

How Does a Common Criminal Come To Symbolize a Nation?

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My friends and I whiled away many childhood hours in the outback of Australia, role-playing national heroes and icons such as the bushranger and outlaw Ned Kelly. Outfitted with upturned buckets on our heads with slits cut out for eyes, we imagined ourselves as Ned Kelly in his infamous iron helmet and armor, fighting against injustice. This unlikely Australian hero fired our childish imaginations. Rather than adults admonishing us for our adulation of a common criminal, they encouraged it as a continued tradition from their own childhoods.

Those childhood games were the result of oral accounts of Ned Kelly handed down through the generations and preserved unconsciously as a natural product of Australian folklore. One indication of how integrated with group consciousness oral traditions of Ned Kelly have become is the Australian colloquialism “as game as Ned Kelly,” which is now a part of common, everyday speech. Australians’ national identity is created through collective oral traditions about cultural symbols such as Ned Kelly, and is the product of communal consensus of what it means to be a part of the group, as much as the soil on which Australians abide.

In the last forty years, oral traditions of Ned Kelly have been appropriated by the Australian government, and used as a deliberate tool in the formation of national identity. Riding on the coattails of heightened public interest in Ned Kelly books and documentaries, the government has made “Ned” the focus of tourism and a mascot to the world in the opening ceremony of the 2000 Sydney Olympic Games. Some question the

authenticity of Ned as a cultural icon in light of the government's blatant, propagandistic use of his image.

Australia is a young country. The deliberate and unconscious participation in oral traditions of this common criminal-turned-hero represents an ongoing process of reconciling the group's burgeoning identity with its shaky birth in 1788 as a storehouse for England's unwanted criminals. Most academics do not dispute the power of oral traditions in forming national identity. Rather, what is often disputed is whether Ned Kelly, the icon, is a product of the group's collective memory or merely a creation of the ruling power to further its own political agenda.

This paper contends not only that Ned is a product of the group's collective memory, but that he is deeply embedded in Australians' unconscious and can be traced back to the group's convict heritage and growing affinity for oral traditions of the "antihero." Ned Kelly's own life story of rebelling against oppression reflects an entire nation's search for identity in the aftermath of the British Empire's decline and waning influence. Though this is unknown to many, the government was originally opposed to representing Australia as a country of questionable, convict origins. It was the majority's overwhelming affinity for this particular antihero that swayed the government towards repositioning Ned Kelly in popular culture as an "official" national hero.

Collective memory versus propaganda as explanations for national identity

The scholarly work of sociologist Robert Prus lays the foundation for how oral traditions, such as Ned Kelly, are a product of Australians' collective memory. The logic laid out by Prus is simple. Storage of information in memory is dependent on the

individual and occurs in “increments” over the individual’s lifetime. However, those memories assume meaningful context to the individual only because of the “historical accumulation of concepts, comparisons and inferences” within the group’s communal memory, which can span beyond the lifetime of the individual (Prus 398, 401, 408).

Consequently, outsiders to the group may hear “as game as Ned Kelly” and understand its connection to the story of Ned Kelly’s life. However, they would most likely lack the accompanying feelings of pride and implicit identification with rebelling against authority that insiders have learned from members of the collective group. The reason for such implicit associations with Ned by Australians will be discussed shortly.

Professor of Commonwealth and Post Colonial Literatures Graham Huggan supports Prus’s perspective on collective memory’s crucial role in forming group identity. Huggan perceives the all-pervasive nature of collective memory as likely to “supersede state-sanctioned attempts to regulate it,” although ruling powers may influence collective memory for their own political agendas (Huggan 151). At the other extreme, some scholars view perpetuated myths such as Ned Kelly as a blatant manipulation of memory to serve the powerful in authority and further the agenda of nationalism of the state. Specialists in Australian studies and history Kate Darian-Smith and Paula Hamilton go so far as to describe mythic narratives as simply being “the wellspring of nationalism” and “constantly mobilized to serve differing ideological and political interests” (2).

The adoption of Ned by the Australian government in national initiatives would appear to support this propaganda based theory of nationalism. However, closer examination of Australian history supports Huggan’s collective memory based theory of

nationalism. The Australian government has simply taken an already existent foundation myth—namely that of the dual legends of convict and bushranger—that was conveniently embodied in the popular oral traditions of Ned Kelly.

Australia’s convict and colonial heritage fostered affinity for the “antihero.”

Archaeologist Eleanor Conlin Casella and Anthropologist Clayton Fredericksen point out that the reason Australia’s convict past is the “dominant narrative” in oral traditions is that unlike other penal colonies, Australia is the only case in which forced convict migration was carried out with the intention of establishing a self-sustaining colony (104). The transportation of women and children as convicts as well as men fostered the birth of an entire generation of criminal origins. To offset the mounting expenditures associated with establishing a colony, most convicts roamed free as indentured laborers for the free settlers (104-106). Thus, convicts constituted the majority of the founding population of Australia and were the originators for many founding oral traditions.

