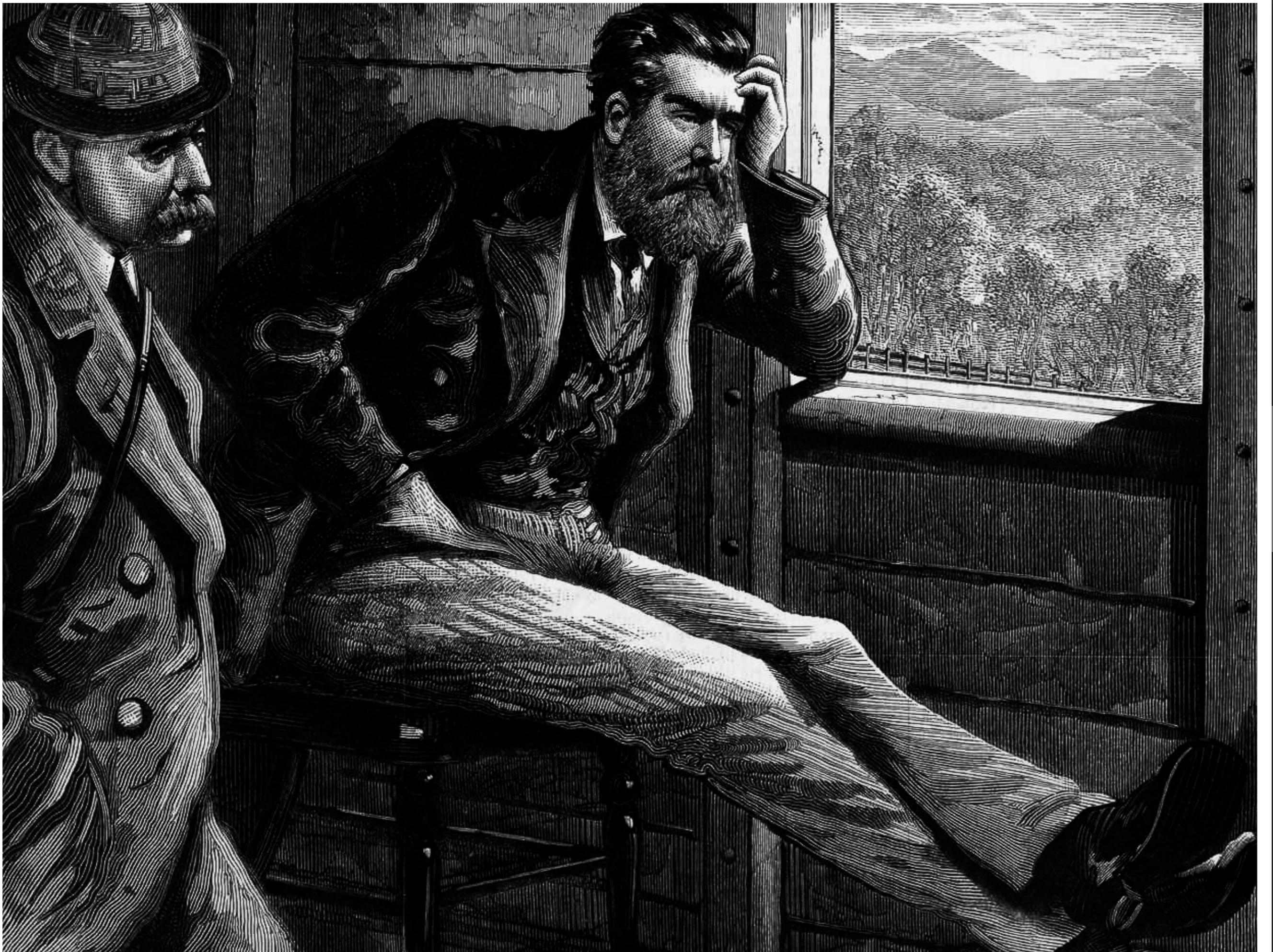


---

# THE IRONCLAD OUTLAW

---

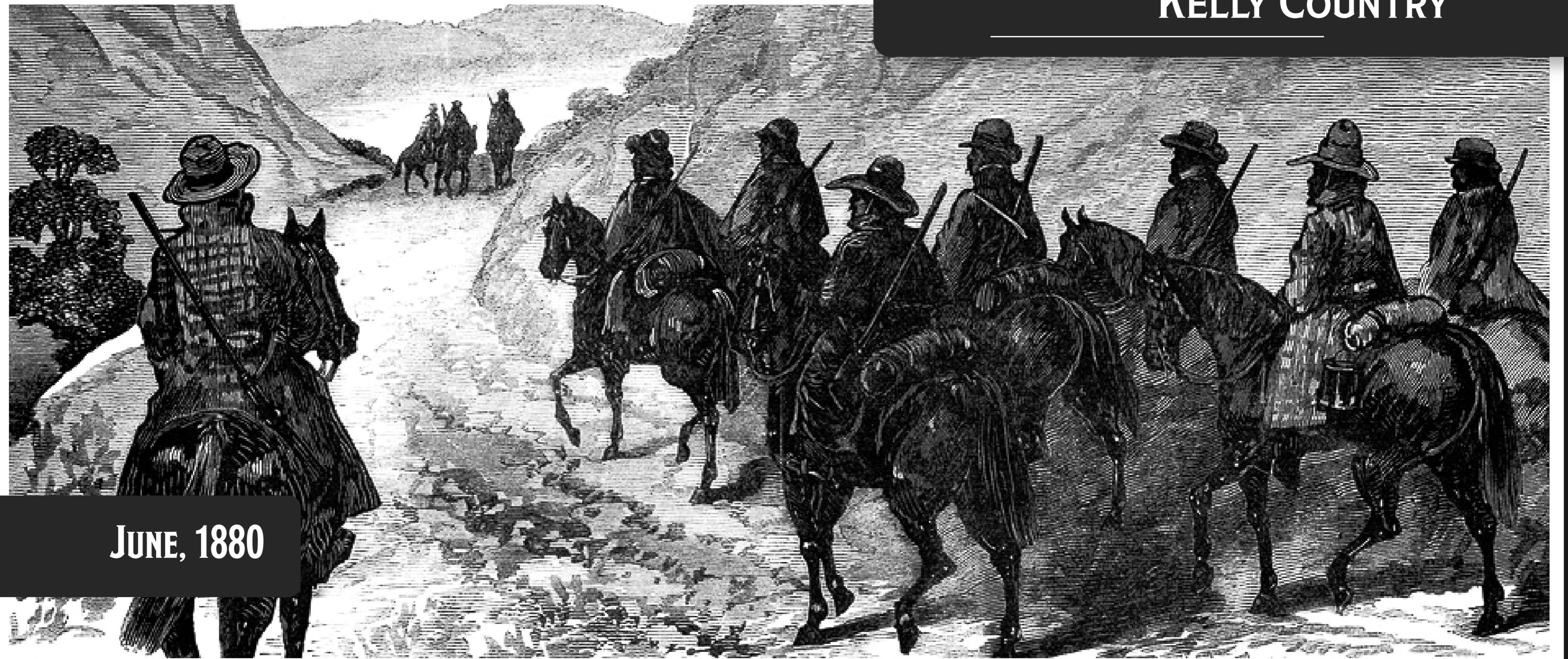
LAST STAND AT GLENROWAN INN



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



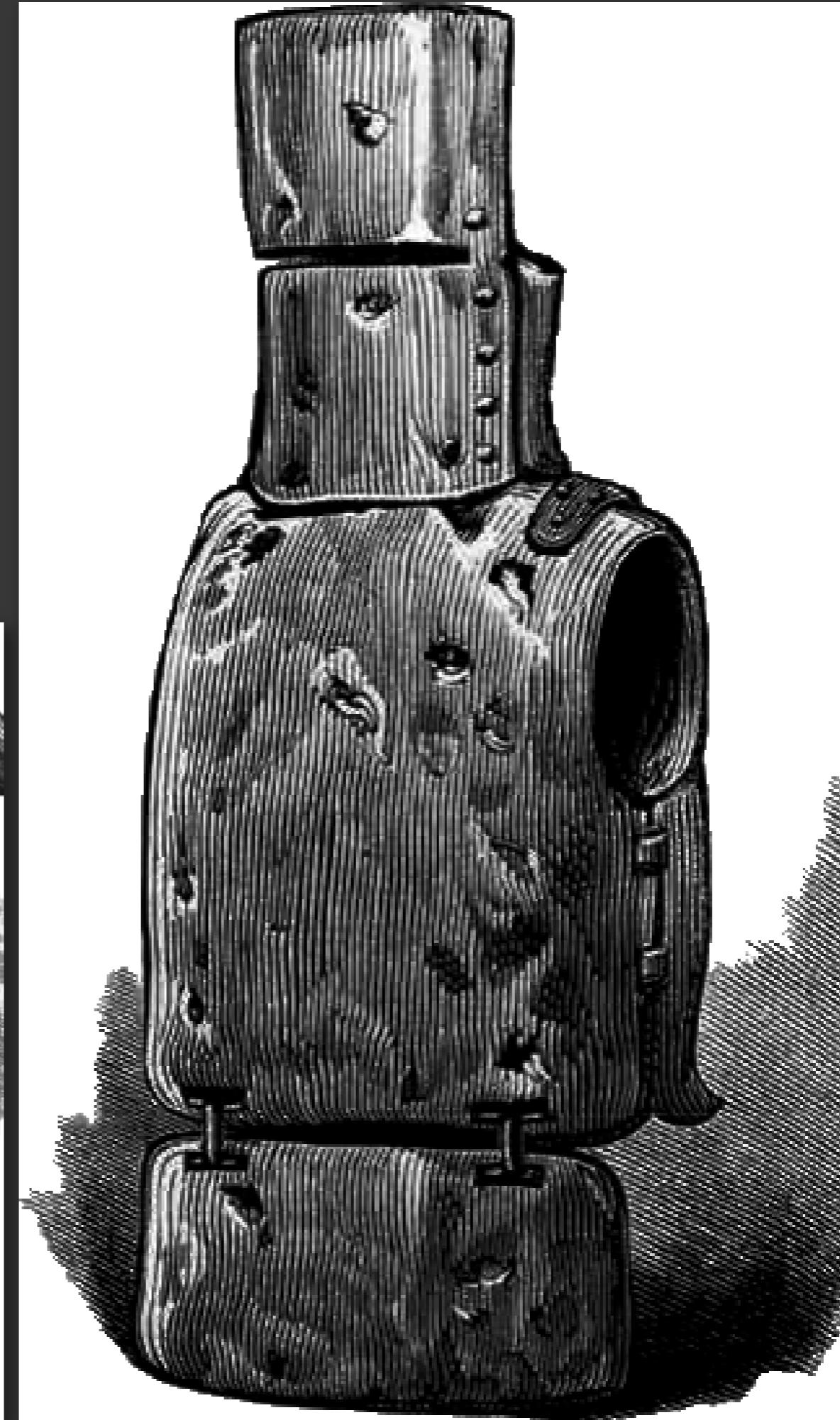
Steve  
Hart



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.

