

WANTADDERY BUSHRANGERS.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

EXECUTION OF SCOTT AND BOGAN.

INCIDENTS OF THE TABLEAU.

STRANGE INTERVIEWS AND STRANGE REVELATIONS.

THE PAST AND PRESENT OF DARLING-HURST GAOL.

To that happy and fortunately large section of the community which never visits a gaol even for curiosity sake, the friendly stones which interpose their weight between the confines of Darlinghurst and law-abiding citizens are so familiar as to form more often the subject of joke than of reflection. There are, however, times when even those who think they have never drawn near the line which divides the free citizen from the imprisoned felon must pause as they pass what may almost be called the great historical prison of New South Wales, to muse on the unhappy fate of those within its walls, and on the narrowness, in some places, of the figurative partition which separates the criminal from the mass of his fellow-men. Those who have, while going by Darlinghurst Gaol at midnight, heard the watchwords, "Twelve o'clock and all's well," passed from sentry to sentry and from tower to tower must ere the first echo died away, away, and ere the cry of the warder was taken up by his comrade further along the grim black wall, have thought that, weird to them as were the sounds which at such an hour reverberated through the great square, there were others on whose ears they fell more weirdly and more solemnly still. That there were near them men to whom the "All's well" of the sentry conveyed a bitter lamp, a reminder that they were no longer members of society, that perchance the wind which swept through the cold corridor bore with it a cry that told some restless convict that his Christmas box was to be a coffin, and that this New Year was to be his last—a cry that trans-formed the Father Christmas of the wretch's dreams into the sullen hangman, and told him that that which even in his waking hours seemed at times a hideous dream was a stern reality. A voice which told the passer-by that though individuals could be merciful society would be just—that there was no merry Christmas for the condemned man, and that the ordinary felon's new year meant not merely a year nearer the grave as did the freeman's; but a year which came only to be wasted—a year which was born but to die.

The impression formed of Darlinghurst from outside is not an erroneous one. But since was, when instead of the rigorous discipline, the enforced industry and unvarying order which now prevail within the walls of this, the most populous prison of Australia, there existed a free-and-easy system having for its main features—insubordination, filth, and idleness. The wife of more than one former Principal Gaoler must have kept a store within the walls and sell to prisoners, in either wholesale or retail quantities, necessities and luxuries of all descriptions, from butter to tobacco. As the gaoler was entrusted with the safe keeping of all money and valuables which were in the possession of prisoners at the time they entered his establishment, he was able to determine to a nicety the amount of credit which could safely be extended to guests by his better half. The advantages which would accrue to society were it possible for every man's grocer also to be his banker are too obvious to need recapitulation. Nor need any great pains be taken to point out how pleasant it would be if traders in general could, after completing a bargain and receiving their money

force their customers to at once return the goods and pay for them over again. The prisoners used to employ their spare hours in making cabbage-tree hats, which they "sold" to the gaol officials. To enable them to conduct hat-making operations on a larger scale than would be used (for a consideration) to supply the prisoners with candles from her store. Many confinees worked far into the night, and so extensive was the private business nocturnally transacted that viewed at night from the sandhills behind it, Darlinghurst appeared illuminated. Occasionally, the warders, who themselves were for the most part old convicts, made a clean sweep of all the candles in the cells, and either gathered them back into "the store," at which they were re-sold by their own use. Sometimes the warders indulged in what they appropriately called a "frisk." "Frisking" meant visiting all the cells and searching the prisoners for money, which when found was divided amongst those who took part in the expedition. But after enduring a long time this state of things, which on the whole must, especially when to have been very pleasant for the prisoners and their keepers, came to an end. During one memorable "frisk" a 25 note was found in the possession of a prisoner. The governor of the gaol accidentally heard of the occurrence and demanded the money from the finder, a man named Desmond,