Per an Australian government web site, many convicts and subsequent settlers were illiterate; therefore, folksongs and oral traditions were central to preserving information. Over the centuries, a folk-identity of Australians as “resilient people who laugh in the face of adversity,” “face up to great difficulties and deliberately go against authority and establishment,” and who value “egalitarianism” and “mate-ship” became embedded in many oral traditions (Australian Folklore).

The horrors of the penal colony that engendered these qualities were well publicized in ballads throughout the British Empire, with lines describing the distant land

as “a wretched life in chains, upon a distant shore” and pamphlets entitled “The Horrors of Transportation, The Suffering Convict” (White 19). The drive for survival in a harsh, alien land served as an effective equalizer of social classes. Describing the equalizing nature of Australia for fresh immigrants of different classes, famous Australian poet Henry Lawson (1867-1922) wrote:

But the curse of class distinctions from our shoulders shall be hurled. . .

There'll be higher education for the toilin' starvin' clown,

An' the rich an' educated shall be educated down. . . (Appendix A)

By the 1850s, transportation to most of the colonies had ceased. Australian studies specialist Elaine Thompson attributes the beginnings of the “strong cult of egalitarianism” in Australia to the elevation of many ex-convicts to authoritative positions where their past was deliberately forgotten (Thompson 27, 215-248).

Australians' high esteem of mate-ship, outwardly manifest in the famous colloquial endearment “mate,” is also viewed by Thompson as an outgrowth of that egalitarianism and the idea that people “make judgments about a person without reference to birth, class or reputation” (152). Here, we gain the beginnings of understanding as to how Ned Kelly could be revered like Australian nobility without the usual stain of a convict heritage.

Further insight into why Ned's crimes of livestock theft and murder of colonial police could be viewed as acts of defiance can be found in the changing nature of the colony he was born into. By the 1850s, along with cessation of transportation, primary industries were becoming established in the vast, rural, bush settings attracting free, working-class immigrants. By 1871, when Ned was 16 years old, over half of the white population was immigrants who had been born in other countries (White 48). Ned

himself was the son of an Irish convict. Consequently, this burgeoning society consisted of a working-class majority of immigrants and emancipated convicts, which lacked ancient European distinctions of peasantry and aristocracy (White 49). This distinct lack of social lines between the rich and poor provided the backdrop for a growing sentiment of injustice at preferential treatment of the wealthy. The intense class conflicts this engendered might not have occurred so readily in other parts of the British Empire where social distinctions were accepted as the cultural norm.

Australian sociologist Brad West views Ned Kelly as being the product of those intense class conflicts. The historical buildup to the conflicts occurred between 1860 and 1880, which was coincidentally the last twenty years of Ned's short twenty-five-year life. Pastoralists took over vast areas of territory, which they had originally occupied illegally but annexed by right of their wealth and a number of land acts. Tensions grew between the free roaming, rural laborers and the wealthy pastoralists over property rights (West, 130-131). Through a dominant presence in judicial positions, pastoralists were able to leverage power. Ned's opinion that "there never was such a thing as Justice in the English laws but any amount of justice to be had," which he expressed in his famous Jerilderie letter, reflected the popular perception of the colonial justice system by the rural laborers. Like Ned, the rural laborers perceived the police to be agents for corrupt colonial collaborators (Appendix B, 13; West 129-131).

Ned commented in his famous Jerilderie manifesto, which was written as justification for his criminal acts:

...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 impounded in one day ...all belonging to poor farmers (Appendix B, 16)

Cattle and sheep stealing, as conducted by Ned Kelly, became an act of defiance against this perceived colonial oppression. In his own words,

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 Victoria Police and inhabitants but the whole British army... (Appendix B, 19)

Even though some acts of Ned, such as burning mortgages and sharing the loot of robbed banks with poor farmers to get them out of hock, could be construed as “Robin Hood-like,” this was probably not important to his popularity. Ned’s contemporaries shared no love for the police. Ned’s claims of police persecution served to underscore the inequalities they saw in Britain’s imposed law.

The term “bushrangers” was originally used for escaped convicts who roamed the bush, but came to be used for the persecuted and impoverished locals of Ned’s era who took to outlawry and poaching livestock for survival. The custom of indentured convicts supporting those who escaped became a part of the tradition of mate-ship, and continued with the support of bushrangers by dissatisfied farmers and bush workers. Ballads of the rural proletariat portrayed bushrangers as the champions of the poor and heroic fighters against colonial injustices that were being perpetrated at the time.

Convicts authored many of the original ballads about bushrangers, who were usually escaped convicts. Ned Kelly himself used the lines from a famous convict ballad in his own Jerilderie letter (see highlighted sections of Appendix B p. 46, and Appendix C to compare the original convict ballad with Ned's letter). Such ballads were sung as "anthems of defiance" for decades. One example given on a government website is the 1891 strike of sheepshearers protesting perceived mistreatment by wealthy landowners and the government by singing the ballad of bushranger Jack Donohue (Bush Songs and Music).

