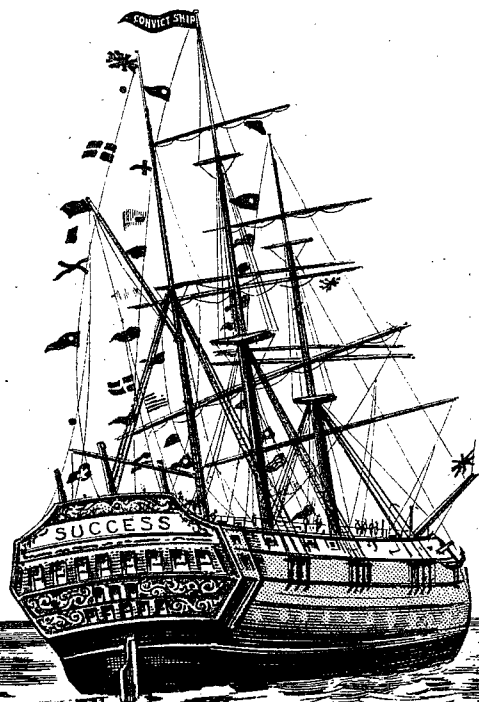


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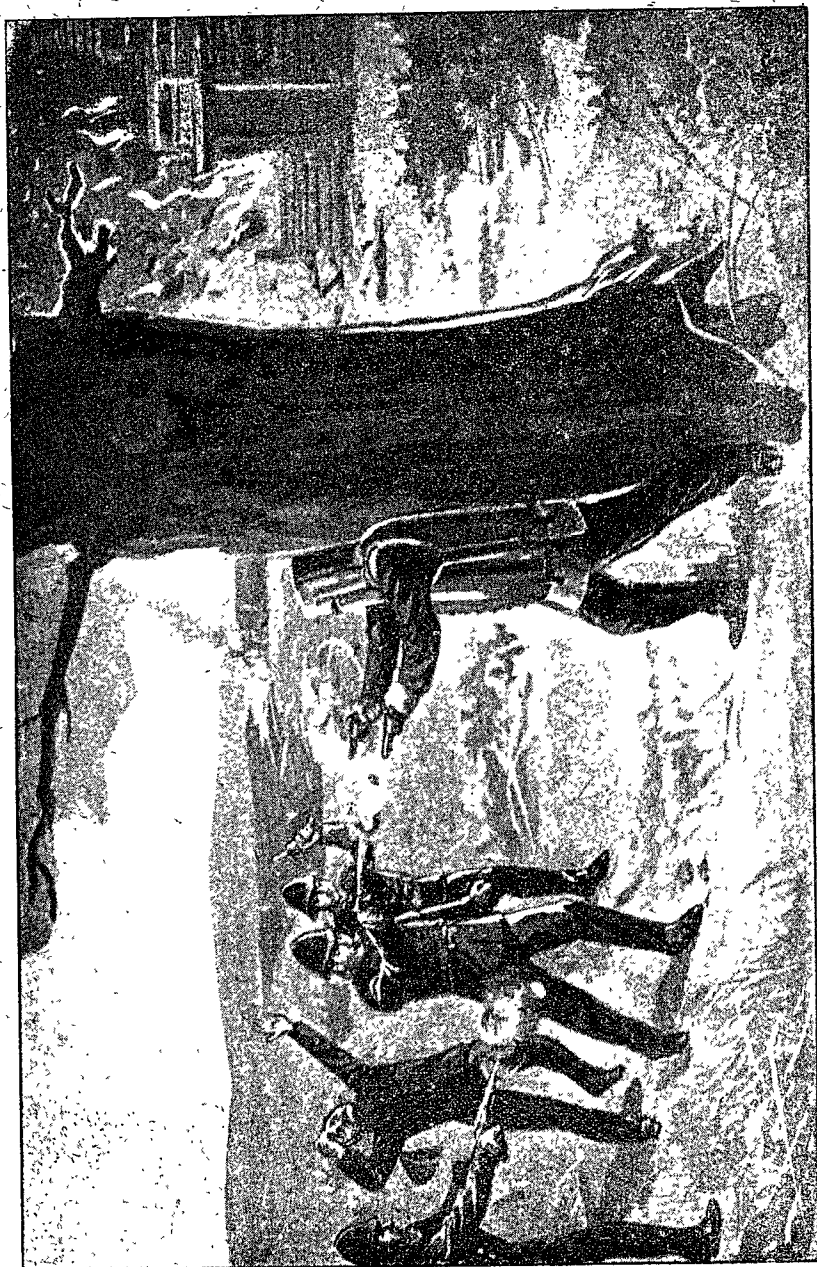
BY J.C.
HARVIE

THE "SUCCESS"

AND THE

"SUCCESS"

PRISONERS



And, in a loud voice, challenged them to "Come on."

THE HISTORY OF THE CONVICT HULK "SUCCESS" AND "SUCCESS" PRISONERS.



A Vivid Fragment of Colonial History.



BY
JOSEPH C. HARVIE.



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PREFACE.

—36—

THE following series of incidents in connection with the Convict Hulk "Success," has been compiled specially for the information of those visitors to the vessel, who may desire to learn fuller particulars concerning her history and the lives of those who at one time filled her cells, than can be gleaned in the space of a short visit.

To make the description as complete as possible, much that may be regarded by some as personal matter has had to be related when referring to the officials who were stationed on board the vessel in its early convict days. Care has, however, been taken, in reviewing the facts, to present them in a fair and impartial light.

The differences of opinion expressed at the Government Enquiry and in the newspapers of the time have been quoted at length, in order that the reader may be in a position to form a judgment as to the treatment that was meted out to the convicts.

The short sketches given of some of the most notorious bushrangers may help visitors to the "Success," who are accustomed only to civilised London and other old-world centres, to realise the wild life of Australia in the early days of colonisation—its vast solitudes of bush and lonely mountain fastnesses, amidst which the settler and the outlaw pitched their primitive camps, and seldom heard the sound of a human voice.

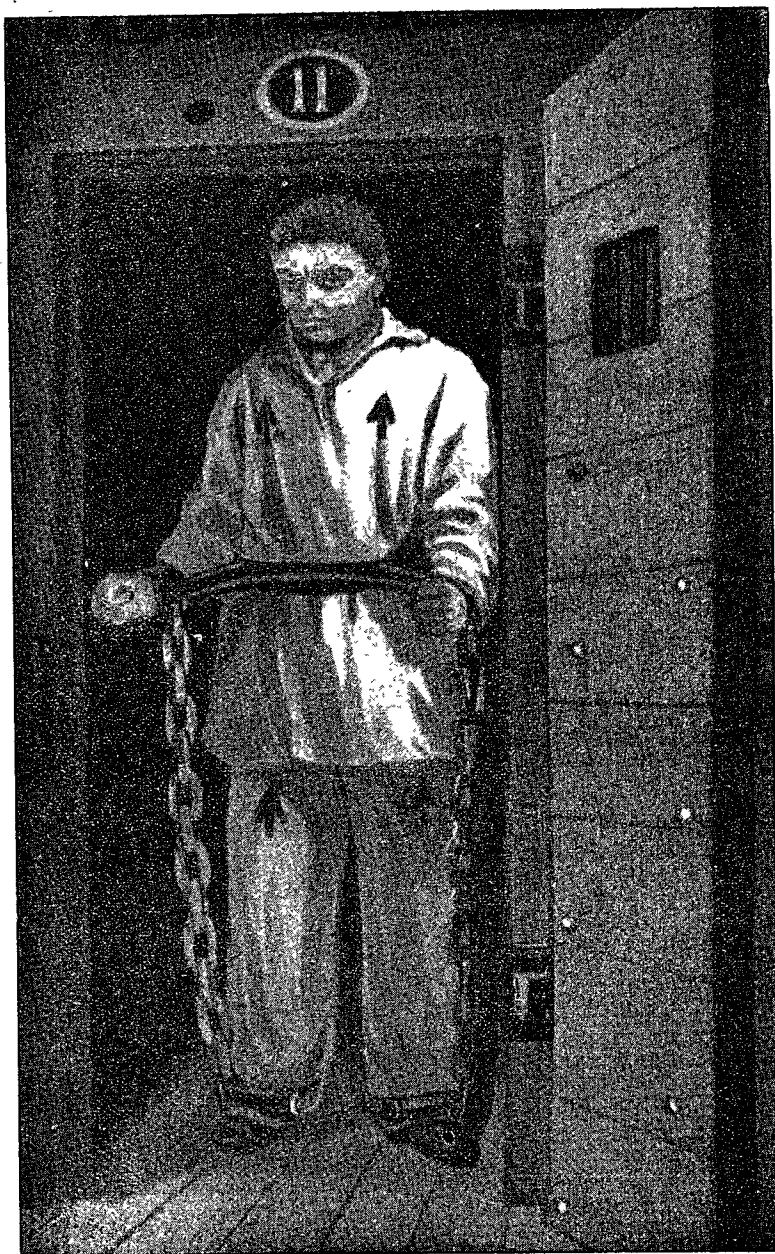
For some of the information contained in the following pages, I have been indebted to the officials in charge of the early records of the Melbourne Penal Department, to whom I hereby tender my best thanks. The other sources from which I have quoted, I have endeavoured to acknowledge in their right places.

I am firmly of opinion that the intrinsic value of this historic ship as an object-lesson to prison reformers, will assure for it a continuance of its prosperous career, proving, as it does, that excessive punishment, with physical torture, brutalises the offender, and destroys all hope of reformation.

It is a striking and encouraging sign of the progress made in the humane and rational treatment of prisoners, that a vessel which, less than fifty years ago, formed one of a felon fleet, should now be on exhibition as a curiosity,—the last remnant of a happily-exploded system.

Melbourne, 1895.

J. C. H.



The "Punishment Band."

THE CONVICT HULK "SUCCESS."

—88—

CHAPTER I.

'Yes, shackle my limbs and bind me fast,
Through the booting crowd to press;
Away to the judgment hall, at last
The doom of my life, I guess.
Think not the spasm that shoots through my frame,
Is the quiver of wounded pride,
What has the felon to do with shame?
Or the pangs unto shame allied?"

IN writing the history of the "Success," it may prove interesting to cast a retrospective glance at the port and its surroundings, off which for so many years the old vessel was moored, blistering in the torrid heat that added a touch of the infernal to the torture of those who were incarcerated in her black and suffocating cells.

Port Williamstown, which was named by Bourke after King William the Fourth, and is nine miles distant by coast from Melbourne, was at the time of which we write a little fishing village, the sparse inhabitants of which led the most primitive of lives. The old square tower, built in 1846, was originally used as a lighthouse, to warn the few trading vessels that visited the port, of the dangerous Bird Rocks, standing out a little distance to seaward. Before the introduction of the electric telegraph in Australia, the arrival of ships was signalled from this tower, to a vessel called the "Sir Harry Smith," which was moored at the mouth of the Yarra-Yarra River. From thence the signal was transmitted to the station at Melbourne, then located at old Flagstaff Hill.

The chief communication between Williamstown and Melbourne in the early days was across the Bay for the most part, and in order to attract the attention of the ferryman on the opposite side, the residents were requested (according to the advertisements in the one Melbourne paper) to "raise a smoke" on the shore, which was effected by burning large quantities of brushwood and dry seaweed. Between "The Point" and the nearest dwelling-houses in Williamstown there was a long stretch of ground, where the little community of fishermen and Government officials, after the labours of the day were over, would discuss the ever-important subject of probable retrenchment, or the chances of a good "haul" on the following morning. Their children might be seen at play on the green-sward, embowered with ti-tree, or gathering shells and seaweed among the rocks that fringed the shore.

It was a peaceful life, of Arcadian simplicity; but, alas! it was soon to be rudely broken in upon by the mad rush in search of wealth that followed the discovery of the goldfields in 1851. The beacon-light then shed its brilliant ray on ships entering the harbour for the first time, laden with hopeful immigrants eager to set foot in the land of newly-found gold. These vessels came from all parts of the world, and included almost every kind of craft. There were paddle-steamers, with beam

engines from America, Dutch galiots from the East Indies—even a Falmouth fishing-boat braved the dangers of the long voyage, and came sailing safely into Hobson's Bay.*

Then, one day, looming above them all, came a quaint old full-rigged ship, with apple sides, broad bulging bows, standing very high out of the water, and the name "Success" displayed the full width of her square-cut stern, over the windows and below the taffrail. She proved to be a "country-built" East Indiaman, one of the "old Moulmein pagodas looking eastwards to the sea." She dropped her anchor right amidst the army of white wings which then dotted the harbour, where, but a year or two before, scarcely a sail was to be seen.

In the confusion and excitement that resulted from this sudden influx of immigration by land and sea, murder, profligacy and crime ran riot. Doubly and trebly convicted felons found their way over from the old convict centres of Botany Bay and Hobart Town. Bush-rangers and incendiaries—nine thousand felons in one year—joined the promiscuous stream of immigrants that flowed towards the "diggings." One day, in the year 1852, the *Argus* contained no less than *twelve columns* of horses stolen! Teamsters demanded one hundred pounds per ton for the conveyance of goods into the interior, and then the owners had to incur the grave risk of losing their property at the hands of freebooters, who made travelling extremely dangerous. The diggers also frequently fell a prey to these desperate ruffians, who concealed themselves in ambush, and waylaid anyone whom they suspected of having made a haul at the goldfields. The troopers that patrolled the highways in the interests of safety, were often found murdered by the roadside; brigandage flourished in the "bush"; and even ships were boldly boarded in the Bay.

When at last the discovery was made that quantities of gold glistened in the gravel of almost every mountain stream, and in boulders of which it is hardly an exaggeration to say the precious metal formed the greater part, the mad rush of reckless adventurers was indescribable. Men became millionaires, or at least rich beyond their wildest dreams, at a single blow of the prospector's pick. One lucky digger's horse was actually shod with shoes of gold. Actresses, in the canvas theatres, were pelted with nuggets in place of flowers, as a token of appreciation;—in short, the diggers, whether of the respectable or the convict class, indulged in a profligacy and riotous excess that have never been equalled in the history of gold-mining. The embryo township of Melbourne rose rapidly into importance; three-fourths of the population having to live under canvas tents that sprang into existence like mushrooms around the few houses forming the settlement.

As an example of the lawlessness of the times, and of the boldness with which robberies were perpetrated, we may mention that on April 2nd, 1852, gold weighing 8,153 ozs., valued at £24,000, was stolen from the gold-ship *Nelson* which stood out in the stream off Sandridge, now better known as Port Melbourne, the suburb of Melbourne. The captain and most of his crew had been carousing on shore, and no anchor-watch was apparently kept. At night twenty determined convicts, wearing crape masks, put off from the rickety structure then dignified by the name

* This small craft was named *The Mystery*, and was sailed by its owners, two brothers named Barnett. They were allowed to come in free from harbour dues as a reward for their bravery in making the journey under such trying conditions. For many years the brothers were the boatmen of the hulk "Success," and rowed the storekeeper and others to and from the shore.

of Sandridge Pier. The men leaped on board the *Nelson*, overpowered two able seamen; the mate, named Dudley, who made a brave resistance, fell weltering in his blood; and then these desperate ruffians carried off the specie, right under the very noses of the constabulary on shore.

One of these gold robbers was a man named Burgess, who, in association with Levy and Sullivan, afterwards achieved notoriety as the New Zealand murderer. Burgess served a sentence of seven years on the "Success," and was afterwards imprisoned in the Dunedin Gaol. His cell was close against the outer wall facing one of the main streets, and during the night he managed to wrench up one of the flags forming the floor. He then burrowed like a mole, till he had succeeded in thrusting out his head just above the sidewalk. Unfortunately for the prisoner, a policeman, on his early morning beat, happened to be passing at the time, the consequence being that Burgess was speedily dug out of his drive, and placed in safe custody.

The gold-ship robbery at Port Phillip, in which Burgess was a ringleader, led to mass indignation meetings being held by the citizens, who insisted that additional police protection should be at once provided so as to keep pace with the tidal wave of immigration. The Government responded by appointing a staff of special constables, who were successful in capturing hundreds of the desperadoes who were concerned in the early exploits. The primitive prisons, stockades on wheels, holding twenty men in each, introduced from New South Wales, speedily became crowded to overflowing. Hundreds of prisoners were chained in rows to the wheels of the portable huts in the broiling sun, or were roped "spread-eagle" fashion to convenient trees. Scores, too, of the early bushrangers were fastened to ringbolts screwed into enormous stones, some of which still remain on the foreshore of Williamstown.

Robbery under arms was reported every few days from the dark and dangerous valley at Jolimont, and "My Lord Smith" and the "Sydney Choker," two desperate convicts, "levied contributions" for several months from benighted travellers along the quagmire known as the St. Kilda Road. It seemed impossible for the authorities to cope with the number of miscreants who infested the district.

At last the suggestion was made that some of the vessels then lying at anchor in the Bay, deserted by captains and crews, who had all joined in the headlong rush for the "diggings," should be utilised as prison hulks. Many splendid ships were available for the purpose, amongst the fleet of full-rigged vessels being the *Chowringhee*, *Three Bells*, *President*, *Deborah*, *Lysander*, *Sacramento*, and the remarkable old "Success"; and the last five, on account of their immense strength, were selected for conversion into floating convict prisons.

Of these "yellow frigates," as they were called, the "Success" was officially regarded as the commodore of the felon fleet. She was known as the awful "dark cell drill" ship, and between her decks were lodged a company of close-cropped villains, the very scum of all the scoundrels concentrated at Port Phillip, with whom, from time to time, were numbered men who had originally been transported from England for the most trivial offences.

The first Inspector-General of Penal Establishments in Victoria was Mr. Samuel Barrow. He, from the first, had condemned the lack of accommodation on board the prison hulks, and his first report contained a proposal to build an immense gaol on the radiating plan, to accommodate one thousand prisoners, at a cost of £200,000, but the enormous amount required made the proposal impracticable. Mr. Barrow was drowned in

Hobson's Bay, and Mr. John Price, who was living in retirement in a picturesque part of Tasmania at the time, was asked to take control in the year 1854. He was the son of Sir Rose Price, a Cornish baronet, and was married to a niece of the late Sir John Franklin. He is supposed to have been the original of the character of "Maurice Frere," in Marcus Clarke's stirring novel, "For the Term of his Natural Life," just as Melville is supposed to have been the original of the character of "Rufus Dawes" in the same work. The new Inspector had been Chief Commandant at Van Dieman's Land, and also Commandant at Norfolk Island, succeeding Major Childs. He knew the faces of the "old timers" at a glance, and they knew him, as the "Demon of the Ocean."* John Price was at that time in the prime of life, and a man of fine physique. He was a born leader of men, and struck terror into the hearts of the rebellious ruffians with whom he had to deal. But long life amongst the convicts seemed to have steeled his heart against them as a class, and he may be said to have demanded rather than have won their respect. Major De W—, who visited the "Success" Exhibition in London, and who was acquainted with Price intimately, describes him as "that kind of man that you would say at first sight you would much rather dine or shake hands with than fight."

The new Commandant of the hulks boasted that he always went unarmed among the convicts, who, in their turn, recognised that in him they were dealing with a man who would not hesitate to sacrifice his own life rather than be "bested," as he was wont to express it. At Norfolk Island he ordered George Strong, alias "Dubbo," fifty lashes for refusing to work. The convict still resolutely refused, and stated his intention of "not soiling his hands in future." He was ordered fifty lashes more, which punishment was repeated as often as he refused, till the doctor was obliged to interfere in order to save the prisoner's life. "Dubbo" on recovering, still persisting in his obstinacy, a large grindstone was then placed in the gaol yard, with handles on each side, by which it was turned by a willing convict, and "Dubbo's" hand was fastened to the opposite handle, causing it to revolve with every turn. The Commandant, happening to pass, observed to the convict that he was not such a pebble as people seemed to think, but "Dubbo" very coolly reminded him that it was the gentleman on the other side that was doing all the work.†

The discipline on board the hulks at Hobson's Bay was of the most rigorous description, and it was by strange irony of fate that a vessel named the "Success" should come to be the abode of men who had so signally failed in the battle of life.

CHAPTER II.

"Punishment is the last and the worst instrument in the hands of the legislator for the prevention of crime."—*Ruskin*.

THE expedient of confining the prisoners of Port Phillip in hulks, or isolated floating gaols, was by no means original. Hulks were used in England as early as 1776. Such abuses, however, crept in that Parliament caused an enquiry to be held in 1778 into the whole system, and the evidence adduced may still be seen by those interested in the question, at the British Museum. The unfortunate prisoners

* *Vide* evidence adduced at the trial of those implicated in the "Melville rush,"
† "Life and Adventures of Martin Cash."

were shown to have been so terribly neglected and starved that they were actually reduced to fishing for rats that swarmed in the hold of the hulk, baiting the hook with a piece of fat pork surreptitiously saved from their scanty rations. Being almost destitute of clothing, having bartered away all but a few rags, many of the convicts succumbed from exposure to the biting winds that whistled through the draughty decks. At night the half-naked prisoners lay from stem to stern on the lower deck in a long line, all huddled together for the sake of warmth.

The "sheer hulk," immortalised by the sailors' poet, Dibdin, has its counterpart in the Dutch *hulc* (i.e., the body of a ship), and corresponds with the *galea* of the Italians, the *galère* of the French, and our own good English word "galley."

No doubt many English visitors to the "Success" have heard of the "hulks" at Woolwich, and even at Deptford where the convicts were employed in the early days raising sand and gravel, and clearing the River Thames. The harbours at Chatham, Devonport, Portsmouth and Gosport, were also at different periods hampered with "hulks," which were originally intended for prisoners of war solely.

In later times, however, they constituted a secondary or intermediate punishment, a link connecting the common gaols with what were then known as the "Penal Colonies"; and one "hulk" at Woolwich, named the "Warrior," held six hundred men.

When the "hulks" were full, and the prisoners began to accumulate rapidly in the different country gaols, then a vessel would be chartered by the Government as a transport ship, for the purpose of conveying the surplus prisoners to Botany Bay.

The "Success" at the Antipodes was taken over by the Government, and converted from a first-class armed merchantman into a floating prison, and was moored originally off Port Gellibrand, at Williamstown. Her general structure will repay examination before we pass on to describe the scenes and extreme methods of punishment that have given her a unique position in the annals of convict history.

Her external appearance is particularly striking in these days of "ocean greyhounds" with their triple-expansion engines. Her square-cut stern and quarter-galleries stamp her at once with the hall-mark of antiquity, and her bluff bow shows that she, at any rate, could never have distinguished herself for a high rate of speed. Her recent voyage from Adelaide to London, in 1895, for the purpose of exhibition at the English ports, occupied no less than five months and a half, and though the old vessel had weathered the storms of 106 years, not a single stick was lost or the slightest weakness discovered. Gale after gale tested the topmasts and timbers of the quaint old craft, but the care exercised by Captain Allan, a skilled navigator of long experience, proved equal to every emergency. It would occupy too much space to narrate all the incidents which befell during that long and anxious voyage. One superstitious skipper, on sighting her weird barnacle-covered hull, turned tail with some alarm upon *The Flying Dutchman*, as he thought she certainly must be. The curious natives on the island of St. Helena came on board by special permission, and on seeing the wax figures of the convicts in the cells, were seized with fear, and hurriedly left the vessel in mortal dread that a Nemesis would hereafter overtake them for having visited the home of ghosts and evil spirits.

And how she rolled! With the full weight of the wind on her quarter she would slowly heel over, almost to the line of her gunwale, and, after a perilous pause (during which the crest of the rollers

flew across the deck in a deluge of spray), she would right herself majestically, then slanting slowly, would plunge the opposite ends of the yards in the foam of the angry sea. In a frightful gale off Madagascar the lightning was so fearfully vivid that a young seaman, named Scoble, was temporarily blinded by its intense brilliancy, and through the blackness of that long terrific night, the intermittent blazes of the electric discharge showed the spars and rigging like some weird phantom-ship with cordage all on fire. The force of the storm proved the "Success" a splendid sea-boat, though she had not been under canvas before for over forty years. In calmer weather, instead of cleaving through the water like the ships of modern build, one long clear lift of rolling water extended for a considerable distance on either side of her bluff bows, and broke out into a tumult of seething foam, close to the "cutwater," below the "cat-heads" supporting the anchors.

This solid specimen of old-time ship-building is indeed a curiosity. She left the slips in 1790 at Moulmein, a rice settlement near Rangoon, in Burmah, British India. She is constructed almost entirely of Indian teak, a native wood which for resistance to decay has proved itself, by comparative tests made by the authorities of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, to be of greater value for ship-building than even British oak. The comparative test is still on exhibition at the Greenwich museum, the teak being marked "timber taken from the old 'Success.'" Her tonnage may be taken at 530. She is 135 feet in length, about 29 feet beam, copper fastened, and "tre-nailed" throughout. Her solid sides are two feet six inches in thickness at the bilge, so that prisoners from within, and the dreaded "cobra" from without, recoiled from the hopeless task of penetrating her walls. Great breast-hooks, beams, and ponderous "knees" show that labour must have been cheap and lumber plentiful in Coolie land in 1790.