whose services as a collector he failed to recognize by allowance of the ordinary commission. Desmond was enraged, grew suddenly virtuous, and reported the appropriation of the money to the visiting justice; but as the latter happened to be a sleeping partner in the business and was on excellent terms with the gaoler, nothing came of his complaint. Then a meeting of warders was called by Desmond, for the purpose of considering the outrageous conduct of the principal gaoler. An earnest debate followed, and it was finally decided that a man who used to write for Dr. Lang's paper "The Press," and who had been in gaol more than one occasion, should be invited to take up his free and flowing pen in the interests of truth and fair play—otherwise on behalf of the warders. A series of letters to "The Press" on "Doings in Darlinghurst" then appeared. The matter was brought before the authorities, a board of inquiry was appointed and most horrible disclosures were made. The gaoler was dismissed; most of the warders who did not share his fate were transferred, and Captain M'Leise, with a more efficient staff, took charge of the establishment, which had previously been ruled by one of the most corrupt bodies of men ever banded together by accident or design. Since then things have been less easy for prisoners and less profitable for warders.

It is related that, "in the old days," the visiting justice to whom I have referred in connection with the story of Desmond, the latter took two prisoners out fishing. They decamped,

and informed the officers that he had received instructions to

HANG THEM ALL AFTER DINNER.

He was once locked up with another man in a cell at the corner of Bathurst and Kent-streets. The constable in charge of the watch-house heard a curious noise in the room, and on proceeding to ascertain its cause, found that Green was endeavouring, apparently not without success, to strangle his companion with a handkerchief. Green was a thorough brute, without a redeeming trait. He was succeeded by Elliott, a little man whose character afforded, according to all accounts, a somewhat interesting study. He would sit down to prepare the rope for the execution of a criminal, and having spent hours in rendering it soft and pliable by means of manipulation and grease, would hold it up and remark to the warders in an odd, self-satisfied way, "Dear me! That's as nice a bit of stuff as ever I used." It is related that when a reprieve was granted to a convict for whose execution preparations had been made by Elliott, the latter coiled up the rope and flung it to the floor, exclaiming, "That's the third time I've been humbugged."

He had a habit of joining most heartily in the prayers on the scaffold, and struck devotional attitudes so effective and earnest that they might have been borrowed from the kneeling figures in the well-known painting of "The Pilgrim Fathers." Elliott was as a rule rather decent in his attire, and was requested by the sheriff as a matter of form to appear respectably clad on the morning of

property was frequently recovered. Bull met his death in a rather remarkable manner. A man named Kelly was about to be hanged, and when at the gallows, suddenly turned round, exclaimed "You—dog!" and kicked the hangman so savagely that he died a few moments afterwards from the effects of the injury received. Kelly, having had his revenge in advance, with a truly Hibernian, and to recite the Lord's Prayer. He however made further resistance, faved wildly, and swore that he would never die. He did not understand the mechanism of the engine of death, and instead of expecting himself to fall through the floor, had an idea that the executioner was going to throw him over the railings of the scaffold. So, with the rope round his neck, he planted himself firmly on the drop and sat down, assuring the hangman that

"HE WASN'T GOING TO SHIT."

This was a "fatal mistake," the deed suddenly gave way, and Mr. Kelly speedily "reached the end of his tether." Bull's assistant, one Francis, a brutal-looking man of German extraction, became chief executioner on the death of his principal. Francis had been several times convicted, and was a deserter from the transport ship Keewarra (the conqueror of the Alabama) the gallant crew of which vessel were well rid of his company. He was a drunken creature, and in disposition did not in any way belie the portrait (taken from an authentic photograph) which my friend the artist has drawn. Francis was sometimes "loud" in his dress, and occasionally went

so far as to affect a silver-headed cane and a handkerchief scented with patchouly, the fumes of which mixed themselves with those of the colonial beer and tobacco he so plentifully consumed. He had been in the States and had developed a vein of American humour. He was in a very wretched condition when appointed hangman, and was advanced the money necessary to provide him with clothing. He donned his new suit on the morning of the first execution for the conduct of which he was personally responsible, and looking up and down at himself, ejaculated

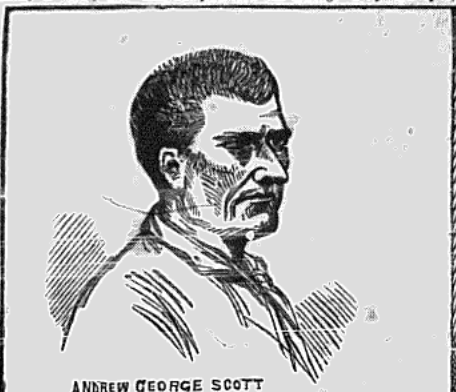
"GUESST KIN DO A 'KILL' NOW."

