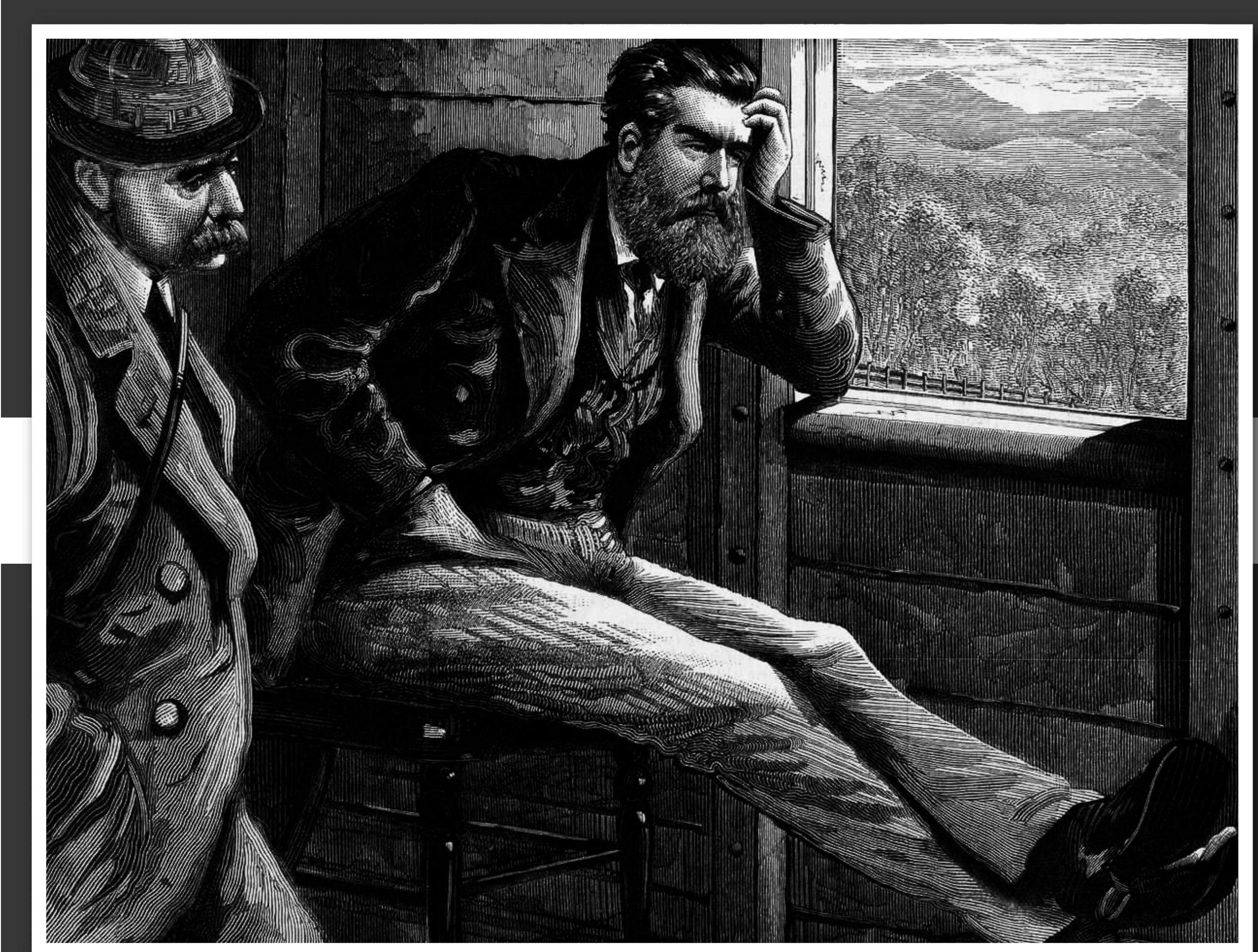


THE IRONCLAD OUTLAW

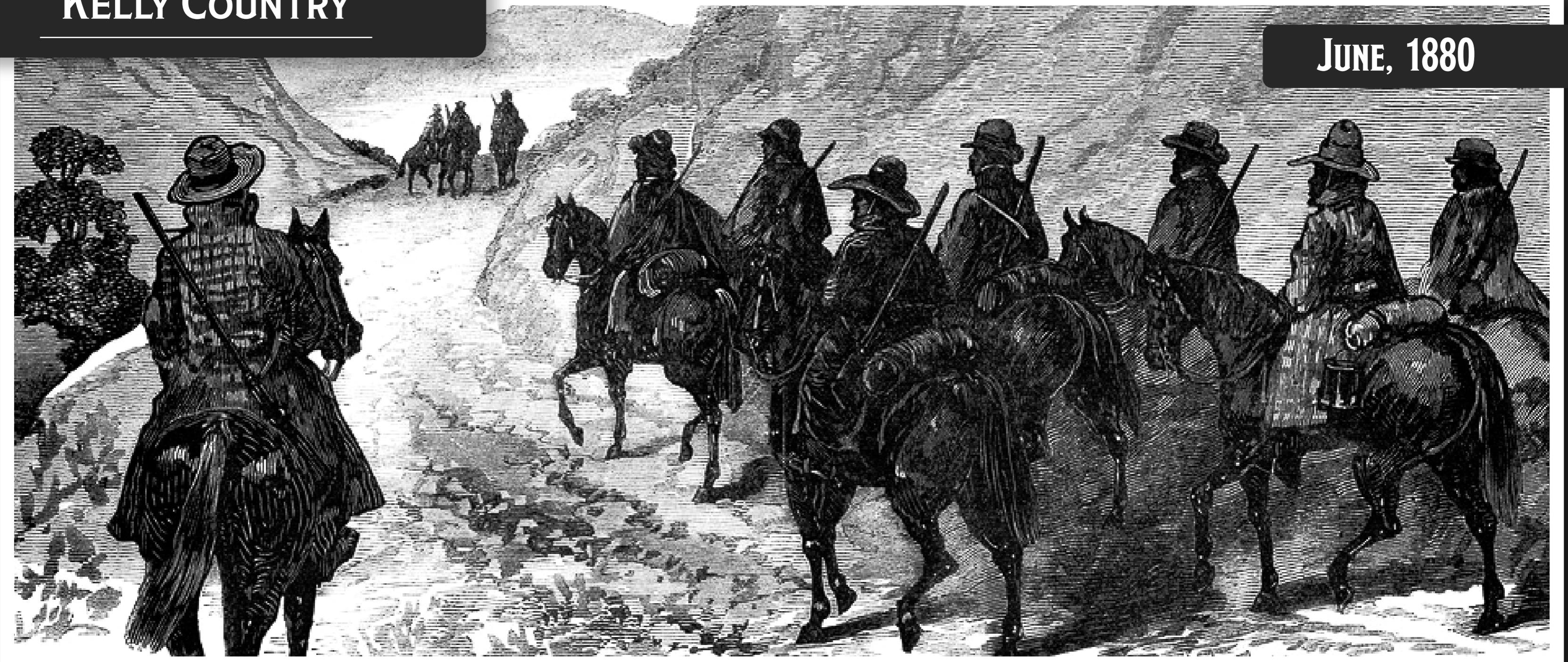
LAST STAND AT GLENROWAN INN



We might've kept up the
run.

KELLY COUNTRY

JUNE, 1880



Had the traps chasing their tails for over two years. Could've been more.

THE KELLY GANG



Ned
Kelly



Dan
Kelly



Joe
Byrne



Steve
Hart



Outlawed without cause.
Too long had our breed suffered
under the injustice that is English law.
We resolved to take our stand at Glenrowan.

Months spent at the bush forge
prepared us for battle. We fabricated
armour out of the mouldboards of
ploughs and made ourselves
impenetrable.



We would strike
terror in the
hearts of all
Victorian
troopers.
It seemed our
victory assured.

