., in front of the bar of the Glenrowan Hotel. His body was found some hours after, just where it fell, and being scorched by fire, and black with smoke, presented a direful aspect. On the right hand was a ring, once owned by Constable Scanlan, and affording conclusive evidence that the wearer had been implicated with his lawless companions in the murder of that unfortunate individual. Byrne was of medium height, had a bushy beard, and was dressed at the time of his death in a sac coat, tweed trousers, crimean shirt, and boots.

Were it not for the serious character of the crime in which the leader of the outlaws was engaged, as represented in this sketch, it would possess a ludicrous aspect. The helmet, looking very much like a large nail-can with a hole cut to see through, is not so graceful as those grand head-pieces used by warriors in the olden time, when chivalry was in the ascendant. Kelly's commanding figure, taken with his revolver raised in the act of firing at the police, show the desperate and determined character of the man, and the people of the colonies may feel truly grateful to those who succeeded in effecting his capture, and restoring security and confidence to travellers through once disaffected communities.

Steve Hart's family reside about three miles from Wangaratta, and the gang are reported to have frequently visited the house prior to the arrival of black trackers in the neighbourhood. The following incident is recorded of the boldness of the outlaws: "As respectable resident of Wangaratta was out opossum shooting one night some few months ago, he was disarmed, made prisoner, and marched into the house by the gang. Finding he had intruded innocently into their domains, they made him solemnly swear not to mention their whereabouts for a month, and having taken an oath to this effect, they presented him with a £10-note, and allowed him to depart. He faithfully kept his promise, and at the end of the month told his employer of the circumstances. The latter communicated with Sergeant Steele, and handed him the £10-note as proof positive of the man's statement."

Kate Kelly and other relatives of Ned Kelly have applied at the Melbourne Gaol to see the prisoner, but were not allowed to do so.

Inspector O'Connor, in command of the Queensland black trackers, was on Wednesday, July 7, congratulated by the Chief Secretary in Melbourne, on the services he and his men had rendered in expeditions after the Kellys. Inspector O'Connor, accompanied by the troopers, has left Victoria for Queensland. The aborigines may well congratulate themselves on escape from death, as would have been the case had the train been wrecked.

The Governments of New South Wales and Victoria are making arrangements for apportioning the rewards to those engaged in the capture and overthrow of the Kelly gang.

Latest telegrams notify Ned Kelly's continued improvement. There is great excitement in Melbourne in prospect of the coming trial, which will take place in about three weeks hence.

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