When someone reproached him with his office, he remarked "Never saw such a country as this. People must be a lot of scoundrels here. In America any citizen'll hang a murderer."

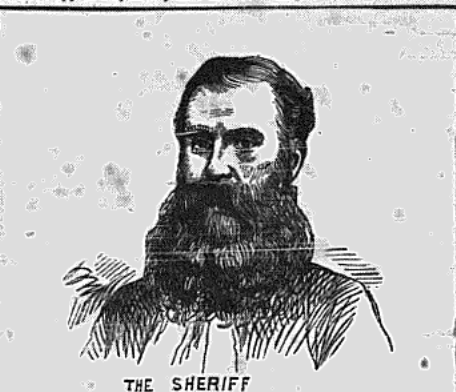
the present chief executioner, resides in a quiet part of Paddington, where he has one of the neatest of cottages standing in the middle of a well-kept patch of grass, and is to be seen around Sydney. The premises are his own freehold. He has an annual salary of £150, payable monthly, and in addition to the income attached to his post in the Civil Service, he derives from honest toil, now in one shape, now in another, "bright shillings" which enable him to very live well and also to provide against a rainy day. By those of his neighbours whose minds are not narrow as to prejudice them against a man on account of his occupation, he is well liked and even respected, for not one of the families whose fine houses adjoin his snug little property—and there are some fine houses which, so colonel-like, claim that you could flip a penny into their grounds from the hangman's door—are more reputable, or happier, or intrinsically better than that of the much-dreaded "finisher of the law." In regard to the appropriateness of the title, more hereafter. When I visited Howard, it was, for several cogent reasons, at night. I found him sitting at his front gate, in the bosom of his family, and in the company of a personage whom I afterwards discovered to be identical with his assistant. This latter gentleman, by the way, kept me company during a certain "coach ride to Mudgee, on a recent occasion involving the sudden decease of a black-fellow, whose crime—speaking relatively, at any rate—lay chiefly in the fact that he was a black-fellow, and whose misfortune it was that in Sir Alfred

Stephen, instead of in the more humane Sir Hercules Robinson, there happened at the time to be vested the Royal prerogative of mercy. The hangman lit his pipe as I passed, and exhibited his features, or rather his deficiency of one of those useful and sometimes even attractive articles. "Does Mr. Howard live hereabouts?" I asked. The awful functionary rose to meet me. "Good evening, Howard," he said. "I am evening, sir," said the finisher of the law, with his pipe in his mouth and his hand on his hips. That is how I introduced myself to the sheriff's deputy. However, our conversation was, owing to the presence of other people, a merely formal one, and we soon parted.

I had previously had one conversation with the hangman, but as he has a bad memory for faces and apparently does not recollect voices at all, he did not recognise me. Perhaps the defectiveness of the human voice may be attributable to the peculiar nature of his profession and to the non-existence of his faculties in the regard alluded to, for whenever he hears a voice in whose owner he takes a deep official interest, a choking sensation generally renders the latter incapable of further articulation and precludes all conversation. The hangman's gaining further experience of his own limitations, when next I visited the executioner he received me most courteously and invited me to enter his residence, the inside of which is in keeping with its most exterior appearance. We passed up a path over-arched by vines laden with ripening



ANDREW GEORGE SCOTT



THE SHERIFF



MAKING THE GIP



STRETCHING THE ROPE



THE COMMON HANGMAN



THE LATE HANGMAN

and left the justice, with the deputy-gaoler, to pull themselves back in a heavy boat. A few days afterwards, a convict was sent from the gaol to the mother of one of the escapees, who resided in Clarence-street. He requested her, on behalf of the principal gaoler, to induce her son to "come home" to Darlinghurst, assuring her that, if the runaway did so, some of his "time" would be taken off. This happened so recently as 1850. A handsome young woman, named Robertson, was a prisoner in gaol about the same time, but as she was on remarkably good terms with an official, she stayed in Darlinghurst beyond the period of her sentence. Owing to jealousy on the part of a warder, the matter was reported, and the woman was ordered to be sent to Parramatta Gaol. She was accordingly given into custody of a trooper, and the pair set out on their journey, but the very least that can be said is, that they took a long time to reach the beautiful orange-groved city.

