

larly to work during the month at Castlemaine. Our cut also exhibits a piece of the solid "core" brought up from the bore, and shows the cutting face of the drill, given in actual size. Great hopes are entertained that the use of the drill will be attended with highly beneficial consequences on mining prospecting in this colony.

#### THE BRIGHTON FLOWER SHOW.

The show of the Brighton Horticultural Society, which is held in the Artillery Parade-grounds, North Brighton, is one of the earliest fashionable gatherings of the spring season, and this year seemed to be of special and unusual brilliancy. It was held on Saturday, October 26, and the floral display was unusually extensive and brilliant, and the attendance almost inconveniently large. The value of an outdoor promenade at a flower show was never more conspicuously manifested than on that occasion. The orderly-room, large as it is, would not have held a fifth of the visitors, nor did it afford sufficient space for the exhibits, many pot plants being on that account staged in the large tents prepared for the exhibits of dairy produce and culinary vegetables. The event is timed, as nearly as may be, to catch the queen of flowers at its best. The show is always well appreciated by the fashionable part of the public, who attend it in large numbers, and the display of spring toilettes gives brightness and colour to the scene.

#### A MYRTLE GROVE ON THE BLACK SPUR.

OUR illustration gives a sample of the beautiful myrtle forest foliage found in such abundance on the Black Spur and similar mountain ranges. The writer of some admirable papers in *The Australasian*, entitled "Under the Greenwood Tree," thus referred to the Australian myrtle:—"The myrtle is the most picturesque of trees. The sassafras, with its silver greaves and cuisses, and downy bloom of leaf, is well-nigh perfect, now dome shaped, umbrella-ribbed, umbrageous, anon pyramidal, piny. But who can describe the Australian myrtle?—a rich chocolate-coloured stem, with snake-like Hogarthian curvature of boughs, mottled with dark-green moss, the leaves in swart hyacinthine clusters making impenetrable star-proof shade. Should she who fled from me pursuing years ago, have sought escape in metamorphosis, such a home would I have wished her to inhabit. Such a pillow as thy bole, O myrtle, might Rosalind have leant against, or the lady in *Comus* clasped in her wayfaring." Our engraving is from a photograph by Mr. Caire, of Bourke-street.

#### MARSHALL'S FALLS, NEAR THE RICHMOND RIVER, NEW SOUTH WALES.

The fine falls depicted in our engraving, in which a stream plunges over a perpendicular wall of rock 80 feet in depth, are situated in the Duck Creek Ranges, Richmond River. The district is one of the richest of New South Wales, in which the fertility of the country, the semi-tropical luxuriance of the vegetation, and the picturesque character of the scenery combine to form a district possessing all the advantages of nature. The engraving is prepared from a photograph taken by Mr. J. D. Forbes, photographer.



#### BUSHRANGING AND MURDERS OF POLICE-CONSTABLES.

It is long since so daring a crime has taken place within Victoria as the extraordinary attack of the Kelly gang on October 26, near Mansfield, upon a body of police-constables sent to apprehend them. Two of the constables were shot on the spot, and one was shot in cold blood after being captured by the gang. The occurrence created a great sensation throughout the colony, and large numbers of volunteers joined the police in the search for the murderers. The search parties included store-keepers, clerks, clergymen, wardens, contractors, labourers, and bushmen, headed by the president of the shire. Business at Mansfield was for a time entirely suspended. We give a narrative of this unprecedented case.