Yet pains were taken to make her trim and smart and fit to hold a leading place among her sister ships of the Anglo-Indian fleet. Her decks were trodden by the silken-slipped feet of Indian princes and nabobs of rank and quality, and by merchants trading in ivory, silk and precious stones, whose patronage was catered for by the owners of these ships of pleasing and even gorgeous exterior.

Midway between the old stern windows or louvres, an elaborate heraldic device (covered with barnacles since her submersion in Sydney Harbour, hereafter alluded to) still defies Time's defacing hand; and costly designs of splendid workmanship originally ornamented every niche and corner of the vessel. Remnants of great gilded scrolls upon a rich blue ground have been brought to light on scratching away the superimposed coating. The quarter-galleries, too, were originally decorated with massive and artistic carvings. Escutcheons can easily be traced at regular intervals from stem to stern; and the fo'c'sle head, raised high aloft forward, bears at its extremity a symbol of innocence and beauty. It was womanhood in the original figure-head of exquisite design,—a strangely inappropriate emblem in the days when crime-stained convicts in clanking chains put to flight all thoughts of innocence and beauty. It was customary in the days when the "Success" was trading as a first-class merchantman between England and the Indies, for merchant vessels to be accompanied by one or more armed cruisers, as a protection against the pirates which then infested the seas, or against the enemies of the king. The "Success," however, carried her own guns; and the port-holes, breeching-rings, bolts and other fittings still remain.

In the year 1815, the vessel successfully resisted an attack made by a heavily-armed French picaroon, named the "*La Rosa*," manned by a crew

of as desperate assassins as ever boarded a barque. The engagement took place in the Bay of Bengal, and resulted in heavy loss to the Frenchman. Great shot-marks are still to be seen on the hull of the "Success," close to the water-line.

Nor is the hull the only part of the vessel bearing traces of past encounters, for on the teak-wood mainmast may be seen an indentation which carries with it a most curious history. It seems that the Lascar sailors once broke out into mutiny, and the state of affairs became so grave that the captain signalled to the authorities at Fort William, Calcutta, for assistance. By some extraordinary mistake, they assumed the vessel to be hostile, and responded to the signal by firing a shot, which struck the mainmast with terrific force, causing a heavy splintered piece of "ironwood" to fall in the midst of the mutinous crew, killing one on the spot and injuring several others. The indentation made by the cannon-ball seems not to have affected the stability of the mast, for the wild monsoons that sweep with devastating force across the Indian Ocean must often have subjected it to a severe test; and yet the old teak mast is standing to-day, apparently as sound and erect as when the vessel left the dock for the first time over a hundred years ago.

In the month of June, 1829, the "Success" was chartered by the British Admiralty to sail to Australia. She was fitted out with everything necessary for the formation of a self-supporting colony, and sailed from London under the command of Captain Stirling, who had orders to found, if possible, a British settlement on the western coast of that great island continent. The pioneers of what has now become the City of Perth, stepped from the longboat of the old "Success" literally into a dense forest, which fringed a picturesque expanse of water surrounding what was then formally proclaimed by Captain Stirling as "The Swan River Settlement." The cargo, consisting of two hundred sheep, fifty head of cattle, besides pigs and poultry, was landed at what is now the site of flourishing Freemantle, the first buildings in which settlement were raised by the hands of skilled artisans brought over from England in the old "Success."

The captain was so enamoured of the new country that he preferred to remain, whilst his ship returned in charge of other hands. He was appointed the first Governor of the settlement, without any salary, though it subsequently appeared he received a Government grant of 100,000 acres of the richest land as an acknowledgment of his services. Shortly afterwards the *Celesta*, a full-rigged ship, laden with emigrants, arrived on the scene, and gave a decided impetus to the young colony.

The "Success" resumed her voyages as "an old tea waggon," as shipping men would phrase it, from Berry's Basin, now the East India Dock, at Blackwall, London (which by a strange coincidence, happened to be the very place where the vessel was moored and thrown open to the public, in 1895, at the commencement of her exhibition tour at English ports). In 1847, under the command of Captain Abbott, she again sailed to Australia, this time to Port Adelaide, as an emigrant vessel. In December of the same year she was engaged by an enterprising American, then resident in Adelaide, to sail to the prison settlement at Sydney with provisions and produce, including a large quantity of rum, the whole cargo being disposed of at an enormous profit.

Two years later the "Success" took a promiscuous passenger list, consisting of both bond and free, from Botany Bay to Hobart Town, the voyage being made memorable by a fatality to a lady passenger, the wife of the Rev. James Baird, Chaplain at Port Arthur. She was killed by the accidental falling of a boom, which came crashing through the rigging to the main deck.

Shortly afterwards the "Success" returned to England, and in 1851 were to be seen placards prominently displayed in the London coffee houses, stating that she would "sail for the goldfields of Australia Felix" without loss of time. Several visitors to the ship have testified, in their entries in the Visitors' Book, as to the date of her departure, and also as to her admirable sea-going qualities, with the exception of her somewhat erratic behaviour at times as regards steering. From these visitors the writer has obtained much interesting information concerning this last voyage. It seems that after a few days' delay, she finally cast off her moorings at Deptford, and proceeded down the Thames on January 2nd, 1852.

The voyage proved uneventful, the tediousness being relieved by the customary pranks and practical jokes with which sailors have been wont, from time immemorial, to celebrate "the crossing of the line." She duly arrived at Port Phillip on May 24th, 1852, just in time to see the infant town of Melbourne *en fête* in honour of Her Majesty's birthday.

CHAPTER III.

Six months or more she had been out,
As tight a craft, I ween;
Built when a ship, sir, *was* a ship,
And not a steam-machine.
At break of day it was they saw
Australian land appear,
And fore and aft from man and boy
Uprang one mighty cheer.
—Sir Noel Paton.

THE "Success" had no sooner reached her moorings than she was deserted. Her passengers, captain and crew might have been seen together, making their way through the dense virgin forests to the goldfields of the interior. The "Success" was soon forgotten by all; the gold-fever was then at its height, and it was a common sight to see fine vessels lying at anchor in the bay, abandoned, save perhaps by the watchman in charge, by every soul, from the captain downwards. It was found impossible to get men to "sign on" for the outward voyage, and the old "Success" fared no better than her sister-vessels in the bay. Accordingly, after a lapse of some months, she was advertised for sale by the English owners, and was purchased by the Victorian Government for conversion into a prison-hulk.

A foreman and four carpenters were at once set to work on the vessel, the men receiving the extraordinary high wages of thirty-five shillings a day, so great was the magnetic influence of the goldfields, and the consequent difficulty of retaining skilled workmen in Melbourne. The "Success" was stripped of all her neat and comfortable cabins and fittings, their place being taken by narrow, stifling cells, into which no ray of light entered, and hardly sufficient air to maintain life.

The Inspector of penal establishments gave orders that all irregular corners in the ship, from the keel to the main deck, were to be provided with ring-bolts and surrounded by walls. In all, seventy-two cells of varying sizes and degrees of torture were constructed, and 120 prisoners were accommodated—mark the significance of the term—on board the newly fitted prison-hulk.



Showing interior of a cell, and prisoner in irons.—Page 14.

The galley on the fo'c'sle head was a substantial structure, roofed with iron; and the smoking hominy and other food supplied to the 'tween-deck prisoners was lowered through the forward hatchway.

On either side of the fo'c'sle head the sentry-boxes are still to be seen. Two men, armed with loaded rifles, were always on duty in these watch-towers, so as to frustrate any attempt at escaping from the vessel. Twenty-seven warders, at a total yearly cost of £5,300, were employed to guard the prisoners. Their clanking muskets were a constant reminder that they were ever on the alert in the event of an attempted escape, and ready "to take sure aim" and shoot the prison-breaker, as they were empowered to do under Clause VI. of the regulations that were pasted on the mainmast.

The usual method of boarding the hulk was by an ordinary gangway ladder, and on stepping over the waterways the visitor would be challenged by an officer stationed to guard the entrance to the Commandant's quarters, now being used as the manager's office. The warders gained access from deck to deck by means of iron ladders, fixed vertically, but the prisoners, encumbered by the weight of their irons, had to be raised and lowered in batches of five at a time—often quarrelling and fighting—in a rough lift, which passed from the lower to the main deck, through the forward hatchway. The wooden wheel with an endless rope, and the ingenious clocks that formed the raising apparatus of this lift, still hang above the iron-barred hatchway, and can be seen by visitors to the vessel.

In order to completely isolate the "Success," and prevent the escape of any prisoners, there was a cordon of buoys moored round the yellow-painted hulk, at a distance of seventy-five yards. Any person entering the circle without proper authority, or not being possessed of the counter-sign, rendered himself liable to a penalty of one hundred pounds.

Only the prisoners of better behaviour—who were confined in the 'tween-deck cells—were taken off every day to work at the quarries, from whence came the stone with which the magnificent pier was built, a lasting monument of convict labour. The breakwater also, which curves out into the sea like a strong arm protecting the vessels from the heavy rollers in Hobson's Bay, was built by the hands of prisoners from the convict-hulk "Success."

On the lower deck were the absolutely hopeless characters, men who were considered utterly irreclaimable, and who were confined in separate dens. Here, too, were the condemned cells, in which those who were doomed to die passed the brief interval in a chamber of darkness, from which even death must have proved a welcome relief.

A typical incident happened during the governorship of Mr. Latrobe, the first Governor at Port Phillip. He was making an official visit to the hulk, with the view of inquiring into the protestations of innocence made by a prisoner named Keir, then under sentence of death. His Excellency was accompanied by Sir A——n Y——g (Commander of the *Marlborough*), then staying, as the Governor's guest, at Melbourne. Together with a warder, they proceeded to the condemned man's cell, over which appeared his name and the particulars of his crime. The massive door was unpadlocked and flung open, and the Governor cautiously advanced into the dark interior, where the prisoner, on bended knees, prayed earnestly to be released from his undeserved tortures. In his almost hysterical entreaties, he flung himself at the feet of Latrobe, and had clasped him round the legs, a proceeding which caused the warder to push him roughly back into the corner of the cell. "Let the man say what he has to say," sternly commanded Latrobe, "I will

hear him through," and the convict, thus reassured, told his story with such success that Sir A—n Y—g interested himself in the case, which was reheard, the result being that the man's innocence was established, and he was not only reprieved but received substantial compensation.

The "unsafe sixty" prisoners were, by the regulations, never allowed on shore under any pretext. Their only exercise and opportunity of enjoying a breath of fresh air was restricted to one hour in every twenty-four, when they were marched from stern to stern upon the upper deck. The exceptionally high bulwarks prevented them from seeing aught but the strip of blue Australian sky directly overhead; the white-winged gulls, as they glided over the vessel, seeming to mock the prisoners in their heavy chains. From long confinement in the dark cells the eyesight of the convicts was generally ruined. The sudden transition from their black dens to the dazzling sunshine, in their hour's respite, was more bewildering than the sensation experienced by the miner on emerging into daylight after some hours' sojourn in the bowels of the earth. Thomas Campbell has well expressed the feelings of the dark-cell prisoners:

Lo! nature, life and liberty resume
The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom.

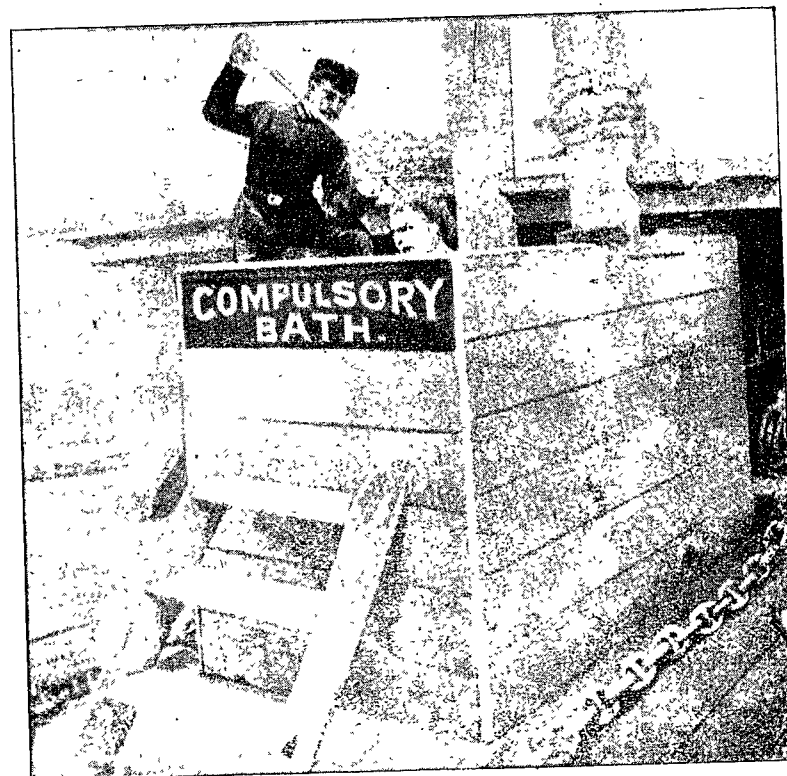
The main-deck of the "Success" has been somewhat altered in appearance. In front of the officers' quarters, right athwart ship to the gangway on either side, originally ran a high iron barrier, the top of which was studded with a row of formidable-looking spikes. A similar division also crossed the ship close to the forward hatchway. These barriers fenced in the space for exercise. In the iron-barred partition, astern on the starboard side, was a wicket, and between this wicket and the end of the high gangway platform a sentry paced whilst on duty. From the latter position he could gain an uninterrupted view of the water from stern to stern, and even when the guard-boat approached, though each face was quite familiar, he dared not neglect the military discipline that prevailed on board. Distinct and clear his voice would ring across the waves: "Who goes there?" The reply would come: "Guard-boat." "Advance guard-boat, and give the countersign!" Then "Gibraltar" or some such word would be given as the password. "Pass on guard-boat—all's well!" the last words being given quite a musical intonation.

From the wicket gate the sentry's view commanded the whole of the deck. The sight of the prisoners at exercise was saddening in the extreme, each man half stooping beneath the weight of the links with which he was encumbered. The marked desperadoes were closely watched by special warders and marched straight up and down, whilst the others made the round tour of the ship by crossing over to the opposite side on reaching the fence at either end. The course they followed can still be perceived by tracing the grooved pathway worn into the original planks of the deck.

As they paced the deck during this tour of comparative relaxation, it was no uncommon event for one of the prisoners to make a bold dash for freedom or death. They scarcely expected to get beyond the cordon of buoys, but they were reduced to such a state of desperation that they preferred a watery grave to the treatment they received on board this "ocean hell." When one of these "rushers" was overtaken in such an attempt, he was invariably punished by having a heavy ball of iron, weighing seventy-two pounds, attached to his belt by a chain. This "punishment ball" is still preserved, and is shown to visitors to the "Success." In spite of its weight, some of the convicts gained a wonderful dexterity in swirling it round them in a semi-circle at their feet, and would

then nimbly step over the chain by which it was attached to the iron waist-belt, and could thus move from one part of the deck to the other, with comparative ease, born of long practice.

As an additional punishment, the eyes of the refractories on parade were sometimes tightly bandaged, and gagging is shown to have been resorted to by the authorities, who appear to have exercised a fiendish ingenuity in the invention of means to break the convicts' spirits. The "black gag" consisted of a wooden bit in a leather bridle, the straps buckling round the convict's head and neck, and a perforation was made



The Bath on deck of the "Success."

in the mouthpiece to enable him to breathe. Senior Warder W—e, who was stationed on the "Success" in 1853, and who is now living in retirement in a rose-covered villa at Richmond, near Melbourne, effacing the dark memories of tortures he was powerless to prevent, admitted, in the course of a newspaper controversy he had with Marshall Lyle, a leading Melbourne lawyer, that the gag was certainly used on the hulk "Success," and added significantly that "it had the effect of compelling the prisoners to submit to the discipline of the establishment." (*Vide Melbourne Herald*, October 31st, 1895)

Amongst the punishments we may also appropriately include the

"compulsory bath," into which the fractious prisoners were thrust by the warders, and then scoured with long-handled brushes, to keep them sweet and clean. It consisted of a wooden lead-lined structure, like a deep box, and the convicts' ablutions were rendered none the pleasanter by the bolted stump of the bowsprit which projected inside the bath. It was refilled for each gang of ten prisoners; and three 'tween-deck convicts took turns at the handle attached to the pump-wheel, by means of which salt water was made to play upon the unwilling bather. This item in the ship's routine sometimes had its humorous aspect; but there are ugly tales related of prisoners being brought straight from the flogging frame, with their backs torn and bleeding from the cruel lashes of the "cat," when their wounds were cleansed by the steady flow of the salt water, used, so it is said, to prevent inflammation.

The prison dress was always plainly branded with broad-arrows and distinctive numbers. The hair of each prisoner was clipped at frequent intervals, and their legs were always kept in irons. The blacksmith's forge was under the fo'c'sle head, where a convict son of Vulcan forged the fetters for his comrades in crime, and fastened their clanking anklets with red-hot rivets. Examples of these chains are now shown on board, varying from 8 lbs. to 56 lbs. in weight; while in the Oscott Museum, at Birmingham, the 48-lbs. leg-irons worn by Martin Cash, a notorious bushranger (who styled them his "Sunday suit," as they were made for wearing during attendance at Divine worship) are still exhibited, having been brought to England by the Rev. Dr. Wilson to show a Committee of the House of Commons. Martin Cash was transported originally for having, in a fit of jealousy, shot and seriously injured his rival, his first sentence being seven years. An old rhyme ran—

"Seven links have I in my chain,
And every link a year,
Before I can return again
To the one I love so dear."

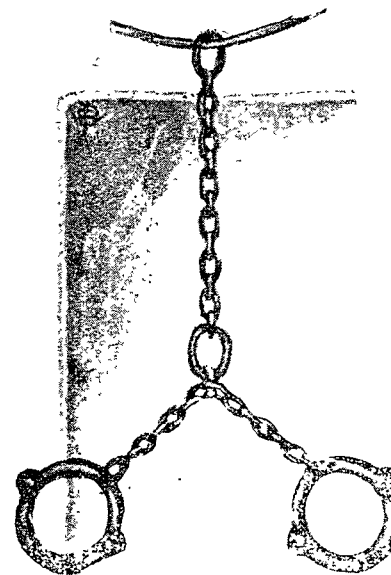
But the number of links had no significance upon the hulk, where men had sentences ranging as high as 32 years. Rusty anklets and chains are still found here and there, in the lumber yards of the older inland prisons in Australia, relics of her early convict days, which the present generation appear to be so anxious to erase from memory.

Hulk prisoners would narrate how, when travelling in single file from one convict centre to another—"on the chain," as it was called—the weakest men would fall by the roadside, only those of the strongest physique being able to stand the protracted marches through the almost impassable interior. At one time in New South Wales there were a thousand prisoners on the chain. The long continuous chain passed through a central ring fastened to each man's "travelling chain-gang iron"; and when a body of convicts attached in this manner were being employed in repairing the roads, one armed soldier was considered a sufficient guard for a party of eight; the officer in charge being instructed to see that the irons had not been tampered with, and that all the fastenings were secure.

White's "Convict Life in New South Wales" (which was compiled from Government records, and is considered a text-book on this subject), in referring to the leg-shackles of the convicts, says: "They were not removed when they went to the hospital, and not always when they went to their graves." As late as 1889, some labourers who were engaged in excavating for the sewers of Brisbane, came upon a pair of anklets through which still protruded the remains of a human leg-bone, proving the truth of the above statement, and further proof can be seen in

a grim relic preserved in a Brisbane museum. Those visiting the "Success" will find the leg-irons worn by its prisoners exhibited in the alley-way at the stern.

On the high poop deck the principal object of interest is the original steering gear. Though the more modern "diamond screw" has been added, the old-time tiller, a great iron beam by which the vessel was then guided, and the ponderous rings to which the "kicking tackle" was fastened, still remain. Her history shows that she possessed the same dangerous propensity that marked a celebrated Russian Admiral's ship of the olden time—she would "steer herself," and on many occasions she has seriously injured the man at the wheel.



Leg-irons.

During the last voyage of the "Success" to the Colonies a towering wave struck her broadside with such force that the tiller rebounded, hurling the helmsman on to the ironwood deck and injuring him fatally. To commemorate the death of the sailor thus killed at his post, the old ship's carpenter inserted in the deck a piece of wood, the shape of a coffin, which is still to be seen, right under the foot of the binnacle.

From the binnacle we pass to the bell, still hanging, untouched by rust, as in the time when it divided the convicts' days into weary hours. When Edgar Allan Poe wrote his famous poem, "The Bells," he could most appropriately have added to his list the prison bell—

"What a world of melancholy
Its melody foretells."

Above the simultaneous tolling of the bells on board the different convict-hulks in the harbour, the high, clear-sounding signal from the "dark-cell drill" ship could always be recognised by the old residents of Williamstown and fishermen on shore. The routine of the ship and the movements of the prisoners were regulated day and night by its hourly monotone. Even such details as the rolling of the convicts' blankets were timed by the ship's bell; and the meal hours and the daily muster for the quarries were also thus announced. At nightfall it tolled the curfew, when the lights on all the other hulks would have to be extinguished. The original inscription, "Success, Moulmein, 1790," engraved in quaint characters, can still be deciphered on this interesting relic, which hangs over the entrance to the warders' quarters.

When the bell was rung violently—the signal of an outbreak—all hands responded to the alarm. The alley-way in an instant became filled with excited warders, often hatless and coatless, and the ringleaders were speedily surrounded by the armed attendants, who conveyed them to the "black holes" on the deck below, where their screams and blasphemy were unavailing, owing to the thickness of the walls. Riots were of frequent occurrence on the "Success," and the shrieking and howling continually kept up by the maddened inmates converted the hulk into a veritable pandemonium, where peace and quietness were almost unknown.

CHAPTER IV.

The sunbeams danced upon the waves,
And played along her side,
And through the cabin window streamed
The ripples of golden light.
There sat the captain with his friends,
Old shippers, brown and hale,
Who smoked and chatted o'er their grog,
Of calm and storm, and gale.—*Longfellow*

AT the extreme end of the alley-way, aft on the main-deck, is a cosy cabin, extending the full width of the vessel. This was the warders' sanctum and, with the glass doors closed and the curtains drawn, it made a very snug retreat. The sunshine filtered through the skylight, which has since been boarded up. The warders gained access to the high old-fashioned poop by means of a companion way that then existed. Comfortable arm-chairs, sofas or lounges were ranged round the cabin, and a wide table encircled the rudder post, the shaft of which runs through the centre of the apartment. Decanters and glasses were ready to hand on a swinging rack, the edges of which were ornamented with a border of bone carving, beautifully executed by a convict from New South Wales.

In this comfortable cabin, when the evening meal was over and the convicts had ceased to be troublesome, the warders managed to wax tolerably merry, the party often being augmented by visitors from the other hulks, and sometimes from the shore. It is true that an occasional growl, as if from the vaults below, would penetrate to the jovial company; but the warders were a well-seasoned crew, and paid little heed to the impotent outpourings of their helpless captives. On these occasions privileged visitors from Williamstown and Melbourne would contribute

"the refreshment," which acted as an excellent lubricant to the tongues of the company, which might otherwise have become dried in the smoke-laden atmosphere.

The life and soul of the party was a genial Irishman named McMahon, who, at the time of which we write, had just been promoted to the "Success," after winning his spurs as a mounted constable in the remarkably short period of a year from his arrival in the colony. He had an irresistible brogue, and his fecundity of humour and natural aptitude for narration caused him to be a great favourite with his colleagues. Our readers may not take it amiss if we introduce them to the warders' cabin, on the occasion of one of these social gatherings, so that they may hear a few of the yarns with which the custodians on this most dangerous of all the prison hulks used to beguile their leisure evenings.

As we enter this little den, McMahon is priming himself with a drop of his beloved "real Irish," preparatory to retailing an experience for the benefit of the company.

"There was wan divil, Freeman by name, a name oi hear yez say not very well suited to a convict. I'll niver forget that spalpeen to me dying day. The Inspector-General had gone below to inspect the 'tween-deck, when he heard low muffled groans and the jangling of the irons, as av wan av the 'boarders' rolling on the floor in pain. On opening the cell door, the prisoner was found curled in a hape, with his hands clasped to the pit of his stomach, and he explains that he has been took moighty bad with the cramps. Ould Hyland (I don't mean the dear o'd mother countree, gentlemen," explains McMahon with one of his expansive smiles, "but our chief warder) was ordered to administer brandy to the sufferer, and no sooner had the artful son av a gun drunk the sperit than he rises up, smacking his lips and his face all covered with grins at having taken a rise out of the 'old man,' for he was not ill at all, at all. But Freeman had to pay a long price for his 'nip,'—'three days' solitary' and two in the Black Hole was the additional punishment for this little freak."