ARTISTS IN HEMP.

A man named Green was the executioner who first officiated at the present Darlinghurst gaol. He had been a forger in the employ of the Australian Agricultural Company at Port Stephens, was by nature hideous, and was rendered still more repulsive by the fact that he bore on his face the remains of a terrible gash inflicted on him by a man whom he had flogged and who one night attempted to murder him with an axe. He had a keen love for his profession, and on one occasion while drunk forced his way into the mess room at the barracks, produced a piece of rope,

an execution, used to reply promptly, "Yes, sir, all right, sir, you'll not

KNOW ME FROM THE PARSON!"

—for whom, it is said, he was more than once mistaken by persons whose powers of observation were temporarily dimmed owing to the distressing nature of the circumstances under which they met him. There never lived a hangman more fond than Elliott of recounting his professional exploits, or of parading compliments alleged to have been received by him from the sheriff. He died, whereupon Bull, an old Imperial convict, was installed as executioner. There were so many candidates for the vacancy that Sir Charles Cowper, it is said, used to carry the letters of application about in his pocket, and whenever button-holed by an aspirant for Government employment, used to produce the papers and ask, "How can you expect me to find a billet for everybody? At least fifty people want the hangmanship!" Bull, when congratulated on having managed to secure the post in the face of such keen competition, remarked, "I don't see that I hadn't as good a right to it as anyone else, considering I've been about 30 years in Government. I was at Darlinghurst Gaol when they (the prisoners) used to fight dogs on a Sunday morning in the north-east corner and play pitch-and-toss in the south-west corner." These interesting sports, it may be mentioned, took place at a time when prisoners used to leave the gaol for an airing, commit robberies in the neighbourhood, and sometimes be chased by the local police to the door of the gaol, where stolen

property was frequently recovered. Bull met his death in a rather remarkable manner. A man named Kelly was about to be hanged, and when at the gallows, suddenly turned round, exclaimed "You—dog!" and kicked the hangman so savagely that he died a few moments afterwards from the effects of the injury received. Kelly, having had his revenge in advance, with a truly Hibernian, and to recite the Lord's Prayer. He however made further resistance, faved wildly, and swore that he would never die. He did not understand the mechanism of the engine of death, and instead of expecting himself to fall through the floor, had an idea that the executioner was going to throw him over the railings of the scaffold. So, with the rope round his neck, he planted himself firmly on the drop and sat down, assuring the hangman that

...which the "doomsman" showed me by the flickering light of the candle he carried to guard against his tripping over the steps. He was proud of his grapes and of the flowers further down the garden, and was, he said, sorry that none of the warmer were ripe at the time of my visit. No one but he and his two younger brothers were at home. The rest of the family had "gone to the play." He sat down in his little parlour and we conversed across a round table on which lay the Bible. He informed me that he was a believer in religious education and that he was desirous to insist upon the boys reading from the Book of every night before they went to bed. He was a "stuffed" man, and his progress at school. So well was he satisfied with it that he made one of the youngsters read me a passage from St. Paul to the Ephesians. When requested to take up the book and read, his literary ability, the boy began to turn over the leaves as if in search of a familiar passage. His sister objected to this and shut the book, ordering him to read out the "first thing he came to." It occurred to me that the hangman's nature was surrounded of numerous queer things, and that when his mind was formed a great many extremes had met. It would, I thought, have been comical, and otherwise relieving, had the "first thing" the youngster came to been "Thou shalt not kill." "Whose?" I asked. "The Bible," he replied. "Whose would have formed a good text for conversation, and in fact have afforded an excellent pretext for broaching the subjects on which I wished to hear the mild and religiously-inclined man's views. Though there was no best to do so, we were not in making a commencement. I informed him that I was a newspaper man. He at once comprehended the situation, or thought he did, for, after all, it was exactly the same thing. I found him to be a strict official. "Yes," he said, "he was that the sheriff did not intend to admit many people, if, indeed, he allowed anyone but the gaol officials to witness the forthcoming execution. Then the following colloquy occurred—

Reporter: You see, Howard, there was so much trouble over the execution that the sheriff, it is rumoured, isn't going to let in any reporters at all to this one. Now, if I can't get in I want you to give me all particulars.