A few months ago Constable Fitzpatrick endeavoured to arrest a young criminal named Daniel Kelly, at Greta, on a charge of horse-stealing. The capture had been effected, but a rescue was made by the prisoner's brother, Edward Kelly, who shot the constable in the wrist. The two Kellys, for whom a reward was offered, have since been at large in the ranges forming the watershed of the King and Broken Rivers. They appear to have been joined by two confederates, whose names are unknown. The police heard privately that the Kellys, for whom they had been looking for months past, were in the ranges at the head of the King River. The Kelly family live at Greta, 50 miles from Mansfield, and the brothers were understood to be in concealment where Power once hid himself. Two parties of police were secretly despatched, one from Greta, consisting of five men, with Sergeant Steele in command, and one of four from Mansfield. Though the movements of the Mansfield party were supposed to be dark, the object of the expedition leaked out, and, no doubt, was rapidly telegraphed across the bush to Edward Kelly. The ranges are infested with a brotherhood of Kellys, Lloyd Quinns, &c. They occupy land amongst the hills, and ostensibly carry on the operations of cattle-breeders. From the account given by Constable M'Intyre, it appears that the Mansfield party started on October 25, equipped with revolvers, one Spencer rifle, and a double-barrelled gun, lent by a resident of the township. They had a tent and a fortnight's provisions. They reached Stringybark Creek, 20 miles from Mansfield, on that evening, and were camped on an open space on the creek. It was the site of some old diggings. They pitched the tent near the ruins of two huts. They were about 15 miles from the head of the King. No special precautions were thought necessary, because the party supposed they were a long way from Kelly's whereabouts. The ranges round about were almost uninhabited, and the party were not quite sure whether they were on the watershed of the King or

the Broken River; but both Kennedy and Scanlan knew the locality intimately. It was Kennedy's intention to camp for a few days, patrol backwards into the ranges, and then shift the camp in. About 6 a.m. next day Kennedy and Scanlan went down the creek to explore, and they stayed away nearly all day. It was M'Intyre's duty to cook, and he attended closely to camp duty. During the forenoon some noise was heard, and M'Intyre went out to have a look, but found nothing. He fired two shots out of his gun at a pair of parrots. This gunshot, he subsequently learned, was heard by Kelly, who must have been on the look-out for the police for days past. About 5 p.m., M'Intyre was at the fire making the afternoon tea, and Lonigon by him, when they were suddenly surprised with the cry, "Bail up; throw up your arms." They looked up, and saw four armed men close to them. Three carried guns, and Edward Kelly two rifles. Two of the men they did not know, but the fourth was the younger Kelly. The four were on foot. They had approached up the rises, and some flags or rushes had provided them with excellent cover until they got into the camp. M'Intyre had left his revolver at the tent door, and was totally unarmed. He, therefore, held up his hands as directed, and faced round. Lonigon started for shelter behind a tree, and at the same time put his hand upon his revolver. But before he had moved two paces, Edward Kelly shot him in the temple. He fell at once, and as he lay on the ground said, "Oh Christ, I am shot." He died in a few seconds. Kelly had M'Intyre searched, and when they found he was unarmed, they let him drop his hands. They got possession of Lonigon's and M'Intyre's revolvers. Kelly remarked when he saw Lonigon had been killed, "Dear, dear, what a pity that man tried to get away." They then sat down to wait the absentees. One of the two strangers told M'Intyre to take some tea, and asked for tobacco. He supplied tobacco to two or three of them, and had a smoke himself. Daniel Kelly suggested that he should be handcuffed, but Edward pointed to his rifle and said, "I have got something better here. Don't you attempt to go; if you do I'll track you to Mansfield, and shoot you at the police station." Edward Kelly said he had never heard of Kennedy, but Scanlan was "a flash —." M'Intyre asked whether he was to be shot. Kelly replied, "No; why should I want to shoot you? Could I not have done it half an hour ago if I had wanted?" He added, "At first I thought you were Constable Flood. If you had been, I would have roasted you in the fire." Kelly asked for news of the Sydney man, the murderer of Sergeant Wallings. M'Intyre said the police had shot him. "I suppose you came out to shoot me?" "No," replied M'Intyre, "we came to apprehend you." "What," said Kelly, "brings you here at all? It is a shame to see fine big strapping fellows like you in a lazy loafing billet like policemen." He told M'Intyre if he was let go he must leave the police, and M'Intyre said he would. The best thing M'Intyre could do was to get his comrades to surrender, for if they escaped he would be shot. "If you attempt to let them know we are here, you will be shot at once. If you get them to surrender I will allow you all to go in the morning, but you will have to go on foot, for we want your horses. We will handcuff you at night, as we want to sleep." M'Intyre asked Kelly if he would promise faithfully not to shoot them if they surrendered, nor let his mates fire. Kelly said, "I won't shoot them, but the rest can please themselves." Kelly stated that Fitzpatrick, the man who tried to arrest his brother in April, was the cause of all this; that his (Kelly's) mother and the rest had been unjustly "lugged" at Beechworth. Kelly then caught sound of the approach of Kennedy and Scanlan, and the four men concealed themselves, some behind logs, and one in the tent. They made M'Intyre sit on a log, and Kelly said, "Mind, I have a rifle for you if you give any alarm." Kennedy and Scanlan rode into the camp. M'Intyre went forward, and said, "Sergeant, I think you had better dismount and surrender, as you are surrounded." Kelly at the same time called out, "Put up your hands." Kennedy appeared to think it was Lonigon who called out, and that a jest was intended, for he smiled, and put his hand on his revolver case. He was instantly fired at, but not hit; and Kennedy then realised the hopelessness of his position, jumped off his horse, and said, "It's all right, stop it, stop it." Scanlan, who carried the Spencer rifle, jumped down and tried to make for a tree, but before he could unslung his rifle, he was shot down and never spoke. A number of shots were fired. M'Intyre found that the men intended to shoot the whole of the party, so he jumped on Kennedy's horse, and dashed down the creek. Several shots were fired, but none reached him. Apparently the rifles were empty and only the revolvers available, or he must have been hit. He galloped through the scrub for two miles, and then his horse became exhausted. It had evidently been wounded. He took off the saddle and bridle, and concealed himself in a wombat hole until dark.