After a pull at his tumbler, McMahon enlivens the company with another reminiscence that goes to show that the work at the quarries by no means made the fingers of those convicts who had engaged in theft forget their cunning.

"On the first occasion av their taking evidence on the treatment of the prisoners, a pompous, elderly official came over to the quarries from Melbourne. As he picked his way carefully across the tramway at the entrance to the excavation, a truck propelled by prisoners behind, jist glanced agin 'im as it passed, and tripping over some spalls, shure, he fell sprawling in the dust. With many expressions of regret the convicts hastened to brush down the gentleman's clothes, and so moighty polite were they that when Mr. Hughes—for that was the gentleman's name—came to put his hand to his pocket, he could scarcely believe they had 'picked' his watch, purse and pencil-case which were safe in his possession a minute before. They were fair divils, wan an' all av them," concluded McMahon, as he sank back in his chair with folded arms, and an expression of repose that seemed to repel further demands on his entertaining abilities.

After a few minutes' pause, in which the clouds of smoke from the assembled pipes curled round the heads of the company till they were enveloped in an atmosphere as thick as a sea fog, one warder, who had hitherto been a silent and attentive listener, leans forward and says: "Gentlemen—ahem—with your permission, I'll tell you of a desperate affray we once had with some convicts on this hulk some five, or it may be six years ago.

"It was, if I recollect rightly, in the month of April,"—began Warder G—, but unfortunately for his narrative it was interrupted at this point by a disturbance amongst the convicts on the deck below, and half-a-dozen warders were promptly summoned to the scene. They presently returned and resumed their seats with a matter-of-fact air, as if such interruptions were of too common occurrence to call for any comment.

"As I was saying," resumed Warder G—, "it was in the month of April, say five years ago, the two convicts, King Marshall, as he was called, and Bob Ferris were received on the hulk, the former to undergo a sentence of fifteen years for horse-stealing, and the latter twelve years for robbery under arms. Both were quiet, sullen sort of men, but they behaved so well that after the usual probation on the lower deck, they were allowed to occupy one of the cells reserved for the better-conduct prisoners on the 'tween deck. They worked well at the quarries, and as they gave so little trouble to my mate and me we very naturally 'sprang a point or two,' and allowed them small favours which were denied to their fractious comrades. But this quiet manner and apparent submission to authority was all a sham, put on so that they might have a better chance of succeeding in their deeply-laid plans for effecting their escape. They had by some means, though we could never find out how, managed to replace the iron rivets in their leg-irons with wooden pegs.

"Next morning, when starting for work at the quarries, Marshall, with a growl like that of an angry mastiff, made a spring at my mate, striking him a heavy blow on his right temple with his manacled fist. The poor fellow was felled to the deck and lay there dazed, bleeding and unconscious. I was just in the act of rushing to his rescue when I was seized from behind by the other convict, who, with almost superhuman strength, lifted me clean off my feet, and was carrying me, struggling, to the bulwarks to throw me bodily overboard, when there was the sharp crack of a rifle, and we both rolled over together on the deck.

"Meanwhile, Marshall had leaped into the sea, but the alarm had been given, and he was soon found clinging to the cable chains, and was speedily recaptured. Half-a-dozen warders flung themselves on my assailant, who made a desperate resistance, but he was at length overpowered and taken below in irons. They were both, of course, severely punished for this daring attempt, being flogged, as well as receiving terms of solitary confinement in the dreaded 'black hole.' My mate, I am pleased to say, recovered from his injuries, or he would not be sitting here smoking his pipe, as you see him to-night, gentlemen," added Warder G—, with a dry smile creeping round his hard features as he nodded across to where the partner of his adventure was sitting.

As, however, that modest official gave no sign of taking part in the conversation, Warder G— continued to give the company some information respecting the different convicts and their traits of character. The thieving instinct, he declared, was so strong in some that they had often been known to steal even the bread and blankets from one another. On one occasion the chaplain of the "Success" took a great interest in one of the prisoners, a smart pickpocket, in whom the ruling passion predominated to such an extent that while the chaplain was explaining to him a sum in simple subtraction, the artful student proved himself an adept in this arithmetical exercise by purloining the parson's gold eyeglass from his waistcoat pocket.

Some of the convicts had enjoyed the advantages of a good education and could read and write well, but the majority were brutalised and contaminated by association with the ignorant and depraved.

Owen Suffolk, *alias* "Badger," was a man of some literary ability, and was the author of "Days of Crime and Years of Sufferance," and "Life in Tasmania."

For some offence he had been doing "five days solitary," and when the time came for his cell to be opened, all seemed quiet as the grave, and the warders expected to find that the prisoner had succumbed under the punishment. Imagine their astonishment, on peering into the cell, to find the convict *standing on his head!*

Of course, this was mere bravado, but still it showed how little effect even solitary confinement in a pitch dark cell had on some of the tougher sort.

It was now the turn of Warder L— to regale the company with some of his reminiscences. He proceeded to tell a yarn concerning a troublesome convict named Young (whose exact counterpart may now be seen on board, in the very cell that he occupied originally). "He was the most contrary devil you ever set eyes on," said Warder L—, rousing himself up as he called to mind these incidents from the past. "He gave Inspector Price a deal of trouble. On one particular occasion he was found to have destroyed his blankets by tearing them into small strips. There he was, sitting amongst a heap of rags in the corner of his cell, as cool as a cucumber. 'All right,' said Inspector Price, 'I will now give you a needle and thread, and you shall have no blankets at all until you have sewn these strips together.'

When the Inspector made the usual tour of the hulk on the following day, Young was found with upturned eyes and a look of mock gravity on his round and comical face.

"'Well,' asked Mr. Price, 'have you sewn your blankets together as I ordered you?' 'Yes, sir,' replied Young, 'here they are,' at the same time dangling before the Inspector's eyes a long chain of flannel strips which he had sewn together *end to end*, forming a streamer some fifty feet in length. For once the stern representative of the Government was beaten, and he burst out in a fit of laughter."

The conversation in the Warders' cabin then became general, some calling to mind the tricks and dodges to which the convicts would resort in order to shirk the hated labour in the quarries. One man actually went so far as to work a small piece of sheathing copper into the flesh inside his cheek, causing a sore place that he hoped would incapacitate him for work; but the foreign substance was discovered and removed by the doctor in time to prevent serious consequences. Others would deliberately blind themselves temporarily with stone-dust from the quarries in order to get off work. But we must now bid adieu to the genial warders, and leave them to spin their tales of wickedness while we finish our inspection of the ship.

CHAPTER V.

DESCENDING to the corridor that runs 'tween decks, one gets a good perspective view of the cells that occupy each side of the vessel. Above and below are strong iron bars, and gridiron gratings. Those massive iron-bound doors, fastened with huge iron hasps and heavy drawbolts, look as if the words of Dante might be written over each, with terrible appropriateness: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." They look, indeed, more fit to be cages of wild beasts than a prison-house for men, and the close-cropped, crouching prisoner

within seems to have caught something of the spirit of the untamed animal as he lies there a sullen victim.

It says a good deal for the care with which the prisoners were guarded, that not a single case of successful escape is on record. The most ingenious and persevering attempt was that made by a convict named Richard Jones, who feigned sickness for upwards of three months, and managed to escape being suspected. With the assistance of other prisoners he secreted three knives in his cell, carrying them thither in the lining of his boot on different occasions. He then actually entered on the utterly hopeless task of cutting his way through the impenetrable teak hull, the walls of which are as thick as those of a Roman church. His heart failed him, however, and his plot was quickly discovered.

The whole of the "floor" of the 'tween-deck, except about two feet running in front of the cells and a broad plank down the centre of the corridor, was composed of a strong iron grating, so as to give as much light as possible to the corridor below. The centre plank was for the use of the sentry as he paced his weary beat day and night, for it seldom happened that the whole of the "association deck" convicts were ashore at the same time. After dark, two or three oil lamps swung from the deck above, casting a sickly yellow light down the corridor, which presented as uncanny an appearance as could well be imagined.

How close and stifling it was here on hot summer nights! How reeking was the atmosphere! And in winter time, alas, how cruelly cold would the wretched shivering prisoners be, as they lay all night, with the ocean mists stealing through the barred aperture over the door, the only provision for the supply of air to the cell and as much light as could filter down through the gratings in the deck above.

On this deck, used only for the better-behaved prisoners, most of the cells are seven feet by seven feet, the rest being four feet by seven feet. By a ridiculous and hypocritical rule of the ship a Bible was placed in each dark cell, it being, of course, utterly impossible for the convict to decipher a single word, or even to see the book, as it lay on the little shelf provided for the purpose. In this case, unfortunately, "the entrance of the Word" did *not* give light.

In the bow of this deck, on the port side, is the prison chapel, a small dark enclosure, railed off by stout iron bars, behind which about a dozen of the promoted prisoners were drafted every Sunday, in order that they might benefit by the spiritual ministrations of the Chaplain, who—wise soul—not wishing to be a second Daniel, kept on the outside of the den. Here he would drearily recite the prayers and Litany of the Church of England. The caged Christians responded with improvised and often impious answers of their own; and on one occasion a convict named Garrett, in a fit of desperation, boldly avowed his belief that after all "Almighty God has no jurisdiction south of the Equator." For this blasphemous utterance he was sentenced to twenty days' solitary confinement on bread and water. As the Chaplain droned through the prayer for *mercy* "on all prisoners and captives," the warders were standing "at attention" with loaded rifles, a mockery of religion which could hardly have failed to strike the sin-stained sufferers behind the bars.

Sometimes the minister on board tried to sow good seed by distributing Scripture text-cards amongst his erring flock, but results hardly justified a continued outlay in this particular attempt at conversion. When a body of convalescent convicts were set a quantity of oakum to pick, they have been known to put the minister's scripture cards to the base use of playing Euchre. By tearing the cards in half, and marking

them according to terms used in the game, the prisoners managed to pass a very pleasant hour's diversion, and with the heap of oakum in their midst, ready to be attacked the moment the warder approached, they would shuffle and cut, deal, and cheat each other, till the exigencies of the situation demanded that a little attention should be given to the oakum; or possibly the game was brought to a premature end by the sudden appearance of the warder, and the consequent confiscation of the Euchre pack.*

On board the sister ship, "Lysander," the women's prison, the evangelistic efforts of the chaplain to reclaim his sisters by means of tracts and leaflets met with similarly discouraging results. After a generous distribution of religious literature it was usual to find the tracts next morning on the floors of the cells "converted" far more than the prisoners, who had used them as curl papers.

Until recently the visitors to the "Success" could see the original Bibles which used to be provided for the convicts in the chapel we have described; but such is the enterprise of the London thief, or the unscrupulousness of the collectors of curiosities, that these sacred relics have been stolen during the stay of the vessel in the Thames.

In May, 1854, a weakly convict named Hill, who was nicknamed "Parson," in consequence of his having been a leader in religious matters in his younger days, adopted an ingenious ruse to save himself from a flogging to which he had been sentenced for some petty theft. After much protesting on account of the state of his health, he was bound to the triangle, his back bared to the lash, the biting strands flew through the air, and left nine livid streaks from shoulder to shoulder. An official, stepping forward, deciphered the words, "Thou shalt not kill," very roughly tattooed on his back the previous night by a fellow-convict. The chaplain conferred in an undertone with the surgeon in attendance, the result being that Hill, who was still screaming with pain, was let off further flogging, his sentence being altered to three months' solitary confinement.

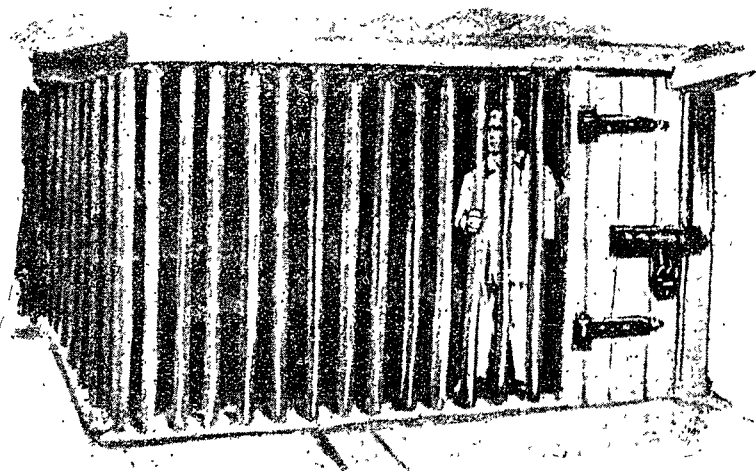
Each convict, on his arrival on the vessel, was stripped of his clothes, which were then well fumigated and cleaned, bound in a bundle, and labelled with all particulars as to the name and *aliases* (which were often many) of the convict; the record of his crime and the name of the ship in which he was transported being also stated. All tattoo marks, scars and peculiarities were entered in a book for future reference as to identification. Mermaids, ships, anchors, flags and fishes were most common devices, being generally executed in somewhat rough fashion with needles and gunpowder. Some, however, showed great originality in design and clever workmanship. A powerful Irishman, named Heffernan, showed, when stripped, the national flag of his native isle hanging in folds over his right shoulder. Others had hearts interwoven with their initials, crosses, scriptural and religious emblems, one of the most remarkable being the "Lord's Prayer," which was minutely inscribed in blue and red characters on the breast of a prisoner named Macdonald, who escaped originally from Cockatoo Island. His life of crime was convincing proof that this external application of prayer was powerless to keep him from temptation.

At the stern of the vessel is "The Tigers' Den," an awful-looking prison formed of stout two-inch iron bars, deeply embedded in the solid beams above and below. Whether this miniature inferno was so named because of the fierce and desperate ruffians who were heided indiscriminately together, or because of their resemblance to tigers

* Now shown as an exhibit on board.

from their special yellow jackets, barred with black, it is difficult to say, but it was certainly expressively named. Within this hellish den quarrels and fights were of frequent occurrence in the semi-darkness that prevailed. Old grudges and grievances were wiped off. Woe betide the wretched prisoner who at the Criminal Sessions had given condemnatory evidence against his comrades! He was sure of their retribution when once in their power. The warders never ventured within, but quieted its wild and reckless occupants by presenting loaded rifles through the bars with a threat to shoot the offenders, when the disturbance was so great as to call for their interference.

The den was cleaned out by a convict named Gipsy Smith, who was a favourite with Inspector Price, and was employed to do all the menial offices on board the hulk. When the door of the "Tigers' Den" was



The 'Tigers' Den.

opened for this purpose, and when food was being conveyed to the prisoners, the man so engaged was protected by the warders, who were standing ready to fire upon the first man who attempted to rush the narrow doorway. As one stands and looks at the gruesome corner, and tries to picture what existence must have meant behind those thick iron bars, and with little headway beneath the deck above, one marvels that its inmates could long survive its tortures, or retain their reason for a single day.

"Despair had slowly tolled their knell;
The world's existence was a tear,
And life but one supreme farewell."

The den is now occupied by a striking tableau representing the murder on shore of Captain Price, the hated Inspector, of whose cruelty and terrible death we shall have to speak later on.

The corner cells on either side of the deck below, are the dreaded "Black Holes," in which prisoners, who had been guilty of some breach of discipline or fractious conduct, were punished by solitary confinement, lasting from one to twenty-eight days, according to the gravity of the offence committed, and, perhaps, we should also add, according to the state of the gastric juices of the then Inspector-General. These small and tapering torture-chambers measure only two feet eight inches across. The doors fit as tight as valves, and close with a "swish," excluding all air, except what can filter through the perforated iron plate that was placed over the bars above the door, in order to make the hole as dark and oppressive as possible. A stout iron ring is fastened about knee-high in the shelving back of the cell, and through this ring the right wrist of the prisoner was passed, and then handcuffed to the left hand; the consequence being that he was thus prevented from standing upright or lying down, but was obliged to stoop or lean against the shelving side of the vessel, as it rolled to and fro at its moorings.

One hour's exercise a day was all that the prisoner of the "black hole" was granted, and the visitor who allows himself to be shut in, *only for a minute*, and to have the massive bolt shot upon him, will realise such a fearful feeling of suffocation that he will marvel at the comparative ease with which some of the older offenders underwent their sentences, in an attitude that was of itself a refinement of torture. Starved, beaten and abused as they were, the wonder is that so many of even those hardened villains were able to endure punishment as they did.

That the majority of them were callous and irreclaimable—more like wild beasts than men—is possible; but the treatment they were shown to have received on board, by the evidence given at a subsequent Government inquiry, was such as to drive any man to desperation and despair. Constant applications of the "cat," imprisonment in the "black hole," and other punishments were the instruments relied upon for producing a reform. No wonder that the scaffold on shore had no terror for these men! Death was a welcome release from the cruelties practised on board the hulks.

As an example of some of the ingenious methods for inflicting additional punishment on the prisoners we may mention a heartless practice that was said to have been initiated during the reign of Inspector Price. Rations having been stopped, a steak was at times cooked at the end of the corridor on the deck, so that its appetising odour could find its way through the bars over the doors of the convicts' dark cells, and make their mouths water for the succulent meat, to which their stomachs had been strange for so long a time. Another fiendish invention was the cayenne pepper mill,* which was worked as a special punishment by a prisoner whose nose and eyes suffered severely from the pungent, burning dust. It would, indeed, appear that instead of seeking to reclaim the convicts, and make them fitter to mix with society when their sentences had expired, the officers in power utterly destroyed all chance of reformation, and by their revengeful treatment eradicated any lingering germ of better nature that is generally to be found in even the most hardened ruffians.

In each of the larger cells on either side of the corridor the floor is worn into hollows, ruts and grooves, close against each doorway, by the constant jangling and friction of the prisoners' leg-irons, as they stamped impatiently, waiting for the stroke of the bell that marked the time for meals or exercise—a sad and silent testimony to countless hours of miserable endurance. The square aperture through which the visitor to the

*"Life and Adventures of Martin Cash, bushranger and convict."

"Success" can now view the interior of each cell, did not, of course, exist originally, the holes having merely been cut for the purpose of enabling the public to see into the closed cell, and the lifelike model representing the original occupant.

The convicts would lie crouching for hours in the dark recesses of their prison, their eyes shining with an almost feline brightness. The warders were, in many instances, savagely attacked when taken unawares. On the morning of October, 7th, 1855, Warder Luscombe was engaged in distributing the morning's rations, and removing the prisoners' blankets, which had to be neatly rolled up before being handed out each day. Luscombe had placed the food on a small shelf to the left of the door of the cell in which the refractory "Captain" Melville was imprisoned, so as to free his hands whilst he withdrew the heavy diawbolt. Immediately the warder opened the door, the prisoner flew out upon him and stabbed him in the neck and face with a sharp instrument, which proved to be a spoon he had succeeded in sharpening to a point. The warder fell to the deck, badly wounded, and was trampled upon by the heavy quarry boots of the would-be murderer. A second warder immediately came to his wounded comrade's assistance on hearing his cries for help, and, after a desperate struggle, succeeded in stunning Melville with a blow from a heavy bunch of keys that he was carrying, just in time to save his companion's life.

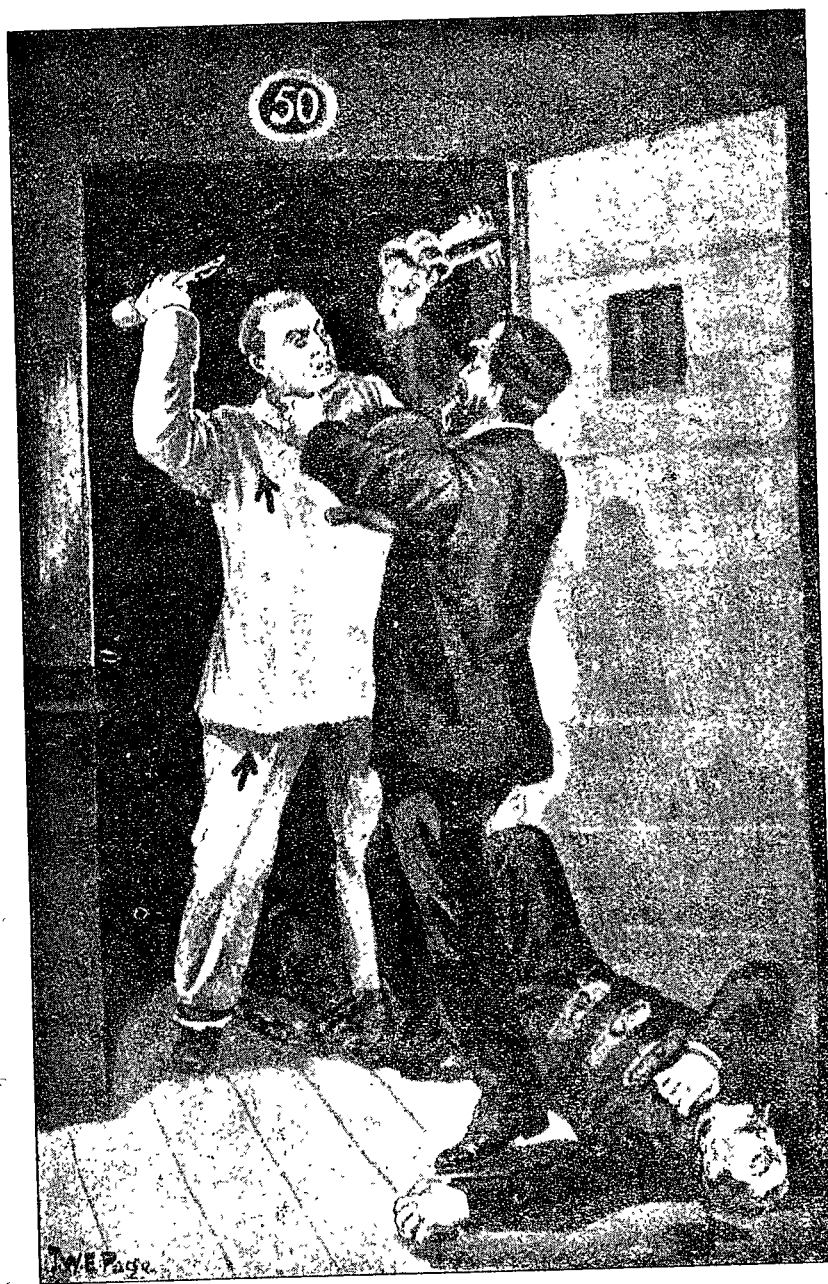
Each one of those dark cells, if they could but speak, could tell of some such murderous onslaught. Each ring-bolt has a record, each chain a chapter of cruelty; and the very timbers that formed the home of these human failures year after year are studded with initials and devices that tell of sorrows past. In cell 23 the name of Harris, who made himself notorious at the time of the Melville rush, may still be seen, and also a rough design representing a ship.

In the same cell is the name of McNamara, the son of an early convict who was transported for having, when quite a youth, stolen seven pounds weight of rusty bolts from the wheelwright of the village. He and a man named Donahue, had roamed Van Dieman's Land, and finally expiated their crimes on the scaffold. A favourite song that this outlaw and his gang used to sing around their camp fire, when safe from pursuit in their mountain retreat, ran as follows:—

"A life that is free as the bandits of old,
When Rome was the prey of the warriors bold,
Who knew how to buy gallant soldiers with gold,
Is the life full of danger,
Of Mac, the bushranger,
And brave Donahue.

"If Ireland lies groaning—a hand at her throat,
Which foreigners have from the recreants bought,
Forget not the lessons our fathers have taught;
Though our Isle's full of danger,
And held by the stranger—
Be brave and be true.

"We've left the old island's hospitable shores—
The lands of the Emmetts, the Tones and the Moores,
But Liberty o'er us her scalding tear pours,
And she points to the manger
Where *He* was a stranger
And perished for you.



A desperate struggle ensued.—Page 30.

" You may hurl us to crime and brand us with shame,
 But think not to baulk us, our spirit to tame,
 For we'll fight to the last in ould Ireland's name;
 For we are bushrangers—
 All else are but strangers—
 And I'm Donahue."

In many of the cells are to be found holes cut through the thick partition wall, so that conversation might be carried on between the convicts. Of one small hole, extending half-way through the hollow wall, an amusing story is told.*

A convict, named Tribe, who was a good example of the evolution of a criminal from a state of innocence to that of a confirmed villain, was the cause of a good deal of trouble to the warders and the Inspector-General, through the successful manner in which he used to secrete small quantities of tobacco, in spite of all the precautions taken by the authorities. He was searched frequently, but all in vain; for an hour after the search he would be found sitting contentedly chewing his beloved weed. At last the Inspector, in desperation, promised the prisoner a small reward if he would tell him how he came by the tobacco. The man accepted the offer, and then gave a low whistle, when to the surprise of the warder and the Inspector, out popped a little timorous mouse from the hole, with a piece of tobacco tied to its tail.