It is telling that the ballad "Waltzing Matilda," now commonly acknowledged as the unofficial national anthem of Australia even on government websites (see Bush Songs and Music) honors a poor, rural worker who commits suicide rather than be taken by law enforcement for poaching a sheep on a wealthy landowner's property. Coincidentally, this song was performed along with "Ned Kelly" at the 2000 Sydney Olympic Games. Australian anthropologist Deborah Bird Rose discovered Ned Kelly oral traditions among the Yarralin and Lingara aboriginals of the Victoria River District of the Northern Territory. The Yarralin and Lingara people worked most of their lives on cattle stations as rural workers. After the 1966-1972 strikes, they gained some legal rights over the land that colonial powers dispossessed them of during the course of 100 years of subjugation (Bird Rose, 178).

Per Bird Rose, Ned's appeal to the aboriginal tribes most likely lay in his fight for the "rights of the oppressed" and his vocal stance on land rights (184). A leader of the Lingara community expressed his opinion of the questionable validity of the "European pastoral lease":

“White man lease, you read him out on the paper, you change him next year, nother lease. . .mine lease you can’t wash him out. . .He’ll be there for years and years, till he die. . .We call him, that lease, blackfellow law.” (Bird Rose, 180)

Similar to the aboriginals, the rural proletariat of Ned’s generation believed the land was theirs by right of use and did not recognize the European pastoral leases originally drawn up in colonial times. In some of the tribes’ oral traditions blame for the loss of land is clearly attributed to colonial subjugation. Bird Rose notes that in more than one account, Captain Cook, who charted the eastern coast of Australia in 1770 for the British Colonial Empire, is depicted as the harbinger of the “immoral process by which peoples’ land was stolen” (Bird Rose, 183).

In contrast, Ned is featured in their foundation myths as an original being involved with the creation of life itself. The actions of those “original beings” featured in traditional aboriginal “dreamings” are implicitly understood to represent the moral principles of the universe (Bird Rose, 179). Thus, even for some aboriginals Ned came to represent the “moral European” and advocate for the oppressed (Bird Rose, 175).

How do we explain the retention of convict values in contemporary Australia?

It is easy to imagine how values such as defiance, mate-ship, the underdog, courage, and the antihero shaped the lives and sustained such Australian forebears as Ned Kelly through harsh, colonial conditions. However, why were such values, embodied in Ned Kelly, still upheld as the Australian ideal at the 2000 Sydney Olympic Games? In the

absence of a reasonable explanation, the theory that Ned Kelly is simply a product of government propaganda appears to be reasonable.

Sociologist Robert Prus's social theory of memory provides us with another explanation as to why traces of Australia's past have been retained even if preserved qualities such as egalitarianism and defiance are no longer relevant for the present world Australia occupies. Collective memory establishes a frame of reference for viewing the world. This frame of reference becomes permanently embedded in the group's cultural filter and implicitly accepted as being the way the world is (Prus 408, 414). Thus, the "cult of egalitarianism" as noted by Australian studies specialist Elaine Thompson is still strongly represented in codes of loyalty to mates and the standard Australian salutation, "G'day Mate" (Thompson 152).

The explanation that convict beginnings became a part of the Australian worldview might also explain why a 2003 Australian Survey of Social Attitudes by sociologists Bruce Tranter and Jed Donoghue found that many Australians who constitute the middle classes identify with the collective memory of a convict heritage (555, 573). This is in spite of the theoretical and empirical impossibility for over 20 million people to be descended from the original convict inhabitants of the penal colonies.

Historical evidence resolves who chose Ned—the People or the Government.

The cultural groundwork has been laid as to why a nation might accept a criminal as a national hero. The question is who chose Ned Kelly—the Australian government or the Australian people? Historical documents provide objective evidence concerning the issue of the popularization of Ned as a national icon and a definitive answer to whether

his iconic status is the result of nationalistic propaganda or the natural process of oral traditions and collective memory.

No matter the true motives or criminal nature of Ned's acts, oral traditions lauded Ned as a hero of the people even while he was alive. In 1879, while the Kelly gang was hiding in the bush after murdering three troopers and robbing multiple banks, they were publicly criticized in the publication "Outlaws of the Wombat Ranges." The author noted that youths, "not content with openly avowing their feelings in simple conversation . . . congregate occasionally at street corners and elsewhere to sing ballads – hymns of triumph, as it were – in their praise" (Appendix D, 70). The youths' words of defiance and admiration of Ned are clear in the following ballad excerpt:

We thin their ranks,
 We rob the banks,
 And say no thanks,
 For what we do.

Oh, the terror of the camp is the bold Kelly Gang. (Appendix D, 71)

As unfavorable to Ned as the 80-page booklet was, it fed the public's hunger for information on Ned. While the Kelly gang was at large, the first play *Catching the Kellys* was performed in Melbourne.

A petition to the governor for a stay of execution collected over 31,000 signatures, a sample of which can be found in Appendix E. At Ned's sentencing on October 30, 1880 Judge Barry Redmond commented on the support Ned received from the local community:

. . .by some spell, which I cannot understand--a spell which exists in all lawless communities more or less, and which may be attributed either to a sympathy for the outlaws, or a dread of the consequences which would result from the performance of their duty--no persons were found who would be tempted by the reward or love of country, or the love of order, to give you up. . . (The Sentencing of Edward Kelly).