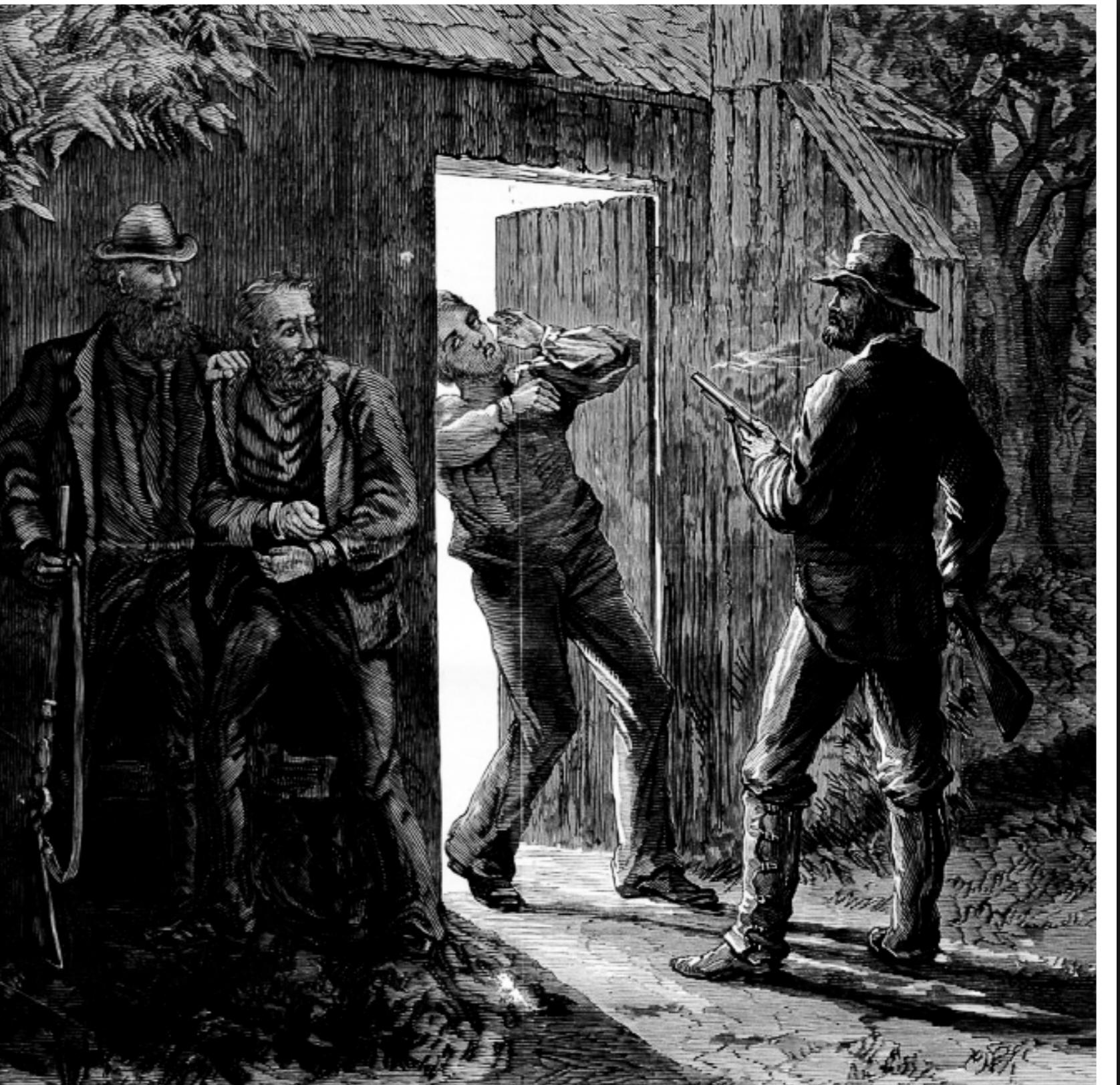


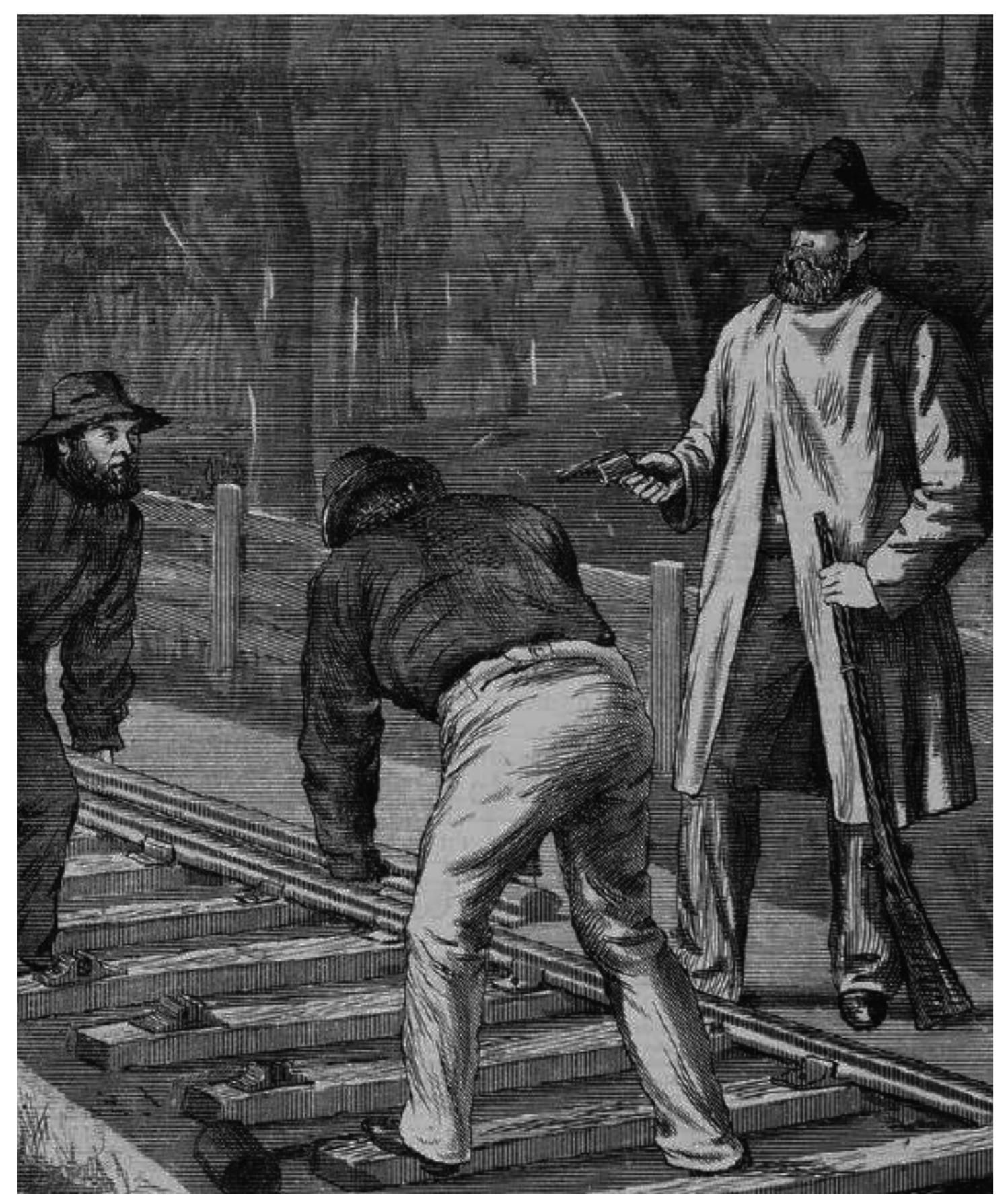
Joe and Dan motioned forward with the plan. They were to kill Aaron Sherritt. He was one of us once. Now the traitor was feeding information to the traps.

Joe devised a clever ruse. They bailed up Aarons neighbour. Had him say he'd lost his way. Unsuspecting, Aaron came to greet him at the door.