Our victory felt assured.

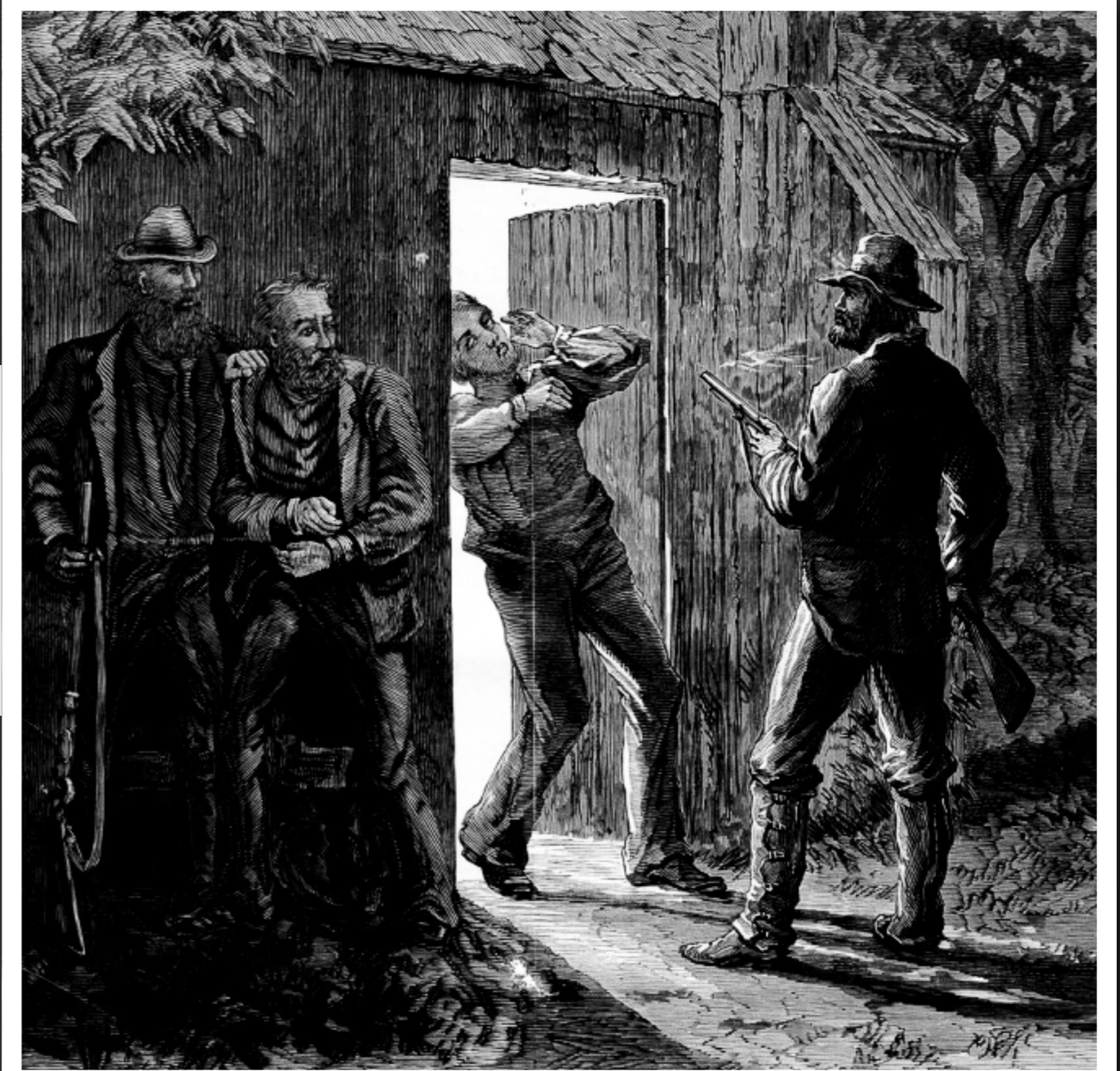


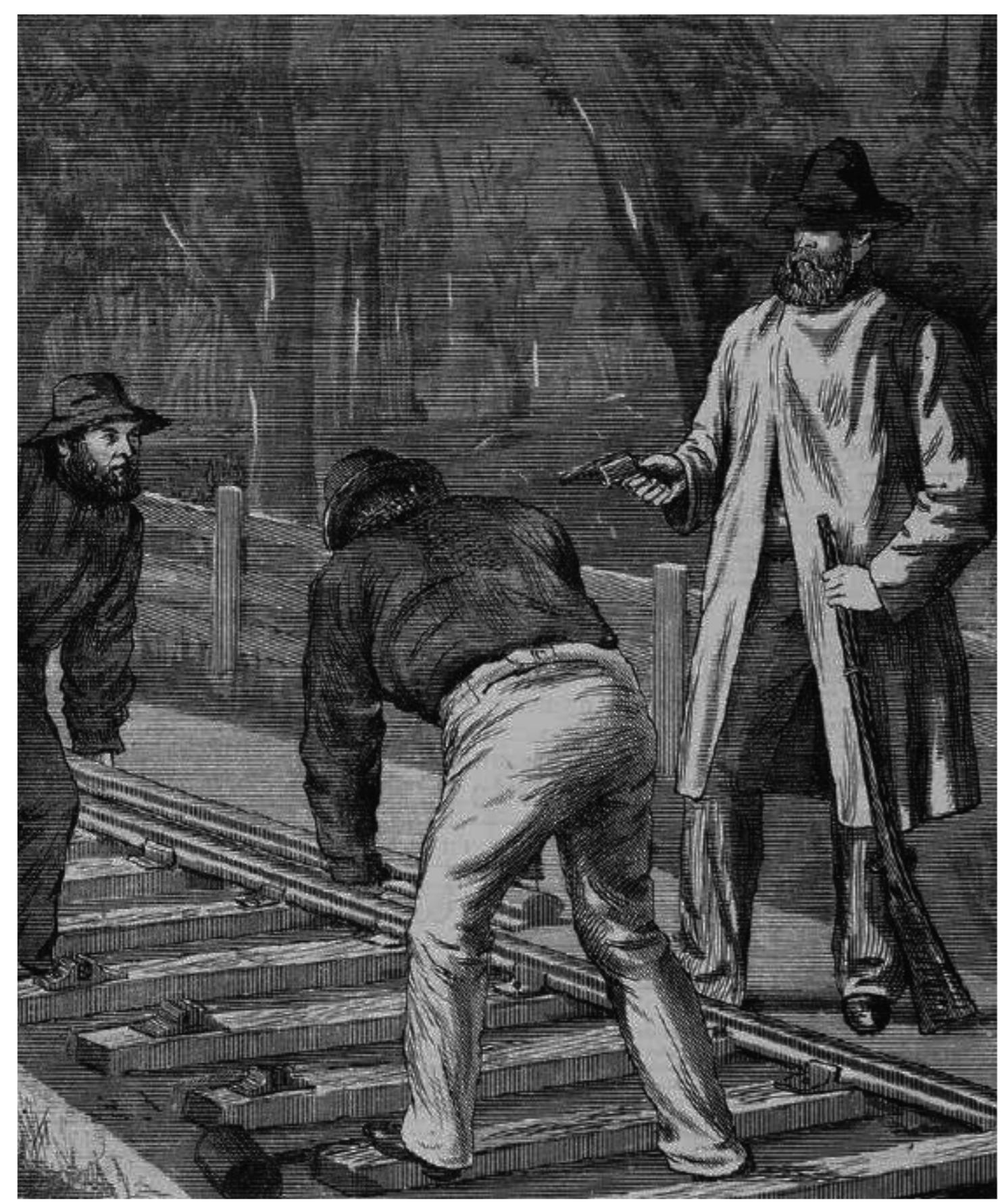
Joe and Dan motioned forward with the plan. They were to kill Aaron Sherritt. He was one of us once; now an informant for the traps.

It was 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.