The man had, it appeared, fed it regularly with crumbs from his rations, and in this way had trained it to come out of its hiding-place at meal times, and then to disappear between the walls of the cell, bearing its small freight of the forbidden weed. Even the stern Inspector was captivated by this unique sight and allowed the ingenious smuggler to go scot-free.

CHAPTER VI.

The hissing cords are clotted with man's gore;
 High in the air exultingly they wave
 Over the fearless sinews that could brave
 A convict's death—a death which seldom bore
 Dishonour's aspect! How can we deplore,
 Abhor sufficiently, such scenes? The grave
 A thousandfold were preferable.

—Miss Toulmin, 1846.

FLOGGING, such as is said to have stopped garrotting in the streets of London, and to which soldiers in the army have also been subjected, lashed to a gun-wheel or a tree, was but a mild infliction compared with the flagellation of the cruel convict-days.

The brutal scourge, now shown on board the hulk "Success," has eight twisted strands of hard greenhide (untanned leather), each bound with a running strand of brass wire, and with a heavy leaden pellet tipping each lash. It is the original instrument, with which the convict flagellator (for a reward of 1s 9d. per day for "his faithful services," as the records have it) flogged his fellow-man. This authentic relic was purchased from the grandson of a man whose family had (father and son before him) been public flagellators in Van Dieman's Land, the original

*White's "Crime and Criminals."

owner's initials, and other significant signs, being carved upon the handle. The "thief's" cat, or double cat, consisted of nine thongs of doubly-twisted whipcord, each containing nine knots.

An old punishment record, to which the writer gained access, complains of "the inferior cord used, the extremities of the strands becoming loose and open," and adds that "this must be remedied and the cord twisted tighter, as the bodily injury by *bruising* will be greater, and that by *laceration* less." And the "record" proceeds to detail the method of counting and taking due time between each lash. It is signed by Thomas Evernden, J.P., Superintendent of Police, Bathurst, New South Wales. The instrument referred to by Mr. Evernden, and in use at that time, consisted of five lashes of whipcord, each lash having seven knots, the handle, with the Government stamp upon it, being about two feet long.

The severity of the infliction depended upon the separation of the tails by the fingers of the flagellator before the scourge was hurled over his head, and brought down with terrible precision upon the back of the prisoner.



Being equally dexterous with either hand, twelve lashes were administered with the right, and then twelve with the left, so as to "cross the cuts" most cruelly. If the convict flagellator, from a merciful feeling, tried to favour his victim by allowing the strands to fall together with a dull thud upon his back, the pompous official, in all the glory of gold-braided authority, standing watch in hand, would shout, "Comb your cats, my good man, comb your cats," and if the flagellator failed to do so, another would be found only too willing to fill the odious office, and the one who had given offence would be triced to the triangle, as hundreds had been before him, and flogged for "insubordination." Official returns from Hobart Town show that the total number of lashes inflicted during a period of five years, was 33,723. Men were flogged for idleness and neglect of duty; while eight women were flogged at the gangway of the "Marquis of Cornwallis," the soldiers and sailors of that British transport taking it in turns to ply the awful "lash."

The flogging frame and triangle now on board the "Success" are the originals that were used on shore, and the evidence of those who witnessed the revolting sight of a struggling, shrieking criminal in the throes of the lash usually allowed that from that point forward the reformation of the convict became a very distant probability. The punishment aroused his brutal passions and made him desperate and reckless. As one prisoner said on being released, "It's the first time I have been flogged, and it shall be the last"; and that man's word became true, for he made a murderous assault upon an unsuspecting warder, battering him to death, and he was hanged for the crime shortly afterwards.

Others became so inured to the lash, through constant flogging, as to be perfectly insensible to all pain. It is related of one convict named Ahearn, undergoing a sentence of a hundred lashes, that he bore his flogging without a wince or murmur, even counting aloud the number of each lash, and at the last one coolly cried, "Domino." Another degraded ruffian, who boasted of a record of 1,000 lashes in his lifetime, was triced to the triangles for a grave offence, and was fairly cut to pieces with the lash. On being released, he confronted the officials defiantly

with, "Now, I'll fight the best man amongst you!" Such conduct, no doubt, shows extraordinary powers of endurance and much courage, but felon hero-worship must take no part in this description.

Several convicts on board the hulk had undergone from 500 to 800 lashes, and more than one could boast of as many as 1,500. Under the 'assignment' system they had been flogged for idleness, for not ploughing or hoeing a sufficient area of their master's fields and even on *suspicion of their being guilty*, or having some knowledge of robberies that had been committed. That men were flogged merely on suspicion, the following incident, cited in an official record headed, "New South Wales Punishments," but commonly called the "Torture Proceedings," will serve as an example. Henry Bayne was accused of knowing where goods and money robbed from a farmer named Beach, of Parramatta, had been hidden. He denied all knowledge of the matter, and although only one witness appeared against the man, and it was purely a case of suspicion, the prisoner was flogged five mornings in succession, and on the sixth day was brought before the magistrates, Mr. W. Lawson, Dr. McLeod and Dr. Douglas, who further punished him with a sentence of twelve months' transportation to Port Macquarie.

That able student of Australia's early days, Price Warung, in his "Tales of the Convict System," has given us a picture of the flagellator's work, both vivid and horrible: "He (the flagellator) was a past master in the art of flaying his brother alive; no mere tyro, he could use the cat with either hand with equal facility. He could do as much execution with his wrist as most men could by exerting their whole muscular strength, and could detach with each knotted tail of whipcord a narrow riband of skin. Indeed, he could encompass with his *left hand* that most difficult of flogging feats, the marking of the back with just three rows of pendant strips of skin, with one drop of blood—*no more*—tipping each point of cuticle like a glowing ruby on a piece of velvet."

From the masthead of the "Success" the British flag hung limp, as if disgraced, not only by the scenes at the triangles, but by the frequent assaults (detailed later on in these pages) by warders upon chained and defenceless men.

The reader will not be surprised that at the quarries on shore the convicts, though in *14lb. irons*, required all the vigilance of the warders to prevent attempts at escape. Day after day they were landed at the little stone jetty from the "yellow frigates" to work at the excavations on the foreshore. Besides the overseers, a cordon of armed guards prevented the approach of any person, or the escape of any prisoner.

Standing out from the "Success" was the *Electra*, a war sloop (then under Commander Morris), and her presence certainly had a restraining influence upon would-be "rushers" or escapees. On the opening of the Geelong railway, great festivities were held to celebrate the "cutting of the first sod," and the *Electra* left the "Success" unprotected, and proceeded to Corio Bay to join in the demonstration. The convicts saw, in her absence, an opportunity to make an attempt to overpower the guards. Flannery, a determined and dangerous ruffian, headed the revolt. At a given signal the guards were simultaneously "rushed," but not surprised, for they promptly replied with a deadly fire, which threw the convicts into dire confusion. With stones thirty of the prisoners boldly "ovaled" + their leg-irons, and reports of muskets rang out right and left.

* The process of "ovaing" consisted in pounding their anklets edgewise with a double handed stone till they had burst the rivets, and the convicts in that way gained their freedom. (See exhibit on board the "Success.")

Nine of the convicts were terribly wounded. Flannery afterwards had to undergo amputation of a leg, and three of his followers suffered in similar manner. Howling with rage and pain, the prisoners loudly cursed their leader, and found out, when too late, that they had made (as Mark Twain would say) "a mistake of large dimensions." Repulsed in their first mad "rush," they took refuge behind the stone heaps, and endeavoured to disable the warders with well-aimed stones. Flag signals passed from the "Success," and boatloads of warders from the different hulks soon overpowered the prisoners, who were taken back to the vessel in dogged submission. The re-ironing of the fractious prisoners was finished by the convict blacksmith just as darkness set in. Enraged at their capture, the noise they raised that night was simply indescribable. They clanked their chains in unison upon the ironwood floor, they yelled defiance at the authorities, and with the only article of furniture their cells contained they battered the massive doors of their prison. Full vent was given to their passion, and the air was filled with riot and obscenity. The Inspector-General feared the worst, and had the hatchway gridiron gratings battened down, so that should

"Locks, bolts and bars fly asunder,"

and the ruffians break loose, most of them, being below the water-line, would still be well under control. For hours the warders watched, armed with loaded rifles, at the "combings" of the hatches, and those on shore listened to the shrieks that came across the Bay, till they spent themselves at last in one prolonged discordant roar. Just as the riot had nearly expended itself, H.M.S. *Victoria*, a war sloop, then under Commander Norman, arrived to suppress the reported disorder, and stood with shotted guns and ports open, ready to pour a broadside into the rebels' prison, and sink her where she lay, should occasion demand. Had she arrived but half-an-hour earlier, that course would undoubtedly have been pursued, and the now historic ship would have been sunk at her moorings, with all her hideous cargo of crime. The ringleader of this rush had escaped from the Richmond stockade, which then occupied the picturesque bend on the Yarra, the exact site upon which J. Kennon and Sons' extensive tanneries, near Melbourne, now stand. Sergeant Gardner (who was transferred from that stockade to the position of chief warder of the "Success" in 1854) was mainly responsible for the privilege of quarry work, which Flannery just then had gained. The authorities were determined that incidents like the "Flannery rush" should be put a stop to, and the hulks were accordingly placed under the surveillance of the military. H.M. 40th Regiment were ordered from Melbourne to Williamstown, and an officer and military guard were stationed upon each of the yellow frigates. This display of militarism gave great offence to the prisoners, and there was a sullen look in the eye of many an "old hand," as, in marching past, they unwillingly gave the regulation salute to the soldiers in authority. One burly prisoner, named Braunigan, refused point blank to touch his cap to the officer, who (as he insolently phrased it) "wore a Government knife by his side, and a brass band round his head to keep his brains in." This act of insubordination was met with a sentence of seven days' solitary confinement.

The exasperated spirit of these dangerous ruffians sought another opportunity to combine, and at all costs gain their freedom. Painful disclosures had been made from time to time, revealing that frightful barbarities had been practised on the prisoners.

CHAPTER VII.

DR. JOHN SINGLETON (at one time Chaplain on board the "Success") was a man whose word no one questioned, a Christian philanthropist, and a true friend of the people. He was the first to expose the cruel treatment of the prisoners upon the hulks, and it was owing to his zeal that the "Citizens' Committee" was formed. The following leading men were prominent members of the committee: Sir George Stephen, David Blair, Rev. Dr. Shiel, Rev. A. Ramsay, George Elliott Burton, William J. Little, J. G. Burt, Adam Anderson, Dr. Cairns, George Mackay, LL.D., and Henry Jennings. Mass meetings were held by the citizens, and resolutions carried condemning the cruel practices upon the prison ships. The Government, however, were deaf to all appeals, and slow to move. Meanwhile, on board the hulks a deadly hate was fostered by the agitation between the prisoners and their officers. To the convicts, murder was just a matter of opportunity, and the warders retaliated by methods that made the horrors of Norfolk Island and Port Arthur "pale their ineffectual fires." A correspondent writing to the *Melbourne Age*, November 25th, 1857, said: "I have seen the dungeons of Spielberg, and the miseries of the galleys, and experienced the horrors (as a visitor) of the Continental gaols; I have crossed the 'Bridge of Sighs,' and been down to the uttermost depths of the prison beyond, where the 'Council of Ten' immured their victims for ever, but not one of these is to be compared in refinement of cruelty and multiplication of horrors to the floating hells of Victoria."

To the convicts the gallows was considered a release from misery worse than death. They girded at their guards, and scorned the warders' rifles by rushing for the bulwarks. But instead of being shot, as they anticipated, they were flogged for insubordination or attempted escape. The convict Power in after years used to relate how, as they paced the deck encumbered by their heavy irons, they insulted the sentries on guard with their upraised, outspread fingers.

On the 4th of June, 1856, the convict Melville was one of ten at exercise on the main deck. He loitered behind, instead of keeping the regular distance from the other prisoners, as provided by the regulations. Sergeant Graham ordered him to "close up." Melville thereupon stepped out of the ranks, and told that officer "that he would be treated with more respect." For his insolence he was ordered below, and Warder Macpherson and a Mr. Horne followed Sergeant Graham and the prisoner to the "dark cell." On his wrists being freed from the handcuffs, Melville sprang with bull-dog ferocity at the officer in charge, and fastening his teeth in the face of the struggling sergeant, nearly bit off his nose.

Macpherson sprang upon the convict's back, while Horne vigorously belaboured him, till he fell insensible to the deck with the warders on top of him, and he was then soon secured. That same afternoon Mr. (afterwards Captain) Pascoe, the visiting magistrate, sentenced Melville to "twenty days' solitary," chained short to the ring-bolt. On the third day the chain was lengthened, thereby giving the prisoner an opportunity of resting on the floor.

In August, 1856, the Gisborne "rush" took place, the ringleader being shot through the body. On the 22nd of October, in the same year,

a shocking and sensational affray took place between the convicts and their guards, attended by loss of life on both sides. The notorious Melville was again brought into prominence as the leader of this insurrection. Further on we give fuller details of the eventful career of this desperate criminal.

The Citizens' Committee at last obtained by their agitation the appointment of a Select Committee of the Legislative Council. They were empowered by resolution to take evidence as regards the administration of justice on board the hulks, and the following Members of Parliament formed that tribunal: Messrs. Cruikshank, Mitchell, Miller, McCoombie, Hood and Harvey, the latter having been previously secretary of the Anti-Transportation League.

Mr. Hallis, Superintendent of the "Success," and other officers and even prisoners, gave evidence, though the testimony of the latter must naturally be taken *cum grano salis*. Public opinion was greatly divided, and feeling ran very high. It was the fashion in some circles to extol the severe Inspector-General Price as a most exemplary official, while others sided with the Committee as humanitarians. The evidence given on oath at the enquiry, and published in *The Melbourne Age*, 25th November, 1856, elicited the following facts:

A man named Duncan, the best workman at "the hulks," was ordered extra irons for merely asking for lighter ones. A prisoner named Cussen had been thrown from the top deck to the centre deck, from the centre to the lower, and then set upon by warders most brutally, until his blood flowed in all directions. It was stated that a man named Murphy had two years added to his sentence for drawing himself up and looking through the top bars of his cell, but this was afterwards shown to have been for a much more grievous offence. Another witness stated that convict Walker was not in his right senses when sent to "the hulks"; yet on his arrival he was sentenced to thirty days' solitary; a pound of bread was passed to him daily, and water lowered to him through the bars. A convict stated that "water-gagging" was frequently adopted to stop their breath. Buckets of water were said to have been thrown upon them from a great height; and the barber, Fielder, stated that it was impossible to dress the hair of his fellow-prisoners, owing to the numerous open wounds the convicts had received upon their heads from the batons of the warders. Other witnesses denounced the Members of the Committee as grievance-mongers, and Dr. Youl, one of the visiting magistrates, spoke strongly in favour of Mr. Price, and said that he was satisfied that the Inspector-General, though one of the most powerful men in the country, had never struck a prisoner in his life. Dr. McRae said he had never seen any cruelty towards the convicts, and that Mr. Price had always acted towards them with the greatest consideration, when they deserved it. The Inspector himself, at the enquiry, said that all his hopes of reforming the prisoners had gone. The convicts on board the "Success" were more like wild beasts than men, and it was necessary to iron them heavily, *even below the water-line*, to break their spirits and render them more tractable. He stated that Melville had secreted a long knife in his cell the day after the last outbreak, with the firm intention of killing a warder.

The *Melbourne Age*, November 25th, 1856, also commented upon the Inspector-General's evidence as follows: "His avowed principles of penal discipline are, first, that the reformation of a criminal is hopeless; and, secondly, that extreme severity is the only method by which criminals can be governed. Mr. Inspector Price's principles cannot be tolerated in this community. They are rejected with abhorrence by all

men of intelligence and humane feeling. There must be a more searching enquiry."

The *Melbourne Argus*, on the other hand, claimed that the Inspector-General's character was vindicated, and wrote that punishment could not be effected without being cruel, with penal establishments as they were.

The *Mount Alexander Mail*, the leading country journal, wrote, on December 3rd, 1856: "The editor of the *Argus* is accused of wishing to sacrifice 'Melville,' and save its own pet, Mr. Price"; and, later on, December 8th, published the following prophetic words "*Is blood to be shed, or murder in some shape or way to be committed before the Victorian Government will open their eyes to the abuses in the penal system over which they are supposed to have control?*"

Still, no Parliamentary action was taken, and, three months afterwards Inspector-General John Price was assassinated at the quarries on shore, in broad daylight, by a furious crowd of angry convicts, under the following circumstances.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ASSASSINATION OF INSPECTOR PRICE.

Mercy for him that shows it is the rule,
By which Heaven moves in pardoning guilty man,
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn.—*Cooper*.

THE 'tween-decks of the old "Success" presented an animated appearance on the glorious morning of the 26th March, 1857, when Mr. Hallis, the Superintendent of the hulk, mustered his men for the labour of the day between the mustering barriers that still remain. While engaged in this duty an old soldier named Taylor, complained that the chief warder had robbed him of his portion of bread. The convict was evidently much angered, and Mr. Hallis ordered him below. The man obeyed instantly, and the others proceeded to the quarries; but on landing they refused point blank to work till they had seen Inspector-General Price. That gentleman being in Melbourne, Mr. Hallis went to the city to report the charge made by the overseer, together with the news as to the mutiny of the prisoners. Mr. Price returned to Williamstown without delay, and accosting the first prisoner, Henry Smith (alias Shylock), asked him the nature of his complaint. He replied that Taylor's bread had been kept back by the chief warder, and said further that the quality of the bread was very inferior. Taking a piece from another convict's bag, he added, "Here is a sample."

Mr. Hallis, who was present, said that the bread shown was not that morning's, but was two or three days old.

Mr. Price then said, "Anyhow, no prisoner is allowed to have two rations at once, and you have a deal to say, and a great many complaints to make."

"Yes," replied the convict, "I have a thousand." The Inspector-General then moved on, accompanied by Mr. Hallis, and Smith grumblingly resumed his work.

Next, a prisoner named Williams asked that part of his sentence might be remitted, but this could not be granted as he had been an absconder. Another prisoner named Brannigan made a similar request, and "Red"

Kelly, the father of the bushrangers of later years, asked whether a sentence of three days' solitary, which he had received a week before, would affect his ticket-of-leave.

Mr. Price and Mr. Hallis agreed that he would have to wait six months, whereupon Kelly shook his fist defiantly, and said, "You — tyrant, your race will soon be run." For this display of insolence he was taken back to the "Success" in charge of two overseers. Bryant, a reckless ruffian, then complained of the short allowance of soap granted to him, and the Inspector-General marked a cross upon it, and was moving away. At this juncture about thirty of the prisoners approached the Inspector simultaneously, professing to wish to speak to him.

Seeing the convicts clustering round him, he demanded loudly, "By whose authority have these men left their work?"

The overseer replied, "They would not be stopped, sir."

"Oh, that's it," said Mr. Price, "then they had better be sent on board at once;" and addressing the men, said, "When on board I will listen to all you have to say."

The overseer experienced great difficulty in getting the prisoners into line, many angry voices loudly cursing Hyland, the chief overseer, for cheating them of their rations. Maloney then, in the presence of Price, shook his fist at Hyland, exclaiming loudly, "He's another — tyrant;" while Smith shouted several times, "We will have new officers."

From the rear of the crowd, clods and grass came flying through the air, and several stones were thrown at Mr. Price, one striking him on the cheek as he tried to protect himself with his upraised hand. The three overseers formed a ring round the Inspector, but the way was cleared by a brawny convict, who struck out right and left. The convict Bryant closed with Mr. Price and almost strangled him, Maloney next striking him in the face, as he fought in self-defence. In retreating backwards down a slight incline, followed by twenty of his assailants, the unfortunate officer was felled to the ground by a huge stone, thrown by the prisoner Brannigan. The infuriated Bryant, Brown, and Chesley, then each picked up a shovel, and struck their prostrate victim repeatedly upon the head and neck, Maloney and Smith fairly raining blows upon him with their quarrying tools.

Another stone was deliberately dashed upon the insensible form of the bleeding officer, and Bryant, throwing down his shovel, said, "Come on now, boys; he's cooked. He wants no more." The cowardly scoundrels then scattered in different directions, but were soon overpowered by the military, and two others were found afterwards hidden in an excavation, waiting for nightfall so as to make good their escape.

The Inspector was carried on a hand-barrow to the lighthouse by convicts who thought thus to ingratiate themselves and secure a commutation of their sentences. Captain Price was attended by Dr. Wilkins, but expired the next day without recovering consciousness. A hollow where his head had rested was filled with blood, and one convict was so bespattered with blood-stains that he stripped himself of his holland jumper, and burned it at the quarry forge adjacent, in order to destroy all traces of the ghastly crime; but the absence of his jumper, for which he could offer no explanation, proved incriminatory evidence. For many months two iron pegs driven into the ground indicated the exact site of the murder.

This sensational outrage caused almost a panic in the city. Reports that the convicts had broken loose in numbers and were intent on violence and bloodshed were fully believed, and the police and military hurried down to find that four of the gang had gone on board without



offering any resistance, and, although thirty-three convicts had burst their leg-chains with the tools at the quarry forge, they were soon recaptured and lodged in their cells. These hardened wretches, exulting in their butchery, then gave three defiant cheers for the "Success," and were answered by the convicts on the sister hulk, the *President*. The tampering with the leg-irons was regarded by the officials as a crime of great enormity. "Jacky" Williams was one of the number who, with chisels and spalling-hammers, had relieved each other of their "leg-ornaments," as they were referred to by the convicts. Their handiwork was rewarded by the infliction of the wearing of "the punishment band," or "body-iron," a steel contrivance encircling the body, and from which projected strong iron outriggers for the wrists, thereby holding the arms extended forward for hours, in a benumbed and painful position.

One section of the Press imputed the murder of Captain Price to the unnatural system adopted by the deceased Inspector-General.

The *Melbourne Age*, in a leading article, contained the following, referring to the enquiry of the "Citizens' Committee":—"Enough was proved to warrant the suspension of Mr. Price twenty times over, but the Government was perfectly indifferent. There can be no doubt whatever that Mr. Price was guilty of the cruelty attributed to him, and his untimely end is the result of that vindictive feeling which his own policy has fostered in the minds of the convicts under his charge. The whole affair lies in a nutshell. *He was a cruel man, and his cruelty came back to him.*"

Months before the tragedy occurred, a Melbourne clergyman forwarded to the leading newspaper a bulky pamphlet written by the Rev Thomas Rogers,* who was Chaplain at Norfolk Island at the time that Mr. Price was Commandant there. Commenting upon its reception, the editor remarked (*Melbourne Age*, September 19th, 1857): "If the horrible details that it contained had been published at the height of the excitement about the hulks, the Inspector-General, instead of being murdered by the convicts, might have been torn to pieces in the streets of Melbourne."

The *Melbourne Argus*, on the other hand, maintained that the Inspector was so just that he lost his life through his great attention to the professed complaints of the convicts.

The trial of the prisoners commenced on April 13th, 1857, Judge Barry presiding. The fifteen prisoners accused of wilful murder at the inquest were first arraigned, and each pleaded "Not guilty." On the third day of the trial the jury found the prisoners guilty and sentence of death was pronounced. On the 16th, five other convicts were placed in the dock, their trial lasting four days. Finally, Williams, Smith, Maloney, Bryant, Brannigan, Chesley and Brown were sentenced to death and executed, this being the most hideous week's work of the gallows ever known in the Colony of Victoria.

* The Rev. Thomas Rogers gave evidence before a Select Committee of the English House of Commons regarding the treatment of the convicts.

CHAPTER IX.

THE fearful death of the Inspector-General roused the politicians from their inaction, and on the 11th September, 1857, after voluminous evidence had been taken, the Report of the Select Committee was brought before Parliament, and the death-blow was dealt to the old hulk system. The agitation resulting from the painful disclosures had borne good fruit. On the 3rd October, 1857, Mr. Blair, M.P., moved "That the Report of the Select Committee on penal discipline, brought up on the 11th September, be adopted." This was seconded by Mr. William Langlands, M.P., and carried overwhelmingly. Large prisons were then erected on shore, commensurate with the size and importance of Melbourne, the "Queen city of the south."

For a few months the old "Success" rode at her moorings absolutely untenanted, save by large flocks of noisy sea-gulls; but shortly afterwards she was ordered to be utilised as a prison for refractory seamen. The term "refractory" was often applied by the captains of outward-bound ships to those sailors who showed an inclination to desert for the gold-fields.

