The Queen v Edward Kelly

Dear Sir

I wish to acquaint you with some of the occurrences of the present past & future,

The places left blank denote where words could not be made out.

In or about the spring of 1870 the ground was very soft a hawker named Mr Gould got his waggon bogged botween 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 abandon his waggon for fear of loosing his horses in the spewy ground he was stopping at my mothers awaiting finer or dryer weather Mr Mc Cormack & his wife hawkers also were camped in Greta the mosquitoes were very bad which they generally are in a wet spring & to help them Mr Johnes had a horse called ruta cruta although a gelding was as clever as old Wombat or any other stallion at running horses away & taking them on his beat which was from Greta swamp to the seven mile creek consequently he enticed Mr Cormack's horse away from Greta.

Mr Gould was up early feeding his horses heard a bell & seen Mr Cormack horse for he knew the horse well he sent his boy to take him back to Greta.

When Mr Cormack's got the horse they came straight out to Goold and accused him of working the horse; this was false and Goold was amazed at the idea I could not help laughing to hear Mrs Mc Cormack accusing him of using the horse after him being so kind as to send his boy to take him from the ruta cruta & take him back to them,

I pleaded Goulds innocence and Mrs Mc Cormack turned on me & accused me of bringing the horse from Greta to Goold's waggon to pull him out of the bog I did not say much to the woman as my mother was present but that same day me & my uncle was cutting calves Gould wrapped up a note & a pair of the calves testicles & gave them to me to give them to Mrs Mc Cormack. I did not see her & I gave the parcel to a boy to give to her when she would come instead of giving it to her he gave it to her husband consequently Mr Cormack said he would summons me I told

him neither me or Goold 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 & dismounting when Mrs Mc Cormack struck my horse in the flank with a bullocks skin it jumped forward & my fist came in collision with Mc Cormack's nose & caused him to loose his equillibrium & fall postrate I tied up my horse to finish the battle but Mc Cormack got up and ran to the Police camp.

Constable Hall asked me what the row was about

I told him they accused me & Gould of using their horse & I hit him and I would do the same to him if he challenged me Mc Cormack pulled me & swore their lies against me

I was sentenced to three months for hitting him and ~~three months for hitting him &~~ three months for the parcel and bound to keep the peace for 12 months.

Mrs Mc Cormack gave good substantial evidence as she is well acquainted with that place called Tasmania better known as the Dervon or Vandiemans land and Mc Cormack being a Police man over the convicts & women being scarce released her from that land of bondage and tyranny, & they came to Victoria & are at present residents of Greta and on the 29th of March I was released from prison & came home Wild Wright came to the eleven mile to see Mr Gunn stopped all night & lost his mare both him & me looked all day for her & could not get her Wright who was a stranger to me was in a hurry to get back to Mansfield & I gave him another mare & he told me if I found his mare to keep her until he brought mine back

I was going to Wangaratta & saw the mare I caught her & took her with me all the Police & Detective Berrill seen her as Martins girls used to ride her about the town during several days that I stopped at Petre Martains Star Hotel in Wangaratta, she was a chestnut mare white face docked tail very remarkable branded (M) as plain as the hands on a town clock, the property of a Telegraph Master in Mansfield; he lost her on the 6th gazetted her on the 12th of March & I was a prisoner in Beechworth Gaol until the 29 of March therefore I could not have stole the mare.

I was riding the mare through Greta Constable Hall came to me & said he wanted me to sign some papers that I did not sign at Beechworth concerning my bail bonds I thought it was the truth he said the papers was

at the Barracks and I had no idea he wanted to arrest me or I would have quietly rode away instead of going to the Barracks.

I was getting off when Hall caught hold of me & 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 Halls neck and taking his revolver and putting him in the lock up. I tried to catch the mare, Hall got up and snapped three or four caps at me & would have shot me but the colts patent refused.