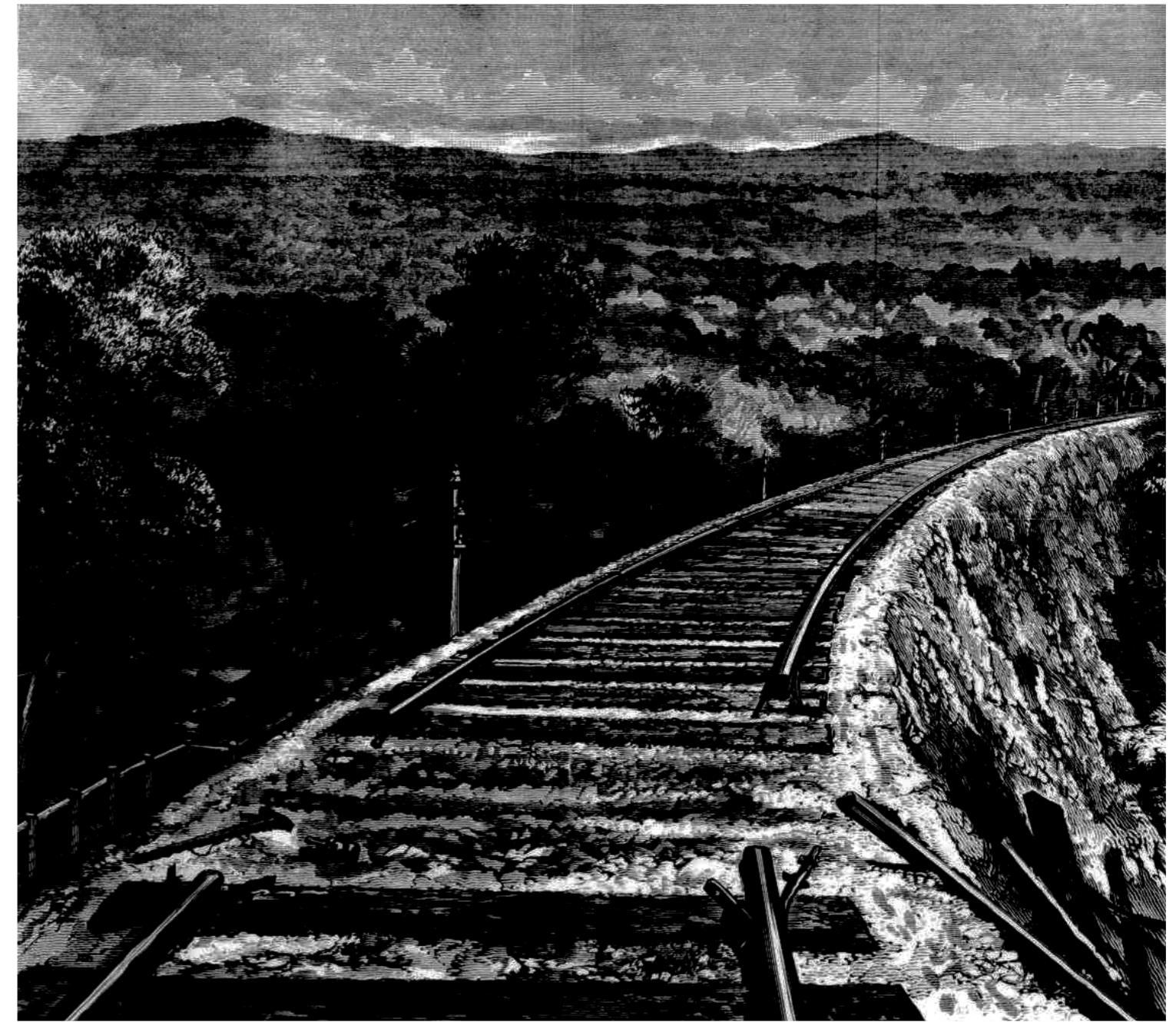


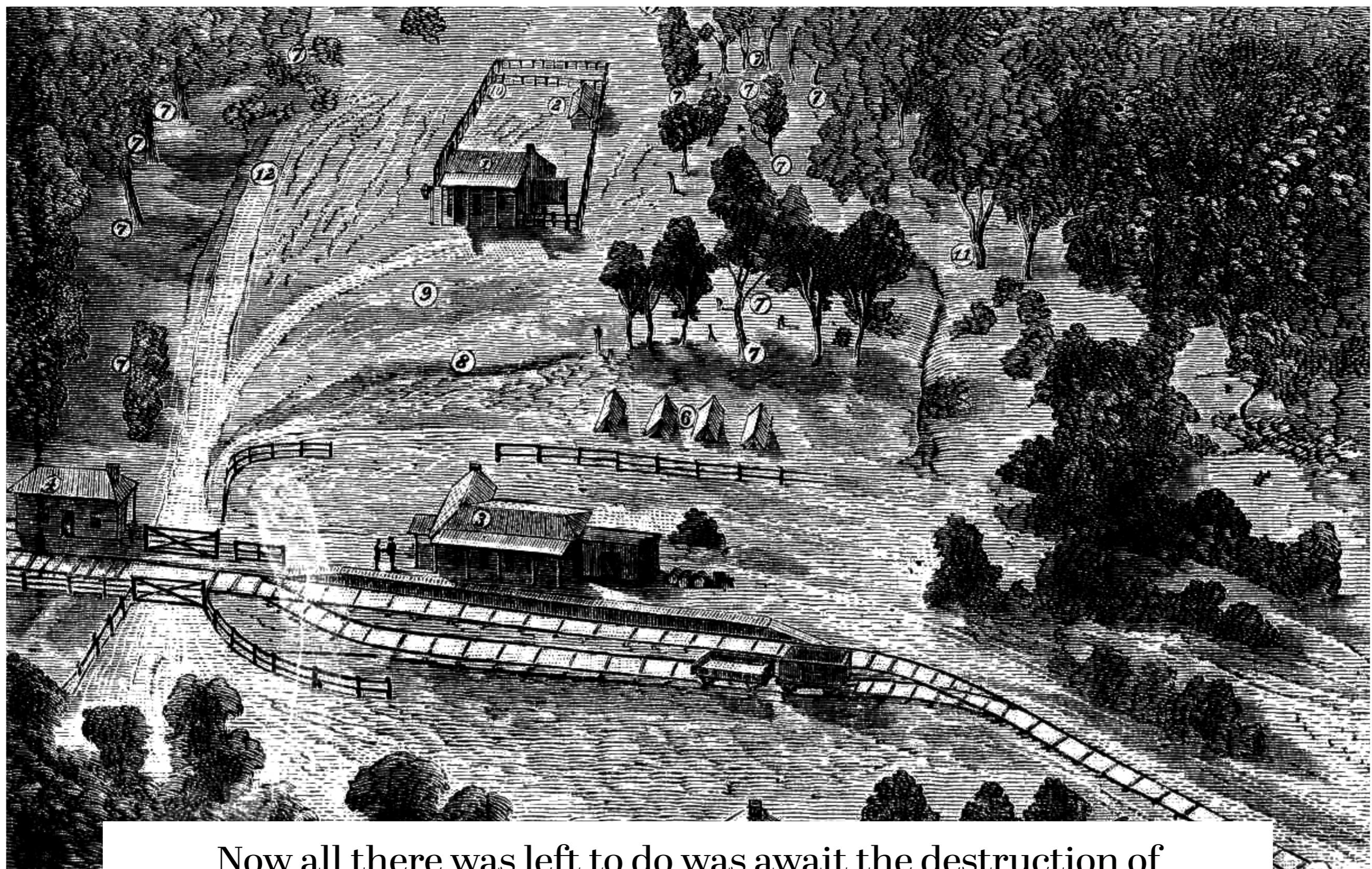
Of course, we expected retaliation.
In fact, our plan depended on it.
Word of Aaron's death would ensure the
arrival of police reinforcements.





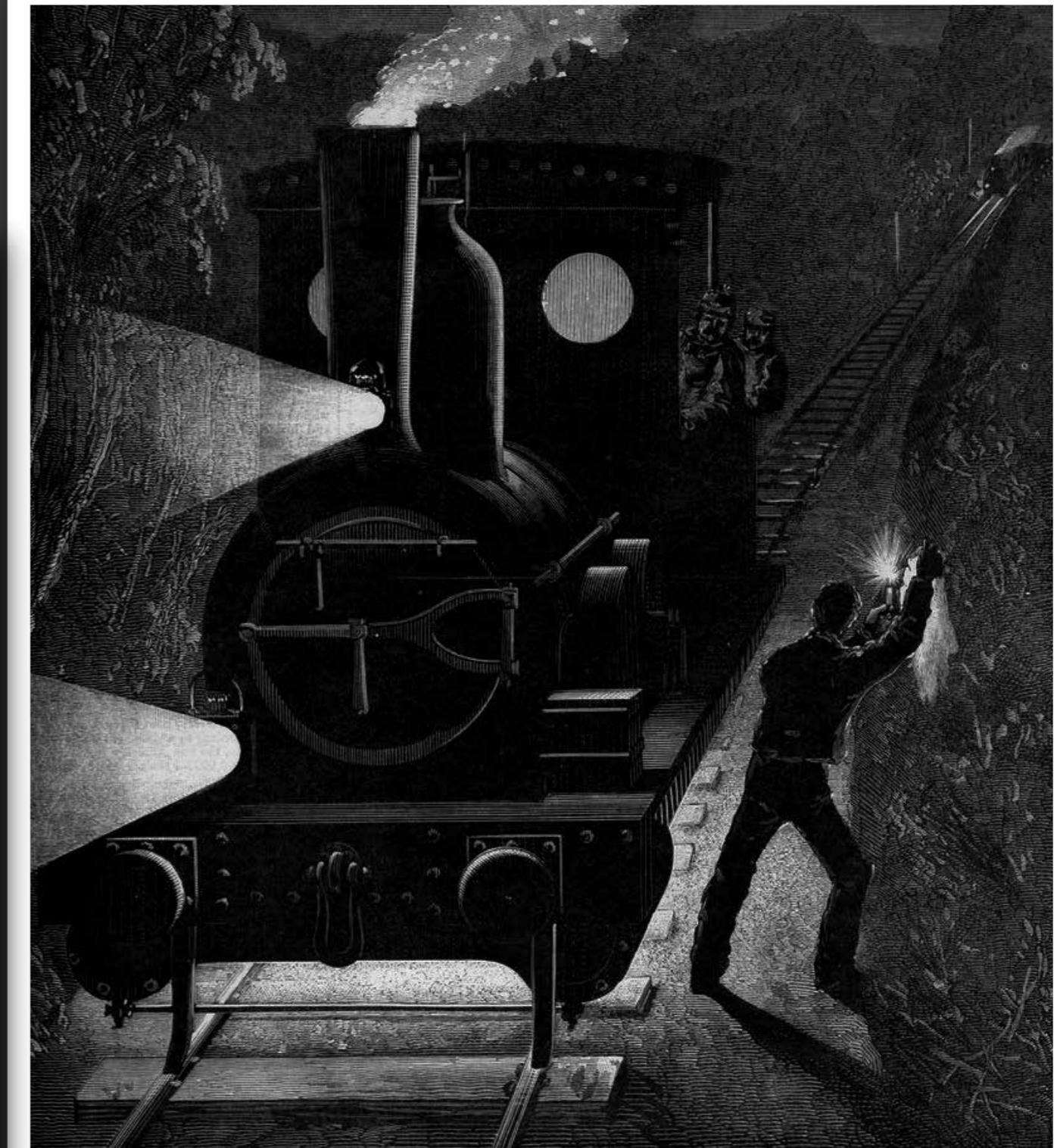
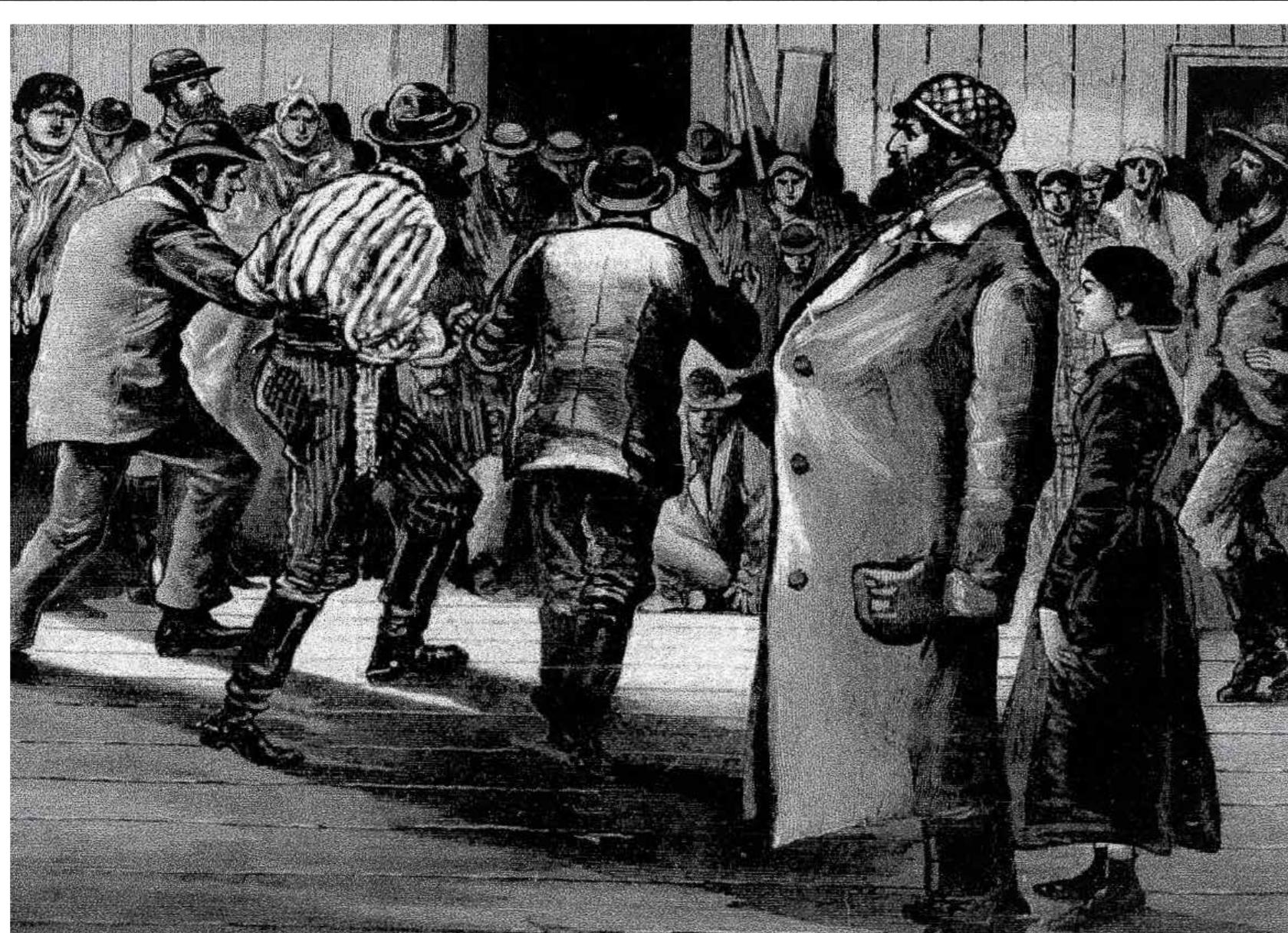
We bailed up some men at Glenrowan to pull up the tracks outside the town. If the plan worked, we'd have been there, clad in armour to deal with any survivors.





Now all there was left to do was await the destruction of
the police special from Benalla.