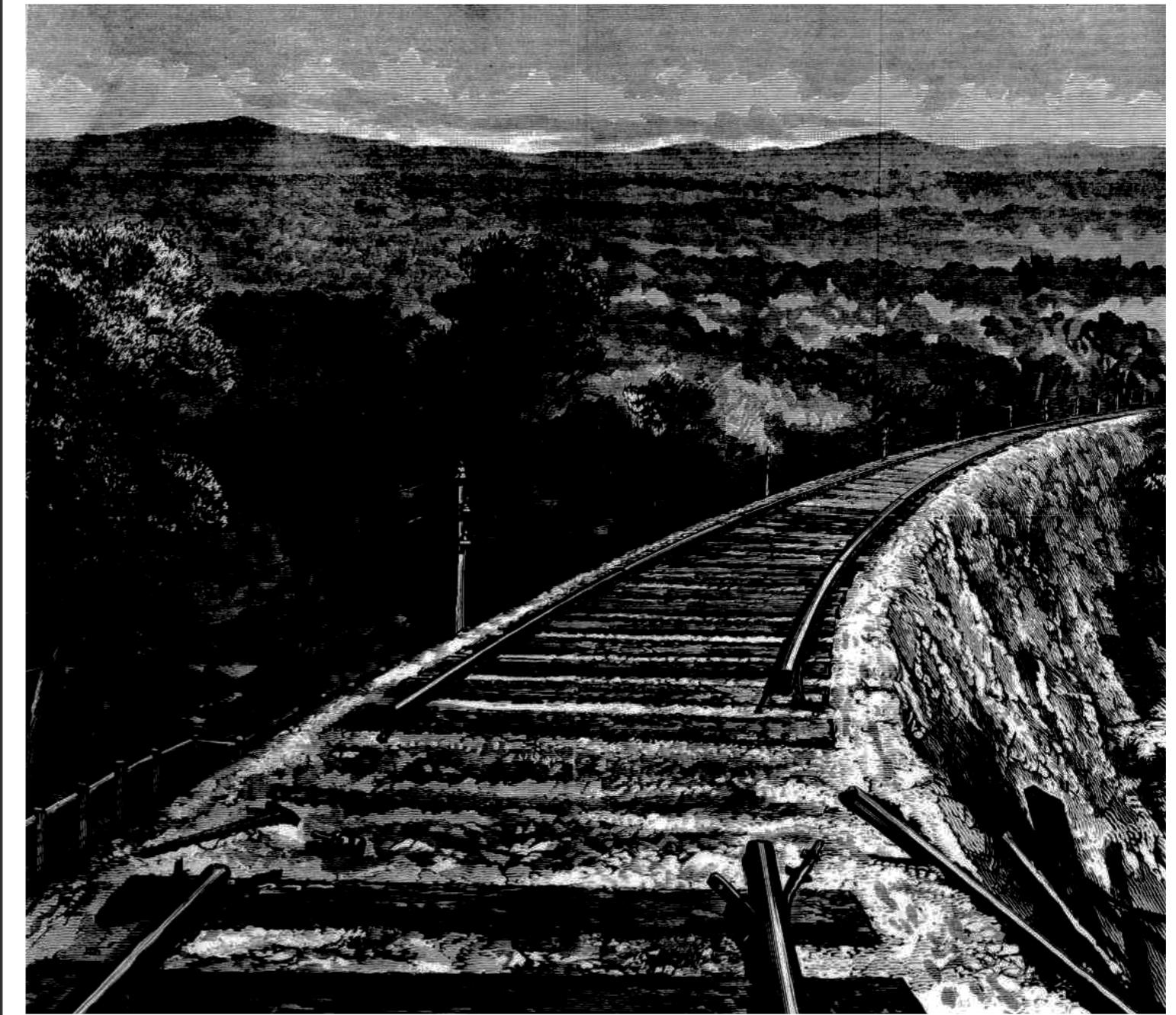


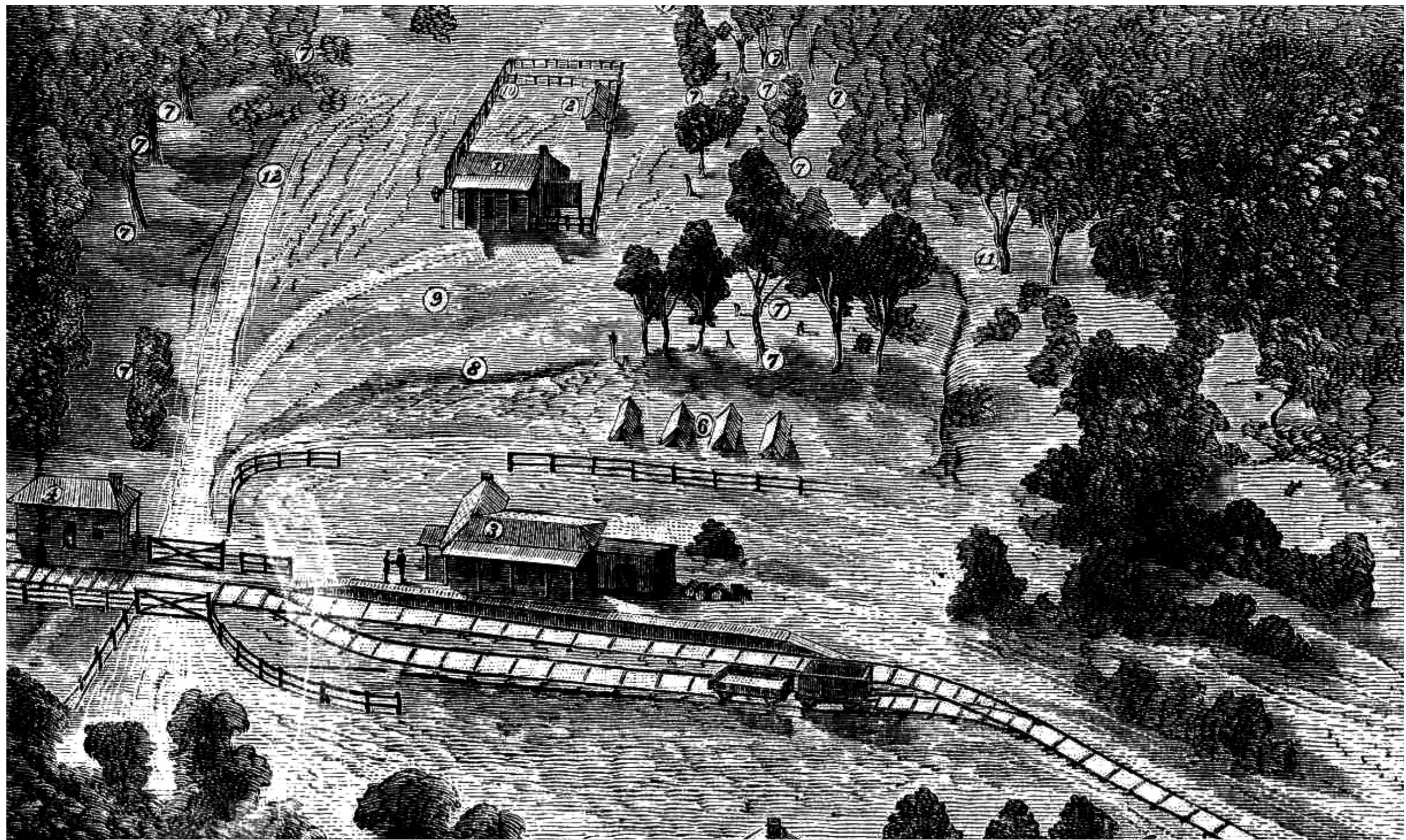
Of course, we expected retaliation.  
In fact, our plan depended on it.  
Word of Aaron's death would ensure the  
arrival of police reinforcements.