This is well known in Grela 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 & was shaking with fear & I knew he would pull the trigger before he would be game to put his hand on me so I duped & jumped at him caught the revolver with one hand & Hall by the collar with the other,

I dare not strike him or my sureties would loose the bond money I used to trip him & let him take a mouth ful of dust now and again as he was as helpless as a big guano after leaving a dead bullock or a horse.

I kept throwing him in the dust until I got him across the street the very spot where Mrs O'Briens Hotel stands now the cellar was just dug then there was some brush fencing where the post & rail was taking down and on this I threw big cowardly Hall on his belly I straddled him & rooted both spurs into his thighs he roared like a big calf attacked by dogs & shifted several yards of the fence I got his hands at the back of his neck & 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 Barnett, Lewis, Thompson, Jewitt two blacksmiths who was looking on I dare not strike any of them as I was bound to keep the peace or I could have spread those curs like dung in a paddock

they got ropes tied my hands and feet & Hall beat me over the head with his six chambered colts revolver nine stitches were put in some of the cuts by Dr Hastings And when Hild Bright & my mother came they could trace us across the street by the blood in the dust & which spoiled the lustre of the paint on the gate-post of the Barracks Hall sent for more Police and Doctor Hastings next morning I was handcuffed a rope tied from them to my legs and to the seat of the cart and taken to Wangaratta Hall was 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 & Hall to Wangaratta.

I was tried & 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 & Snowy Creek and Hall was considerably in debt to Mr L. O. Brien & as he was going to leave Greta Mr O'Brien seen no other chance of getting his money so there was a subscription collected for Hall & with the aid of this money he got James Murdock who was recently hung in Wagga Wagga to give false evidence against me but I was aquitted on the charge of horsestealing & on Hall & Murdocks 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 pound fine for damaging property by Mr Butler P.M. a sentence that there is no law to uphold therefore the minister of justice neglected his duty in that case, but there never was such a thing as justice in the English laws but any amount of injustice to be had. Out of over thirty head of the very best horses the land could produce I could only find one when I got my liberty.

Constable Flood stole & sold the most of them to the navvies on the railway line one bay cob he stole & 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 & not in the Police Gazette Flood used to claim He was doing a good trade at Oxley until Mr Brown of the Laceby station got him shifted as he was always running his horses about,

Flood is different to Sergeant Steel, Strachan, Hall & the most of Police a they have got to hire cads & 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 & 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 Keach and Dockendorf I never worked for less than two pound ten a week since I left Pentridge and in 1875 or 1876 I was overseer for Saunders and Rule. Bourkes water-holes saw-mills in Victoria since then I was on the King river, during my stay there I ran in a wild bull which I gave to Lydicher a farmer he sold him to Carr a Publican and Butcher who killed him for beef, sometime afterwards I was blamed for stealing this bull from James Whitty Boggy Creek I asked Whitty Oxley racecourse why he blamed me for stealing his bull

he said he had found his bull & never blamed me but his son-in-law Farrell told him he heard I sold the bull to Carr not long afterwards I heard again I was blamed for stealing a mob of calves from Whitty and Farrell which I knew nothing about. I began to think they wanted me to give them something to talk about. Therefore I started wholesale & retail horse & cattle dealing Whitty & Burns not being satisfied with all the picked land on the Boggy Creek and King River and the run of their stock on the certificate ground free and no one interfering with them paid heavy rent to the banks for all the open ground so as a poor man could keep no stock, and impounded every beast they could get. even off Government roads.

If a poor man happened to leave his horse or bit of a poddy calf outside his paddock they would be impounded.

I have known over 60 head of horses impounded in one day by Whitty and Burns all belonging to poor farmers they would have to leave their ploughing or harvest or other employment to go to Oxley.

when they would get there perhaps not have money enough to release them & have to gave a bill of sale or borrow money which is no easy matter, and along with all this sort of work, Farrell the Policeman stole a horse from George King. and had him in Whitty & Farrell's Paddocks until he left the force

and all this was the cause of me & my step-father George King taking their horses & selling them to Baumgarten & Kennedy.

the pick of them was taken to a good market & the culls were kept in Petersons paddock & their brands altered by me two was sold to Kennedy & the rest to Baumgarten who were strangers to me and I believe honest men.