Far from fading into obscurity after he was hung, the legend of Ned grew with each retelling. The first ever feature length motion picture in Australia, released in 1906, recounted Ned's exploits just 26 years after his execution. It played to packed houses and accelerated the momentum of Ned's myth towards the level of national narrative. In the 1920s and 1930s, with the development of commercial radio, numerous songs recounted Ned's deeds and appeared on records for the first time. Some songs, such as "Poor Ned Kelly" and "The Ned Kelly Song," are now a part of Australian oral traditions.

Since then, Ned's story has been reflected in the numerous movies, novels, plays, songs, operas, ballets, cartoons, and paintings done in his name. Sociologists Bruce Tranter and Jed Donoghue found evidence of the depth of Ned's integration into Australian culture in a study of the depiction of bushrangers in the Sydney Morning Herald from 1987 to 2004. While other bushrangers were discussed mostly in an historical context, Ned was predominantly associated with the arts and culture (10). Many cite Sydney Nolan's 1946 and 1947 series of Ned Kelly paintings as the turning point for Ned becoming a national icon. (See Appendix F for a comparison of the actual armor and one of Sydney Nolan's paintings.) Sydney Nolan encapsulated the nation's fascination

for Ned in the simple but powerful symbol of the black, square, slit helmet, which dominates all of the paintings' scenes.

What was the government doing during this time? Contrary to using Ned as propaganda, the Australian government initially discouraged propagation of his myth. In 1912, after a rash of bushranger movies was released, the New South Wales law enforcement officially banned the bushranger genre of movies due to the romanticization of bushrangers and the poor portrayal of police. Douglas Stewart's 1956 play *Ned Kelly* was supposed to be included in the 1956 Melbourne Olympics but was cancelled due to concern over projecting the wrong image to the world. Contrast such actions to the repatriation of Ned as national property since the 1960s; government tourist campaigns and national events that depict Ned as the Australian mascot; numerous government-sponsored art and museum exhibits; and legislation reclassifying historical locations and artifacts, including Ned's infamous armor, as national heritage.

The source of this governmental change of heart towards Ned can be traced to the strong nationalistic movement that began in Australia in the 1960s. Historian Stuart Ward asserts that the Australian government's sudden focus on promoting culture and identity unique to Australia must be understood in terms of Britain's waning influence in a postcolonial era. The last vestiges of "British emblems of civic identity" and tangible ties to Britain were disappearing in the 1960s. A new identity was needed to fill the void (53). The substitution of colonial symbols for Australian symbols such as new Australian currency and the identification with Australia Day over Empire Day reflected a general loss of affinity for "Australian Britishness." Each transition was underscored by a sense

of anxiety that the newfound Australianness would lack a “distinctive soul,” revealing a crass provinciality (65).

Ward suggests that the overly used adage of projecting an image to the world that started in the 1960s was dogged by the insecure notion that the imaginary world would look down on a culturally barren backwater (60). Accordingly, Australian Prime Minister John Gorton, who was in power from 1968 to 1971, perceived Ned Kelly, along with kangaroos, as detrimental to what makes Australia “great” in the eyes of the world, stating:

We can show the rest of the world what Australia is, how its people live, and impress them with the fact that there are other things than avant-garde kangaroos or Ned Kellys in this great country of ours (60).

In order to promote what the government perceived to be a more “culturally sophisticated Australian image at home and abroad,” the Australian Council for the Arts and Australian Film Corporation were established in 1968 (Ward, 53).

The chairman of this newly established council perceived that the problem with Australian arts was that they arose out of the “Western European tradition” and thus were regarded suspiciously by many Australians “as alien, an expression of snobbery and of privilege” (Ward, 62). At the same time, he expressed the commonly held fear that what constitutes true Australian culture and national identity might not amount to good art, reflecting the insecure and “self conscious Australianism” of the time (Ward, 64), stating: What happens if Kangaroo Productions or Bushwacker films apply for a subsidy to produce the “Saga of Bib and Bub”, or “John and Betty go to School?” I have very little

sympathy with people who say ‘this film may not be so good – but by God it’s Australian (Ward, 64).

In spite of the prevailing government’s insecurities about the perceived backwater provinciality of homegrown culture, it was the Australian public and group consensus of disdaining snobbery and pretension in favor of egalitarian values that swayed the tide on what constituted Australian arts. After promotion of a succession of unsuccessful productions covering topics considered suitable material for the national image, it is very telling that the few commercial successes funded during the six years the committee lasted were a series of farces about Australia’s relationship with the “Mother” country. Australian culture and arts specialist Ann Pender points out that the character in these films, Barry McKenzie, also known as “Bazza,” was the quintessential Australian who spoke with a real Australian brogue. The significance of this film was that for decades Australians had been taught to regard their culture and natural brogue as crass and “inferior.” The character made a parody of British sensibilities and allusions to the “bygone grandeur” of colonial times and, in typical Australian style, made a self-depreciatory mockery of the “crude parochialism” of Australian culture (Pender, 72). The main character of the film even made fun of the government committee that funded the film, stating:

An arty-crafty bloke like you would be laughin’ back in Australia right now. The government’s shelling out piles of bloody moulah for any bustard who reckons he can paint pictures, write poems or make fillums (Ward, 65).