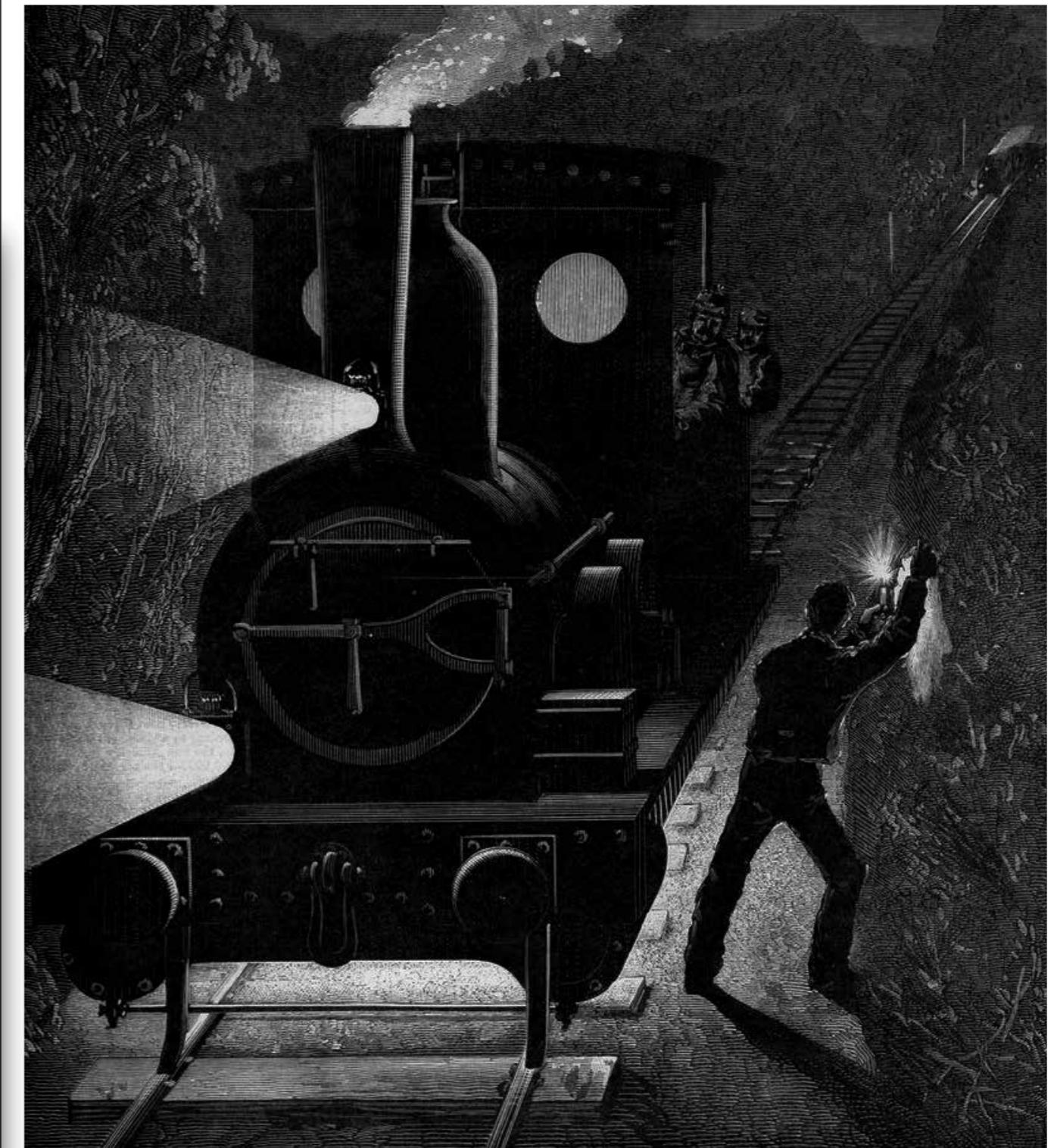
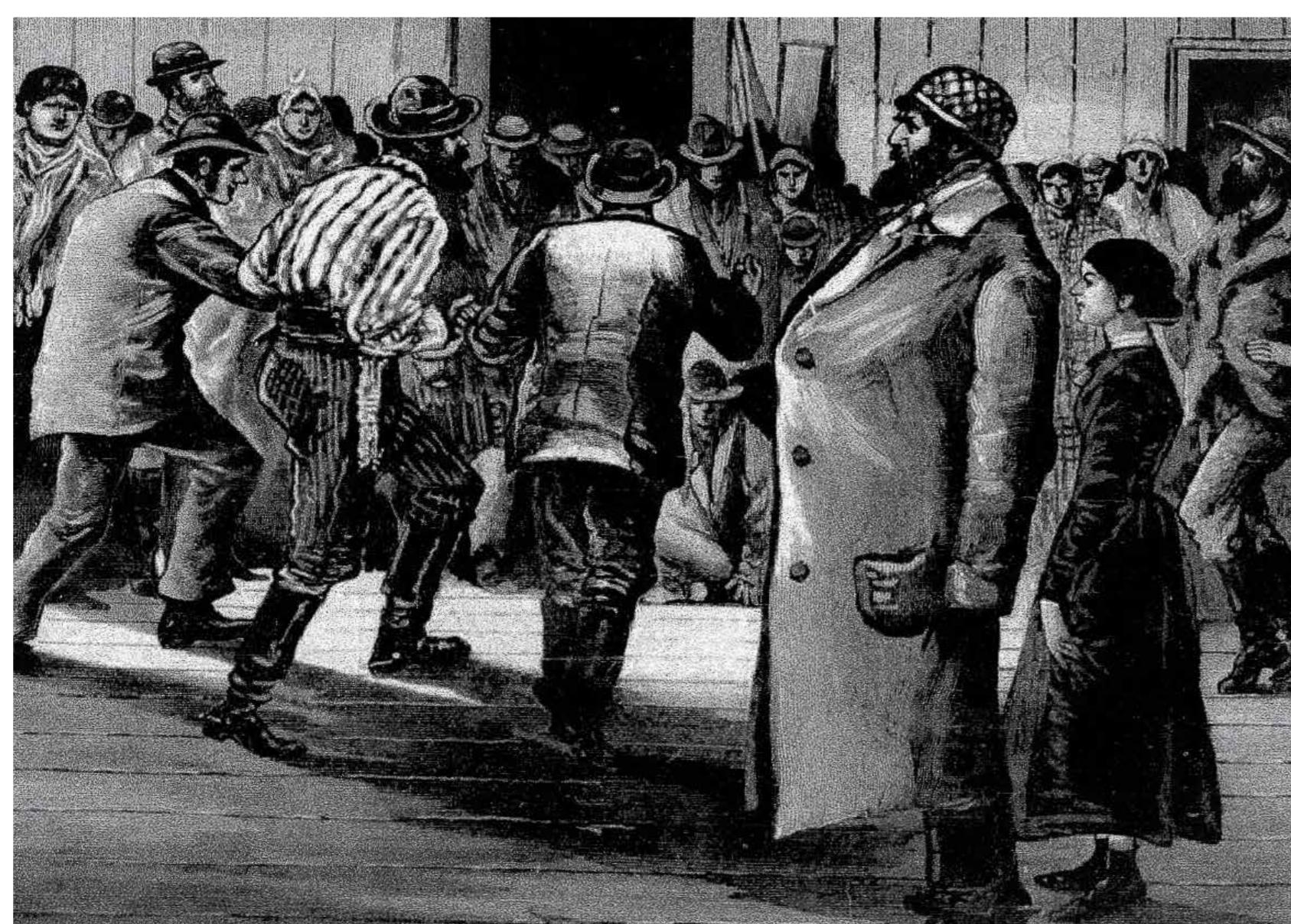
We bailed up some men at Glenrowan to pull up the tracks outside the town. If the plan worked, we'd have been there in our armour to deal with any survivors.





We held the town at Ann Jones' Inn and awaited the destruction of the police special from Benalla.

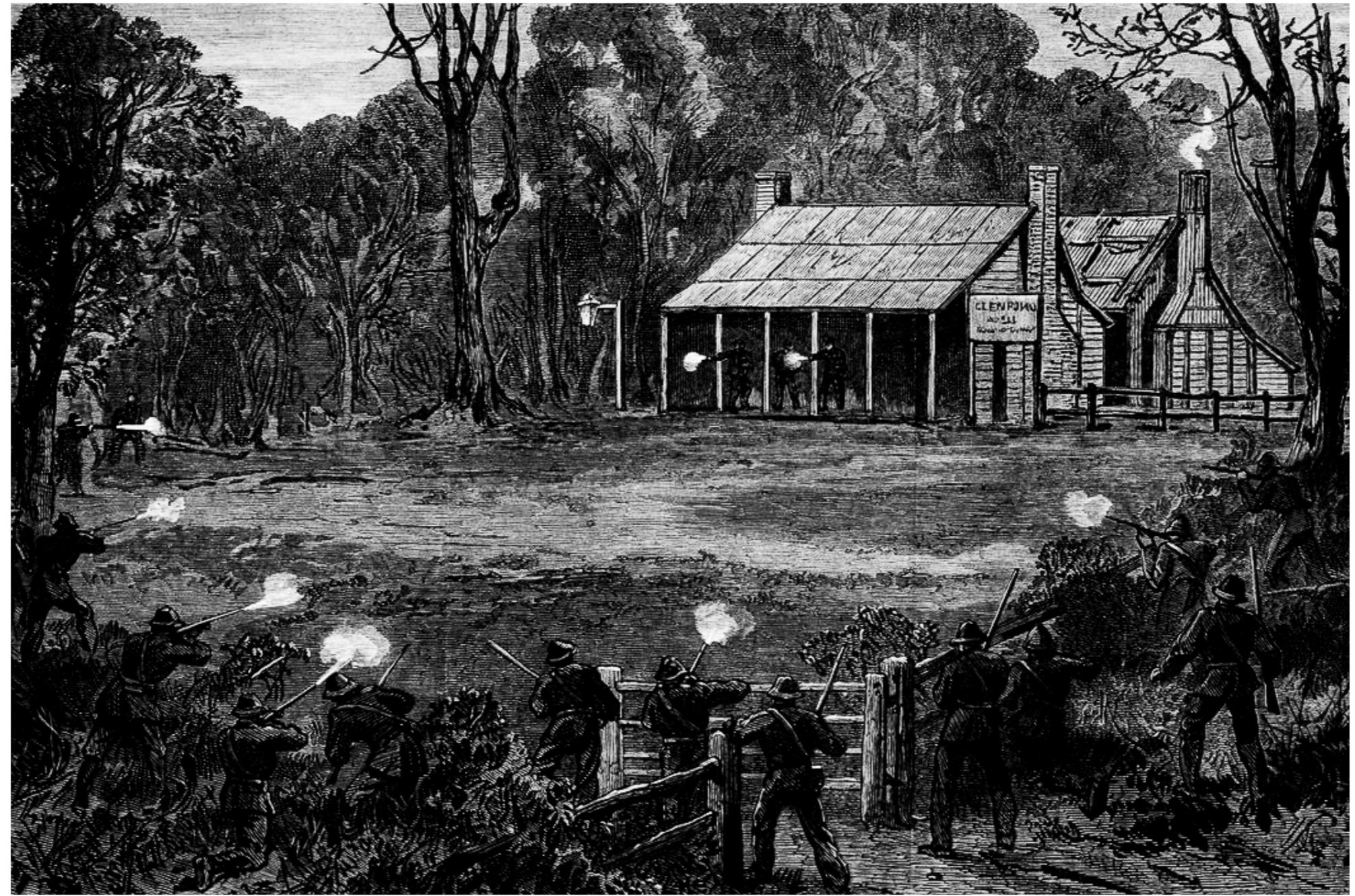
The wait was longer than expected.  
We passed the time with the townsfolk merrily,  
drinking brandy and dancing.



I was foolish and had been deceived. A man amongst us convinced me his family needed medical care. My sympathies got the better of me and I made the fatal mistake of allowing him to leave. He flagged down the train to warn the police of our intentions.