They paid me full value for the horses & could not have known they were stolen.

no person had anything to do with the stealing and selling of the horses but me & George King.

William Cooke who was convicted for Whittis 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 & kept them in their billets & good employment & got them double pay & yet the ungrateful articles convicted my mother & an infant my brother-in-law & another man who was innocent & still annoy my brothers & sisters & 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 & 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 & expense.

It will pay Government to give those people who are suffering innocence, justice & liberty. if not I will be compelled to show some colonial stratagem which will open the eyes of not only the Victoria Police & inhabitants but also the whole British army and now doubt they will acknowledge their hounds were barking at the wrong ~~stamp~~ and that Fitzpatrick will be the cause of greater slaughter to the Union Jack than Saint Patrick was to the snakes & toads in Ireland.

The Queen of England was as guilty as Baumgarten & Kennedy Williamson & 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 & other places & left the colony & became a rambling gambler soon after I left there was a warrant for me & the Police searched the place & watched night & day for two or three weeks & when they could not snare me they got a warrant against my brother Dan And on the 15 of April Fitzpatrick came to the eleven mile creek to arrest him he had some conversation with a horse dealer whom he swore was William Skillion this man was not called in Beechworth besides several other

witnesses, who alone could have proved Fitzpatricks falsehood after leaving this Man he went to the house asked was Dan in Dan came out. I hear previous to this Fitzpatrick had some conversation with Williamson on the hill. he asked Dan to come to Greta with him as he had a warrant for him for stealing Whitty's horses Dan said all right they both went inside Dan was having something to eat his mother asked Fitzpatrick what he wanted Dan for the trooper said he had a warrant for him Dan then asked him to produce it he said it was only a telegram sent from Chiltern but Sergeant Whelan ordered him to relieve Steel at Greta and call and arrest Dan and take him into Wangaratta next morning & get him remanded Dans mother said Dan need not go without a warrant unless he liked and that the trooper had no business on her premises without some authority besides his own word

The trooper pulled out his revolver & said he would blow her brains out if she interfered in the arrest she told him it was a good job for him Ned was not there or he would ram the revolver down his throat Dan looked out & said Ned is coming now, the trooper being off his guard looked out & when Dan got his attention drawn he dropped the knife & fork which showed he had no murderous intent & slapped Hee-Hand's hug on him took his revolver & kept him there until Skillion & Ryan came with horses which Dan sold that night.

The trooper left and invented some scheme to say that he got shot which any man can see is false, he told Dan to clear out that Sergeant Steel & 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 & the germans over the Murray would swear to the wrong man as well as the right.

Next day Williamson & my mother was arrested & 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 & those two quiet hard working innocent men who would not know the difference a revolver & a saucepan handle and kept them Six months awaiting trial & 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 & hiring cads they get promoted I have heard from a trooper that he never knew Fitzpatrick to be one night sober & that he sold his sister to a chinaman but he looks a young strapping rather genteel more fit to be a starcher to a laundress than a policeman for to a keen observer he has the wrong appearance or a manly heart the deceit & 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 & a hundred pound reward for me for shooting at a trooper in Victoria & a hundred pound for ann 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 & found him digging on Bullock Creek heard how the Police used to be blowing that they would not ask me to stand they would shoot me first and then cry surrender & how they used to rush into the house upset all the milk dishes break tins of eggs empty the flour out of bags onto the ground & even the meat out of the cask & 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 & brains like rain I would manure the Eleven mile with their bloated carcasses and yet remember there is not one drop of murderous blood in my veins