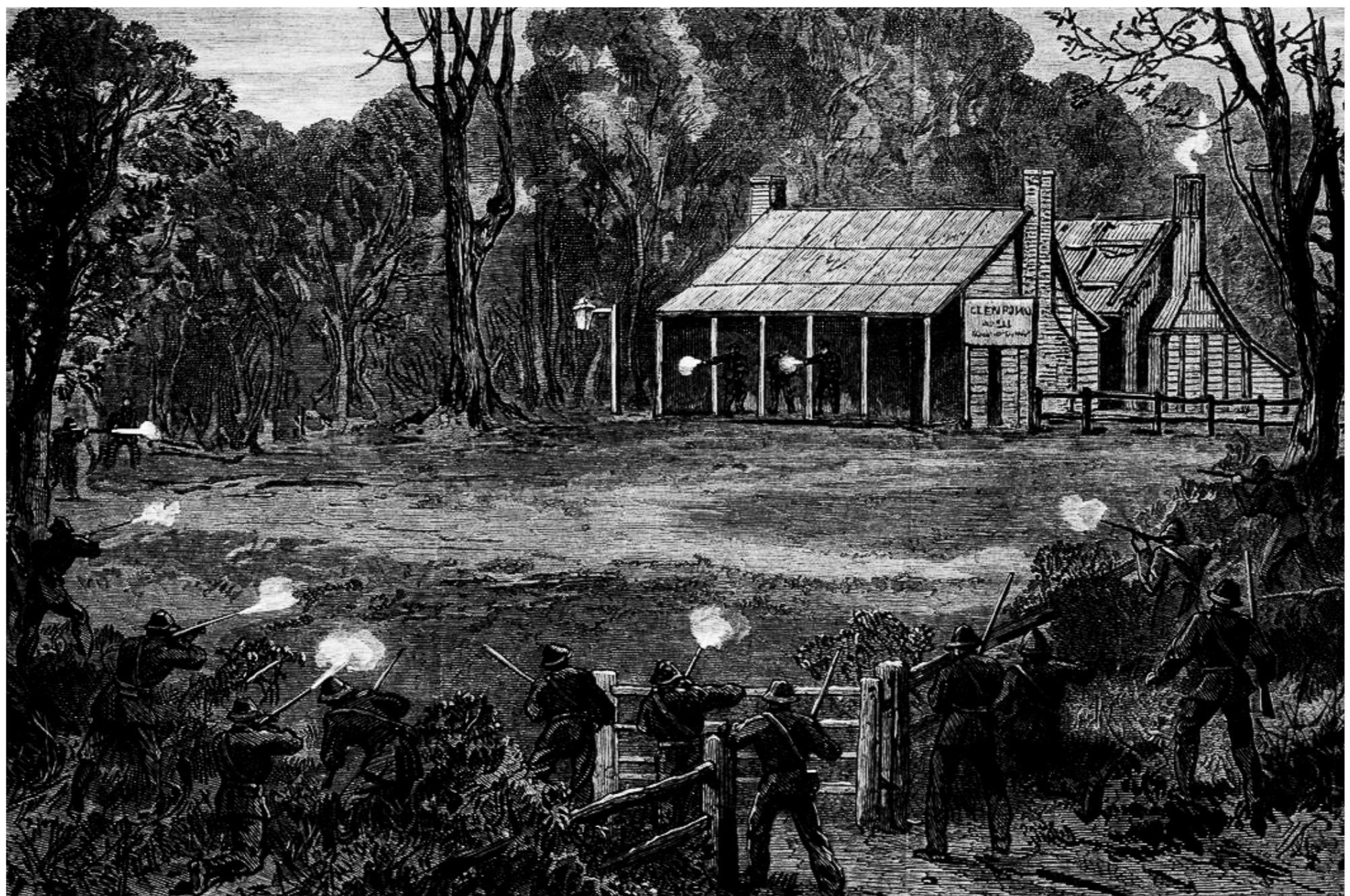
The wait was longer than expected.
We drank and danced to pass the time.



In the revelry, I foolishly believed I was in the company of allies. I allowed a man amongst us who had convinced me his family needed urgent care to go home. A fatal mistake. He flagged down the train and thwarted our plan.

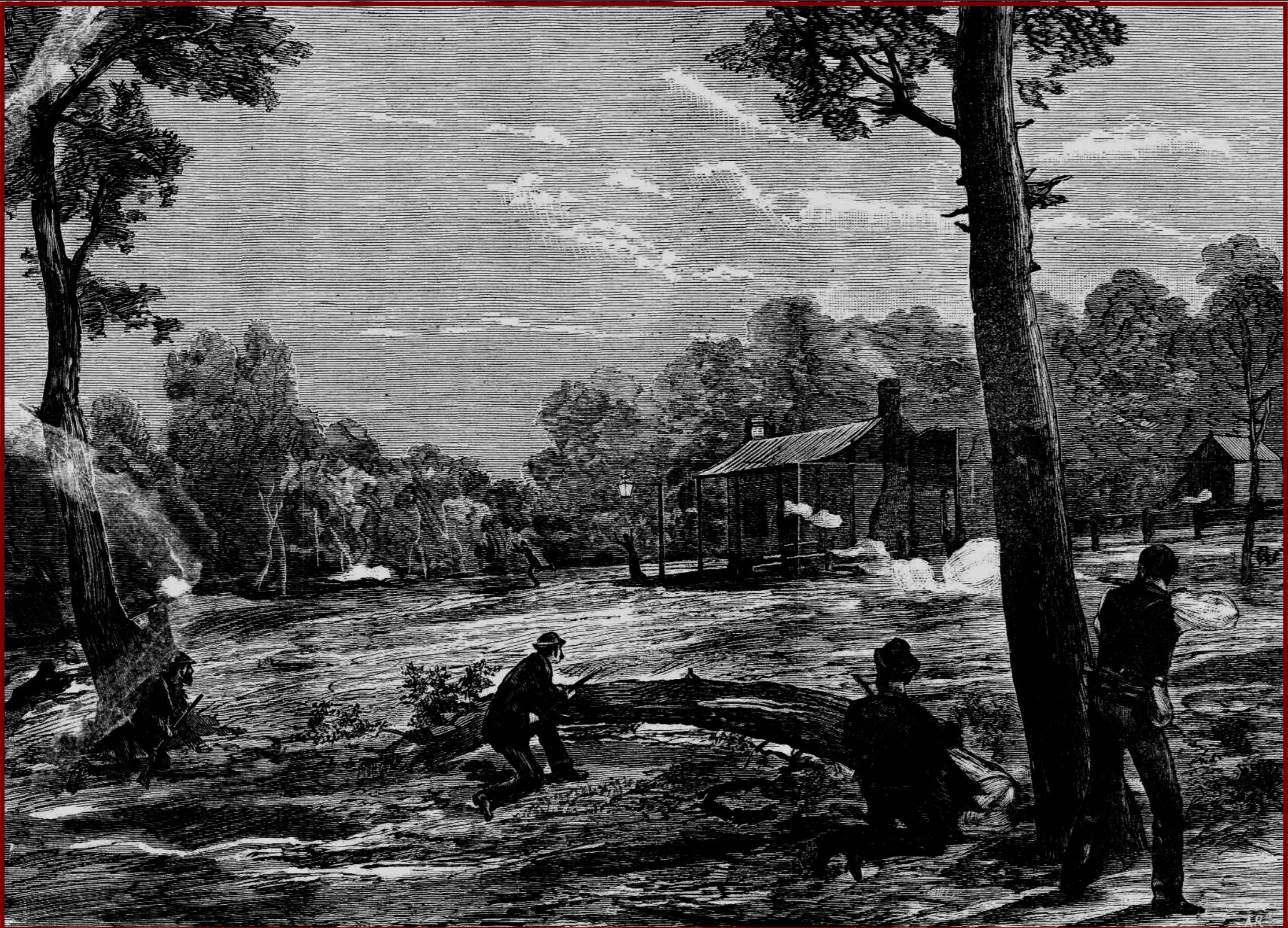
The sun had not yet risen when we heard the train stop,
learning the plan had failed.

Donning our armour, we left the inn and engaged. The returning fire was ruthless; we were not so impervious as I had hoped.



I had been shot in the first volley. We retreated inside and the battle raged on. The police would not relent. Although depleted, our resolve remained.

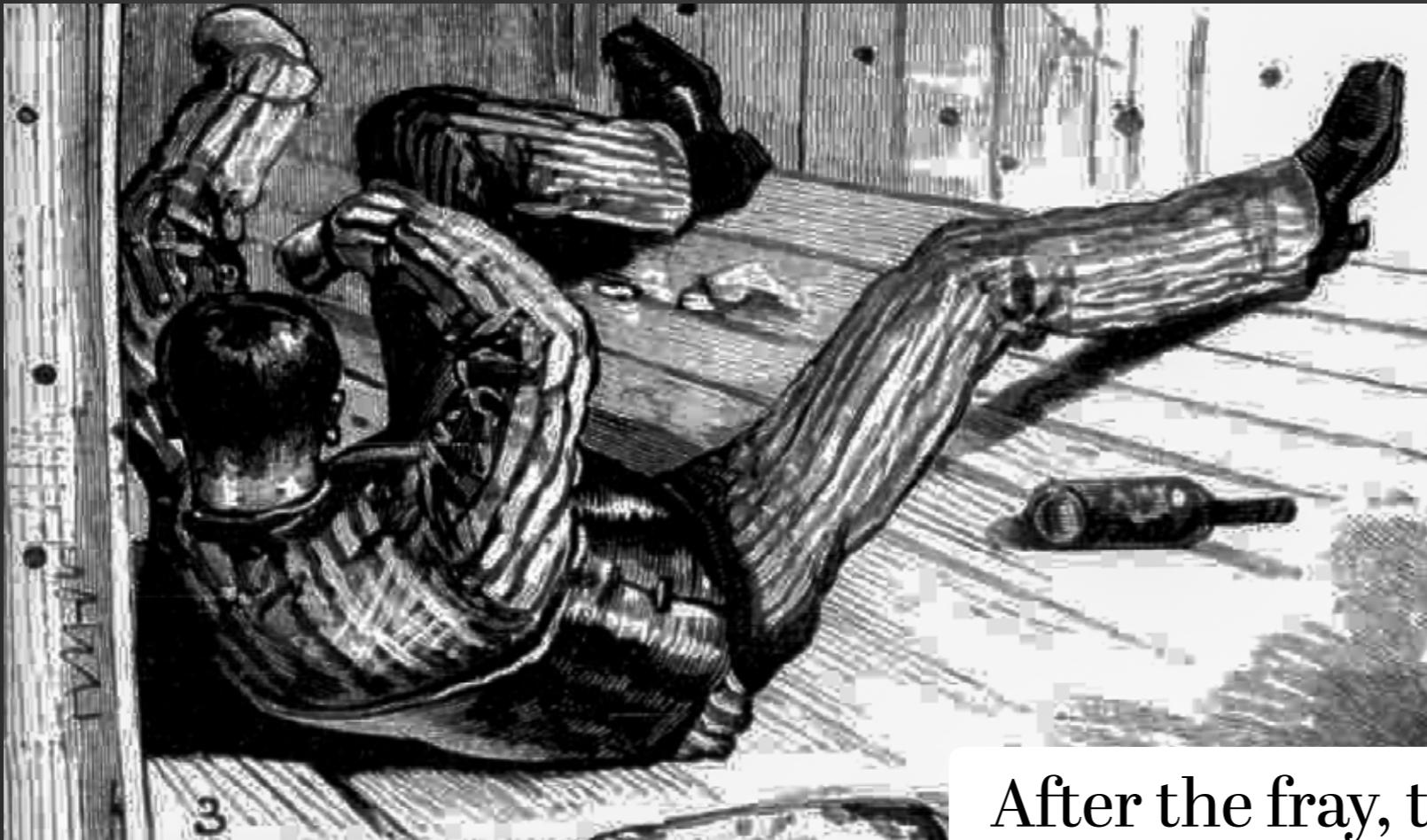
Covered by the fire of my fellows, I found a way out and hid in the bush. I told them I would see it over and wait til morning.