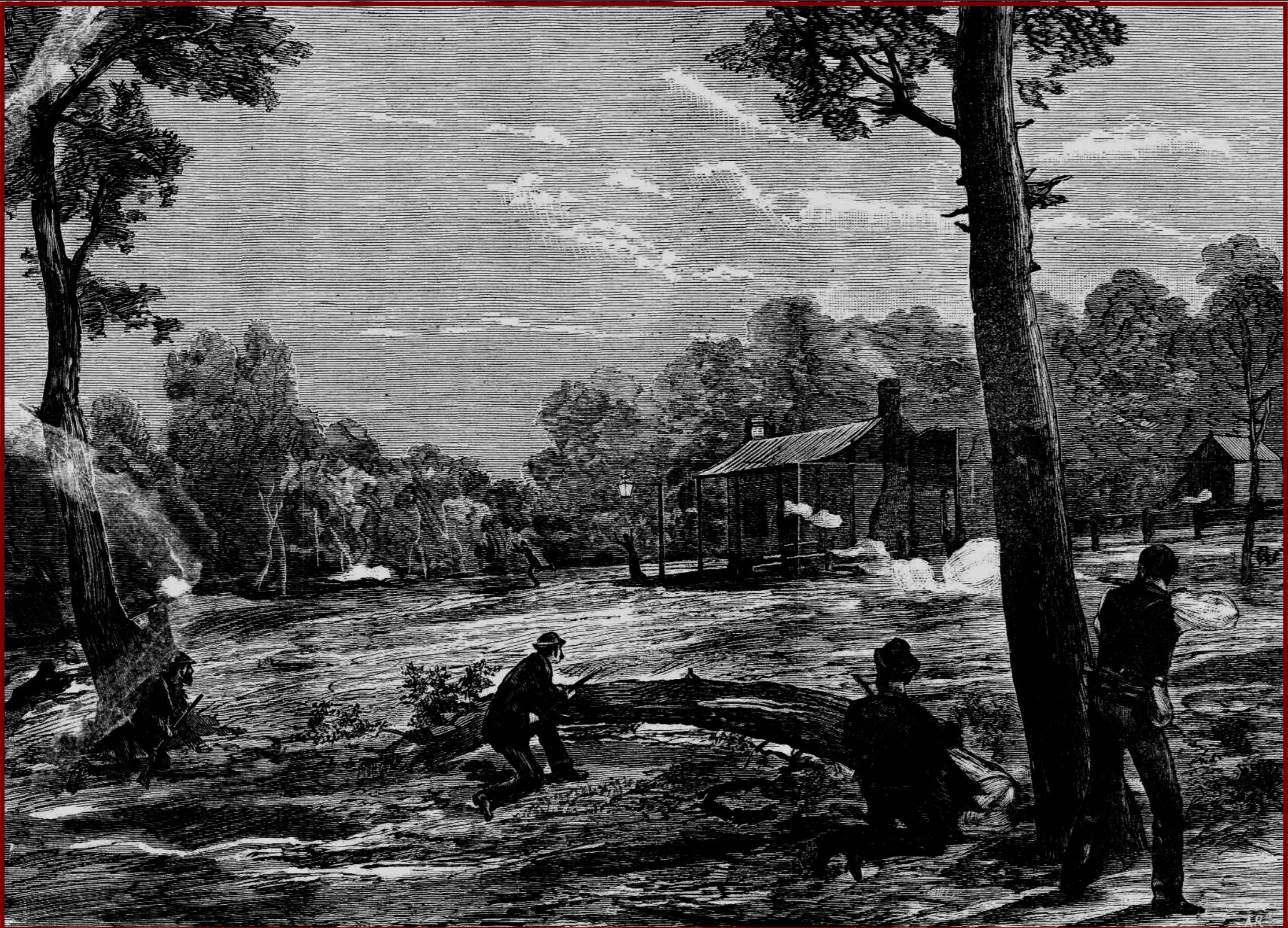
The sun had not yet risen when we heard the train stop  
and learned the plan had failed.

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.

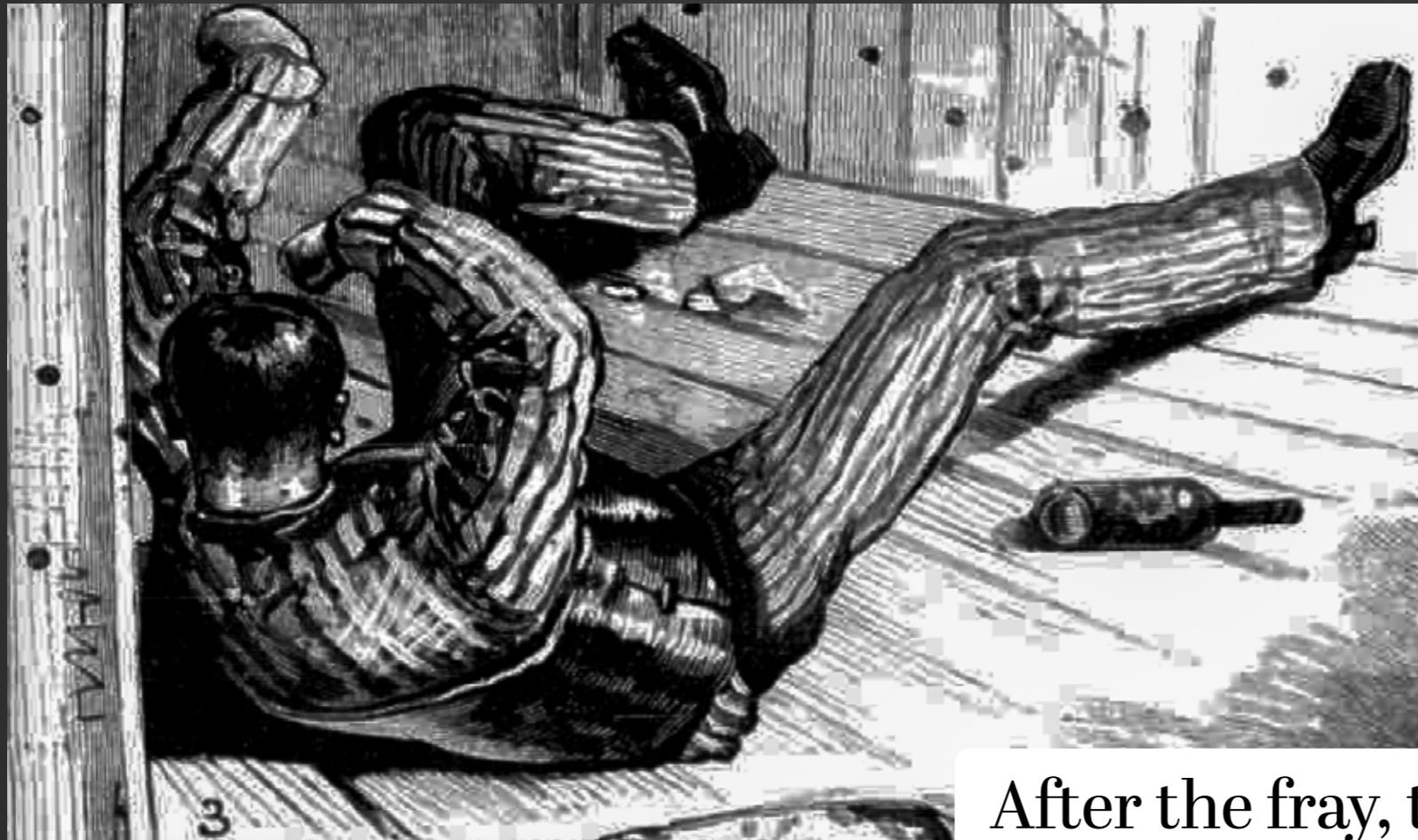
Covered by the fire of my fellows, I found a way out and hid in the bush.  
I told them I would see it over and wait til morning.



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 shall not be forgotten.



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

I had been unjustly persecuted my whole life, and never known fury til that moment. 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.



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

Dan and Steve fought valiantly all day, true heroes to the end. They were already dead by the afternoon when their remains were desecrated by the police in the most sinister display of excessive police force imaginable.