M'Intyre got a severe fall as he rode through the scrub, but remounted, and went a long distance further before his horse gave in. He made a brief memorandum of what had occurred as he lay concealed in the wombat hole. It concluded with the words, "The Lord have mercy on me." At dark he started on foot, and walked for an hour with his boots off, to make no noise. He walked till 3 p.m. on Sunday, when he reached M'Coll's place, and was driven into Mansfield. Two hours or so after M'Intyre reported the murder of the troopers, Inspector Pewtress set out, accompanied by M'Intyre and seven or eight townspeople, for the camp. The police station was so empty of weapons that all the arms they could take were one revolver and one gun. They reached the camp, with the assistance of a guide, at half-past 2 in the morning. They found the bodies of Scanlan and Lonigon. They searched at daylight for the sergeant, but met with no traces of him. The tent had been burnt, and everything taken away or destroyed. There were four bullet wounds on Lonigon, and five on Scanlan. Three additional shots had been fired into Lonigon's dead body before the men left the camp. The extra shots had been fired so that all might be equally implicated. M'Intyre was weak from bruises and from 48 hours' severe exertion. The sorrow felt for the death of Scanlan was universal throughout the district. He seems to have been a brave, cool, amiable, excellent man. Kennedy was an efficient bushman and a resolute officer; he has a wife and five children, and fortunately for them his circumstances are good. Scanlan was unmarried, and his station was Benalla. Lonigon was from Violet Town; he has left a widow and four children badly off.

The morning of October 29 a search party left the township,

of which *The Argus* special reporter, writing that day, said:—"There were seven mounted troopers, seven or eight townspeople, and Inspector Pewtress. Most of them were provisioned for three or four days. The police had four or five rifles (two of them excellent weapons, sent by a private individual) and revolvers. M'Intyre stated yesterday that for an expedition against men like the Kellys revolvers were comparatively useless, and that the police ought to have breechloaders. The main object of the expedition is to find Kennedy, and from the character of the man, his coolness and tact, it is probable that he is still alive, only detained as a prisoner. He had not been personally concerned in the pursuit of the Kellys, and so they had no special grievance against him. The scene of the murders lies in the ranges beyond the Wombat-peak, only 16 or 17 miles north-east of Mansfield as the crow flies. The country thence to the head of the King, 12 or 15 miles further on, is described as most difficult to cross. Dense wattle and bogwood scrub prevails everywhere. Not long ago some prospectors lost a horse near Stringybark Creek, but did not find the animal for three weeks; yet all the time he was in hobbles only a mile and a half from camp. The belief generally entertained is that the Kellys can conceal themselves in the ranges for months. They have friends to supply them with food. They have just got eight days' provisions from the police, abundance of ammunition, and 10 firearms."