Civilians made several attempts to flee throughout the night. Each time they came under fire from police and were forced to retreat to the inn. Those villains shot two innocent boys without apprehension.

I had a chance at several policemen during the night, but declined to fire; my arm was broken the first fire; I got away into the bush and found my mare, and could have rushed away to beggary, but wanted to see the thing out, and remained in the bush.

Some time in the heat, Joe was shot dead.
Braver and smarter than any man; my best
friend died a hero.



3



After the fray, they hung up his
lifeless body like a trophy.

I had been unjustly persecuted my whole life. But I had never known fury til that morning.

I arose in the dawn mist, intent on defiance and destruction. Shouting and beating my iron chest, I taunted and terrified my foes.

*The bullets
that struck my armor felt
like blows from a
man's fist.*

Yet I stood,
unyielding.





I gave my last to
protect my
brothers. I had an
arm and leg of no
use and I'd
abandoned my rifle
when I could no
longer shoot it. I
was surrounded.
Unable to aim, I
blasted my only
revolver at every
flash of light I saw.





Another blow
took out my legs
and I could no
longer keep
myself up.

I fell, howling
“I am done.
I am done.”

It was then Sergeant Steele caught
the weakness in my armour.



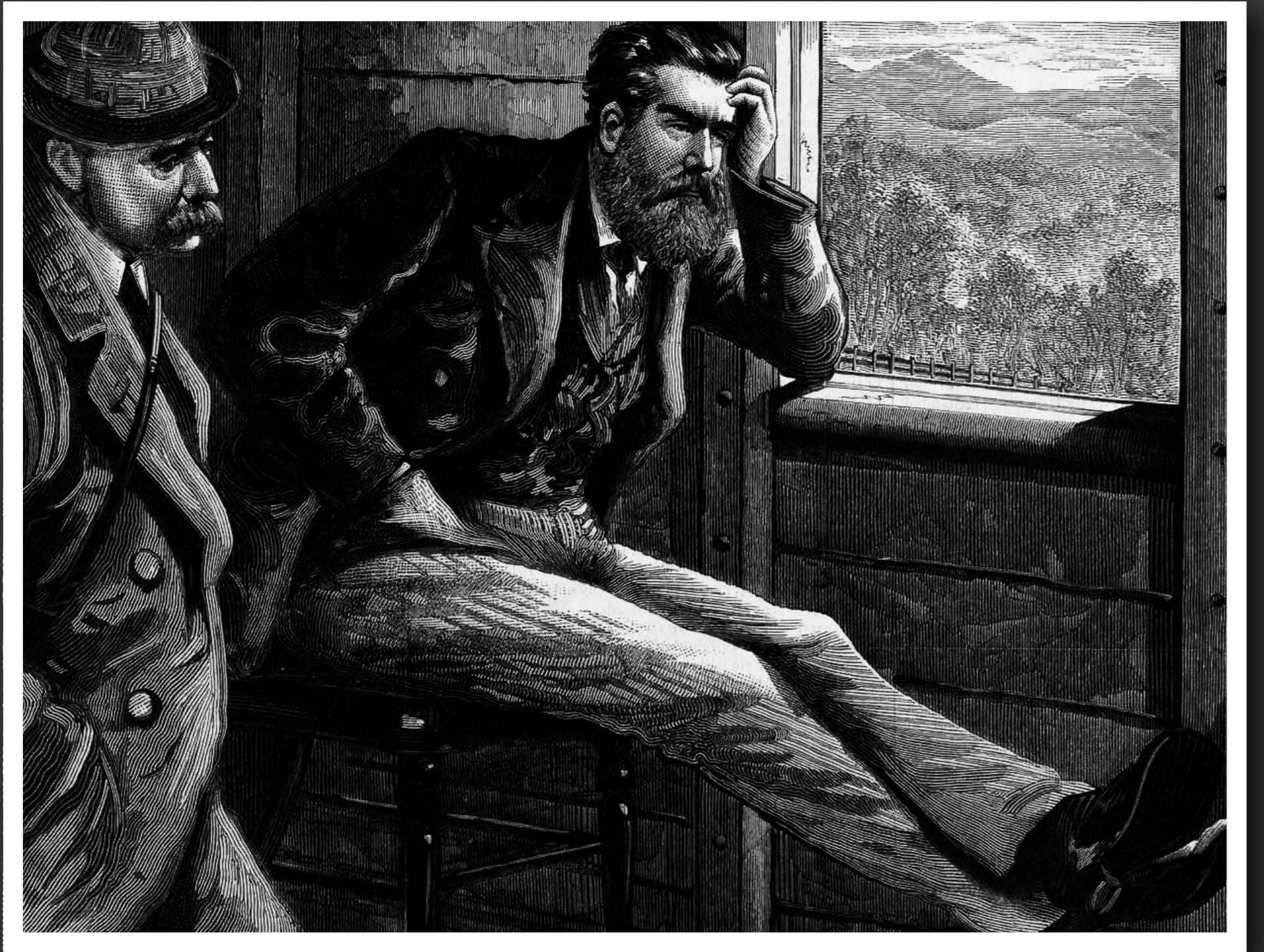
My armour was never penetrated, but I had been shot in my left foot, left leg, right hand, left arm, and twice in the region of the groin. I knew we had reached our end.

Dan and Steve fought on valiantly. They were dead by the afternoon when their remains were desecrated by the police in the most sinister display of excessive police force imaginable. The cowards set fire to the inn.





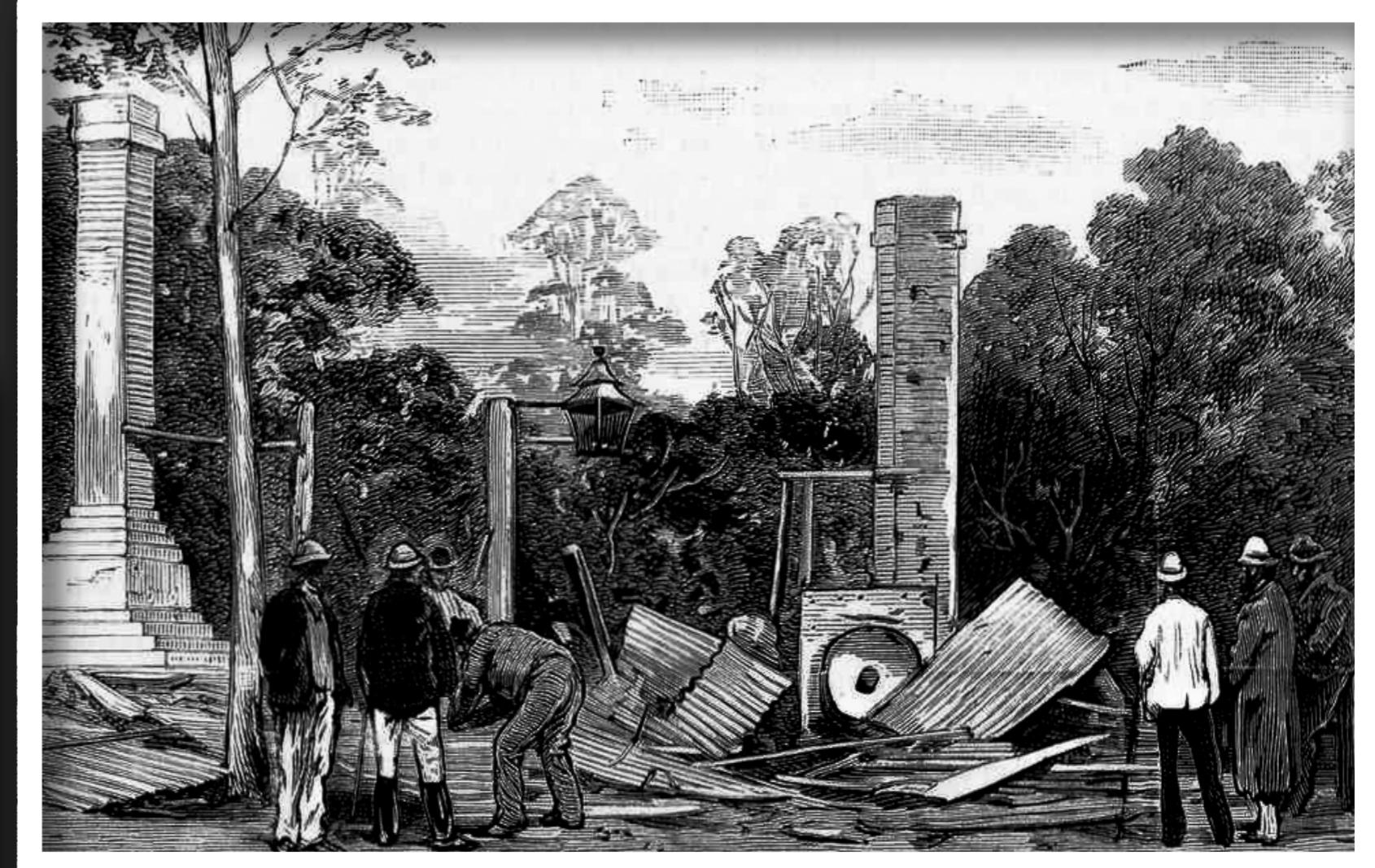
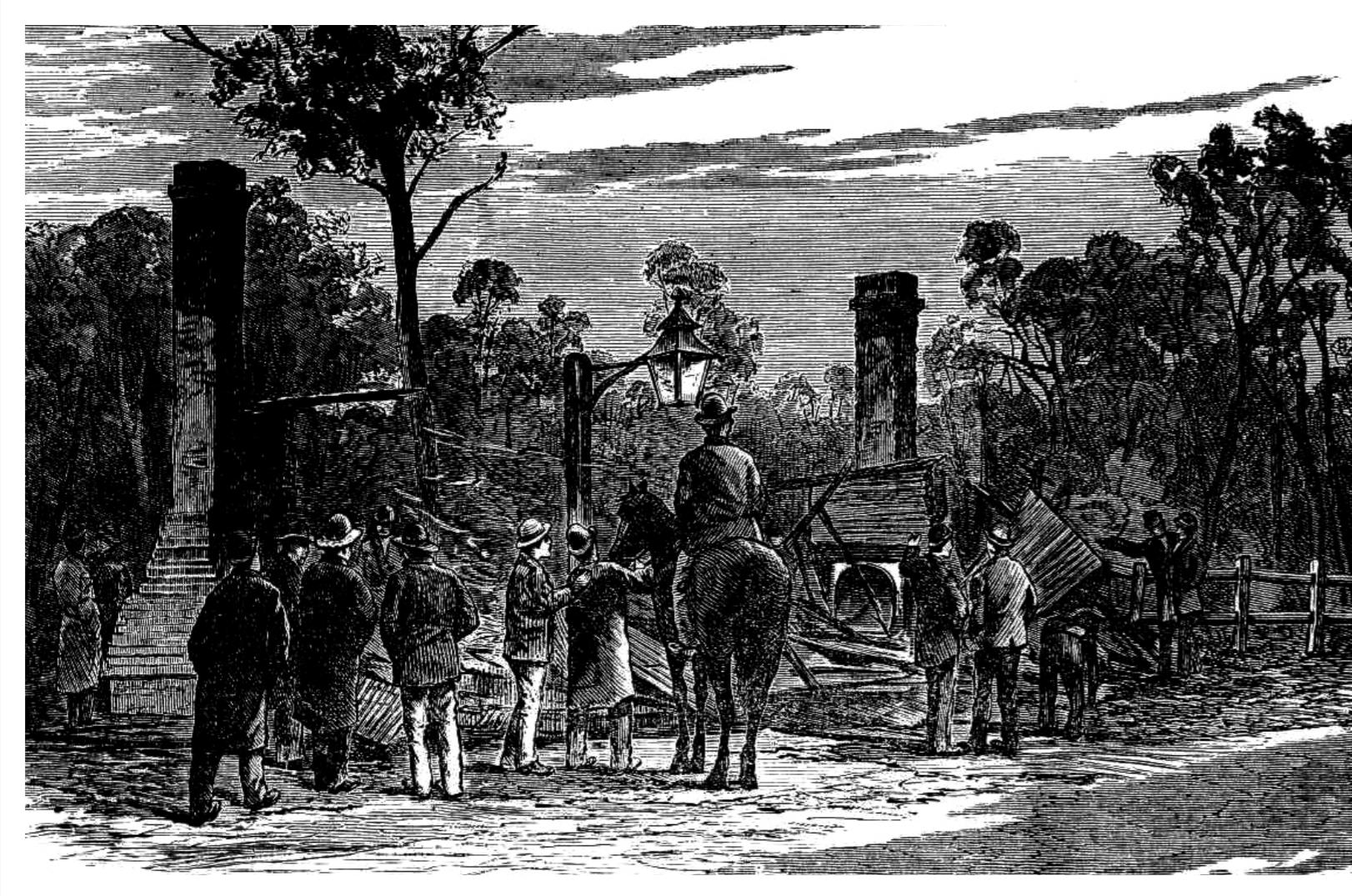
And they
burned.