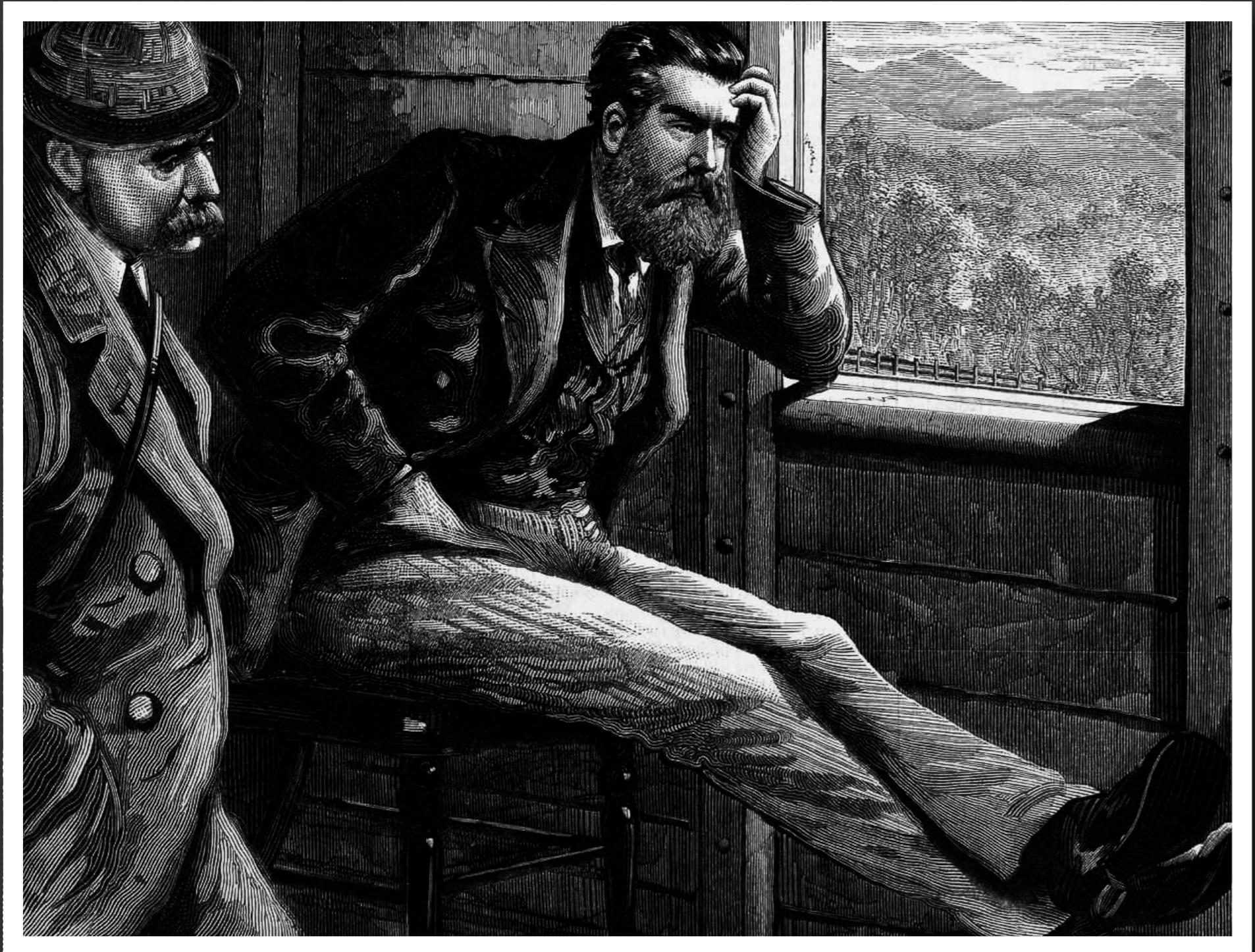
The cowards set fire to the inn.



2



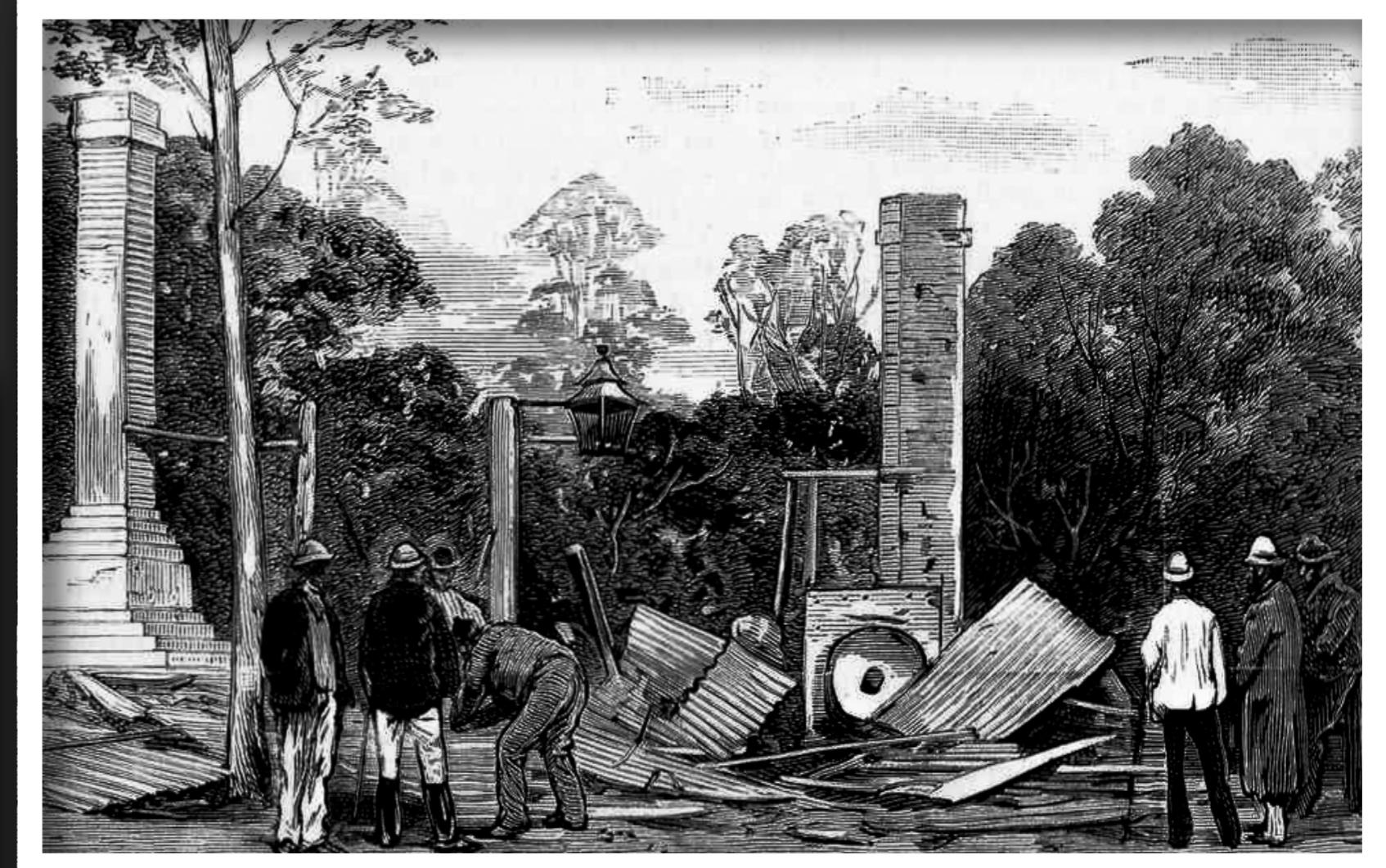
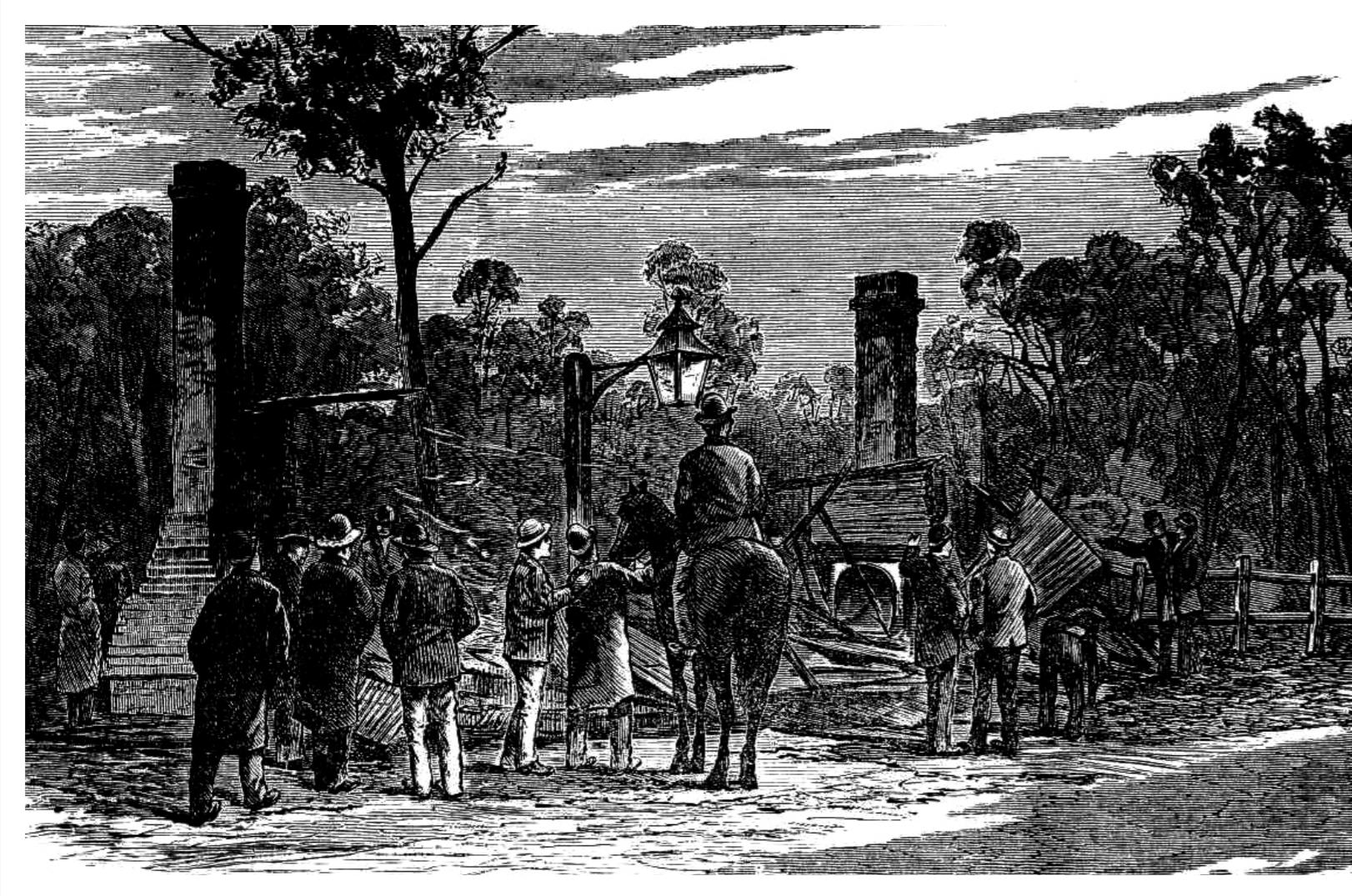
And they  
burned.