Critics condemned the film for its crudeness, lack of refinement, and stain on the national image (Ward, 65). However, Australian intellectual Manning Clark praised the film,

succinctly tying the reason for its success to Australians' affinity for more familiar character traits embodied in local heroes such as Ned Kelly:

The response of the audience was so warm and spontaneous that it was clear once again that you had succeeded in catching at type Australians recognize, and they are really proud of, and so barrack for him as they would for one of their football heroes, or for Ned Kelly, or for anyone who is unmistakably "one of us" (Pender, 75)

Clearly, historical evidence shows that the government's adoption of Ned and the convict roots that he stands for was swayed by public opinion. Examination of present-day government cultural websites such as the ones referenced in this paper reveals that Australians' sense of group identity, retained in collective memory, is now accepted as the "official" consensus of what it means to be Australian.

Little did Ned know that the iron helmet designed to protect him against hostile bullets would become a symbol for the entire nation in the aftermath of colonial oppression against which he fought with such vehemence. The cards were heavily stacked against Ned, but despite the inevitability of his death, he conducted his fight with great daring. As Australians put it, he was "game." Clearly, the qualities that his myth evoked for me as a child — of egalitarianism, courage in the face of adversity, and disdain for authority — were a legacy of the pioneering experiences of numerous Australian forebears. In light of the rich oral traditions, including children's games, the propagandizing of Ned's name does not render him a creation of the powers-that-be, but rather is a poignant reminder that Australia is a burgeoning country exploring the legacy of its penal origins and what it means to be Australian today.

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Appendix A

Poem by famous Australian poet Henry Lawson (1867-1922)

For'ard

It is stuffy in the steerage where the second-classers sleep,
 For there's near a hundred for'ard, and they're stowed away like sheep,
 They are trav'lers for the most part in a straight 'n' honest path;
 But their linen's rather scanty, an' there isn't any bath
 Stowed away like ewes and wethers that is shore 'n' marked 'n' draft.
 But the shearers of the shearers always seem to travel aft;
 In the cushioned cabins, aft,
 With saloons 'n' smoke-rooms, aft --
 There is sheets 'n' best of tucker for the first-salooners, aft.

Our beef is just like scrapin's from the inside of a hide,
 And the spuds were pulled too early, for they're mostly green inside;
 But from somewhere back amidships there's a smell o' cookin' waft,
 An' I'd give my earthly prospects for a real good tuck-out aft
 Ham an' eggs 'n' coffee, aft,
 Say, cold fowl for luncheon, aft,
 Juicy grills an' toast 'n' cutlets -- tucker a-lor-frongsy, aft.

They feed our women sep'rate, an' they make a blessed fuss,
 Just as if they couldn't trust 'em for to eat along with us!
 Just because our hands are horny an' our hearts are rough with graft
 But the gentlemen and ladies always DINE together, aft
 With their ferns an' mirrors, aft,
 With their flow'rs an' napkins, aft
 `I'll assist you to an orange' -- `Kindly pass the sugar', aft.

We are shabby, rough, 'n' dirty, an' our feelin's out of tune,
 An' it's hard on fellers for'ard that was used to go saloon;
 There's a broken swell among us -- he is barracked, he is chaffed,
 An' I wish at times, poor devil, for his own sake he was aft;
 For they'd understand him, aft,
 (He will miss the bath-rooms aft),
 Spite of all there's no denyin' that there's finer feelin's aft.

Last night we watched the moonlight as it spread across the sea --
 `It is hard to make a livin',' said the broken swell to me.
 `There is ups an' downs,' I answered, an' a bitter laugh he laughed
 There were brighter days an' better when he always travelled aft
 With his rug an' gladstone, aft,
 With his cap an' spyglass, aft
 A careless, rovin', gay young spark as always travelled aft.

There's a notice by the gangway, an' it seems to come amiss,
 For it says that second-classers `ain't allowed abaft o' this';
 An' there ought to be a notice for the fellows from abaft
 But the smell an' dirt's a warnin' to the first-salooners, aft;
 With their tooth and nail-brush, aft,
 With their cuffs 'n' collars, aft
 Their cigars an' books an' papers, an' their cap-peaks fore-'n'-aft.

I want to breathe the mornin' breeze that blows against the boat,
 For there's a swellin' in my heart -- a tightness in my throat
 We are for'ard when there's trouble!
 We are for'ard when there's graft!
 But the men who never battle always seem to travel aft;
 With their dressin'-cases, aft,
 With their swell pyjamas, aft
 Yes! the idle and the careless, they have ease an' comfort, aft.

I feel so low an' wretched, as I mooch about the deck,
 That I'm ripe for jumpin' over -- an' I wish there was a wreck!
 We are driven to New Zealand to be shot out over there
 Scarce a shillin' in our pockets, nor a decent rag to wear,
 With the everlastin' worry lest we don't get into graft
 There is little left to land for if you cannot travel aft;
 No anxiety abaft,
 They have stuff to land with, aft
 Oh, there's little left to land for if you cannot travel aft;

But it's grand at sea this mornin', an' Creation almost speaks,
 Sailin' past the Bay of Islands with its pinnacles an' peaks,
 With the sunny haze all round us an' the white-caps on the blue,
 An' the orphan rocks an' breakers -- Oh, it's glorious sailin' through!
 To the south a distant steamer, to the west a coastin' craft,
 An' we see the beauty for'ard, better than if we were aft;
 Spite of op'ra-glasses, aft;
 But, ah well, they're brothers aft
 Nature seems to draw us closer -- bring us nearer fore-'n'-aft.