I know very well from the stories I have been told of how I am spoken of, that the public at large execrate my name ; the newspapers cannot speak of me with that patient toleration extended to men who are assumed according to the boast of British justice, to be innocent until they are proved to be guilty.

Let the hand of the law strike me down if it will, but I ask that my story might be heard and considered; If my life teaches the public that men are made mad by bad treatment, and if the police are taught that they may not exasperate to madness men they persecute and illtreat, my life will not be entirely thrown away.

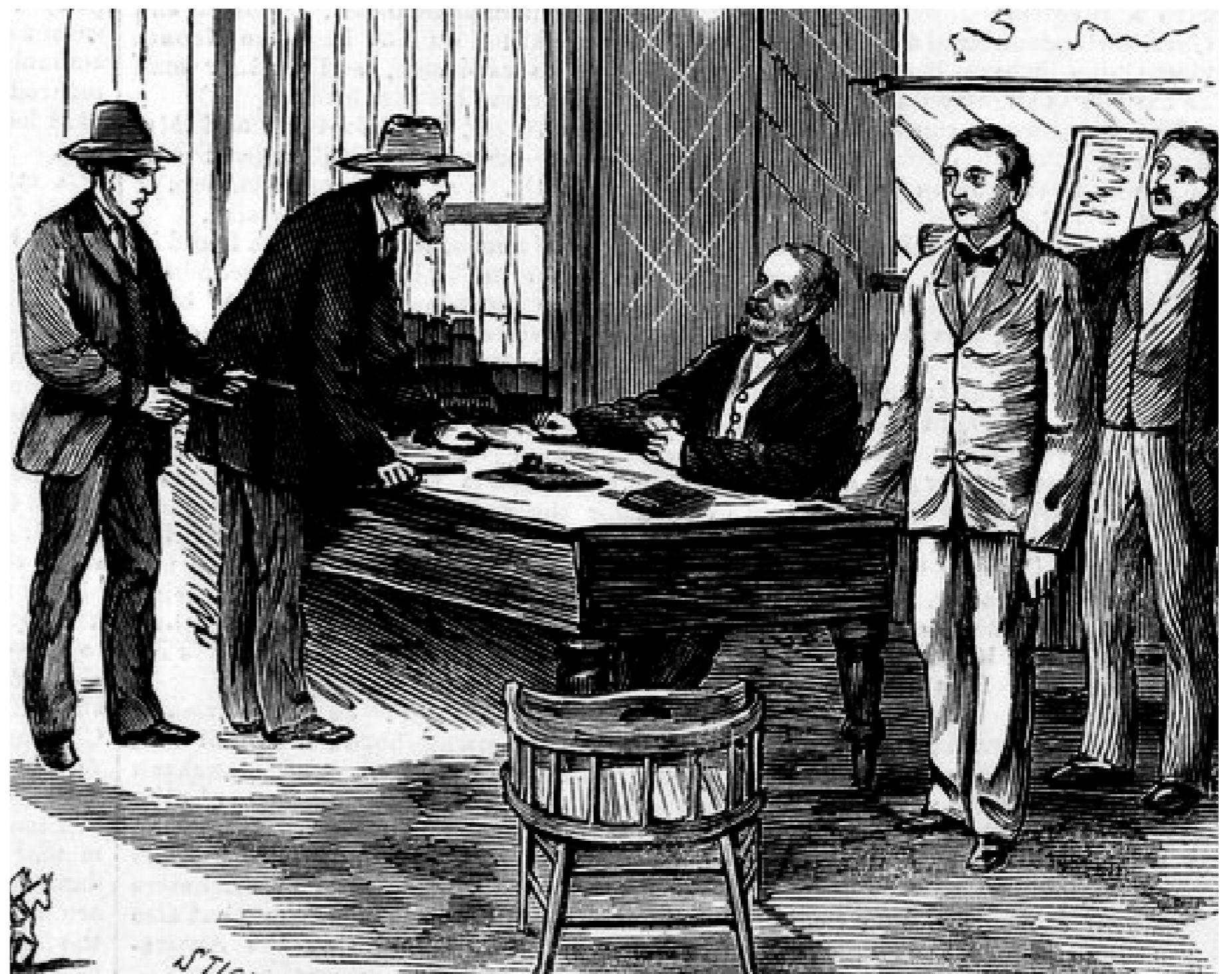
*People who live in large towns have no idea
of the tyrannical conduct of the police in
country places far removed from court;*

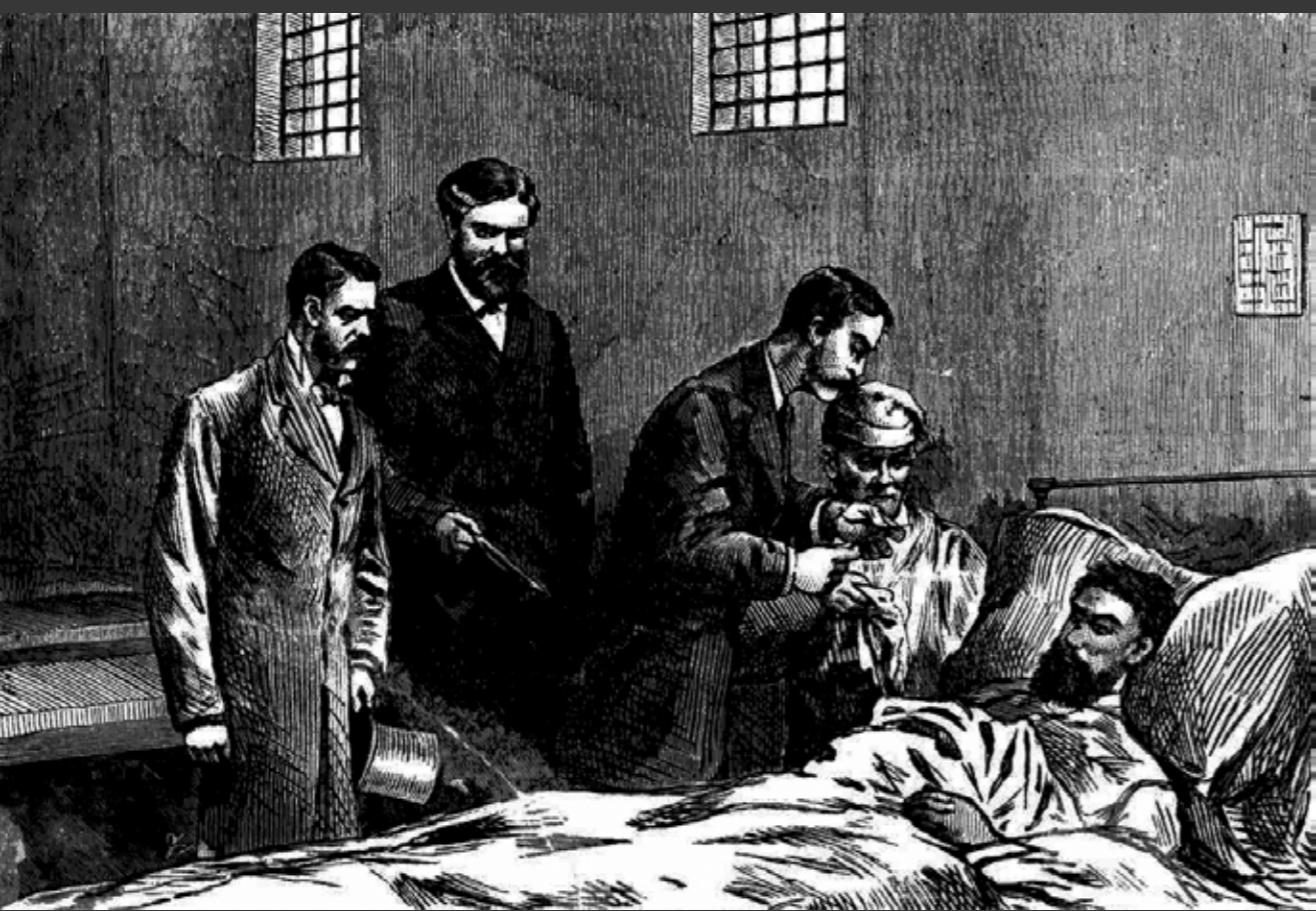


*they have no idea of the harsh and
overbearing manner in which they execute
their duty, or how they neglect their duty
and abuse their powers.*

It shall be known that during our heists at Euroa and Jerilderie we destroyed what debts of poor farmers we were able to procure. It was not for murder and malice, but compassion and chivalry we were beloved in our country. We had always endeavoured to correct the injustice of English tyranny and the corruption of the Victorian police, for

it is not the place of the police to convict guilty men, as it is by them they get their living.