By an Order in Council all the hulks were removed from Williams-town to Sandridge in 1857, and from 1860 to 1868 the "Success" was used as a "women's prison." A sentence of only a few nights on board had its effect on the most irreclaimable viragos in Victoria.

In 1869 the historic hulk was handed over to the *Sir Harry Smith*, and used as a sleeping-place for the worst boys of that reformatory.

For many years the "Success" was moored in an out-of-the-way part of the Salt-water River, and was employed as a store hulk for the powder and ammunition used by the Defence Department of the Colony of Victoria. Finally, the prison hulks, one and all (as relics of a convict system offensive to the recollection of all Australians), were ordered to be sold on the express condition that they were to be broken up, and their associations lost to the recollection of the residents of Melbourne. By a clerical omission that condition did not appear upon the terms of sale of the "Success," hence she has outlived the other four, and is to-day the only Australian convict-ship afloat.

In the last few months of 1890 she first appeared before the public as a ship on show, and even in that rôle her career was fraught with incident. Governments were petitioned, influence was brought to bear, and sums were offered privately for the removal of the figures of some of the original occupants of the old convict prison. At Sydney, New South Wales, the exhibition so roused the resentment of a class of haughty colonists, who patronisingly came on board, peered through the keyholes of the cells, sniffed contemptuously at their stuffed ancestors, disclaimed any relationship, and planned revenge. At midnight, on March 10th, 1892, the vessel was stealthily boarded, and all the figures were mutilated and damaged beyond repair. The "Success" rose superior to this wanton outrage. Two months later, however, she was maliciously scuttled and disappeared—it was thought and hoped, by some, for ever—beneath the waters of the picturesque harbour of Port Jackson. Nothing daunted, the enterprise of the proprietors was equal to the occasion, and five and a half months later the raising of the vessel (which had had eight augur-holes bored through her fine teak timbers) was an accomplished fact.

Grey with barnacles and bemantled with seaweed, the submersion only served to make the appearance of the centenarian convict-ship still more remarkable and grotesque; and since that time she has, as an exhibition ship, fully justified her name by everywhere creating immense interest as a unique relic of convict days. The "Success" serves as an antique and useful reminder of a condition of things that existed prior to the establishment of that high-water mark in the history of Australia—the absolute abolition of transportation.

There are some who contend that no tradition attaches to, nor interesting remnants of bygone ages are to be found in Australasia to reward the research of the historian. Colonial ruins are not, as in older countries, crumbling cathedrals and tottering abbeys which later generations regard with a religious reverence, but Britain's convict prisons in the last stage of decay, moss-grown corridors of cells, the regularity of which is broken by Time's effacing fingers, and half-hidden by wild creeping vines and undergrowth, as if Nature herself were anxious to assist in hiding them from sight.

Colonial Governments have, year after year, expended large sums of money in razing these prisons to the ground. By a special order of the Legislature, a public bonfire at Bathurst, N.S.W., burnt all the incriminating convict records that could be collected at that time; and the abandoned prison hulks that still remained were ordered to be broken up and lost from public view. But why should that leaf in the history of Australia be turned down? Is it not a matter for congratulation that the colonies have risen superior to, and outlived, the base effects of England's well-intentioned experiment in convict colonisation, and have gained prestige amongst the nations of the earth?

Convictism presses most hardly upon those whose forefathers' names are written in ineffaceable letters of blood in the early records as despots and tyrants, who were often guilty of the grossest maladministration. In those days, cruelty was inflicted both on land and sea, in penitentiary and prison ship, by officers whose distance from headquarters made them practically irresponsible.

As to the convicts themselves, although the large majority were the offscourings of the British penitentiaries, they were yet not by any means all commonplace offenders. Some were men of superior birth and education—revolutionary writers, expatriated preachers, lawyers, lords, and sons of noblemen; even a monarch, the ex-King of Iceland, became a convict in Australia, having been transported for publishing a book entitled "The Religion of Christ, the Religion of Nature." No wonder that Barrington—himself but a London pickpocket—felt honoured by the company with which he was surrounded in the prison settlement of Sydney: and in humorous verses of his own composition he used to recite:

"True patriots all, for be it understood
We left our country for our country's good;
No private views disgraced our generous zeal,
What urged our travels was our country's weal;
And none will doubt but that our emigration
Has proved most useful to the British nation."

By the criminal code of England (operating as late as 1800) there were one hundred and sixty different offences for which the penalty was death; branding in the hand and transportation being the penalties for offences of lesser gravity. And in times of political turmoil many of those who crossed the sea in custody were men of advanced opinions, who had spoken out boldly against the wrongs they saw around them. In point of fact, the

very actions that would now give a man a reputation as a labour leader and help him to a seat in Parliament, then branded him as a man who was dangerous to society, and whose only fit place was Botany Bay.

The mortality among them is shown to have been so great that of the second fleet that sailed only fifty per cent. of the convicts that left the United Kingdom arrived in Australia. In later years half-a-guinea a head was paid to the surgeon-in-charge for every prisoner he delivered safe and sound. Still later (transportation to Western Australia did not cease till 1868), these surgeon-superintendents had such inducements held out to them to pay the convicts attention that a pint of wine and luxuries, such as sago, sugar and lime-juice, were often granted to the prisoners. Their leg-irons were unrevoked when well out at sea, and on Australia being sighted the carpenter of the vessel usually had to invest each prisoner anew with his load of ankle-iron. The sorrowful faces of the prisoners on resuming their chains used to command the sympathy of all those who worked the ship.

The treatment of the prisoners on the coastal transport ships was barbarous in the extreme. *En route* from Hobart to Norfolk Island the custom was to shackle the whole of the convicts by the heels to an immense cable that ran from stem to stern, passed through the hatchway and was connected with the windlass; so that when there were any signs of a disturbance amongst the prisoners a turn or two of the windlass would haul the prisoners' heels uppermost in the air, and in this painful position they would be kept till the skipper considered he had given his victims a sufficient lesson.

At the establishments on shore suits of spiked iron were worn, and tortures inconceivable inflicted. The intention of the British Government was, no doubt, to offer the convicts an opportunity—through their good behaviour and industry—of regaining some of the advantages they had forfeited; but their good scheme was stultified by reason of the tyrannical task-masters in whose hands lay the administration of the law they so little regarded.

In that land of lovely lake and waterfall, of sombre mountains towering to the skies, hiding beneath their forest-clad sides a wealth of gold and mineral deposits, men slept in heavy chains, debarred from every privilege, and envied the very animals which enjoyed a freedom of which they could only dream. What wonder that the more venturesome amongst them should make a bold dash for freedom, and plunge into the unexplored interior?

Freeing themselves from their leg-irons, they crossed the mountain gorges, and passing through the dense bush, they scaled the lofty ranges to their very summit. From east to west extended rolling downs, besprinkled with the gorgeous flora with which Nature has decked the dormant solitudes of Australia. Large tracts of fertile plain, where the Aborigines roamed in undisturbed freedom, were first seen from mountain heights by felons who had lived for years in chains, and finally became inmates of the hulk "Success" at Port Phillip.

Vast changes have taken place since the days of those early criminal explorers. Vast changes have taken place, also, in the treatment of the criminal classes since the scandalous abuses to which we have referred tarnished England's reputation.

Now, possibly, the tendency of public opinion is rather to err in the opposite extreme, and to make our prisons as much too comfortable as before they were revolting. Magistrates find that the same offenders appear before them again and again at almost regular

intervals, these periodic lodgers at the expense of the Crown seeing that a vicious life pays them better than an honest one.

For students of the criminal classes, and of that great and difficult problem of prison-reform, the convict-ship "Success" must possess especial interest. The old hulk may be seen to-day practically in the identical condition in which she was when moored off Williamstown.

There are the double rows of dark cells, the "black holes" and the "tigers' den." There are the mustering barriers, the flogging frame, the compulsory bath, and the various implements of punishment that were used so unsparingly in the past. Yes, and there are the convicts also; but, though lifelike and startling in their prison garb, as they appear to gaze at you with their fierce eyes through the aperture in their cell doors, they are as harmless as their own dust that is now mingled with their mother earth in the far-off Australia.

But if the "Success" possesses a gruesome interest on account of her eventful and crime-stained record, her proprietors have endeavoured to impart a bright side to the picture.

Instead of the prison bell tolling its mournful monotone, soft music may now be heard at intervals, stealing along the decks that have ever been strangers to sweet sounds. Holiday-seekers in large numbers may be seen listening with the closest attention to the explanations and many thrilling stories which the attendants have to tell. Aloft from mast to mast stretch the flags of all nations in bright array, a rainbow of promise, heralding that better day when Mercy, that

"Droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,"

shall henceforth season Justice.



PART II—THE "SUCCESS" PRISONERS.

Contents.

"CAPTAIN" MELVILLE	...	PAGE.
HENRY GARRETT	...	49
GIPSY SMITH	..	57
HENRY POWER	..	58
DANIEL MORGAN...	..	60
OWEN SUFFOLK	..	62
THE KILLY GANG	..	64
		70

PART II.

THE "SUCCESS" PRISONERS.

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WE have so far dealt with the history of the vessel and some of the typical incidents which occurred from time to time in the lives of those on board this "floating hell." We must now turn our attention to the state of Australia at the time, and to some of the more notorious prisoners who passed a portion of their existence on the "Success."

We have already alluded to the fact that some of the unexplored tracts of Australia's fertile interior were seen for the first time by felons who had succeeded in making good their escape. For countless miles around them stretched the virgin bush. Range behind range of mountains, clothed from base to summit with the dull green foliage of the eucalyptus, or "blue gums," presented a sombre panorama to those who gazed from some commanding height.

Not a sound broke the deathly silence that reigned supreme over the mountain and down the valley that lost itself in leafy gloom. No sign of life met the eye, save for the occasional darting of a bird, whose throat gave forth no joyful notes such as entrance the ear in England's woods and dales. Even the feathered creation seemed to have imbibed the deep melancholy that was inseparable from the mind when looking forth on the timbered landscape of undeveloped Australia. Sometimes a faint perfume resembling incense, caused by the burning of the eucalyptus, would betray the encroachment of man into these solitudes, and a wreath of smoke trailing skywards amidst the distant tree-tops would indicate the spot where the settler was clearing the ground for what perhaps afterwards became a flourishing township.

Such was the country in which those who escaped from the hands of justice found themselves. But beside the boundless freedom and liberty presented to them, there was also the hope of achieving riches through the discovery of gold which was found to richly leaven the Port Phillip Settlement, and they found it a much easier and pleasanter task to waylay and rob those who had successfully toiled after the precious metal, than go to the trouble of seeking it themselves. Thus, in a short time, bands of bushrangers, mounted on the fleetest horses, spread themselves over the country, defying all authority, and robbing gold escorts and mail drivers with the dread command, "Bail up!" any resistance being speedily overcome by the free use of the revolver.

"The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they may take who have the power,
And they may keep who can."

To such a chaotic state had the condition of society come through the inadequacy of police protection, that one notorious outlaw (who

as an old man became an inmate of the hulk "Success") had the temerity to write a letter, addressed—"From the Governor of the Ranges to the Governor of the Town," offering terms whereby for a stated sum, to be enclosed in a free pardon, and sent to him in his mountain retreat, he would surrender and give up his life of crime.

The state of the country at that time was so desperate that even this cool communication could not be treated with contempt, and Major Nairne went as an ambassador to treat with the outlaw, and practically accepted his terms.

CAPTAIN MELVILLE.

"Captain Melville," whose real name was Frank McCallum, was transported at the age of eighteen for the trivial offence of stealing a potato pie from a cart in a street of his native village of Paisley, in Scotland. His case impresses upon one very strikingly the fact that men were transported in those days for the most petty crimes. In examining some old and time-stained records in a prison, now in ruins, close to Wellclose Square, London, the writer came across an entry which was worthy to go side by side with that of Captain Melville.

It stated that N— R— was transported on December 17th, 1785, for stealing six ounces of sewing silk, of the value of tenpence! Nor were these cases exceptional, for many of the convicts who served their sentences on the "Success" were transported for no more serious offences than stealing a few geese on a Yorkshire common, forging a tenpenny stamp, or committing an act of the most petty larceny, as in Melville's case. The description of the offences for which the early convicts were sent out was often purposely omitted from the official records, as can be seen on examining an original "conditional pardon," dated 1832, and now displayed on the upper deck of the "Success." It is signed by Major Richard Bourke, the Governor of the time, decorated with a massive red seal, and filled in with a detailed description of the prisoner, even the colour of his hair and eyes being stated; and yet, strange to say, no explanation is inserted after the word "offence," a significant omission plainly implying that it was too trivial to be gravely recorded on such a document.

Captain Melville arrived at Port Puer, Port Arthur, Tasmania, in the transport ship *Minerva* (originally one of Nelson's old flagships), with one hundred and forty-eight other prisoners, who had "left their country for their country's good." The condition of society, the admixture of bond and free, and the conduct of those in power, gave rise to the remark, that, at that time, there were but two classes in the colony, viz.: "those who were in gaol and those who ought to be." Naturally a bold and determined man, the cruelty to which he was subjected made Melville a dangerous, designing ruffian. Escaping from the "chain-gang," he lived a lawless life for years in Van Dieman's Land. There, for robbery at Launceston, he was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment, but escaping from custody, he found his way as a stowaway to Port Phillip, where he became the leader of an armed band of bushrangers and brigands. The robbery of the McIvor gold escort gained him much notoriety. He contrived, however, for years to escape the meshes of the law most skillfully.

The following incident will show the daring and softer qualities that were so strangely mixed in the character of this clever rogue. Upon one occasion he made an uninvited appearance at the station of a Mr. Keenan, in the Wimmera District of Victoria. The mother and daughters were

dressed in evening attire, ready to start for a musical party at a neighbouring farm; but Melville, with many regrets and apologies, said that he must request them to give him the pleasure of their company instead.

With a loaded revolver in his hand, he summoned everyone—servants and all—to the drawing-room, where, choosing a seat near the piano from which he commanded the door, he sat himself down to enjoy a musical evening. At his special request, one of the young ladies sang a lullaby, which seemed to rouse the musician's soul within this desperate character. He then sat down at the pianoforte, and played an exquisitely soft and dreamy melody that excited the admiration of the whole company. Suddenly a heavy footstep was heard upon the verandah, and the next moment an excited sergeant of police stood in the open doorway. Melville sprang to his feet and instantly covered him with his revolver. "Surrender," demanded the bushranger. The sergeant, taken completely by surprise, darted backwards and banged the door, holding the handle with both hands. He shouted to his men for assistance, but Melville had by this time jumped through the open window and disappeared among the brushwood, just as a red-faced and breathless trooper came too late upon the scene. The officer swore loudly at the constable, and fired his rifle at the retreating form of the outlaw; but the shot went wide of its mark. "Secure his horse," shouted the sergeant; but they were again too late. A shrill whistle, which was answered by a whinnying from Melville's black mare, was heard, and Melville, with a burst of ironical laughter, leaped on her back, and was gone like a flash.

Of the many hairbreadth escapes and brushes with the police which this extraordinary man had, the following, often told by himself on board the hulk, will serve as another example.

A reward of £1,000 was offered by the Government for his capture, dead or alive, but for many years he successfully baffled the police. At last he was sighted upon a jaded horse, skirting the spur of a mountain range, and five troopers from the "Ovens" district immediately started in hot pursuit. The outlaw at once spurred on his horse, and on their gaining the level country the troopers' inferior steeds "balked" at the country fences, and only two were able to follow the bushranger in his flight. Melville's fine black mare was gradually out-distancing his pursuers when, on looking backward to see what progress the police were making, he was suddenly thrown to the ground through coming in contact with the low branch of a eucalyptus tree, and his horse galloped away. He was rendered insensible by the fall, and on recovering consciousness he found that he had been secured, and was bound hand and foot with the new rope halters used by the troopers.

As it was two days' journey to the nearest town where they could place their prisoner safely under lock and key, they made a halt for the night, built a camp fire, as is the custom in Australia, and the two constables slept one on each side of their prisoner. Judge then of their surprise at finding on their awakening in the morning that their bird had flown! During the night Melville had crawled stealthily, on his hands and knees, to the camp fire, and holding the ropes that bound his wrists across the smouldering embers, the flax soon parted, and his hands were then free to unshackle his limbs.

The daring man stood free in the middle of the sleeping camp; but not content, he robbed the troopers of their very rifles, and galloping away on their swiftest horse, was once more in his home in the mountains.

It was, strange to relate, at a wedding party at Geelong, Victoria, that Melville, the bushranger, was ultimately arrested. In the excitement of the evening's festivities, and under the influence of the wine-cup, he incautiously boasted of his powers in baffling the police, and so was

betrayed by one of the women among the company, who sold Melville, no doubt, to obtain the high Government reward. When arraigned for trial, so many charges of highway robbery were preferred against him that he was sentenced, in all, to thirty-two years' imprisonment. It may here be remarked that in the identical cell which bears his name on board the hulk "Success," Melville served several years of his long and severe sentence. His very daring and intrepidity whilst a prisoner brought him under the thumbscrew of authority, and each act of insubordination increased the rigour of the methods employed to curb his indomitable spirit.

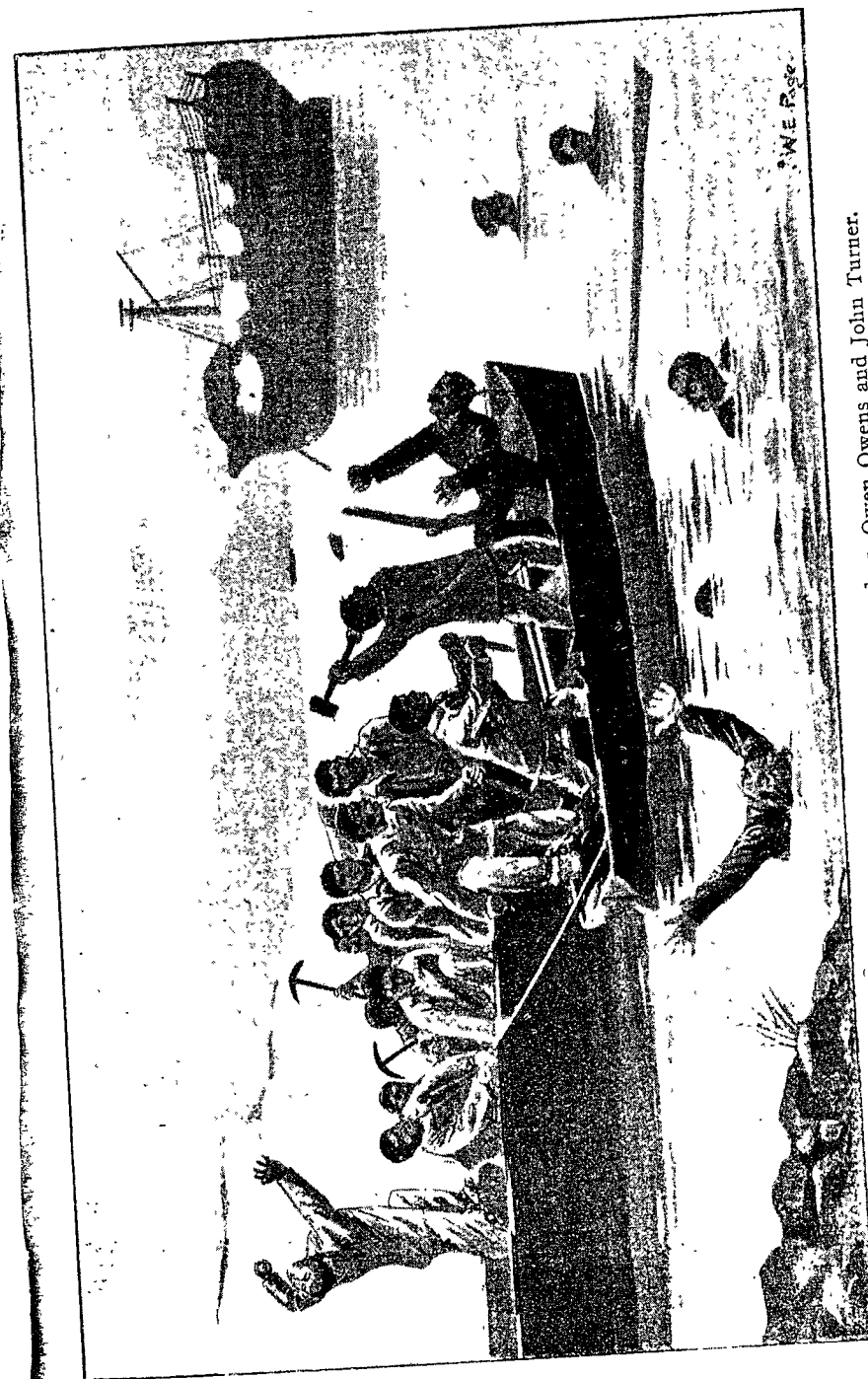
After he had been some time on board, the report went round that Melville was converted to religion; his demeanour was that of abject contrition, and he prayed that he might yet be made the means of assisting the conversion of his fellow-prisoners. At his request he was provided by the Chaplain with books for his moral instruction, and he actually made a commencement on a translation of the Bible into the tongue of the Australian aborigines, with whose language he was remarkably conversant, having lived for years among the blacks.

The Chaplain was so highly gratified at having made such a remarkable convert that the rigorous punishment was relaxed, and Melville gained the privilege of working at the quarries. About five o'clock in the afternoon of the 22nd of October, 1856, forty or fifty prisoners were mustered at the little stone pier for the return to the "Success," and then entered the launch provided for their accommodation, Melville being amongst them. The convicts were noticed by Mr. Jackson, the ship keeper of the hulk *Lysander*, to be crowding towards the bow of the boat, and he ordered four or five of them aft, to bring the boat into proper trim. With the towing boat (manned by four or five sailors from the *Lysander*, and Owen Owens as guard) about four yards distant, the barge moved from the landing place. When two hundred yards from the shore, the pious Melville gave a signal,* the convicts seized the tow-line, and hauling it up, scrambled into the smaller boat and threw themselves upon the occupants.

The guard Owens was thrown by Melville to the bottom of the boat, and the sailors being ordered to jump overboard, offered no resistance, being in their hearts very glad to be quit of such company. Nine convicts, all in irons, commenced rowing vigorously, with the insane idea that they could escape from the harbour. A fusillade was promptly opened upon them by the sentries on the "Success," and the convict Hill, the forger, was shot through the neck, his place as oarsman being taken by Harry Power.

Up to this time, the guard Owens was clinging to the thwarts of the boat in terror. An attempt was then made to fling him overboard, but he resisted, upon which the ruffian Melville smashed in his skull with three blows from a heavy stone-breaking hammer, and then threw him overboard. As the blood-stained body floated by, Melville waved the hammer, dripping with blood, over his head, kissed his hand to the unarmed warder in the barge, and cried, "Adieu, at last, to Victoria and the old 'Success,'" imagining that he was safe from recapture. But Sergeant Waymond, in charge of the water-police boat, quickly gave chase, and when escape seemed impossible, and a return to the "Success"

* These signals were concocted by a system of telegraphic communication between the cells, and were worked by the convicts with marvellous perfection. A certain number of low knocks meant a given word, and even the different planks in the partition had their significance.



The Melville "rush."—The murder of two warders, Owen Owens and John Turner.

inevitable, a convict named Stevens, remembering the tortures to which he had been subjected on board, shouted, "I prefer this," and, ironed as he was, jumped overboard and instantly sank.

The affair had thus caused the death of Owen Owens, the warder, John Turner, one of the seamen, who was drowned, and Stevens, the convict. The murderers, on being challenged, surrendered, and were ignominiously taken back to the hulk, manacled and thrust into their cells. The convicts implicated were all long-sentence prisoners: Melville, 32 years; Power, 14 years; Murphy, 12 years; Johnstone, 13 years; Harris, 12 years; Fielder, 15 years; Macdonald, 9 years; and O'Ready, 22 years. Melville, as he was being more heavily ironed, mocked the officials, and in dumb show, pointing to his neck, intimated that he expected to be hanged for that day's exploit.

On the 19th of November, 1856, the trial of the nine convicts commenced at the Melbourne Criminal Sessions. They were all charged with the murder of Owen Owens, and were separately arraigned, having exercised their individual right to challenge the panel. Melville was tried first, and defended himself.

Melville addressed the jury, and called God to witness that he had not struck the blows. He said he had been most cruelly treated on board the hulks, and that efforts had been made to provoke an outbreak, so that the men might be shot. On first going on board the hulk he had, he said, been cruelly beaten by thirteen men, and thrown in a small dungeon two feet six inches wide, and there he lay in irons for five days and six nights, his food being placed within his sight, but out of his reach. When attempting to escape after Hill was wounded he was tending him as he lay in the bottom of the boat, when Stevens struck Owens twice and said, "I've done it now," and, "I prefer this," and he then jumped overboard. Some others proposed to commit suicide in the same way, to escape capture, but he dissuaded them. When he finished what was described by the press as "a very telling address," he called the eight other prisoners, who all swore that it was Stevens who had struck Owens; that O'Ready had endeavoured to prevent him; and that at the time Melville was tending the wounded man Hill.