What's the use of bein' bitter? What's the use of gettin' mad?
 What's the use of bein' narrer just because yer luck is bad?
 What's the blessed use of frettin' like a child that wants the moon?
 There is broken hearts an' trouble in the gilded first saloon!
 We are used to bein' shabby -- we have got no overdraft
 We can laugh at troubles for'ard that they couldn't laugh at aft;
 Spite o' pride an' tone abaft
 (Keepin' up appearance, aft)

There's anxiety an' worry in the breezy cabins aft.

But the curse o' class distinctions from our shoulders shall be hurled,
An' the influence of woman revolutionize the world;
There'll be higher education for the toilin' starvin' clown,
An' the rich an' educated shall be educated down;
An' we all will meet amidships on this stout old earthly craft,
An' there won't be any friction 'twixt the classes fore-'n'-aft.
We'll be brothers, fore-'n'-aft!
Yes, an' sisters, fore-'n'-aft!
When the people work together, and there ain't no fore-'n'-aft.

Appendix B

JERILDERIE LETTER

The original Jerilderie Letter is now held by the Victorian State Library.

See the original at [http://www.slv.vic.gov.au/slv/exhibitions/treasures/jerilderie/Transcript of Ned Kelly's Original Letter](http://www.slv.vic.gov.au/slv/exhibitions/treasures/jerilderie/Transcript%20of%20Ned%20Kelly's%20Original%20Letter)

Covering note

Letterhead bears the address "Wareena" Wangaratta:

This is the document given to me by Ned Kelly when the Bank at Jerilderie was stuck-up in Feby 1879.

Page 1

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 wagon bogged between Greta and my mothers house on the Eleven Mile Creek, the ground was that rotten it would bog a duck in places, so Mr. Gould had to abandon his wagon for fear of losing his horses in the spewy ground. he was stopping at my mother's awaiting finer or drier weather Mr. McCormack and his wife. hawkers also were camped in Greta the mosquitoes were very bad which they generally are with a wet spring to help them

Page 2

Mr. Johns 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 consequently he enticed McCormack's horse away from Greta. Mr. Gould was up early feeding his horses heard a bell and seen McCormack horses for he knew the horse well he sent his boy to take him back to Greta. When McCormacks 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

Page 3

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 Goold's wagon to pull him out of the bog. I did not say much to the woman as my mother was present but the same day when 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. McCormack. I did not see her and gave the parcel to a boy to give to her when she would come instead of giving it

Page 4

to her he gave it to her husband consequently McCormack said he would summons me. I told him neither me nor 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 skin it jumped forward and my fist came in collision with McCormack's nose and caused him to lose his equilibrium and fall prostrate 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

Page 5

accused me and Gould of using their horse and I hit him and 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 Vandiemans land and McCormack being a Police man over the convicts and women being scarce released her from that land of bondage and tyranny, and they came to

Page 6

Victoria and are at present residents of Greta on the 29th 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 saw the mare and I caught her and took her with me all the Police and Detective Berrill seen her as Martains girls used to ride her about

Page 7

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 remarkably 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 and gazetted her on the 12th of March and I was a prisoner in Beechworth Gaol until the 29th 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

Page 8

would have quietly rode away instead 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 instead of me putting my foot on Hall's neck and taking his revolver and putting him in the lockup. I tried to catch the mare. Hall got up and snapped three or four caps at me and would have shot me but the Colt's 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

Page 9

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 lose the bond money I used to trip him and let him take a mouthful of dust now and again, as he was as helpless as a big guano after leaving a dead bullock or 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 taken down and on this I threw the big cowardly Hall on his belly I straddled him and rooted both spurs into his thighs he roared like a big calf attacked by dogs and shifted several yards of fence I got his

Page 10

hands at the back of his neck and tried 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 Barnet, Lewis, Thompson, Jewitt two blacksmiths who was looking on I dare not strike any of there 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 Doctor 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

Page 11

a rope tied from them to my legs and to the seat of the cart and taken to Wangaratta Hall was frightened 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 committed 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 Policeman 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 he was going

Page 12

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 acquitted on the charge of horsestealing and on Hall and Murdock's evidence I was found guilty of receiving and got 3 years experience in Beechworth Pentridges 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 pounds fine

Page 13

for damaging property by Mr. Butler P.M. a sentence 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

Page 14

He was doing a good trade at Oxley until Mr. Brown of the Laceby Station got him shifted as he was always running his horses about. Flood is different to Sergeant Steele, Strachan, Hall and the most of the Police as 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

Page 15

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 Kings 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, some time 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

Page 16

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 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 impounded every beast they could get, even off Government roads. If a poor man happened to leave his horse or a bit of a poddy calf outside his paddock they would be impounded. I have known over 60 head of horses impounded in one day by Whitty and Burns all belonging to poor farmers they would have to leave their

Page 17

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 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. 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 paddock 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.