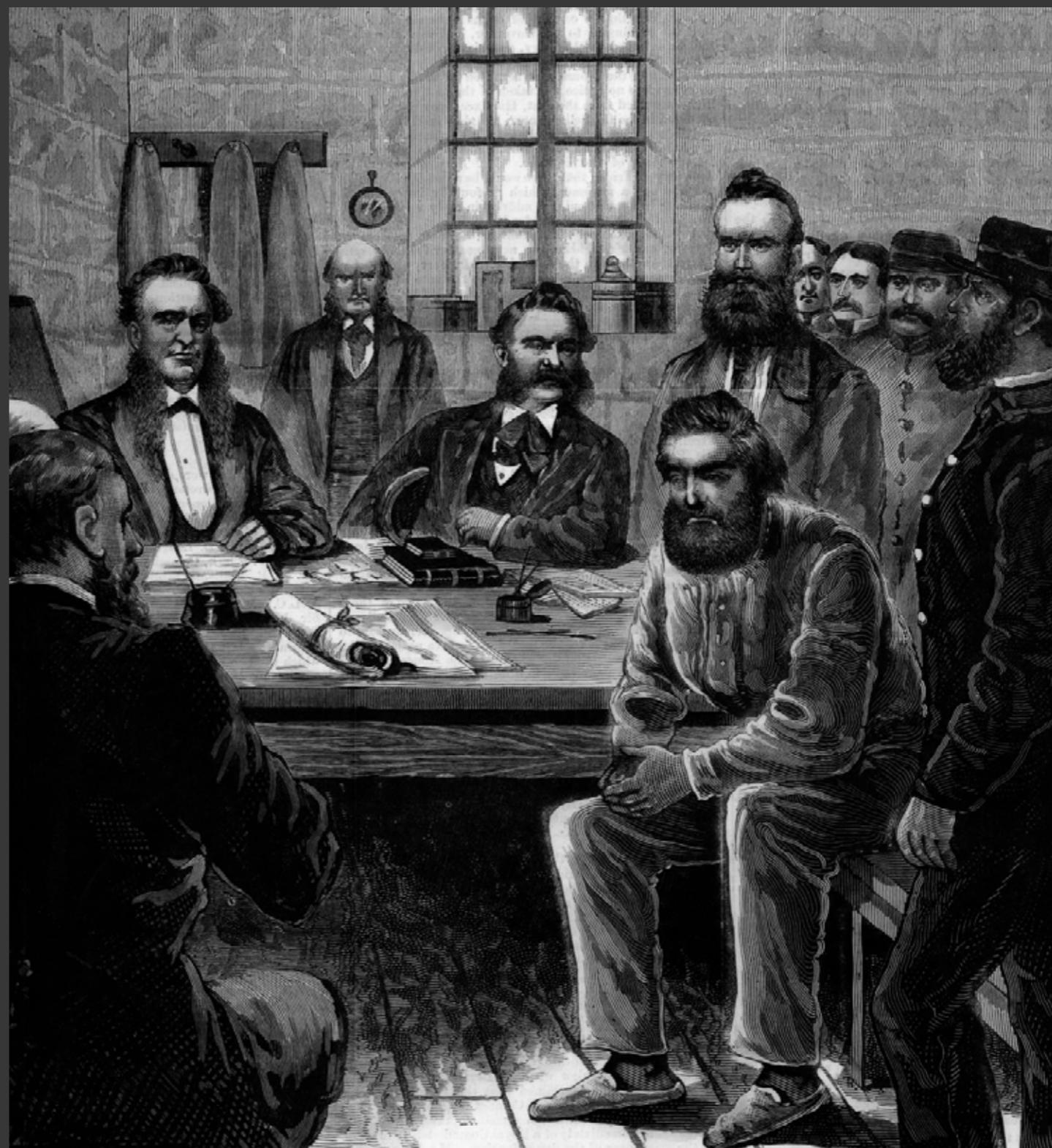




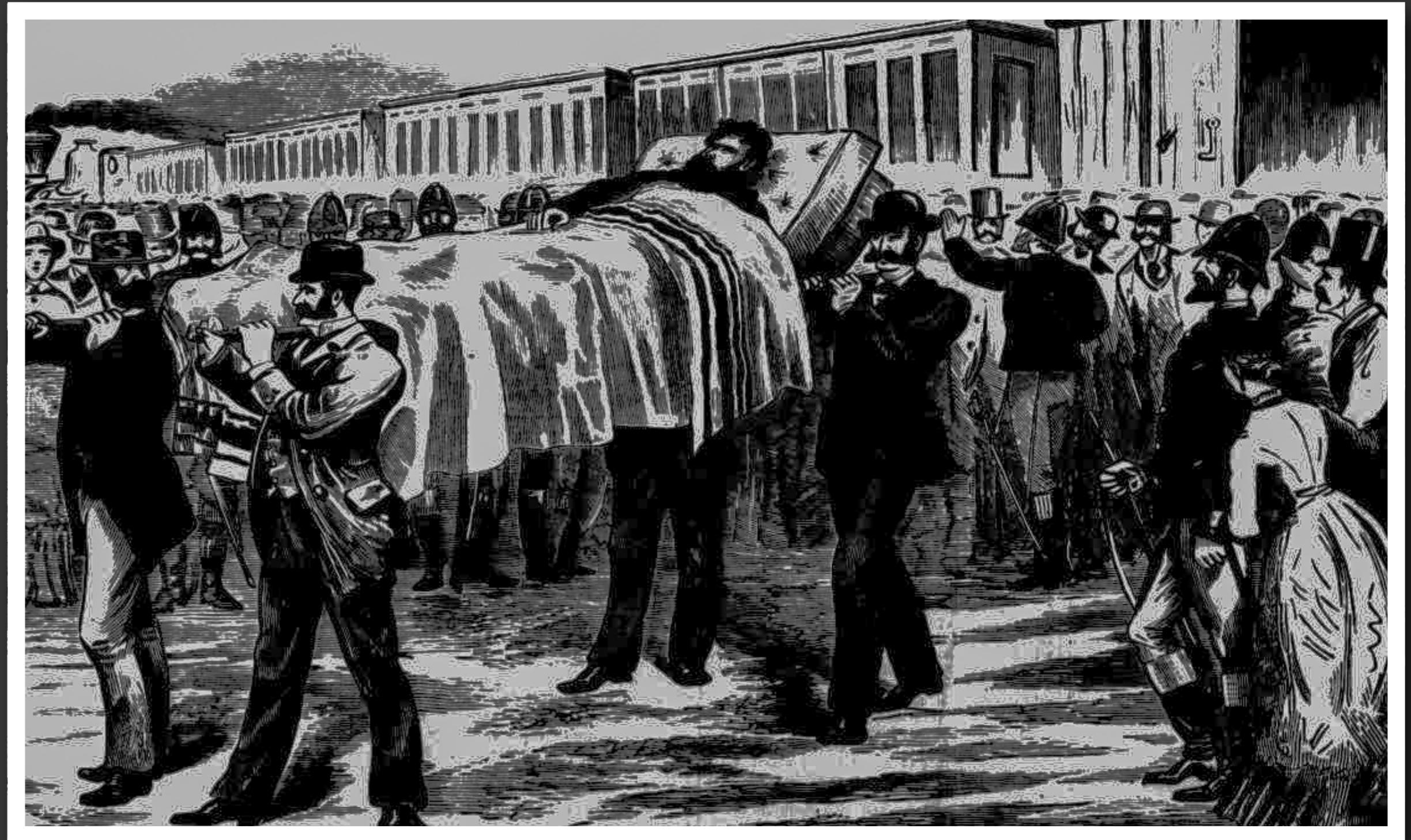
Arrangements were made for my transport to Melbourne Gaol, where I awaited trial.