For the Crown, it was urged that the prisoners had concocted the story, throwing the guilt upon the dead Stevens, and that the evidence of convicts should not weigh against the testimony of the Crown witnesses. The jury, after deliberating for three-quarters of an hour, found Melville guilty, but were not unanimous as to his being the one who struck the blows. Melville was sentenced to be hanged, but as he had been originally sentenced to labour on the roads, and as no warrant had been produced for his transfer to the prison hulks, the point was raised as to whether the prisoner was in "legal custody" when attempting escape. In the following month the full Court upheld the objection and the conviction was finally quashed.

Melville's trial was followed by that of Harris and Fielder, who were defended by Dr. Mackay. They were found guilty, but were strongly recommended to mercy by the jury, on the ground that they had not struck the blows which caused the death of Owens. The remaining six accused were arraigned during the following week and tried together. They were defended by R. D. Ireland, with the result that the jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty." This verdict was, no doubt, partly due to the impression that had been made upon the public mind by the disclosures in the previous trials and by the letters which had appeared in the press, showing that the convicts were at times goaded to desperation.

The following anecdote of this notorious villain shows also the deep plans he laid for escaping from the dull monotony and cruelty of the life

on board. On a certain occasion he had expressed a wish to have an interview with a Catholic priest. The request, having been duly considered, was very properly acceded to, but, as the result showed, no religious motive had prompted this hardened sinner. The clergyman was sent for, and every facility was given for the purpose of his visit, but scarcely was he left alone with "Captain Melville," than to his infinite surprise he was ordered by him to strip off his garments, and change with the prisoner. The Church, however, proved militant; the reverend gentleman showed a bold front, threatened instant exposure, and to give an alarm if the least attempt at violence were made.

The baffled ruffian therefore had to put up with further disappointment. He subsequently found means, however, to communicate again with his visitor, and had the extraordinary coolness to ask him to come a second time and to bring with him an extra priestly costume. Needless to say, this modest request met with no response.

Melville did not long survive the commutation of his sentence. One morning he was found in his cell strangled to death by his neckerchief. The opinion was held by some at the time that he was strangled by the officers of the "Success," who knew that he was possessed of a secret, the publication of which would have involved the expulsion of one or more prominent officials. The verdict of "Suicide" was declared by those who held this opinion to be merely a screen for the murderers of this unhappy wretch. How far the suspicion of foul play was justified, it is, at this distance of time, impossible to say. Certain it is that, in the absence of direct incriminating evidence, nothing would be more reasonable than to suppose that Melville, seeing the hopelessness of his fate, should prefer self-inflicted death to the hideous future which confronted him.

A most interesting romance might be made out of the career of this remarkable convict. A visitor to the "Success" during its exhibition in London, whose name was Melville, stated that he had been for years searching for information on behalf of a female relative, respecting a lad who had left Paisley as a prisoner many years ago, and was transported to the Antipodes. A large sum of money, to which Melville would have been entitled, was in dispute; and an accomplished London lady, who as a child had been sent back from Australia to Scotland, was seeking for information as to her antecedents to aid her in establishing her claim. One of the officials on board remarked that the notorious Melville, of "Success" celebrity, had a marked peculiarity, which was mentioned in the prison records, viz., that the lobes of his ears were strangely formed. On examining the ears of the visitor, he was also found to have this peculiarity, which seemed to establish a relationship with the dead man. A young clergyman, it appears, years ago contracted an affection for the lady to whom we have referred, and after their marriage he had, by dint of arduous study and undoubted natural ability, raised himself to a high position in the denomination of which he is now regarded as one of the leading lights.

The question to be settled is, whether Melville, *alias* "Captain Melville," *alias* "Thomas MacCallum," *alias* "Thomas Smith," a ship's carpenter by trade, was the father of the wife of this now distinguished scholar and eminent English divine.

HENRY GARRETT.

Henry Garrett, the subject of this chapter, played many *rôles*, and donned many disguises. He was tall and finely built, remarkably handsome, and most affable in manner. He looked his best in his accustomed broadcloth, and even went so far as to affect spectacles, in order to add to his sedate appearance. His partiality was very marked for the rich and religious among the influential circle in which he moved. He spoke frequently at the meetings of the New Zealand Young Men's Christian Association, but subsequent events plainly proved that he was a wolf in sheep's clothing, for he used to preach industriously by day and rob still more industriously by night. To him Shakespeare's words most aptly apply:

"With this I clothe my naked villainy
With odd ends stolen out of Holy Writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil."

Garrett succeeded in ingratiating himself into the most select society in Dunedin, but on being found by a policeman one morning in a store, fully equipped with burglars' tools, such as a dark lantern, silent matches, etc., matters assumed a very different aspect. This startling discovery was soon noised about, and the society that had lionised him now gave him the cold shoulder.

For this burglary Garrett was sentenced to five years. Records proved that this was not his first step on the downward path, as it was ascertained that at the age of fifteen he had acted as "useful boy" to a gang of skilled cracksmen in London. In the year 1855 he "stuck up" the Bank at Ballarat, in broad daylight, to the tune of £16,000. He first terrorised the teller by presenting a six-chambered revolver at his head, and locked him in the strong room. Then, with the greatest unconcern, he pinned a notice in bold letters on the door of the Bank as follows:

"BANK CLOSED FOR HALF-AN-HOUR."

By Order.

Customers came and went, expressing no suspicion, while the daring robber inside systematically looted the safes and left by the side door. He got safely to Melbourne, and shipped on board a mail boat bound for London. The detectives followed him by the next steamer, and one morning, when proceeding through the Strand, they thought they saw their "suspect" a little ahead of them. One constable, more astute than the rest, hurried on until he got within a hundred yards of the suspected man, and then gave a low "coo-ee." Garrett, for it was he, turned sharply round upon hearing this familiar call, and being recognised, was promptly arrested. Upon his return he was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment on board the hulk "Success," and a few years later, for his good behaviour, he was granted a ticket of leave for New Zealand. There he returned to his life of crime and robbery under arms. Dressed in a red check shirt, wide-brimmed sombrero hat, and top boots, with a brace of revolvers ornamenting his belt, he looked the ideal bushranger. For years he roamed the country, accompanied by a female confederate, and succeeded in "bailing up" no less than twenty-five persons in one day!

At Dunedin he served a term of imprisonment, and avowed his intention of taking his revenge upon Mr. John Pender, the chief magistrate,

* A call commonly used in Australia, and originally adopted from the blacks, who "coo-ee" across from hill to hill, and the echo, resounding through the mountains, can be heard a remarkable distance.

by poisoning him. Being suspected, he was traced, and caught red-handed in an attempt to poison the entire population of Dunedin by placing a quantity of strychnine in the public reservoir. For this diabolical act he served four years' imprisonment.

Finally, as head of a gang of horse-stealers and bushrangers, he received the severe sentence of twenty-two years. Whilst working in different gaols throughout the country he became an expert cooper.

Mr. Caldwell, the Governor of the gaol at Dunedin, who was at one time a warder on the prison-hulk "Success," stated that Garrett invariably had a "C" placed opposite his name, denoting good conduct in gaol.

Garrett wrote and published an "Essay on Crime," a subject with which his long and varied criminal career eminently entitled him to deal. The pamphlet showed good reasoning powers, and considerable literary ability. And as a prisoner he had acquired a considerable aptitude in the practice of shorthand writing. The instruction books of the system had been procured for him at his request by a friendly warder in New Zealand.

Garrett, the versatile rogue, might well be quoted as an illustration of the saying, "Once a criminal, always a criminal." As years went on he drifted farther and farther into crime, and "did time" in most of the gaols in the Colony. At last, as a white-haired, decrepit old man, when infirm through age and the severity of prison life, he met with a street accident at Dunedin. He was carried in a dying state to a hospital, where, in the very face of death, he boasted of having spent no less than fifty-two Christmas Days in gaol, a statement which was proved by the records to be perfectly true. Garrett passed away at the ripe age of seventy-one years. He was well favoured in many respects, but instead of using his gifts in a manner to win for him the admiration of his fellow-men, he followed the crooked path of crime, that must inevitably end in shame and obloquy.

GIPSY SMITH.

This old inmate of the "Success" was nicknamed Gipsy on account of the swarthy complexion which is so marked a characteristic of those picturesque people who used to roam through England in caravans. The place and date of his birth, and all particulars of the early part of his career are wrapt in obscurity. He became intensely excited by the revolutionary utterances of the Chartist leaders delivered at a meeting held on Kennington Common. Several of the crowd were so carried away by the inflammatory appeals of one of the speakers that they rushed off in the direction of Southampton Street, Camberwell, and looted a large pawnbroker's shop. Gipsy Smith was one of that excited mob, and was most probably one of its ringleaders. He literally loaded himself with as many watches and other portable valuables as he could conveniently carry. Upon being pursued Smith plunged into the Grand Surrey Canal, which runs close by.

By "treading water," he was smoothly gaining the opposite bank. But the wary constables had anticipated the thief's manoeuvre, and, quickly crossing, left several of their number on the other side of the canal, so that Gipsy Smith was "between the devil and the deep sea." Perceiving escape to be impossible he surrendered, and for this, his first known robbery, he was sentenced to twelve years' transportation in Van Dieman's

Land. He escaped from prison by some means, but he was quickly recaptured and sent to Norfolk Island. Here, in the year 1854, he again eluded the vigilance of his captors, and made his way to Victoria, where he resorted to bushranging, but he was recaptured at Ballarat.

A curious instance of the practice of wearing charms, often affected by the gipsy element, was shown to have existed in his case. His faith rested upon a simple battered coin, which he prized with a superstitious regard. A visitor to the "Success" made an interesting entry in the Visitors' Book bearing upon this matter, as follows:—

"John A. Lewis, late Inspector of Police. I am now in possession of Gipsy Smith's crooked sixpence, which I took from him when he was arrested. He said at that time he did not expect further luck as it had been his talisman."

Gipsy was handed over to a mounted trooper, who was to escort him to Melbourne. He was already handcuffed, and the precaution had been taken of tying his feet beneath the horse's stomach. They arrived at a small roadside hostelry, and Smith, who was exceedingly affable, earnestly begged the trooper to allow him to have a drink. His custodian at first refused, but at length consented. He unfastened the ropes that bound Smith's legs, and even helped him to dismount, when Smith had the further audacity to plead for the removal of his handcuffs, that he might raise the liquor to his lips. Smith pleaded so long and earnestly that in the end the officer foolishly complied with this second request.

In an instant Smith had seized the trooper's sword, and had drawn it from its scabbard. He then commenced a murderous onslaught upon the unfortunate officer, who pluckily defended himself with the empty steel scabbard. He parried the furious lunges of his antagonist with admirable dexterity, and after a protracted and desperate hand-to-hand encounter, Smith was finally overmatched, and throwing down the trooper's sword, took to his heels. The officer returned minus his prisoner, and was severely punished for freeing Smith from the handcuffs and leg-ropes.

No news of Smith's whereabouts reached the police for about two months, when an important clue came to hand and was promptly acted upon. A cordon of men was drawn round a tent in which Smith and a newly-found companion were rumoured to be sleeping. A constable named Moore boldly entered the tent to effect the recapture of Gipsy, but the latter and his mate were on the alert, and poured a deadly fire into the ranks of the police by which Constable McNulty was killed on the spot, while Moore was severely wounded in the arm.

The police having been taken aback by the suddenness of the volley, allowed the two bushrangers to again make their escape. Smith and his mate, it was found, travelled all night, and made their way to the "diggings" near Daisy Hill. A digger who was acquainted with them saw Gipsy's mate go into a store to obtain provisions. When he reappeared the digger acted the spy and followed the outlaw to a hut, situated on the outskirts of the diggings. He then gave this welcome information to the police, who immediately took steps to ensure this time the success of their raid. They surrounded the hut, and two of their number cautiously creeping closely and peering through one of the chinks, saw a man asleep, with saddle and firearms close at hand. He had evidently made all needful arrangements for bolting quickly, if necessary. His mate was softly moving about the hut. Several police were stationed round the hut with the muzzles of their rifles

through the chinks. At a given signal from their chief they made a splendid rush, and the two convicts, taken completely by surprise, were easily secured.

Gipsy Smith was tried for robbery with violence and attempted murder, and received a sentence of sixteen years on board the "Success." During the course of his trial, Smith confessed that the severest thrashing he ever had in his life was the one he received with the scabbard at the hands of the careless but brave trooper whose confidence he abused so scandalously.

While undergoing his sentence on the "Success," Smith earned the unenviable reputation of being the sneak and spy of Inspector Price. He was always ready to do any of the more offensive duties on board, in recognition of which he was allowed certain privileges. Under the influence of Mr. Champ (the Inspector-General who succeeded Mr. Price) he became so changed as to obtain his discharge on ticket-of-leave. He was then employed by Mr. Lang (son of the Rev. Dr. Lang, of Sydney), who often entrusted him with large sums of money, and, to Gipsy's credit be it said, he never forfeited the confidence reposed in him. Returning to the Ovens district, he married, but living unhappily with his wife, he drowned her one night in an adjacent dam.

For this crime he was tried and sentenced to death. The night preceding the day fixed for his execution he attempted to destroy himself with a piece of jagged razor that he had concealed in his boot. As Smith was lying and pretending to be asleep, with his head wrapped in a rug, the warder at his side suddenly felt the prisoner's arm fall heavily upon him. He immediately raised an alarm, and Smith's determined effort to evade the carrying out of the sentence was thwarted. The execution of this callous criminal duly took place on the 22nd of April, 1861; the colony being thus rid of one of the most cruel and treacherous villains that ever figured in the annals of Australian crime.

HENRY POWER.

"Power," alias 'Johnston,' was arrested this morning, at 7-30 a.m., in the King River Ranges, on the Glenmore run, by Superintendents Nicholson and Hare, and is now lodged in the Wangaratta Watchhouse.

"(Signed) C. H. NICHOLSON."

Thus ran the telegram notifying to the Victorian public the fact that Power, the Pentridge absconder, was at last made a prisoner. As an armed bushranger he had held the country-side in terror for many years; the good traits he occasionally displayed to some extent redeeming his character, being like glints of sunshine in his otherwise dark and mis-spent life. Women were always treated by Power with the greatest respect. Upon one occasion, when he was "'bailing-up' a mail coach," full of passengers, a young lady who was greatly terrified at the sight of firearms, was handing Power her gold watch and trinkets, with expressions of great grief, as the trinkets were a keepsake from her dead mother. Power politely touched his broad-brimmed hat and at once returned the trinkets to their owner, with the courteous wish that she would live long to wear them. This incident was truly characteristic of the man in his dealings with the gentler sex.

On another occasion a Scotchman named Hartley, on being "bailed up" on the road near Seymour, absolutely refused, though at the point of the rifle, to part with his money. It was a boast with Power that, despite his lawless life, he had never shed blood; although, as he

afterwards remarked he feared this time, that some might think that he was afraid to shoot a man. Without arguing the point, Power stepped aside with the remark: "I'll give you just five minutes to think over the matter, and if, after that time, you still refuse I shall have to shoot you."

Power then knelt down behind a tree, and fervently prayed to God to soften the heart of the obdurate Scot, so that the shedding of blood might be avoided. At the end of the allotted time Power again demanded the money, which, to his relief, was then handed over without a murmur. The story is endorsed by some engaged on board the "Success" at the present time, who heard it from the bushranger's own lips.

Power was transported originally for poaching, and injuring the squire's keeper in the scuffle which ensued. As an early convict he escaped from Van Dieman's Land in 1848, and for horse-stealing and shooting with intent, was sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment upon the hulk "Success." He was one of the gang who seized the boat when the two warders were murdered at the "Melville Rush." Having, on his release, adopted his old mode of life, he was again arrested, after a great deal of difficulty, at Beechworth, and lodged in the Pentridge Stockade on an eight years' sentence.

In 1869, he escaped through a bold trick which may be worth recording. For his good behaviour he had been allowed to join a gang of prisoners and assist in hauling a go-cart filled with rubbish, from the inside of the gaol to some heaps in the surrounding grounds. As one of the loads which he had helped to draw was being emptied, Power, unperceived by the sentries, slid under the falling rubbish, and became part of the heap. The other prisoners drew the cart back, leaving Power concealed beneath the rubbish, and moved off for another load, the sentries being ignorant of the fact that Power was missing from the team. The convict anxiously listened till they had entered the gaol; then shaking himself free from the rubbish and making sure that the coast was clear, he made off as fast as he could into the brushwood. Upon gaining the open country, Power's convict garb, branded with broad arrows, greatly terrified a country dame who was turning a churn, and her fears were not allayed by Power's imperative demand for an immediate change of clothes. Some weapon of defence was needed as well as clothes, so, as a temporary expedient, he fixed the blade of a pair of old shears into a cleft stick, and, armed with this rudely-made lance, he startled an elderly prospector with the call to "bail up." He soon relieved his victim of his revolver and his money, and then allowed him to pursue his journey in peace.

Power was the tutor of young Ned Kelly, who afterwards played such a prominent part in Australasian outlawry. Indeed, at Mount Battery Station, Kelly was very nearly arrested in Power's company. They were sighted by the police, and several shots were exchanged. Kelly wanted to surrender, but Power scouted the idea, and the pair galloped away together, Power's steed receiving an ugly flesh wound during the mêlée.

On another occasion Power was caught by the owner (Dr. Rowe) as he was in the act of skinning one of his lambs.

"Who are you?" the doctor demanded, "and what the devil do you mean by killing my lamb?"

"I'll — soon let you know I am," — "get off those horses!" roared the bushranger, assuming an upright position and presenting his revolver.

"Oh!" exclaimed Dr. Rowe, rather crestfallen, "I suppose you are Power. I should advise you to give up this mode of life." Power

promptly replied, "I want you to give me a cheque on the bank at Mansfield for £200. You can send your man for it." And it was done. Power then mounted the Doctor's superb horse and rode off. He covered a distance of seventy miles the following day, his swift flight effectually baffling the police.

At last the officers received information which made them sanguine of tracing the escaped convict to his lair. A man, whose name was never disclosed, but who was referred to in official correspondence as L—, volunteered to betray Power's secret hiding-place. It seems that the outlaw had robbed a squatter of a valuable gold presentation watch, richly chased. Power sent a message to his victim to the effect that he could have the watch back on condition that he forwarded the sum of £15. The police, with the assistance of their informant, who was himself an old convict, proceeded to a lonely and mountainous part of the country, armed to the teeth, accompanied by a party of black trackers.

After undergoing great privations and a wearisome search, they succeeded in running Power to earth in a gunyah, in a lonely part of the ranges at the head of the King River, Victoria. He was captured after a desperate struggle.

As he was taken to prison in a cart, he assumed a deal of bravado, and held his handcuffed hands aloft to attract attention. He told the judge in open court that if he did not "draw it mild," he would return the compliment if they ever met in the "bush." At the Beechworth Assizes he received a sentence of fifteen years' imprisonment.

Some years afterwards, influential ladies in Melbourne, notably Lady Clarke, remembering Power's chivalry to women, petitioned the authorities to reprieve the aged prisoner. They were finally successful, and Sir W. J. Clarke offered him a home on one of his country stations. Power kept the situation for several years, but becoming restless, he visited Sandridge, near Melbourne, where the old "Success" was at that time creating a sensation as an exhibition. He told his story to the management, and pointed out the very cell in which he had been incarcerated for so many years; the result being that he was offered the position of attendant on board. Power occupied a comfortable cabin just under the poop, where "he fought all his battles o'er again," much to the interest of visitors to the historic ship. He was engaged to come to London, but the prison life on board the "Success" to which he had been subjected, had ruined his health (his life had been one of intense hardship, both as a free man and as a prisoner), and in a fit of despondency he wandered into the rural parts of Victoria, and committed suicide in the Murray River, near Swan Hill, on November 7th, 1891—a sad end to a chequered career, which had not been without its promise of better things.

DANIEL MORGAN,

BUSHRANGER, INCENDIARY AND MURDERER.

The visitor to the "Success" can hardly fail to be struck by the villainous face of the red-shirted figure standing on the left of "Captain Moonlight." His black, shaggy hair, bushy eyebrows, and fierce, relentless eyes mark Daniel Morgan as no ordinary criminal.

One recoils instinctively from this heartless, cold-blooded villain who put so small a value on human life. Morgan's real name was Fuller. He was born at Campbelltown in the year 1830, being the illegitimate offspring of a man named Fuller and a woman named Owens. His father was a

costermonger or hawker, and afterwards for many years was a barrow-man in the Haymarket, Sydney. His mother was a well-known character, who was called by her associates "The Gipsy." Like most children born under such circumstances, young Fuller received, as the saying goes, "more kicks than ha'pence." An old man who was known by the nickname of "Jack the Welshman," seeing the treatment to which the child was subjected, decided to adopt him, and young Morgan remained under his benefactor's roof until he was 17 years of age. He then migrated to the Murrumbidgee, and was employed as a stockman until 1854. One day he announced his intention of proceeding to Bathurst to see his mother, who, he had discovered, was living in that locality. Two horses, however, also disappeared from the homestead. Accounts now came to hand of daring robberies, accompanied by the most brutal violence, which were very soon proved to be the work of this notorious convict. Unfortunate wayfarers were fastened by him to convenient trees, in which helpless position he would taunt them by holding his loaded revolver close to their fear-stricken faces; after which he would leave them to perish of exposure and starvation.

The districts over which Morgan exercised such terrorism were Albury, Gundagai, Wagga-Wagga, and Narandera. Morgan "stuck up" a Mr. Gibson at his residence near Piney Ridge, and by menaces obtained a cheque to the value of £90. He next visited the Messrs. Stitt Brothers' station at Wolla-Wolla, and, having ascertained from the servants the manner in which their masters treated them, he ordered rum to be brought for the whole company.

He next directed his attentions to a station at Mittagong, owned by a gentleman named Vincent, who, it appears, had given the police information as to the whereabouts of Morgan.

Morgan quickly set at rest all doubt as to his still being in the vicinity. A few days later he called upon Mr. Vincent, and making him a prisoner, ordered some of his employés to bind him to a fence. This order, although obeyed, was not executed to Morgan's satisfaction; he commanded the men to draw the strands that bound Mr. Vincent "much tighter." The straps were drawn so tight that it almost stopped the circulation of the blood; and Morgan, standing before the hapless settler, mockingly said, "You are the man who gave the police information of my whereabouts. They have not taken me, you see, so it is my turn now; I will give you five minutes to live, and allow you the privilege of communicating any last wish or desire to your wife and family." Upon the arrival of Mrs. Vincent and her daughters they took in the situation at a glance. They screamed and almost fainted with fear, and implored Morgan to spare the life of his victim. Their supplications and prayers seemed to influence the outlaw in favour of sparing Mr. Vincent's life, and he then offered the latter his choice, either to be shot, or to have his woolshed and contents burnt. Mr. Vincent urged that he did not want to be shot, but he also did not wish the woolshed to be burned, as several brothers and sisters had equal shares in it with him. To these entreaties, Morgan turned a deaf ear, and promptly ordered a firestick to be applied to the hayricks and woolshed. Upon this huge bonfire he bade the shearers to heap a new dogcart and harness, together with all the provisions and account books of the business transacted at the station.

Fiendishly gloating over his cruel work, Morgan then went his way, leaving the unfortunate Mr. Vincent almost roasted alive and suffocated with smoke.

His subsequent deeds showed that robbery was not always the object he had in view. In Albany, at a station called Round Hill, Morgan paid a

visit which was accompanied by some sensational incidents. Four persons connected with the station were seated in a room conversing at the time of Morgan's visit. They were Mr. Watson, the Superintendent, Mr. McNeil, the Overseer, Mr. McLean, the Cattle Overseer, and Mr. Heriot, the son of a neighbouring farmer. Morgan quietly rode up unobserved, and, dismounting leisurely, had the audacity to peer in through the doorway of the bedroom in which Mrs. Watson was putting the finishing touches to her toilet. The lady, as if by premonition, turned round and met Morgan's gaze. He proceeded to the room in which Mr. Watson and his three friends were seated, and presented him two revolvers at the party. He ordered one of the servants to bring him some spirits. Mr. Watson poured out a glassfull, and offered it to Morgan, who, under the impression that it had been drugged, compelled his host to drink it himself. He next ordered his dinner to be served, and told a man-servant to take his horse to the stables and feed and groom him. After his meal was finished he mustered the station hands, and gave word for all the available spirits to be brought for them to drink, adding, as a reason for his own abstention, that he had been drinking excessively for the past week. This statement was no doubt true, for his subsequent behaviour could only be likened to that of a maniac. Ordering his horse to be brought from the stable, the bushranger mounted, but in doing so, accidentally discharged one of his own revolvers. In his excited condition he imagined the shot was fired by one of the prisoners, and fired his revolvers indiscriminately right and left over the heads of the panic-stricken party. Young Mr. Heriot had his leg shattered by one of the shots, and a bullet went clean through the right hand of Mr. Watson, who had raised it in protest. Morgan galloped round and round in a frantic state of excitement, and on perceiving poor young Heriot lying helpless on the ground, dismounted and pressed the muzzle of his still smoking revolver close to the lad's temple. He was about to fire when the wounded boy made an imploring appeal for his life to be spared.