*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.*

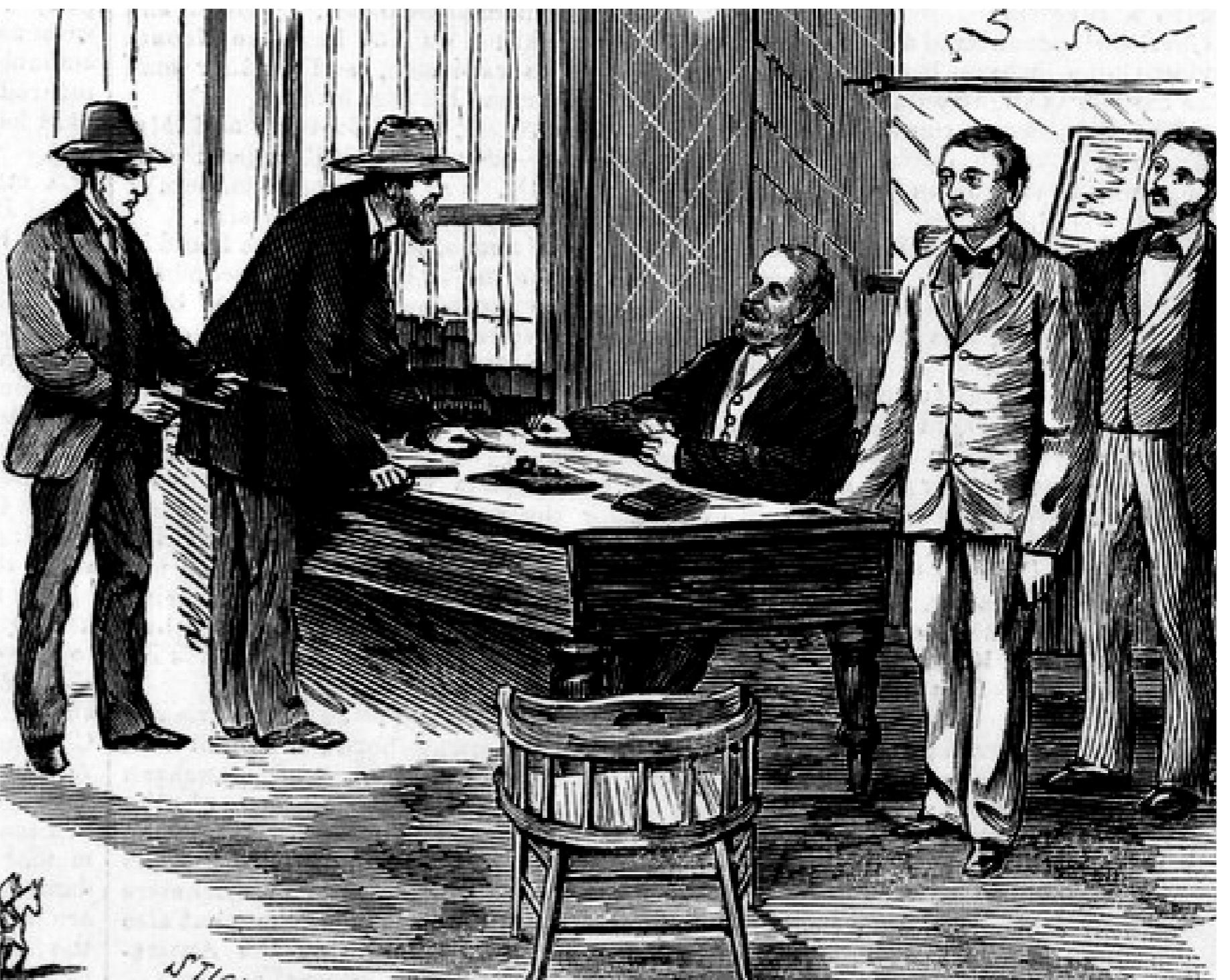
*People who live in large towns have no idea  
of the tyrannical conduct of the police in  
country places far removed from court;*

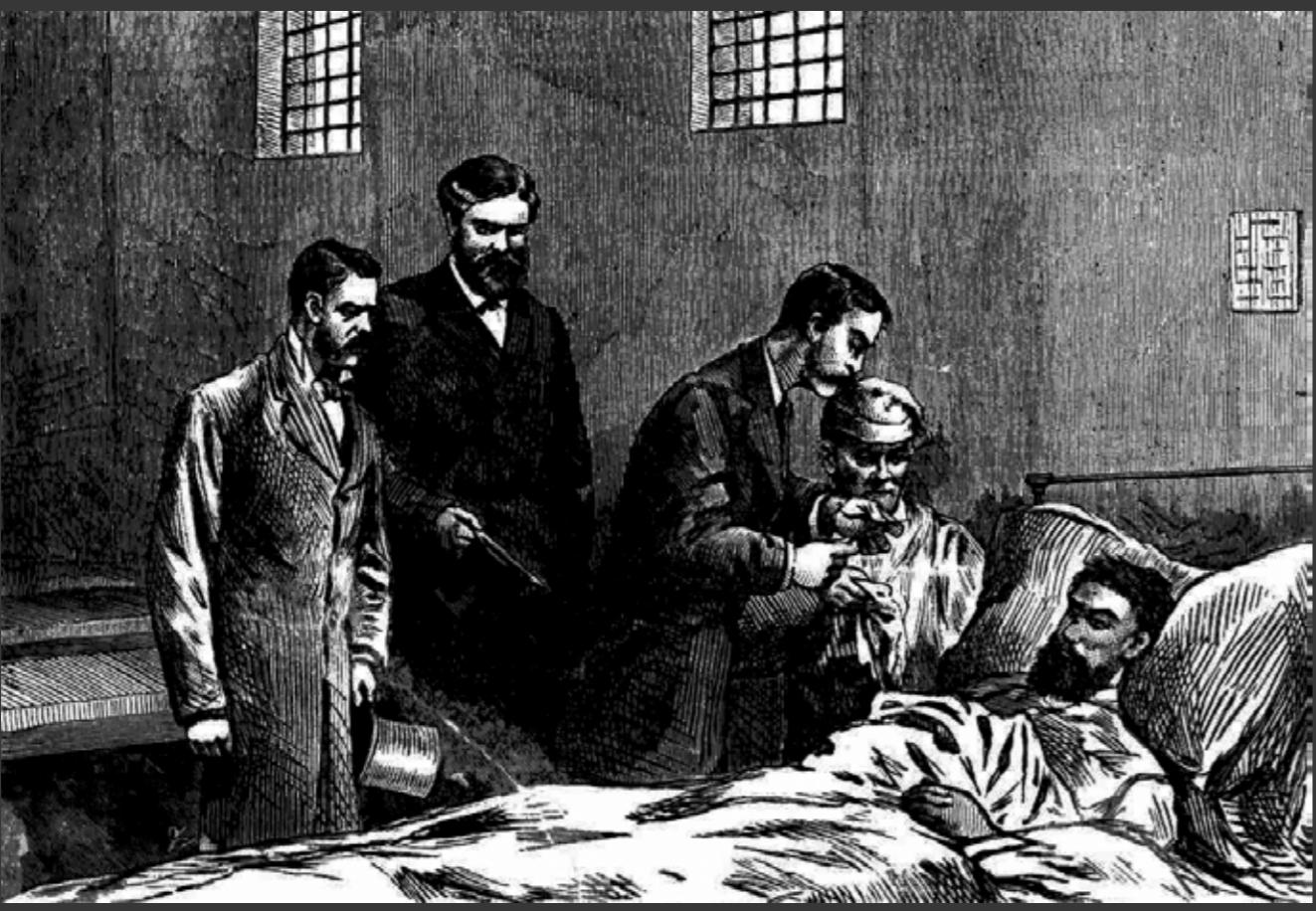


*they have no idea of the harsh and  
overbearing manner in which they execute  
their duty, or how they neglect their duty  
and abuse their powers.*