Page 18

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 Whitty's horses was innocent he was not in my company 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 bilitis 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

Page 19

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 expense. It will pay the Government to give those people who are suffering innocence, justice and liberty. if not I will be compelled to show some colonial strategem which will open the eyes of not only the Victorian Police and inhabitants but also the whole British Army and no doubt they will acknowledge their hounds were barking at the

Page 20

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 Auctioneer 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

Page 21

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 15th 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 Fitzpatrick's falsehood after leaving this man he went to the house asked Dan in Dan came out. I hear previous to this Fitzpatrick had some conversation with Williamson on the hill. he asked Dan to come to Greta with him as he had a warrant for him for stealing

Page 22

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 Chiltern but Sergeant Whelan ordered him to relieve Steel at Greta and call and arrest Dan and take him in to Wangaratta next morning and get him remanded Dan's 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

Page 23

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 his revolver down his throat Dan looked out and said Ned is coming 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 Heenan's 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

Page 24

clear out that Sergeant Steele and Detective 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 offered an enticement for witnesses 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

Page 25

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 got 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

Page 26

starcher to a laundress than a Policeman. For to the 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-hearted 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 hundred 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 Bullock Creek heard how the Police

Page 27

used to be blowing that they would not ask me to stand they would shoot me first and then cry surrender 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 anyone 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

Page 28

Superintendent Smith used to say to my sisters, see all the men I have out today I will have as many more tomorrow and we will blow him into pieces as small as the paper that is in our guns Detective Ward and Constable Hayes took out their revolvers and threatened to shoot the girls and children in Mrs. Skillion's absence the greatest ruffians and murderers no matter how deprived would not be guilt 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 don't think there is a man born could have

Page 29

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 infant

Page 30

and those innocent men but should follow me and my brother into the wilds where he had been quietly digging neither molesting or inter-firing 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 25th of October I came on Police tracks between Table top and the bogs. I crossed them and returning in the evening I came on a different 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

Page 31

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 barreled fowling piece and fetched a horse down and hobbled him at the tent

Page 32

we thought there were more men in the tent asleep those being on sentry we could have shot those two men without speaking but not wishing to take their lives we waited McIntyre laid the gun against a stump and Lonigan sat on the log I advanced, my brother Dan keepin McIntyre covered which he took to be constable Flood and had he not obeyed my orders, or at-tempted 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

Page 33

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 swear-ing he was shot, I was fined two pounds for hitting Fitzpatrick and two pounds for not allowing five curs like Sergeant Whelan O.Day Fitz-patrick King and Lonigan who caught me by the privates

Page 34

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

Page 35

of Lonigan and he can be thankful I was not there when he took a revolver and threatened 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 attempt to fire into a house where my mother brothers and sisters was. and according to Fitzpatrick's 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 at the end of them

Page 36

they never failed to peg out anything they came in contact with and Fitzpatrick knew the weight of one of them only too well, as it run up 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 staggered 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

Page 37

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 Scanlon 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 spencer rifles and breech loading fowling pieces and so much ammunition for as the Police was

Page 38

only supposed to carry one revolver and six cartridges in the revolver but they had eighteen rounds of revolver cartridges each three dozen for the fowling piece and twenty one spencer-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 Scanlon 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

Page 39

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 Fitzpatrick 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 troopers 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 Scanlon he reached for his revolver and jumped off, on the off

Page 40

side of his horse and got behind a tree when I called on them to throw up their arms Scanlon 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 unslinging 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. McIntyre jumped on Kennedy's horse and I allowed him to go as I did not like to shoot him after he surrendered 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

Page 41

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 armpit 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 brother I could not help shooting there 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 brutally treating any of them, is a falsehood, if Kennedys ear was cut off it was not done by me and none

Page 42

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 wilful 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 Mansfield, 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

Part 43

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

Part 44

man that knows nothing about roguery would never enter the force and 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 loses 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 a 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

Page 45

cuted massacred thrown into martyrdom 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 and deserted the shamrock, the emblem of true wit and beauty to serve under a flag and nation that has destroyed massacred and murdered their fore-fathers by the greatest of torture as rolling them down hill in spiked barrels

Page 46

pulling out their toe and finger nails and on the wheel. and every torture imaginable more was transported to Van Diemand's 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 countries to bloom again another day, were doomed to Port Mcquarie Toweringabbie norfolk island and Emu plains and in those places of tyranny and condemnation many a blooming Irishman rather then 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

Page 47

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 police-man is still in worse and guilty of meaner actions than that The Queen must surely be proud of such heroic 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 gorilla than a man

Page 48

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 hospital from the effects 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 round and fight her with their own arms for the sake of the colour they dare not wear

Page 49

for years and to reinstate it and raise 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 things which I don't 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 rea-son I do not know, unless they want me to turn on them and extermin-ate them without medicine. I shall be compelled to make an example of some of them if they cannot find no other employment

Page 50

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 rendered 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 depraved as to take blood money will be outlawed and declared unfit to be allowed human buriel their property