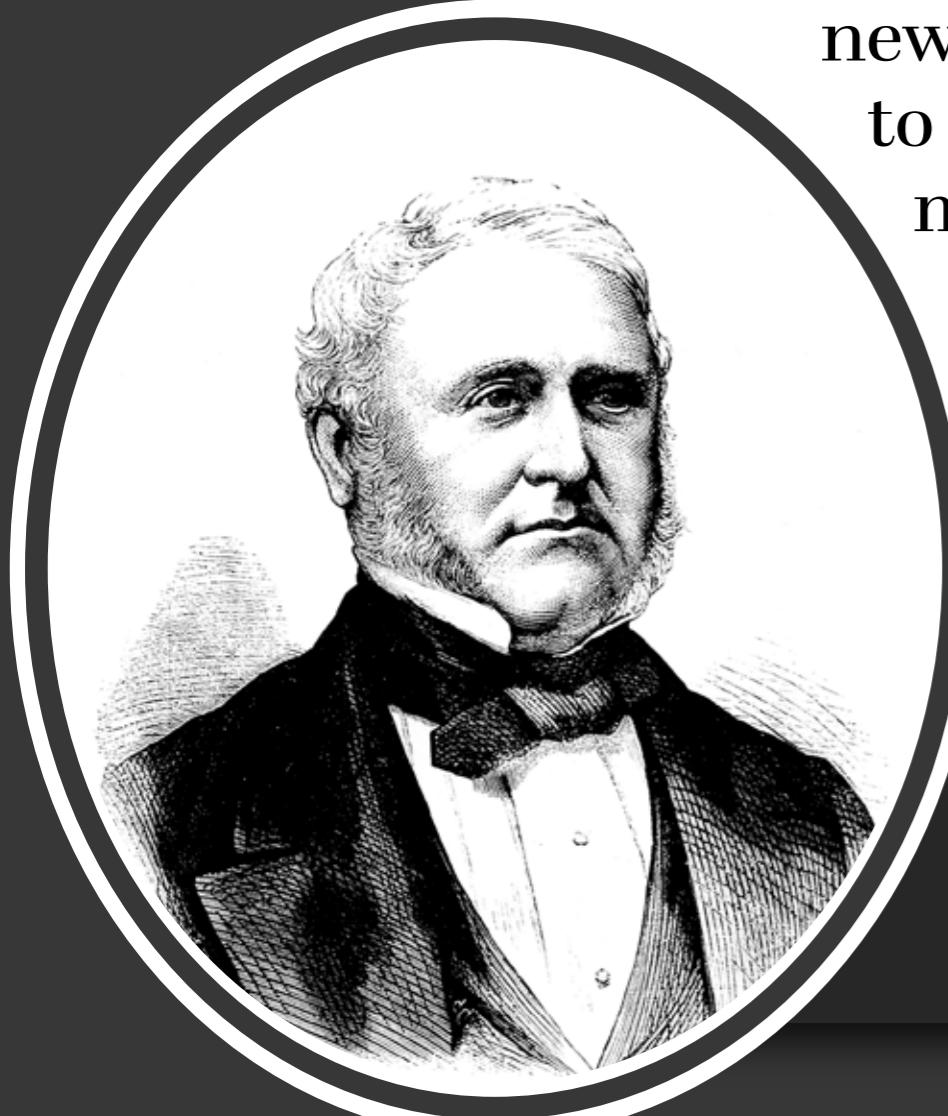


I was treated and examined in Benalla.



A dozen heavily armed policemen guarded me as I was carried to Melbourne Gaol. I resigned myself, knowing that I had already been condemned.





Redmond Barry was to judge my case. A vile man who seemed to revel in the sentencing of men to death. He had sentenced my Mother, newborn child in arms, to three years and made himself an enemy of the Kellys.

Constable McIntyre testified at my conviction and perjured himself on end.

I could not expect a fair trial.

The verdict returned as expected.

Guilty.

On being asked to make a statement I said:



It is not that I fear death; I fear it as little as to drink a cup of tea. On the evidence that has been given, no juryman could have given any other verdict. That is my opinion. But if I had examined the witnesses I would have shown matters in a different light, because no man understands the case as I do myself. I lay blame on myself that I did not get up yesterday and examine the witnesses, but I thought that if I did so it would look like bravado and flashiness.

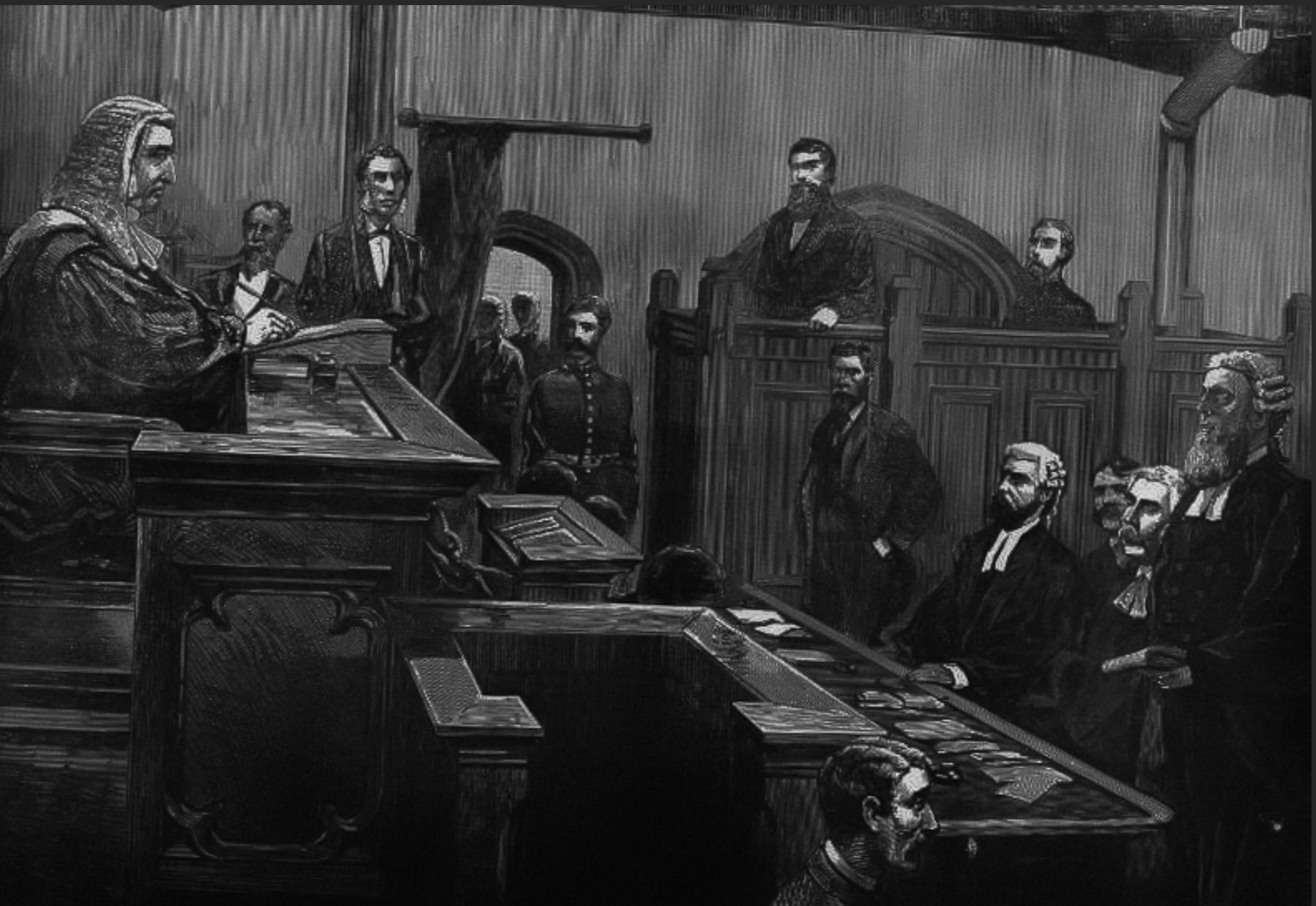


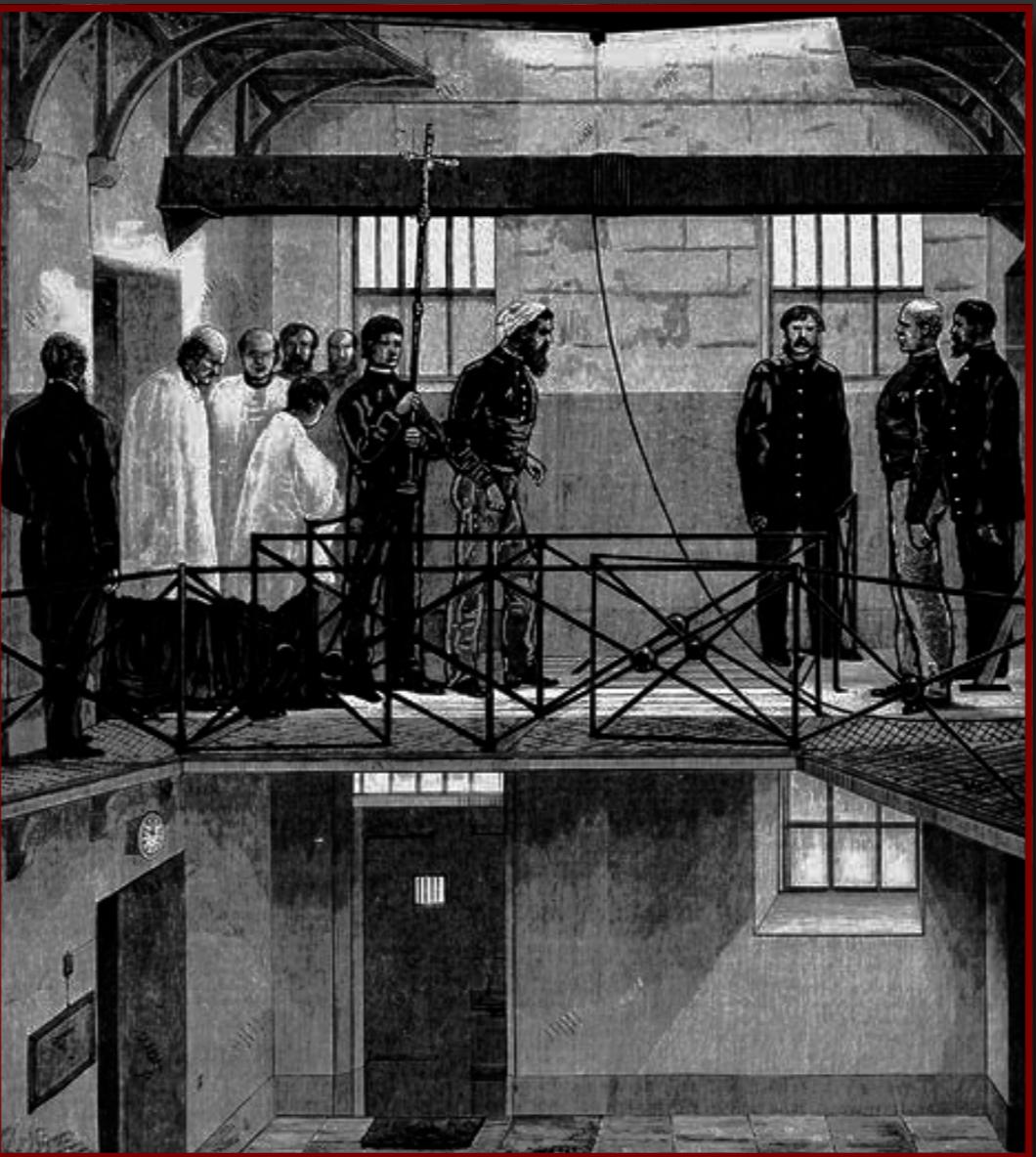
I dare say; but a day will come, at a bigger Court than this, when we shall see which is right and which is wrong. No matter how long a man lives he is bound to come to judgement somewhere, and as well here as anywhere.



The Judge sentenced me to
death and said,
'May the Lord have mercy
on your soul.'

I replied,
*I will go a little further than
that, and say
I will see you there where I go.*





Ah well, I suppose it's come to this...