Writing again the same night, the reporter stated—"Mr. Tomkins, president of the shire, and one of the members of the search party, has just returned to Mansfield. He reports that they carefully examined the ground all round the camp up and down the creek, and went several miles in the direction of the King River but found no traces of Kennedy. The ranges were very difficult to explore, on account of the thickness of the scrub and the steepness of the slopes. The party are confident that the Kellys have gone off to the King, and taken Kennedy with them, but the tracks of the four horses could only be followed a short distance from the camp. The route taken by M'Intyre in his flight was crossed, and it was plain that he had not been pursued. The police and the other members of the party returned to Monk's sawmill, about eight miles from here, for the night. Though the party believed the Kellys had gone, they did not like to camp out all night. To-morrow, when the reinforcements arrive, a fresh start will be made. One of the search party was Father Kennedy, of Benalla, who drove hither yesterday with Father Scanlan. The two priests started from Benalla on purpose to render help to any wounded men they might fall in with, and were provided with medical appliances. Father Scanlan stayed in Mansfield and conducted the funerals. Superintendent Sadleir arrived from Benalla at 10 o'clock, and reported that the troopers from Melbourne were on the road; they missed the train yesterday. The widow of Lonigon came here to-day in great distress; the family have been left almost helpless. Lonigon, when he took farewell of his friends at Violet Town, said he did not expect to come back alive, but he was resolved to go wherever he was ordered. The short exploration made by the search party enabled them to say that M'Intyre's escape was miraculous, for he seems to have galloped recklessly down the creek. It is expected that his horse will be found. The wombat hole in which he hid was a mile from the place where he unsaddled the horse.

While these local operations were being carried on the police authorities in Melbourne as speedily as possible despatched a large number of mounted police to the district, and Superintendent Nicolson went up to direct proceedings. The task of hunting down the murderers was evidently to be one of great difficulty, owing to the inaccessible nature of the country, which is mountain ranges, densely covered with forests. The Government offered a reward of £200 a head for the murderers, and in a day or two increased this to £500 a head, the money to be paid whether the bushrangers were taken alive or dead. They also prepared and passed through Parliament an Outlawry Bill, under which any man charged with felony may be called upon by a judge to surrender, and to take his trial, and if he fails to surrender in due course, any person, without challenge, "may take such outlaw alive or dead." And any person sheltering such outlaw, or aiding him with information, or withholding information from the police, is liable to 15 years' imprisonment.

A general feeling of regret was expressed throughout the city on October 31 when it became known that any hopes which had been entertained with regard to the safety of the missing Sergeant Kennedy had been dispelled by the discovery of the dead body of the unfortunate officer. The melancholy intelligence was brought into Mansfield by a search party under the direction of Inspector Pewtress and Mr. Tomkins, the president of the shire. Many conjectures had been made as to the probable fate of the missing sergeant, but while a general impression appeared to gain ground amongst the people in the locality that Edward Kelly and his band of marauders had taken Kennedy with them to the King River, scarcely anybody ventured to do more than hope that the gallant officer, who appears to have been ruthlessly shot, had not been murdered. The worst fears, however, were at length realised, and the desperadoes added another diabolical deed to their atrocious crimes. It appears that the search party, consisting of sixteen volunteers and five constables, arrived at Stringybark Creek at half-past 7 o'clock on October 31, and renewed the search. Shortly afterwards their labours were rewarded by one of the volunteers named Henry Sparrow, an overseer at the Mount Battery station, finding Sergeant Kennedy's body within half a mile of the camp where Constables Scanlan and Lonigon received their death wounds. The body presented a frightful spectacle, and from the manner in which it had been mutilated was scarcely recognisable. The unfortunate sergeant had evidently attempted to escape from his murderers by the same track as that taken by Constable M'Intyre when he jumped upon Kennedy's horse and rode off, as bullet marks were visible on some of the trees on the line of the track. He had been shot through the side of the head, the bullet coming out in front, and carrying away part of the face, while several other bullet wounds were found on his body, one of which had penetrated the lungs. His jacket was singed as if a bullet had been fired into his body from very close quarters, probably after the unfortunate man had fallen. The remains were placed upon horseback, and conveyed into the township, where the excitement over the deeds of the outlaws appears to be increasing. Sergeant Kennedy was