Morgan was moved by the lad's entreaties, and even went so far as to consent to Mr. McLean going for a doctor. McLean had not proceeded more than two miles in the direction of Wolla-Wolla, when Morgan, fearing that McLean's real object was to inform the police, hastily remounted his horse, overtook McLean and deliberately shot him through the back.

A magisterial enquiry was held as to the cause of McLean's death, the result being that a verdict of "Wilful murder" was returned against Morgan.

Meanwhile Morgan was still committing the most atrocious outrages, the news of his violence and bloodthirstiness causing widespread terror through the whole country-side. The police used their most strenuous efforts to capture him, but without avail, and the Government eventually offered the substantial sum of £1,000 as an incentive for the outlaw's friends to betray him.

A woman, whom the outlaw had found unprotected, was cruelly tortured by being held over a smouldering fire, to compel her to tell the whereabouts of some valuables, of which she protested she knew nothing. The poor woman a few days later died of her injuries together with the shock to her system.

On another occasion, riding round a spur of the ranges, Morgan deliberately took aim at a man ploughing in a field below, and shot him dead—"Just to try a new rifle," as he afterwards coolly explained.

From time to time the police had sighted him, but the horses of the police always failed them at the critical moment. Raid after raid was

successfully made by the daring outlaw, who planted his spoil in his secret lair among the ranges. *Apropos* of this, we may mention that a few years ago a lad, who was exploring in the mountains, came across a cave, screened behind luxuriant undergrowth. Inside, to his astonishment, he discovered a wide-mouthed bottle, stuffed full with pulpy and mouldy five-pound notes and tarnished gold, the proceeds, as it was supposed, of one of Morgan's plundering expeditions.

But perhaps the most frightful instance of this incarnate devil's cruelty has yet to be recorded. At Edgehill Run he "tentpegged" a woman who had refused him rations, fixing her directly across a soldier-ant bed, such as are often to be seen in Australia. Her emaciated body was found days afterwards with the spark of life just lingering, but, alas! all reason had fled. The torturous stings of the great red ants must have caused her excruciating agony.

At last two sergeants of police, named McGinnity and Smyth, succeeded in tracing the outlaw to a town named Tumberumba. After a long and hard chase they rode him down, and McGinnity, together with Constable Churchley, exchanged shots with Morgan at short range. In the midst of this unique conflict, the horses of the sergeant and the bushranger were shot dead simultaneously. The sergeant rushed forward and tried to grapple with the fugitive, shouting, "Now it's you or I for it." A desperate struggle ensued, both being muscular, powerful men. Every nerve was strained by each in the endeavour to gain the upper hand. As they strove, a loaded revolver in Morgan's belt accidentally went off, and the plucky sergeant fell dead to the ground, having been shot through the spine. The other sergeant, Thomas Smyth, now came upon the scene, and Morgan turning upon him with flashing eyes sent a bullet through his body. Thus two more tragedies were added to the already long list for which this miscreant was responsible.

Robberies with violence followed in such rapid succession that a few summarised examples culled from the newspapers of the time must suffice. The outlaw "bailed up" fifteen road repairers at Kyamba, and set fire to their tents. Five Chinamen were ordered to strip, and one was shot, dying in frightful agony. Morgan threw a sovereign and some loose silver into the river, being thoroughly disgusted at not having gained a larger amount. Three miles from there two buggies were stopped and the occupants robbed.

But the day of reckoning was drawing near. In consequence of the many cold-blooded outrages that were committed, the vigilance of the police was redoubled, and Morgan, finding that the district was getting too hot for him, sought safety across the border in Victoria. There he quickly resumed business by "bailing up" McKinnon's station, situated at Little River. He also subjected numerous carriers to "searching" ordeals, and obtained sums varying from £3 to £50. It seems that not one of these had the pluck to resist the outlaw's audacious demands.

Morgan then passed on to the Peechalba Station, where he "bailed up" all the occupants, eight women and four men. A nursemaid, named Alice Macdonald, made the excuse that the baby was crying, and so managed to leave the room. On Morgan roughly intercepting her, she pluckily smacked his face, which action so completely took the outlaw by surprise that he allowed her to pass. The girl then quietly informed one of the station hands who had been overlooked in the mustering. Morgan, happening to overhear her talking, said angrily, "Who were you speaking to?" She replied that she was merely calling "Rufus," the dog. Morgan then prepared to enjoy his evening. A substantial meal, to which the shearers were also invited to sit down, was served in style in

the large room. Morgan sank into an armchair in a position which enabled him to keep his prisoners well in view. He drowsily remarked that "he always slept with one eye open." Towards morning he intimated his intention of taking Mr. McPherson's fastest horse, "Joan of Arc," which had gained a great reputation at the country races.

But the 9th of April, 1865, was destined to be a fateful day in his career. He was walking to the stable to procure the horse he had mentioned during the night, when a rustle in the adjacent thicket reached his quick ear. With an impatient frown he suddenly turned, and saw faces peering at him from all sides. Taking in the situation at a glance, he uttered a wild shout, and made a dash for shelter. It was, indeed, a race for life. John Quinlan, a station hand, stepped from behind a tree, took a sure aim at the retreating figure, and fired. Morgan fell. The bullet had struck him at the back of the shoulder, and had passed out through his neck. As he lay dying he said reproachfully, "Why didn't you challenge me fair, and give me a chance?" He lingered in great agony for some hours, and then, in a fit of choking, sank back and expired.

The £1,000 reward offered by the Government of New South Wales was paid as follows:—£300 to John Quinlan, who fired the fatal shot; £250 to Alice Macdonald, the plucky nursemaid; £200 to James Frazer, who rode to Wangaratta for assistance; and the remaining £250 was proportionately divided among the several others who had contributed to bring about Morgan's downfall.

Of him it may be said that he was the most utterly heartless, diabolical demon that ever figured in bushranging annals. He exhibited a fiendish brutality towards his victims that was happily unique. It would be difficult to find in this coarse and bestial ruffian a single redeeming point.

OWEN SUFFOLK,

THE PRISON-POET OF AUSTRALIA.

Owen Henry Suffolk, the son of a London merchant, was a junior post-office clerk, who, in a moment of temptation, opened a money-letter. His character till then had been exemplary, still there was no First Offenders' Act then, so he was sentenced to be transported for seven years. He proved to possess conspicuous ability. His life was a constant struggle between his worse and better nature. In odd moments he wrote poetry. A verse from "The Dream of Freedom," written in the old Melbourne gaol, will serve as an example:—

In the captive's dream of fancy wild,
He looked no more on the man of care;
His gaze was fixed on a beauteous child
Who knelt at his mother's feet in prayer,
Its little hands were clasped—its eyes
Uplifted were to Paradise;
Its simple words of faith and love
Were registered in heaven above;
Recorded there with angels' tears
As they wept o'er the hopes the mother built,
For they looked through the vista of coming years,
And saw it fettered to future guilt.

Yet he robbed the Ballarat and Bendigo mail coaches, stole horses, and, being arrested, escaped again from gaol and became a notorious bush-ranger. The following lines were written whilst in the company and under the influence of highwaymen, association with whom only hastened his downward career. He always expressed regret that they had ever appeared in print.

It is not in a prison drear,
Where all around is gloom,
That I would end life's wild career,
And sink into the tomb.
For though my spirit's ever bold
Each tyrant to defy,
Still, still, within a dungeon cold
I could not calmly die.

It is not that my cheek would pale
Within a lonely cell;
It is not that my heart would quail
To bid this world farewell;
For if oppressed by tyrant foe
I'd freely be the first
To give my life and strike the blow
To lay him in the dust.

But place me in a forest glen
Unfettered, wild and free,
With fifty tried and chosen men,
A bandit chief to be;
'Tis there when fighting with my foes
Amid my trusty band,
I'd freely leave this world of woes,
And die with sword in hand.

Yet Suffolk would be melted to tears at any recollection of his early life and home. By chance he saw in the "Missing Friends" column of the *Age*, an appealing advertisement from his heart-broken mother in England imploring him to make his whereabouts known. He never answered the advertisement, but the following lines (discovered in his camp) will show his true feelings towards her:—

Mother! darling mother, you are seeking me, I know,
And I feel thy love will follow through the world where'er I go;
But I cannot come, dear mother; I am sadly altered now:
Thy once fair wreath of innocence that garlanded my brow
Has faded ne'er to bloom again; and from the things of yore—
The fair, the good, the beautiful—I'm severed evermore.
My onward way must be a path of darkness and of pain,
But I must tread it all alone—I cannot come again.

Of all the changes that have come, I know that this will be,
Where all the changes have been sad, the saddest change to thee.
I know how much thou'lt weep, mother, for thy dear boy so lost,
And 'tis the sorrow thou must feel that makes me sorrow most.
I strove against this darker fate, I struggled, mother, long,
I starved and suffered months, mother, ere I was linked to wrong;
And even now good angels plead to win me—but in vain!
Once fallen is for ever lost—I cannot come again.

I'm severed from thee by my sin, but cannot say "forget,"
 Thy love is such a hallowed thing, I ask it even yet;
 But let it be a memory that images all fair
 The child that with uplifted hands in faith knelt by thy chair.
 Think of me, mother, as I was, when joy lit up my brow
 And my young heart was innocent, but not as I am now
 Pray for me. This I know thou'lt do! but seek me not, 'tis vain,
 I'd throw a shadow on thy home—I cannot come again.

They say that in the desert drear some greenness may be found,
 Some oasis in contrast strange to all the waste around,
 And even thus, within my heart, guilt-darkened though it be,
 There is a love all-beautiful that lives and clings to thee
 I'm weeping very bitterly, I cannot help these tears.
 They are the tribute memory pays to joys of fleeting years.
 Good-bye! God bless thee, mother dear! I sorrow for thy pain.
 Oh! if I were but innocent, I'd gladly come again.

He served seven years of his numerous sentences on board the "Success."
 After all that dreadful discipline of darkness mostly, the natural course of
 time brought about his day of release. As he stepped free, his appreciation
 of the brightness of everything is well conveyed in the following lines:—

I FEEL THAT I AM FREE.

To me the sky looks bluer,
 And the green grass greener still,
 And earth's flowers seem more lovely
 As they bloom on heath and bill.
 There's a beauty breathing round me
 Like a newborn Eden now,
 And forgotten are the furrows
 Grief has graven on my brow.

There is gladness in the sunshine
 As its gold light gilds the trees,
 And I hear a voice of music
 Singing to me in the breeze.
 There is in my heart a lightness
 That seemeth not of me,
 For to-day I've burst from bondage,
 And I feel that I am free.

Free in the golden sunshine,
 Free in the fresh pure air.
 Where the flowers of the forest
 In their wild homes flourish fair.
 Free to thought, to give expression,
 To sing, to dance, and show
 That the stern world has not crushed me
 With its weary weight of woe.
 Aie the years of care and sorrow
 But a dark dream of the past,
 Or this new life but a vision
 That is all too bright to last?

How exultingly my spirit
 Flashes forth its newborn glee,
 As amid rejoicing nature
 I can feel that I am free.

I have neither friend nor loved one
 To welcome me, nor home;
 And lonely through the wide world
 As a stranger I must roam;
 I know not where to-morrow
 To procure my daily bread,
 And to-night the waving branches
 Must canopy my head.
 But if I had a palace,
 If of friends a gladsome throng,
 If some darling one were near me
 To cheer with love and song,
 If I'd riches which were boundless,
 No more joyous could I be
 Than what I am, exulting
 In the thought that I am free.

Free in the bright glad sunshine,
 Free in the fresh pure air,
 My heart with gladness throbbing,
 And on my brow no care.
 There's the blue sky all above me—
 Not a prison-roof between—
 And at my feet the flowers
 Nestle in the verdure green.
 Hark! I hear the breezes singing—
 "Lift thy heart to God on high,
 Who hath brought thee back from sorrow
 To this world of hope and joy."
 And the little nodding flowers
 In a chorus sing to me—
 "If thy God from sin shall free thee,
 Then thou shalt indeed be free."

When the hulks were abolished and the prisoners were taken ashore,
 the *Melbourne Argus* offered £100 prize in open competition, for the best
 Essay on "Crime."

Under a *nom-de-plume*, Owen Suffolk won the prize with his "Days of
 Crime and Years of Sufferance," a really fine literary performance.

THE KELLY GANG.

THE LAST OF THE AUSTRALIAN HIGHWAYMEN.

Among the numerous relics of lawless life in Australia now shown on board the "Success," none is more interesting than the ingenious suit of shot-resisting steel which formed the impenetrable armour of Ned Kelly, the leader of the notorious "Kelly Gang." This rusty relic of the hunted outlaw swings to and fro on the deck, suspended by a rope, a position which is strongly suggestive of the after-fate of the original wearer. The suit consists of breastplate, shoulder-guards, back-plate, and vizor, complete. Indentations made by well-aimed bullets may be seen in clusters, showing that the bushranger was at one time subjected to a hot fire, and that if it had not been for this protection he must have met with instant death. Ned Kelly, Dan Kelly, Steve Hart, and Joe Byrne were a daring and murderous quartet, whose acts of brigandage and highway robbery in Australia form a story as sensational and exciting as any to be found in fiction.

The gang carried on operations after the abolition of the hulk system, but as types of the later bushrangers, in contrast with old-time convicts, such as Morgan and Melville, a brief description of their life and doings may not be out of place.

The Kelly Brothers were descendants of convict stock; the father, "Red" Kelly, having arrived from Van Dieman's Land when the excitement of the gold fever gave every facility to the vultures of society to prey upon the well-to-do emigrants. The accommodation provided then in Melbourne was quite inadequate, and an auxiliary encampment of white canvas tents dotted the primitive scrub and picturesque slopes that fringed the Yarra Yarra. At night the lights within these frail dwellings reflected the moving shadows of their occupants upon the walls. Murders and robberies with violence were of constant occurrence. "Red" Kelly, on his arrival, lived in that part of "Canvas-town," as it was called, just on the rise, overlooking the river, a spot then known as Emerald Hill. He had gained the reputation of being a violent and cruel man, and more than one suspected him of being able to throw some light on the mysterious disappearance of a young Englishman named Emery, who was known to have been possessed of considerable means. Kelly took up a large plot of land at Donnybrook, a few miles out of Melbourne. Here he lived a rough, wild life, raising cattle year after year, withdrawing himself further from the encroachment of civilisation.

"Red" Kelly conceived a violent attachment to the eldest daughter of an adjoining settler named Quinn. Her father viewed the match with much disfavour, but the daughter overlooked his faults, and went with him to Melbourne to be married. The Quinns were known for miles around as "horse lifters" and cattle stealers, and from this marriage sprang the family whose names achieved a world-wide notoriety. There were three sons and four daughters, the two unmarried ones, Kate and Grace, also coming much before the public as time went on,

On the death of their father, the eldest son, James, a steady fellow, took control of the selection, though the younger brothers very quickly graduated in the school of crime. As a lad of fifteen, young Edward Kelly was charged, as assistant to the notorious Harry Power, with horse stealing; and he afterwards served short sentences for various breaches of the law. He was a flash, bold and daring rider, and a good bushman.

The other brother, Dan, had for years been known as a determined and passionate man, although he was seven years younger than the leader. He had all the recklessness of youth, and a lack of self-control that was characteristic of a lad brought up by his mother to regard the police as his natural enemies.

Steve Hart was born in 1860, and was one of the Kellys' most early acquaintances. He grew up to be a good type of an athletic country lad. He could run like a deer, and outside even the proverbial trooper. In transposing and defacing the brands on stolen horses and cattle he was without an equal amongst the whole fraternity, and woe betide the carrier or traveller who neglected due precautions in fastening their animals in camp when young Steve Hart, the horse thief, was in the locality.

Joe Byrne, the fourth member of the gang, was a Beechworth native, having been born in 1857.

In March, 1878, Dan Kelly, the younger brother, was "wanted" for cattle stealing, and a constable named Fitzpatrick (who was afterwards suspended for misconduct) went to the house of Mrs. Kelly, at Greta, to arrest her son. Mrs. Kelly pleaded with the constable to allow Dan to take a meal before starting for Benalla. As no resistance was offered, the constable at last consented.

A horseman then rode up to the house and hastily flung the reins over the post at the gateway, and, sharply pushing the door open, confronted the astonished constable with a question as to whether he had a warrant for the arrest of his prisoner. Fitzpatrick said he had not, and recognising his questioner as Ned Kelly, drew his revolver to prevent Dan's escape in the event of a rescue being attempted. Nettled by this display of firearms, Ned, who was a tall, powerful fellow, reached down his rifle that was slung over the mantelpiece and dared the constable to take the prisoner without a warrant. A scuffle ensued, which resulted in a bullet being lodged in Fitzpatrick's wrist, but it is an open question whether the ball was from Kelly's rifle or the constable's own weapon.

The wounded constable was made prisoner, and detained until he gave a pledge that the shooting episode would not be reported at Benalla. A promise made under such conditions was, of course, not binding, and Fitzpatrick, on reaching Benalla, got warrants immediately issued for the arrest of Ned Kelly for "shooting with intent to murder," and of the others (the mother included) as abettors and accomplices. The Kellys at once disappeared from Greta, and commenced a life of open lawlessness.

The brothers were both well mounted, Ned riding a large grey mare, and Dan a chestnut that was famed for its flying leaps over the huge logs and fallen timber in the forest. The police on one occasion were, apparently, hot upon the scent, following the tracks of the Kellys' horses, but it was afterwards proved that the sagacious Ned had had the horses' shoes reversed, so that the faster the tracks were followed by the police the wider the distance between the pursuers and the pursued became.

At last, acting on certain information received, a plan of campaign was arranged, whereby the robbers, who were reported to have been sighted in the Wombat ranges, would be surrounded, and their retreat or escape rendered impossible. Two parties of well-mounted police, eager to bring the gang to justice, simultaneously approached the ranges from opposite directions. Sergeant Kennedy and three constables, named Scanlan, Lonigan, and McIntyre, started from Mansfield; while Sergeant Steele and his men approached from the town of Greta. At nightfall on the 25th October, Kennedy and his party camped in the Stringy Bark Creek, about twenty miles distant, and on the following day, just as

morning dawned, two of the troopers went to reconnoitre down the gorge. They remained away for the best part of the day; Constables McIntyre and Lonigan remaining in camp. The latter, being an excellent cook, busied himself in preparing a meal for the party on the return of their comrades. During his work he imagined he heard an unusual noise in the bush, and left the camp, rifle in hand, to satisfy himself. In returning he thoughtlessly discharged a shot at a couple of chattering parrots. The report resounded through the mountains, and the Kellys, who were in ambush, seemed to have travelled immediately towards the firing. Through the dense forest they stealthily crept unseen, and, watching their opportunity, sprang suddenly from the bush, and stood by the side of McIntyre, with the command: "Bail up! Throw up your hands!" The surprise was complete. The constable's revolver was some distance away in the tent, and Lonigan, disregarding the bushranger's command, rushed towards the tent for his rifle. Ned Kelly, taking careful aim, fired his rifle, and, when the smoke had cleared, the unfortunate constable was seen prostrate, having received a shot in the head that very soon proved fatal. McIntyre was then ordered to a position close to a fallen log. Dan Kelly suggested that McIntyre should be handcuffed with the handcuffs they had found in the tent; but Ned Kelly, tapping his rifle, said, "No, never mind! I've something safer here."

Just at that moment Kennedy and Scanlan returned to the camp quite unexpectedly, but Ned Kelly's call to "Bail up" was drowned by the instant firing of the rifles of the younger members of the gang. Kennedy fired, and after having emptied his revolver, cried out, "It's all right, stop it, stop it!" The brave constable, Scanlan, was killed on the spot. Kennedy then, on foot, engaged in a terrible fight, and as his horse, which became startled by the firing, raced past the log where McIntyre was standing, that officer, with marvellous agility, vaulted into the saddle, and, bending forward, raced down the banks of the creek. Bullets whistled round him, his hat being pierced by a ball, while his horse received a wound from which it soon afterwards fell exhausted from loss of blood.

Sergeant Kennedy ran from tree to tree, firing meanwhile, and at last being seriously wounded, threw up his hands as a sign that he surrendered. But scarcely had he done so than he fell heavily to the ground from the injuries he had sustained. The bushranger, carrying his rifle slung loosely under his arm, muzzle downwards, bent over his fallen foe. The wounded sergeant gasped with evident difficulty, "Ned Kelly, I am dying; but I beg of you, for the love of God to give me what little chance I may have to linger for a short time, so that I may perhaps still be able to say good-bye to my dear wife and children. I would scorn to beg for my own life; but oh! it is hard to die without one look from those I love."

The outlaw was moved by the dying man's appeal. "I always admired you, Kennedy," he said, "and as you have acted like a brave man in a fair fight, I'll pass a message by one of the lads, so that before sundown your wife can be with you."

"God bless you, Kelly! God bless you!" faltered poor Kennedy; but as the last words left his lips there was a flash, a report, and the body of the unfortunate sergeant writhed in its death agony.

McIntyre reported at Benalla the sensational encounter; but the work of following up the trail was difficult and dangerous, as the gang were surrounded by sympathisers, who contrived to lead them on false scents.

On the 18th of December, 1878, just as the station hands were at dinner, a man, who had the appearance of a tired traveller, sauntered to the door of Younghushand's Station, about three miles from the township

of Euroa. He was asked what his business was, and replied, that "it was of no consequence;" and thrusting his hands into his pockets, walked slowly away. The occupants little thought that their strange visitor was the notorious Ned Kelly reconnoitring in disguise. The following day, however, four mounted men, fully armed, drew rein in front of the house and made all persons that they found, prisoners in the storeroom. Joe Byrne with a rifle in his hand, and revolvers in his belt, mounted guard, whilst his companions made preparations for another raid. They hauled out the buggy and a covered cart, and having harnessed the horses, started on an expedition to Euroa.

Ned Kelly, in clothes stolen from a travelling draper they had robbed a few days before, drew up at the National Bank and stepped lightly from the buggy. He appeared to be drawing his cheque book from his inside breast pocket, and then, quick as lightning, presented his revolver at the head of the affrighted cashier.

At that moment Dan Kelly and Hart (who had drawn the cart into the back yard and fastened up the horses) made their appearance in the office, having entered from the back of the houses. Mr. Scott, the manager of the bank, whose feelings may be better imagined than described, was ready dressed to attend the funeral of a resident in the town. Mrs. Scott, with her mother and seven children, were about to go for a walk through the township, when the bushranger entered the room, smiling. The lady exhibited great tact and presence of mind, and told Ned Kelly that he was a much better-looking man than she had understood him to be. Kelly directed that they should all take seats in the vehicles that were in waiting, and honour him with their company in a drive towards the mountains. Dan Kelly and Hart then accepted the responsibility of the safe custody of the gaily-dressed party; and Ned insisted on perfect silence being maintained while he, in company with the manager and accountant, made a careful examination of the bank.

The opening of the safes revealed a considerable amount of retorted gold that had been purchased that afternoon from miners working in the surrounding gullies, and also rolls of notes and about £500 in gold and silver. As the robber poured the glittering stream into bags that he had found in the office, the banker must have thought that for one day, in a country bank, the drawings were very considerable.

Ordering the officials to precede him to the cart, Ned Kelly placed the proceeds of the robbery, a weighty parcel, at his feet, and the banker's family party were then driven in the various vehicles out of the town, with the robbers at the reins. Arriving at the homestead, the visitors brought from Euroa were placed with the other prisoners in the store-room.

The division of the spoil was next proceeded with, the stolen gold was fairly shared, and papers considered useless or incriminating were scattered broadcast by Ned Kelly as he sat upon his tall grey mare directing operations.