Page 51

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 fashion called Brooke E. Smith Superin-tendent of Police he knows as much about commanding Police as Cap-tain 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

Page 52

regarding Kennedy, Scanlan and Lonigan it is that mis-placed 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 himself shot and sending orphan children to the industrial school

Page 53

to make prostitutes and cads of them for the Detectives and other evil dis-posed 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 not 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 he was spoken to, and only foolishness to disobey, it was cowardice that made Lonigan and the others fight it is only

Page 54

foolhardiness to disobey an outlaw as any Police-man or other man who do not throw up their arms directly as I call on them knows the consequence 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 where 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

Page 55

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 lose nothing by it, If they depend on the police they shall be drove to destruction, As they can not 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 interfered with whilst I kept up this successful

Page 56

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.

Appendix C
Old convict ballad

Moreton Bay

One Sunday morning as I went walking
By Brisbane waters I chanced to stray
I heard a convict his fate bewailing
As on the sunny river bank I lay
I am a native from Erin's island
But banished now from my native shore
They stole me from my aged parents
And from the maiden I do adore
I've been a prisoner at Port Macquarie
At Norfolk Island and Emu Plains
At Castle Hill and at cursed Toongabbie
At all these settlements I've been in chains
But of all places of condemnation
And penal stations in New South Wales
To Moreton Bay I have found no equal
Excessive tyranny each day prevails
For three long years I was beastly treated
And heavy irons on my legs I wore
My back from flogging was lacerated
And oft times painted with my crimson gore
And many a man from downright starvation
Lies mouldering now underneath the clay
And Captain Logan he had us mangled
All at the triangles of Moreton Bay
Like the Egyptians and ancient Hebrews
We were oppressed under Logan's yoke
Till a native black lying there in ambush
Did deal this tyrant his mortal stroke
My fellow prisoners be exhilarated
That all such monsters such a death may find
And when from bondage we are liberated

Appendix D
First page of pamphlet

THE KELLY GANG

The Outlaws of the Wombat Ranges

“Quid de Quoque viro, et cui dicas, soepe caveto”

“Be cautious what you say, of whom, and to whom”.

Mansfield

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70.

The affair created a great sensation for a time, but soon became forgotten, or, at best, but rarely thought of or referred to.

CHAPTER XXII.

“A famous man was Robin Hood,
The English ballad singer’s joy”. - Old Song.

The widely-extended and generally-expressed horror and detestation of the police murders which have been displayed through this colony, render more prominent the sympathy and admiration for the Kellys that, by the larrikin class, are not only barely disguised in some cases, but openly vaunted in others.

This is more noticeable among the youth in various large centres of population where, not content with openly avowing their feelings in simple conversation, they congregate occasionally at street corners and elsewhere to sing ballads – hymns of triumph, as it were – in their praise. We have not been informed, whether these lyrics have yet taken shape in print, but we have succeeded in obtaining the words of a few by taking them down from dictation.

They are, for the most part, wretched doggerel, void of point as a rule, and in the metre – if metre it can be called – adapted to the Universal Irish street-ballad tune, if we except one, which is an attempted parody on the “The Bould Sojer Boy”. It seems to us that the majority of them are from the same pen, and we should imagine that the writer would find himself more at home in a “thieves’ kitchen”, a St.

Giles' ballad-mongery, or one of Her Majesty's jails, than at either missionary meeting or the gathering together of a Young Men's Christian Association, unless, indeed, he attended with the intention of picking the pockets of the audience.

We venture to submit some extracts from this kind of literature merely as samples of the pernicious stuff that is provided to poison the ear.

It is not so much any distortion of facts that will be found to excite disgust, but rather the flippant phraseology in which the descriptions of events of serious import are clothed.

71.

THE KELLY GANG

We have limited our extracts to the most harmless portions to be selected from the mass of leprous distillments of the composer's perverted genius, such as it is, feeling confident that the majority of readers will join in our estimate of the wretched and mischievous productions, inductively judging what the character must be of the lines we have withheld from publication, as being outside the limits of decency and order. The following lines form a portion of a bad parody on "The Bould Sojer Boy"; this sample will be enough of the song to judge by. It refers, of course, to the Kelly gang:—

Oh, there's not a dodge worth knowing,
Or showing, that's going,

But You'll learn (this isn't blowing)
From the bold K—y G—g.

We have mates where 'er we go
That, somehow, let us know
The approach of every foe
To the bold K—y G—g.

There's not a peeler riding
Wombat ranges, hill or siding,
But would rather far be hiding,
Though he'd like to see us hang.

We thin their ranks,
We rob the banks,
And say no thanks,
For what we do.
Oh, the terror of the camp is the bold K—y G—g.

Then, if you want a spree,
Come with me, and you'll see
How grand it is to be
In the bold K—y G—g.

The next is a fragment of an account of the Euroa bank robbery, and possesses the negative advantage of containing less pernicious stuff than most of the other effusions:—

So Kelly marched into the bank,
A cheque all in his hand,
For to have it changed for money
Of Scott he did demand.

[Contents](#)

[Occasions Home](#)

[PWR Home](#)