Superintendent Smith used to say to my sisters see all the men all I have out today I will have as many more tomorrow and we will blow him into pieces as small as paper that is in our guns Detective Ward & Constable Hayes took out their revolvers & threatened to shoot the girls & children in Mrs Skillion's absence the greatest ruffians and murderers no matter how deprived would not be guilty of such a cowardly action, and this sort of cruelty & disgraceful & cowardly conduct to my brothers & sisters who had no protection coupled with the conviction of my mother & those men certainly made my blood boil & I don't think there is a man born could have the patience to suffer it as long as I did

or ever allow his blood to get cold while such insults as these were unavenged and yet in every paper that is printed I am called the blackest & 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 & retail slaughter something different to shooting three troopers in self defence & robbing a bank. I would have been rather hot-blooded to throw down my rifle & 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 & infant & those innocent men but should follow me & my brother into the wilds where he had been quietly digging neither molesting or interfering 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 & on the 25th of October I came on Police tracks between Table top & the bogs. I crossed them & returning in the evening I came on a different lot of tracks making for the shingle hut, I went to our camp & told my brother & his two mates. me & my brother went and found their camp at the shingle hut about a mile from my brothers house. we saw they carried long firearms & 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 & 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 & bail those up, take their firearms and ammunition and horses & 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 & hobbled him at the tent. we thought there were more men in the tent asleep those outside being on sentry we could have shot those two men without speaking but not wishing to take their lives we waited Mc Intyre laid the gun against a stump & Lonigan sat on the log & advanced, my brother Dan keeping Mc Intyre covered which he took to be constable Flood & had he not obeyed my orders, or attempted to reach for the gun or draw his revolver he would have been shot dead. but when I called on them to throw up their hands Mc Intyre obeyed & Lonigan ran some six or seven yards to a battery of logs instead of dropping behind the

Mc Intyre & Lonigan both sat on the log I told them to throw up their hands

one he was sitting on. he had just got to the logs. and put his head up to take aim when I shot him that instant or he would have shot me as I took him to be Strachan the man who said he would not ask me to stand he would shoot me first like a dog. But it happened to be Lonigan the man who in company with Sergeant Whelan Fitzpatrick & King the Bootmaker & Constable O'Day that tried to put a pair of handcuffs on me in Benalla but could not & had to allow Mc Innis the miller to put them on, previous to Fitzpatrick swearing he was shot, I was fined two pound for hitting Fitzpatrick & two pound for not allowing five curs like Sergeant Whelan O'Day Fitzpatrick King & Lonigan who caught me by the privates and would have sent me to Kingdom come only I was not ready & 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 & 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 & seen swore it but he was the biggest enemy I had in the country with the exception of Lonigan & he can be thankful I was not there when he took a revolver & threatened to shoot my mother in her own house it is not five three shots and miss him at a yard & a half I don't think I would use a revolver to shoot a man like him when I was within a yard & a half of him or attempt to fire into a house where my mother brothers & sisters was & according to Fitzpatricks statement all around him a man that is such a bad shot as to miss a man three times at a yard & 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 & bunch of fives at the end of them 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 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 & staggered some distance from the logs with his hands raised & then fell he surrended but too late. I asked Mc Intyre who was in the tent he replied no

one. I advanced & took possession of their two revolvers & fowling piece which I loaded with bullets instead of shot.
I asked Mr Intyre where his mates was he said they had gone down the creek & he did not expect them that night he asked me was I going to shoot him & his mates. I told him no I would shoot no man if he gave up his arms & 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 ~~that~~ he intended going home and that Kennedy & Scanlan were out looking for our camp and also about the other Police he told me the N.S.W. Police had shot a man for shooting Sergeant Walling & told him if they did, they had shot the wrong man & I expect your party 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 & breechloading fowling pieces & so much ammunition for as the Police was only supposed to carry one revolver and 6 cartridges in the revolver but they had eighteen rounds of revolver cartridges each three dozen for the fowling piece & twenty one spencer rifle cartridges & God knows how many they had away with the rifle, this looked as if they meant not only to shoot me ~~only~~ but to riddle me but I don't know either Kennedy Scanlan or him and had nothing against them, he said he would get them to give up their arms if I would not shoot them as I could not blame them, they had to do their duty. I said I did not blame them for doing honest duty but I could not suffer them blowing me to pieces in my own native land and they knew Fitzpatrick wronged us and why not make it public and convict him, but no they would rather riddle poor unfortunate creoles. but they will rue the day ever 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 & Dan went back to the spring for fear the tropers would come in that way but I soon heard them coming up the creek. I told Mr Intyre to tell them to give up their arms, he spoke to Kennedy who was some distance in front of Scanlan he reached for his revolver & jumped off, on the off side of his horse & got behind a tree when I called on them to throw up their arms & Scanlan who carried the rifle slewed his horse around