The bolts on the storehouse door were then withdrawn by Byrne, and the prisoners were compelled to promise to remain within the precincts of the station for fully three hours. The gang then put spurs to their horses and galloped wildly round and round the homestead, so that the tracks of their horses in the turf could give no clue to the direction of their flight, and finally they made off towards the Strathbogie Ranges. The reward was then raised considerably, and an old schoolmate of the Kellys, named Aaron Shierritt, himself a doubtful character, volunteered the information that the outlaws' next exploit would be in the adjoining colony, probably at the town of Goulburn. He had, he said, been asked

to join the gang, but had refused. The information proved, in a measure, correct, for about three weeks afterwards the gang "bailed up" the whole of the inhabitants of Jerilderie, a country town in New South Wales, about fifty miles from the border. Instead of avoiding the local watch-house as one would have expected, they gave it their first attention. In the front were the constable's quarters, a two-storey building with rather a pretentious appearance. By the light of the lamp that hung in the porch, the robbers read—with mingled feelings of interest and affected derision—this startling proclamation:—

V.  R.
£8,000 REWARD.

WHEREAS EDWARD KELLY, DANIEL KELLY, STEPHEN HART, and JOSEPH BYRNE have been declared outlaws in the Colonies of Victoria and New South Wales; and WHEREAS, warrants have been issued charging them with wilful murder, and WHEREAS, the above-named offenders are still at large, I hereby notify with this my proclamation that the above Reward will be paid for the apprehension of the above-named four men, etc., etc.

But the outlaws had no inclination to read through the mass of printing, in which the word "whereas," in great black capitals, occurred with needless frequency. Signalling to the others to leave him in the entrance, Ned Kelly shouted, "Help! Murder! Murder! Police!" and knocked repeatedly at the door with his revolver. The village sergeant, who had retired for the night, jumped up in a fright and groped downstairs, but before opening the street door, demanded, "Who is there?"

Kelly replied: "A man is being murdered at the rear of Cox's Hotel."

The door was no sooner opened, than a revolver was thrust in the face of the half-dressed sergeant, and he was immediately handed over as a prisoner to Byrne. The brothers Kelly and Steve Hart ordered the other constables on the premises to be locked in the cells of the watch-house adjoining.

The following morning their audacity reached its climax. Dan Kelly and Steve Hart donned the helmets and uniforms of the Jerilderie Police, and posing as relief constables, perambulated the town. They made inquiries as to the security of the bank, and all such information was gladly afforded the pseudo-guardians of the peace.

Next door to the Hotel was the Bank of New South Wales. The manager, Mr. Tarleton, had just returned from a long and dusty ride, and feeling fatigued, was in the act of enjoying a bath. He was forced to dress and give the gang assistance, and was ordered to explain the working of the secret combination lock upon the treasure drawer. Kelly collected £1,450, which he wrapped in a small parcel. Jerilderie was in a state of siege and plunder for two days; saddlery and provisions being taken from the shops and stores, while Dan Kelly and Steve Hart amused themselves by galloping up and down the main thoroughfare, shouting,

"Hurrah for the good old times of Morgan and Ben Hall!" Ned Kelly released the townspeople, but in a parting harangue he warned them that the local constables were to remain prisoners till nightfall. If his orders were disobeyed he would be surely avenged.

The rest of the gang then disappeared, and their hiding-place remained a mystery. Relays of police returned from the mountains disgusted and fatigued, and the "Kelly scare" had lost its interest in Melbourne through the absence of information. But a fresh sensation and tragic occurrence showed that the gang had not relinquished operations.

One Saturday night four troopers were in the house of Aaron Sherritt, the man to whom we have already alluded. The supper had just been prepared, when a loud knock was heard at the door. Sherritt called out, "Who's there?" The reply came, "I say, Sherritt, I've lost my way." Aaron immediately recognised the voice as that of Antonio Wicks (an inoffensive neighbour), and opened the door. There was a flash, the report of a rifle, and Aaron Sherritt fell back into the hut, shot dead on the spot. Upon recovering from their first alarm, the inmates of the hut found Wicks standing handcuffed, pale and trembling. He had, it seemed, been compelled by the gang to play the part of decoy in order to gain for them an entrance to the hut.

Ned Kelly and Steve Hart had preceded the others to Glenrowan to carry out a diabolical design. The rails were wrenched from the sleepers at a dangerous curve in the mountains where the line crosses a trestle bridge spanning a ravine. As the ruffians had anticipated, the murder of Aaron Sherritt was soon flashed along the telegraphic wire from town to town, and a special train was promptly started from Melbourne. The train contained the most distinguished of the Victorian troopers, sergeants, and superintendents, and also picked reporters from the Melbourne dailies, who became war correspondents for the nonce.

While they are travelling cautiously towards Beechworth, *via* Glenrowan, we must give our readers an account of the movements of the "Kelly gang" at the latter place. Glenrowan is a small and sleepy village, and Sundays were naturally very quiet and uneventful days. But Sunday, the 28th June, 1880, was a memorable exception. As the day advanced, each passer-by was made prisoner by one or other of the outlaws, and taken to Jones' Hotel.

The Kellys promised that no injury would be done to those who offered no resistance. Byrne now assumed a new *rôle*, and took up his post as barman at the hotel, where beer and spirits were freely provided to the involuntary customers. Others relieved the tedium of their captivity by athletic competitions.

Ned Kelly stood for some time an interested spectator, and after seeing the local wheelwright make a good jump, he joined in the sport, his remarkable jumping powers astonishing everyone. Although Kelly carried his revolvers in his hands as weights, the wheelwright eventually leaped far in advance of the outlaw's best effort, and Ned's failure to reach the same mark called forth the remark from Byrne, who had also become an onlooker, "You seem a bit off, to-day, Ned," whereupon Kelly, throwing off his tunic, exposed a sheet of iron, curved so as to fit and thoroughly protect the body.

But the massacre of the police by the wrecking of the "special" was not to be. Kelly's murderous design was frustrated by the bravery of a man whose name deserves to figure on the list of heroes. That man was Curnow, the village schoolmaster. In order to escape from the hotel, he pretended to join in the merriment, and even danced with Dan Kelly.

Gaining the confidence of the outlaws, he was allowed to leave. Snatching up a red llama shawl belonging to his sister, he procured a candle and a box of matches, and after persuading his wife and sister to take the children to their mother's house for safety, he started out to stop the special and save human life.

On gaining the railway he ran at top speed along the track in the direction of Benalla, haunted by the double fear of being overtaken by the watchful Ned Kelly and of being too late to avert the impending catastrophe. Suddenly he came upon the devilish handiwork of the gang—a wide-staring gap barring his way and causing him an inward shudder as he pictured to himself the terrible fate that must await the train if he failed in his efforts to warn the driver. Curnow darted down the steep embankment, across the deeply-rutted road below, and then climbed the embankment on the other side, where the line continued from the dangerous curve. Presently he discerned the head-light of the pilot engine, and as his breath came quick and fast, he heard the brakes applied. He shouted, "The Kellys have torn up the track," and bolted through the bush back to his anxious wife and family.

There was still no news of the expected train, and the outlaw began to suspect that all his plans had been defeated. He anxiously watched the proceedings at the hotel, where the younger outlaws seemed utterly reckless and lost to all sense of fear. Dancing, card-playing and singing were the order of the evening. The ne'er-do-weels and even some of the townsfolk of Glenrowan, clinked glasses with the young ruffians, and feigned a conviviality they could scarcely have felt. In an interval between the dances, Dan Kelly mounted a chair, amidst loud applause, and announced that he would contribute to the "harmony" of the evening by giving them a song.

A bearded yokel, who was fingering an accordion, then started "The Wearin' o' the Green," as an encouragement to the vocalist, who in a fairly pleasant voice then began:

"Oh! Paddy dear, and did you hear the news
that's going round,
On the head of bould Ned Kelly they've placed
ten thousand pound;
On Stephen Hart and Joseph Byrne a similar
sum they'd give,
But if the sum were doubled, sure,—the
'Kelly bhoys' would live."

Verse after verse was reeled off recounting the exploits of the "gang," and even their future plans were poetically outlined. But the party was suddenly and completely disorganised by the sound of a shrill whistle from a locomotive, and the festivities came to an abrupt termination. The train, with its formidable company of armed police, had escaped the pitfall, and had safely drawn up on the further side. The outlaws, on finding that their schemes had failed, retreated to a special room in the hotel, which, till then, had been kept closely locked. Here they protected themselves with suits of armour, cursing loudly when the fittings gave them any trouble. The helmets were of a most primitive description, and all save Ned Kelly discarded that portion of the equipment. The armour was concealed at first by an overcoat.



Kelly's Armour.

He boldly advanced to the front of the building, and on seeing the police, who had by this time approached the hotel, he rattled the muzzle of his revolver upon his rough breastplate, and in a loud voice challenged them to "come on."

The police simultaneously fired a heavy volley, the force of which caused Ned to stagger backwards, but quickly recovering himself, he unslung his rifle and blazed away at his opponents, with the result that Superintendent Hare's wrist was completely shattered. Hare was forced to retire to have his wound dressed, and eventually he had to return to Benalla to procure surgical aid.

The police were in a very perplexing situation, for after firing the first volley into the building a succession of women's shrieks plainly told them that they had either wounded or perhaps killed innocent persons. Joe Byrne, who, notwithstanding the determined attack of the police, was leaning against the bar of the hotel quite unconcernedly drinking, was shot in the groin, and, after lingering some time in excruciating agony, he gradually sank and died.

The police followed up the attack, and Ned Kelly showed a courage that was worthy of a better cause. The conflict was carried on for upwards of half-an-hour; then Sergeant Steele, getting to within ten yards of Kelly, fired two shots which, striking him in the legs, brought him down with a crash. Kelly's eyes flashed with anger, and he cursed and roared with brute-like ferocity. He was bound hand and foot and sent to Melbourne in a special train. Volley after volley was then poured into the building, but there was no response from the outlaws, who, with their few prisoners that had refused from timidity to leave the hotel, must have passed a terrible time.

The firing of the outlaws having ceased, and darkness approaching, the constables adopted a desperate plan to exterminate the bushrangers that were located in the hotel. Constable Johnson cautiously crept to the side of the wooden structure, placed straw against the boards, saturated it with kerosene and ignited it. Quicker than it takes to write it, the flames shot up round the building, which was soon burning fiercely with its doomed occupants within. Just after the fire was kindled a thrilling incident occurred. Father Gibney, a Catholic priest, who was in the locality, heard Ned Kelly's confession, and having anointed him, hastily made his way to the scene of the tragedy. Just then a voice among the crowd cried out, "Old Martin Cherry is lying wounded in the hotel!" Cherry, it appeared, had been too severely wounded in the affray to leave the hotel when the others had, and lay helpless in one of the apartments on the ground floor. Without a moment's hesitation the reverend gentleman ran towards the part of the building where Cherry was surmised to be lying. The crowd, upon perceiving his intention, gave the brave priest a rousing cheer, and then, in breathless suspense, waited for his reappearance. Several policemen also rushed forward to the rescue, and soon afterwards were seen, with Father Gibney in their midst, bearing the dying form of poor old Cherry and the corpse of Joseph Byrne terribly scorched by the fire. When the fire had spent itself, the police discovered the charred remains of Dan Kelly and Steve Hart in the midst of the smoking debris, their armour, twisted by the heat, lying alongside them.

But space forbids the writer to trespass further. The trial of Ned Kelly was held in Melbourne, Judge Barry presiding. A verdict of guilty was returned. The judge then proceeded to pass sentence of death, and after he had concluded with the usual words, "And may the Lord have mercy on your soul," Kelly drew himself up to his full height and, assuming a defiant air, said: "I will go a little further than that, and say, I will see you where I go."

The day preceding the execution, his mother paid Ned a farewell visit. The mother's last words to her son were, "Mind you die like a Kelly, Ned!"

As Kelly stepped upon the scaffold, he exclaimed: "Ah, well! it's come to this at last! Such is life." On November 12th, 1880, the grim process of law was carried out, death being instantaneous. The extermination of this gang had cost the Victorian Government the stupendous sum of £115,000.

Kate Kelly, the younger sister, with the outlaw's grey mare, formed the principal attraction at the Melbourne music-halls for a time, but the exhibition was promptly and properly stopped by the police.

Hundreds of sympathisers and admirers flocked to see her, and regarded her in the light of a heroine; and in the height of the "Kelly scare" an enterprising Melbourne publican engaged her at the remuneration of £50 a week, in the capacity of barmaid, though she afterwards married a settler named Seymour, at Gippsland.

With the advancement of the Colonies and the greatly improved organization of the police, a repetition of the humiliating failures to bring these criminals to justice would be impossible. The uncouth suit of iron armour, that is now the only memento of the bold and reckless robber, belongs as much to another age as do those shapely suits of burnished steel that fill the niches of our baronial halls. They alike speak of lawless days when might usurped the place of right, and when murderers masqueraded in the garb of heroes. The Kellys and their comrades ruled by force and intimidation, and for years defied the vast machinery of the law to encompass their capture. But the triumph of the law was at last complete, the high purpose of law was maintained.

"Law was designed to keep a state in peace,
To punish robbery that wrong might cease,
To be impregnable—a constant fort
To which the weak and helpless may resort."

Highway robbery in Australia has fortunately become a thing of the past—the revolver-belt of the freebooter marks its wearer now as but a scoundrel-at-large; and on the death of the Kelly gang, the colonies received congratulations from all parts of the world at having at length extirpated

"THE LAST OF THE BUSHRANGERS."



FINIS.



Impromptu Entries

MADE BY VISITORS TO THE

PRISON-HULK "SUCCESS"

IN THE VISITORS' BOOK.

GEORGINA (VISCOUNTESS GORMANSTON), Government House, Tasmania.—"Most interesting as a relic, but sad as a remembrance of how little civilised we were so short a time ago."

SIR CHARLES CUST.—"An extremely interesting old vessel."

SIR ALLEN YOUNG, December 12th, 1895, Commander of the *Marlborough*, East Indian, 1854.—"Visited the 'Success' with Governor Latrobe, in Hobson's Bay."

W. GRAY WILSON, Esq. (Governor of St. Helena).—"The visit conveys much instruction."

FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH, Esq., Kew Gardens, London.—"The vast progress made by our Colonies can best be appreciated by the glimpse that this strange old vessel affords."

JOHN T. ANNEAR, M.P., Brisbane, Australia.—"It gives a faithful idea of a terrible past."

J. M. CROSS, M.P., Brisbane, Australia.—"Must have been an eloquent missionary and convincing advocate for prison reform."

CHARLES RIDLEY SMITH, Esq., formerly A.D.C. to His Excellency the Marquis of Normanby.—"A deeply interesting exhibition."

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, Esq., Adelaide, 1895.—"A visit to this vessel would probably be anything but pleasant to the representatives of some of our first families, whose ancestors were so safely lodged here."

THOMAS J. BYRNE, Esq. (Attorney-General), Brisbane, Queensland.—"It should make all thankful for the life of liberty we now enjoy."

THOMAS J. BALLINGER, J.P., Toowoomba, Queensland.—"It faithfully represents old times, and makes one thankful to live in these more enlightened days."

Rev. J. H. WICKSTEED, London.—"As a former prison chaplain I have been intensely interested with my visit to the 'Success.'"

Rev. S. I. ALDEN, Toowoomba, Queensland.—"Glad we live in more civilised times; much pleased with my visit."

Rev. G. D. BUCHANAN, Brisbane, Australia.—"It gives a better idea of the olden times in Australia than all the books written on the subject."

Rev. CHARLES COOK, F.R.G.S., author of "The Prisons of the World," etc., etc., London.—"Greatly interested in seeing over the old ship, and wish the owners every 'Success.'"

Rev. J. C. McCULLAGH, Sandhurst, Australia.—"This is an irresistibly interesting relic of the past."

THEODORE WOOD, Esq., F.L.S., Queensland, Australia.—"The show is terribly realistic and entirely unique."

KEITH CAMERON, Esq., Melbourne, Australia, September 28th, 1890.—"Recollections of shameful years, home of tyranny, sins and tears."

CAPTAIN NASH.—"I have often heard, but never realised, that such things could be."

A. F. BOORD, Esq., London.—"All should see her."

GEORGE MCARTHUR, Esq., Melbourne, Australia, April 4th, 1891.—"After ridding the world of such a monster as P—, his destroyers should have been granted their liberty, and rewarded handsomely as benefactors of humanity."

JAMES WILLIAMS, Esq., Victoria, Australia.—"Shows well the advance made in the more humane treatment of prisoners."

P. FITZGERALD, Esq., Sydney, Australia.—“Well worth a visit. I have seen the spot where Morgan was shot, at Peechalba, Victoria.”

A. E. WHITELAW, Esq., Adelaide, Australia.—“Highly delighted. A true representation of early days.”

AMY LEYTON, London.—“Oh, liberty! the prisoner's pleasing dream.”

L. L. BARNETT, Esq., Sydney, New South Wales.—“Success to the ‘Success.’ As a miner I was ‘stuck up’ in New Zealand by Garrett the bushranger, in 1862.”

J. W. GRUNDY, Esq., Melbourne, Australia.—“This interesting relic should make a fortune in the old country. Wish it was mine.”

EMILY SHERIDAN, Brisbane, Australia.—“Anyone in search of a new ‘thrill’ cannot do better than visit the ‘Success’ exhibition.”

MRS. BURGESS, Hobart, Tasmania.—“The fact of my being three times here shows that I must find something to interest me.”

WILLIAM ELDER, Esq., Newcastle, Australia.—“My brother, William Donald Elder, was killed by the bushranger, ‘Morgan,’ and robbed of over £2,000.”

ANGUS MCPHERSON, Esq., Brisbane, Australia.—“Morgan was shot in 1865 on my father's station, Peechalba; I also had ‘Steve Hart’ in my employ, in 1875, but had to discharge him for insolence. I consider the ‘show’ most instructive.”

M. J. MCKISSIN, Esq., Melbourne, Australia.—“This show in America will not be able to hold the people who patronise it.”

G. D. O'BYRNE, London.—“Sailed as an apprentice in the transport ship ‘Tory,’ which embarked two hundred prisoners from Kingstown, Ireland, in 1846. Was in Melbourne when Captain Price met his death at the Williamstown Quarry, in 1857.”

W. O. WARD, Esq., Melbourne, Australia.—“The way of transgressors is hard.”

CHARLES BLANCHARD, Esq., Melbourne, Australia.—“I think it is one of the best sights in the colony.”

MISS WILSON, Melbourne, Australia, 1891.—“How poor grandpapa must have suffered.”

WILLIAM RONALDS, Esq., 1891.—“A poisoned flower in the memory of the past.”

WM. NEWMAN, Esq., Healesville, Melbourne, September 27th, 1890.—“Arrived here in the ‘Success’ in 1852, after a pleasant trip of five months.”

CHARLES BLACHFORD, Esq.—“My father, the late Captain Blachford, was for many years Inspector of the hulks at Melbourne. Much pleased with my visit to this genuine curiosity.”

L. J. BOLVER, Esq., Melbourne, Australia, April 17th, 1891.—“A striking example of man's inhumanity to man.”

W. T. CLAPHAM, Esq., St. Kilda, April 9th, 1891.—“The original prison records on board are intensely interesting.”

W. S. BRYANT, Esq., Ballarat, April 8th, 1891.—“Much interested in the structure of this solid-built ship.”

W. P.—, Esq.—“A memory of the past; severe, but necessary.”

PHCEBE J. FAIRLEE, London, 1895.—“Spent a very pleasant hour. My father, Captain G. A. Lulham (Commander of the ‘Lysander’), sold that vessel to the Victorian Government, after which it was converted into a sister hulk to the ‘Success,’ in the early fifties.”

CHARLES CROSS, Esq.—“My inspection of the ship will leave a lifelong impression.”

THOMAS WARD, Esq.—“I sailed from Deptford in the ‘Success,’ on January 2nd, 1852, and arrived at Port Phillip on the 24th of May.”

J. F. B.—“A relic with interesting associations, but one which provokes sad reflections. The story of the ship shows how inadequate and inhuman were the methods of treating criminals even as late as the third quarter of the present century. One wonders how long it will be before the nation will regard moral imbecility as a condition quite as helpless as mental imbecility. The spending of years in wretched and torturing confinement could only, by a natural law, aggravate the moral habits and deficiencies of those natural criminals whom the authorities thought thus to correct.”

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 "Most unique and interesting exhibition on view at the present time."—*Topical Times*, December, 1895.
 "One can well understand the rigorous treatment of prisoners on board the hulks by an inspection of this ship."—*Daily Chronicle*, September 14th, 1895.
 "Prince Henry of Battenberg and a party of gentlemen visited the 'Success' last Tuesday, and expressed themselves highly pleased with the exhibition."—*Lloyd's Weekly*, November 10th 1895.
 "The vessel itself is a curiosity, and contains a collection of relics of the bush-ranging days of Australia. Competent attendants explain the exhibits, and a descriptive lecture is given each afternoon upon some phase of convict life."—*The Morning*, March, 1896.
 "As well worth seeing as anything now in London."—*Amusement Guide*.

A FEW PROVINCIAL PRESS NOTICES.

- LIVERPOOL.**—"The 'Success' may well be termed, in the words of Viscountess Gormanston, 'Most interesting as a relic but sad as a remembrance of how little civilised we were so short a time ago.'"—*Liverpool Mercury*, September 12th, 1896.
 "This curious and interesting relic of transportation days presents a striking and picturesque appearance."—*Patriot*, October 11th, 1896.
 "Reminiscence of the days, not so very long ago, when the dark corners of the earth were full of cruelty."—*Liverpool Echo*, September 17th, 1896.
MANCHESTER.—"The most remarkable vessel that has yet passed up the canal, may now be seen at the Pomona Docks."—*Manchester Guardian*, November 10th, 1896.
 "A fitting monument of the changes in method and sentiment . . . A fearful illustration of gross inhumanity."—*Sunday Chronicle*, March 10th, 1896.
 "An interesting visitor to Manchester."—*City News*, December 21st, 1896.
DUBLIN.—"A vivid fragment of colonial history, well worth seeing, but happily a thing of the past."—*Irish Times*, October 14th, 1896.
 "How awful to creep into the punishment cell, and let them draw the bolt. You then can realise what exquisite joy suicide would be to those unhappy prisoners. . . . An old clergyman standing in front of me whispered: 'God help them.' 'I wonder if He did,' said I. 'He did,' answered the fine old man steadily. I laid my hand on his for a moment, in silent thanks."—*Echo*, Dublin, October, 1897.
BELFAST.—"One of the most unique, interesting, and instructive exhibitions ever seen in Belfast. The showman's art exhausts the pomp of war."—*Northern Breeze*, October, 1897.
 "There is food for a month's reflection in the old 'Success'. It is interesting and instructive (if only as an example of man's inhumanity to man), to carefully inspect the many relics and prison contrivances so worthily preserved."—*Ireland's Saturday Night*.
GLASGOW.—"Among those who have visited the 'Success' are the Burgh magistrates and the members of the Town Council, who evinced a deep interest in the relics of convict life in Au tralia at the beginning of the century."—*Glasgow Herald*, January 26th, 1898.
 "It may truly be said to be 'a ship with a history,' and since its arrival has attracted an almost unbroken stream of visitors."—*Daily Mail*, December 1st, 1897.
 "A genuine convict curiosity. Well worth a visit."—*Evening Times*, January 17th, 1898.
 "An historical treat. The scenes which took place on board in her 'black holes,' in her 'tiger's den,' may be better conceived than described."—*Glasgow Herald*, Jan. 19th, 1898.
ABERDEEN.—"An interesting spectacle."—*Gazette*, November, 1898.
 "Visitors cannot fail to be deeply interested and well entertained."—*Aberdeen Free Press*, November, 1898.
 "An impressive and unique curiosity."—*Freeman*, November, 1898.
DUNDEE.—"Could the wooden walls of this ship photograph the records of the days of the captivity, creatures of the civilisation of to-day would have to stop their ears."—*Telegraph*, December 14th, 1898.
 "A dark page of imperial history. . . . From the time the gangway was lowered in the morning till it was again drawn up at night, the click of the patent turnstile was continually heard."—*Courier*, December 12th, 1898.
LEITH.—"Full of interest and instruction. . . . Affords a unique opportunity of forming a realistic conception of what transportation really meant. . . . The Leith Town Council visits it to-day."—*Newsman*, January 31st, 1899.
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NEWCASTLE.—"Have seen few exhibitions in which the element of realism was stronger. Makes an impression on the mind of the spectator, more deep than that produced by the most stirring verbal narrative. . . . The exhibition deserves the patronage it has received."—*Newcastle Chronicle*, March 2nd, 1899.
 "Tableaux so realistic that women have wept upon beholding them."—*Mail*, August 1st, 1899.
SUNDERLAND.—"This quaint, historic ship, ablaze with bunting, and aglow with gas-light, is deservedly successful."—*Echo*, November, 1899.
HARTLEPOOL.—"Something about the 'Success,' and why it deserves a visit."—See Column Article, *Guardian*, January 11th, 1900.
MIDDLESBROUGH.—"The 'Success' appeals specially to the intelligent student of historical prison reform."—*New Star*, April, 1900.

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