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.*

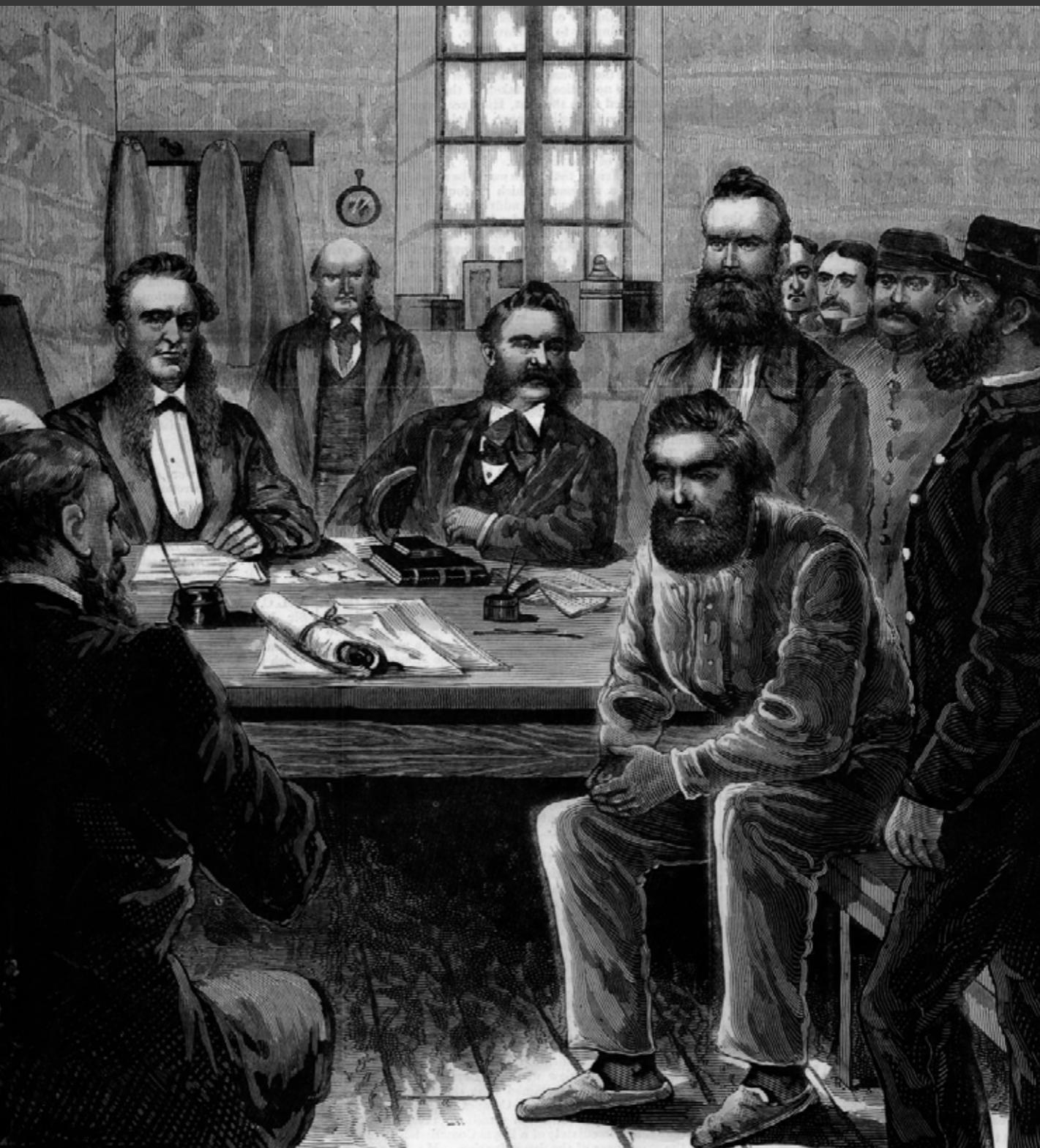




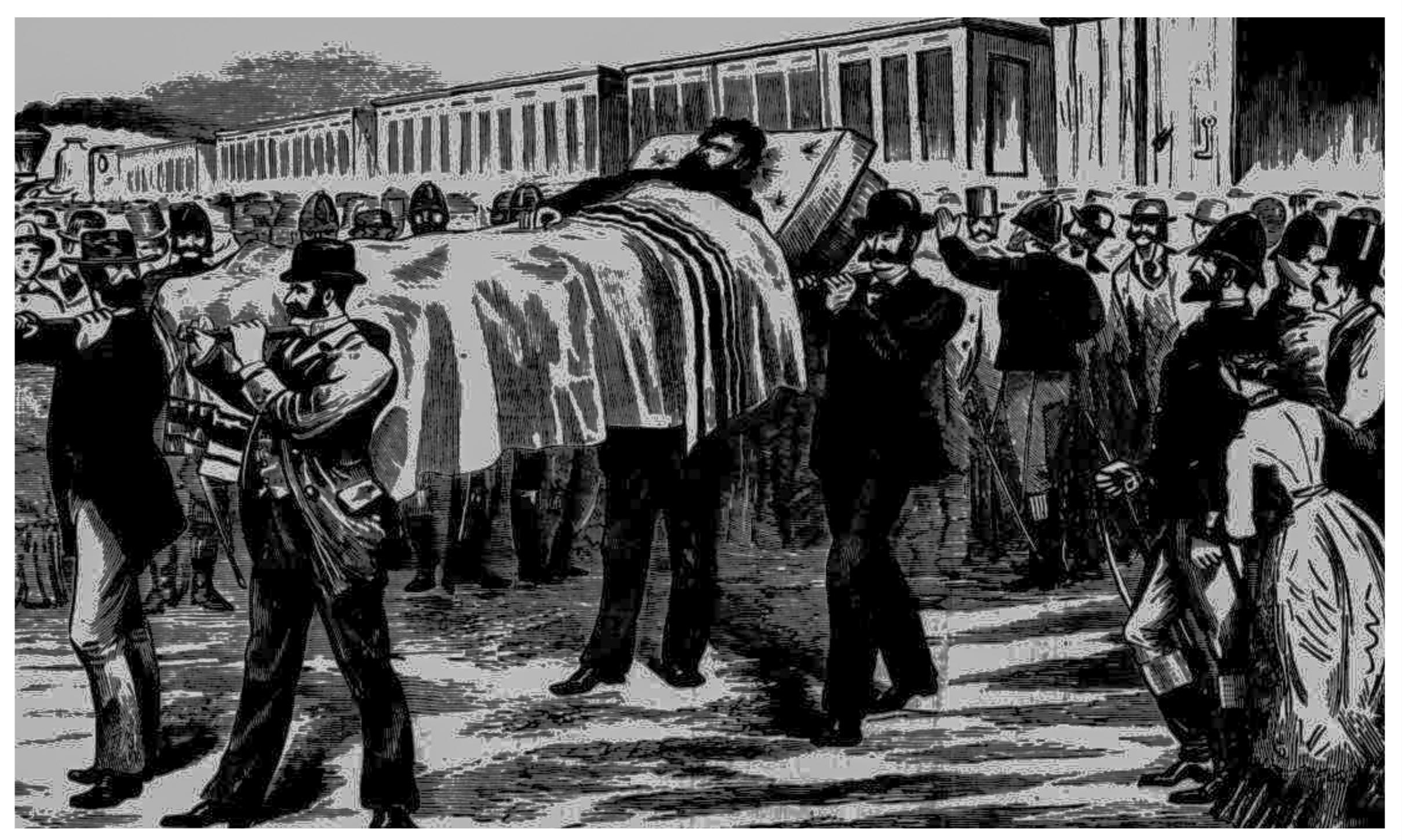
Arrangements were made for my transport to Melbourne Gaol, where I awaited trial.

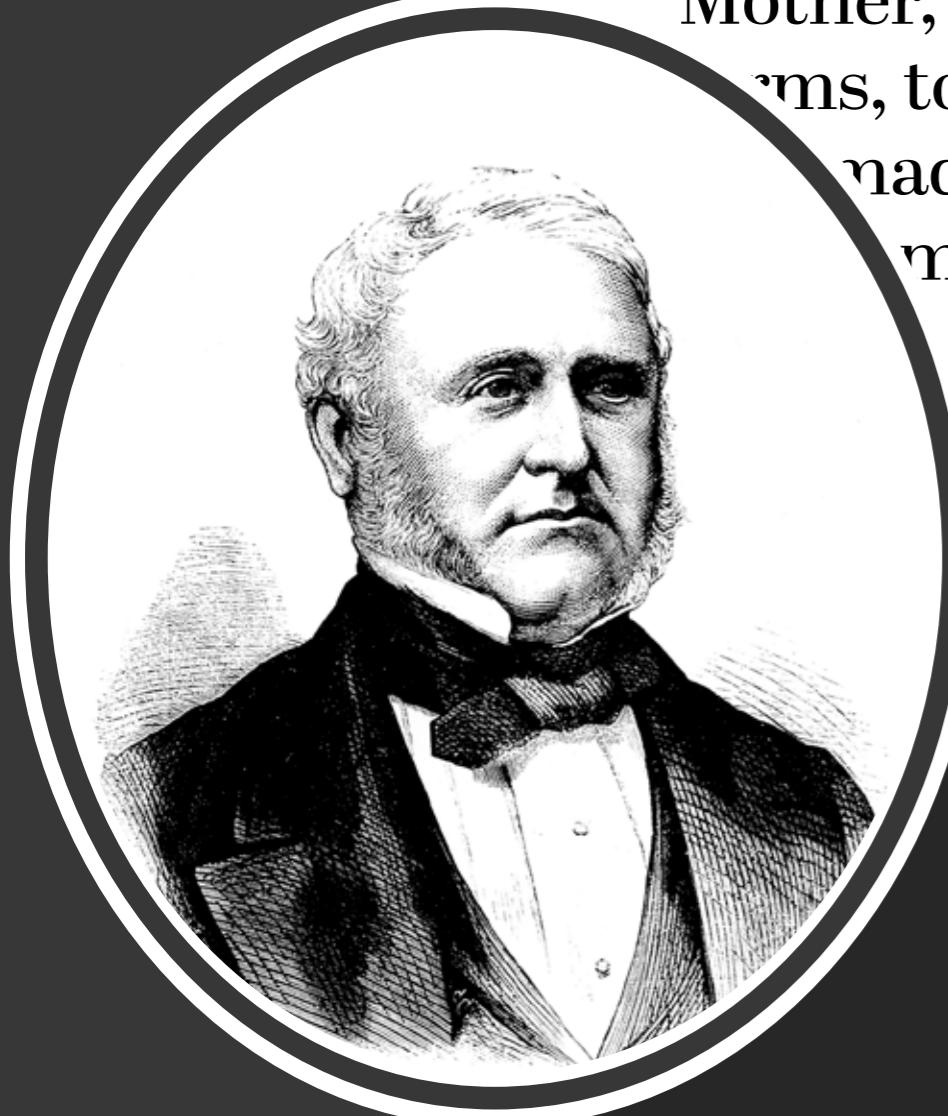


I was treated and examined in Benalla.



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





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 was returned as expected.  
Guilty.

On being asked to make a statement I said this:



*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 flashness.*



*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.*



His Honour then sentenced the prisoner to death in the usual form, ending with the words, ‘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.*