to gallop away but the horse would not go & as quick as thought fired at me with the rifle without unslinging it & was in the act of firing again when I had to shoot him & he fell from his horse.

I could have shot them without speaking but their lives was no good to me. Mr Intipe jumped on Kennedys horse & I allowed him to go as I did not like to shoot him after he surrended or I would have shot him as he was between me & Kennedy therefore I could not shoot Kennedy without shooting him first. Kennedy kept firing from behind the tree my brother Dan advanced & Kennedy ran. I followed him he stopped behind another tree & fired again. I shot him in the arm pit & he dropped his revolver & ran. I fired again with the gun as he slewed around to surrender, I did not know he had dropped his revolver, the bullet passed through the right side of his chest & he could not live or I would have let him go. had they been my own brothers I could not help shooting them or else let them shoot me which they would have done had their bullets been directed as they intended them. But as for handcuffing Kennedy to a tree or cutting his ear off or brutally treating any of them is a falsehood, if Kennedys ear was cut off it was not done by me and none of my mates was near him, after he was shot I put his cloak over him & left him as well as I could & 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 & 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 & 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 & insults to my people. certainly their wives & childrens are to be pitied but they must remember those men came into the bush with the intention of scattering pieces of me & my brother all over the bush & yet they know & acknowledge I have been wronged & my mother & four or five men lagged innocent and is my brothers & sisters & my mother not to be pitied also who has no alternative only to put up with the brutal & cowardly conduct of a parcel of big ugly fat-necked wombat headed big bellied magpie legged narrow hipped splay-footed sons of Irish Bailiffs or english landlords which is better known as officers of Justice or Victorian Police who some calls honest gentlemen but I

would like to know what business an honest man would have in the Police as it is an old saying It takes a rogue to catch a rogue and a man that knows nothing about roguery would never enter the force an take an oath to arrest brother sister father or mother if required & to have a case & conviction if possible any man knows it is possible to swear a lie & if a policeman looses a conviction for the sake of swearing a lie he has broke his oath therefore he is a perjurer either ways, a Policeman is a disgrace to his country. not alone to the mother that suckled him. in the first place he is a rogue in his heart but too cowardly to follow it up without having the force to disguise it. Next he is traitor to his country ancestors & religion as they were all catholics before the Saxons and Cranmore yoke Held sway since then they were persecuted massacreed thrown into martyrdom & 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 Sallarook ranges for a smile from Julia or even begging his tucker, they would say he ought to be ashamed of himself & tar-and-feather him. But he would be a king to a policeman who for a lazy loafing cowardly bilit left the ash corner deserted the shamrock, the emblem of true wit & beauty to serve under a flag and nation that was destroyed massacreed & murdered their fore-fathers by the greatest of torture as rolling them down hill in spiked barrels pulling their toe & finger nails & on the wheel, & every torture imaginable more was transported to Van Diemands land to pine their young lives away in starvation & 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 Mc Quarie Loweringabbie Norfolk island and Emu plains and in those places of tyrany and condemnation many a blooming Irishman rather than subdue to the Saxon yoke, were flogged to death and bravely died in Servile chains but true to the Shamrock and a credit to Paddys land What would people say if I became a policeman and took an oath to arrest my brothers & sisters & relations & convict them by fair or foul means after the conviction of my mother & the persecutions and insults offered to myself & people Would they say, I was a decent gentleman & yet a policeman is still in worse & guilty of meaner actions than that The Queen must surely be proud of such heroic men as the Police & 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 watchhouse. I have seen as many as eleven, big ugly enough to lift Mount Macedon out of a crab hole more like the species of a baboon or Guerilla than a man. actually come into a court house & swear they could not arrest one eight stone larrakin & them armed with battens & niddies without some civilians assistance and some of them going to the 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 & hoisted a green flag as it is all Irishman that has got command of her armies forts & batteries even her very life guards & beef tasters are Irish would they not slew around & fight her with their own arms for the sake of the colour they dare not wear for years & to reinstate it & rise old Erin's isle once more from the pressure & tyrannism of the English yoke. which has kept it in poverty & starvation & caused them to wear the enemy's coat. What else can England expect.

Is there not big fat-necked Unicorns enough paid to torment & drive me to do thing which I don't wish to do, without the public assisting them I have never interfered with any person unless they deserved it. and yet there are civilians who take fire-arms against me, for what reason I do not know, unless they want me to turn on them & exterminate them without medicine. I shall be compelled to make an example of some of them if they cannot find no other employment If I had robbed and plundered ravished and murdered everything I met young & old rich & 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 & poured down their throat boiling hot will be fool to what pleasure I will give some of them and any person aiding or harbouring or assisting the Police in any way whatever or employing any person whom they know to be a detective or cad or those who would be so deprived as to take blood money will be outlawed & declared unfit to be allowed human burial their property either consumed or confiscated & them theirs & all belonging to them exter-minated 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 superintendent of Police he knows as much about commanding Police as Captain Standish does about mustering mosquitoes and boiling them down for their fat on the back blocks of the Lachlan for he has a head like a turnip a stiff neck as big as his shoulders narrow hipped & pointed towards the feet like a vine stake and if there is any one to be called

a murderer regarding Kennedy, Scanlan and Lonigan it is that mis-placed poodle he gets as much pay as a dozen good troopers. if there is any good in them, & 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 mere 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 & you shall soon save the country of high salaries to men that is fit for nothing else but getting better men than himself shot & sending orphan children to the industrial school to make prostitutes & cads of them for the Detectives & other evil disposed persons send the high paid & men that received big salaries for years in a gang by themselves after me. as it makes no difference to them but it will give them a chance of showing whether they are worth more pay than a common trooper or not and I think the Public will soon find they are only in the road of good men and obtaining money under false pretences I do not call Mc Intyre a coward for I reckon he is as game a man as wears the jacket as he had the presence of mind to know his position, directly as he was spoken to, and only foolishness to disobey, it was cowardice that made Lonigan and the others fight it is only foolhardiness to disobey an outlaw as any Policeman or other man who do not throw up their arms directly as I call on them knows the 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 & as much more to the widows & orphans & poor of Greta district where I spent & will again spend many a happy day fearless free & bold as it only aids the police to procure false witnesses & go whacks with men to steal horses & lag innocent men it would suit them far better to subscribe a sum and give it to the poor of their district & there is no fear of anyone stealing their property for no man could steal their horses without the knowledge of the poor if any man was mean enough to steal their property the poor would rise out to a man & find them if they were on the face of the earth it will always pay a rich man to be liberal with the poor & make as little enemies as he can as he shall find if the poor is on his side he shall loose nothing by it If they depend in the police they shall be drove to destruction. as they can not and will not protect them if duffing & bushranging were abolished the police would have to cadge for their living I speak from experience as I have sold horses & cattle innumerable & yet eight head of the culls is all ever was found I never was interfered with whilst I kept up this successful trade. I give fair warning to all those who has reason to fear me to sell out & give £10 out of every hundred towards the widow & orphan fund and do not attempt to reside in Victoria but as short a time as possible after reading

this notice, neglect this & abide by the consequences, which shall be worse than the rust in the wheat in Victoria or the drouth 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.

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The Queen

— v —

Edward Kelly

Wilful Murder

Copy of Statement handed by Defendant to Mr Living

Henry F. Gurner
Crown Solicitor
Melbourne

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