Hangman: Can't give you any information without permission from the sheriff. You know, sir, I've been very badly treated by the newspaper. The EVENING NEWS was too severe on me. In fact, I was thinking of taking a libel action against the News, which is largely circulated among my friends. Sir Alfred Stephen and Sir Henry Parkes offered to back me up in it, but I let the matter drop. I thought it was best to do so. Their article did me a lot of harm in my business. I used to work for a great many people who now don't employ me. However, I'll tell you what I'll do. If I ask for a couple of admission tickets they'll be given to me and even if the sheriff is unable to spare you a ticket, you may come in as a friend of mine.

Reporter: I'm very much obliged, indeed.

Hangman: Yes, sir; and if you'll just give me your address, I'll get a bonnet and put the tickets in it when I get it, and I'll just come to your door and ring the bell, and hand it to the servant and go away.

Reporter: It's really very kind of you.

Hangman: Do you know, sir, that I never put a rope round a man's neck in my life! I never pulled a bolt either. I've a man to do it for me. I stand there, d'ye see, and I pull his cap over his face and I walk round him to see that the knot's nice and comfortable. Then I look at the sheriff to catch the wink of his eye, and then I tip the plank to my mate, and he pulls the bolt and lets the man down. It's not a fact that I ever hung a man—never, sir; never!

Reporter: People have formed an altogether false impression as to your character. But you'll perhaps be kind enough to explain how it was that you came to take your present billet.

Hangman: Well, sir, the truth was that I was hawking a little too much at the time, and I took the situation without thinking, like. But I don't care. I'm not ashamed of it. I can lay my hand on five hundred pounds and I'm worth a thousand. I can pay the passages of my dear children, God bless them, on board the best steamer that leaves Sydney. I can go away if I like but I'm not going till it suits me.

Reporter: People certainly consider your position a queer one.

Hangman: It may be queer to outsiders. But here I am. I've got a good cottage and twelve pound ten a month. I've got as good a garden as there is anywhere—I've got the prettiest garden in Paddington—the biggest cabages and the finest flowers. If you ever come down in the day time I'll give you as many as you like. I can't see to pick 'em now. Just you fetch down your lady any day and whether I'm at home or abroad all you've got to do is say I sent you and you'll be given the finest bouquet out.

Reporter: You seem quite satisfied with your position.

Hangman: Why shouldn't I be, sir? I bring up my children well. I send 'em to school every day, and the children belonging to the first gentleman in Paddington—aren't they neat, sir?—and I'm more mannerly. They always say "thank you" and "if you please" when they gets anything or wants anything. Here's a girl for instance—how old d'ye think she is?

Reporter: Eighteen, probably.

Hangman: No, sir, twelve year old, sir—twelve year old. Yes, sir, that's my daughter, only twelve year old.

Reporter: After making a low obeisance: Do you think both these men will be hanged?

Hangman: Well, I don't know. Moonite's sure to go, but I don't know as Rogan will.

Reporter: I hope Rogan's reprieved.

Hangman: Well, poor unfortunate devil, I hope he is.

Reporter: Then you don't particularly want to hang them both?

Hangman: No, indeed—would you? I don't get any more for doing the work. It's a lot of trouble to me, I can tell you. I spend all the in preparations, for if anything goes wrong, here's the man as gets the blame. I've never had a mishap yet and I hope I won't.

Reporter: What do you mean by a mishap?

Hangman: Well, d'ye see, it wouldn't, for instance, do to put the knot under the chin. If you did that there'd be the chance of scratching the man's neck and drawing blood, and if there was a single drop of blood the Press'd be down on you. I never thought there was any particular trouble about hanging a man.

Hangman: Oh, ain't there! I tell you there's a lot of trouble. The night before, I fixes all the things as I remember, and then I takes my pipe in my mouth and I walks up and down and says to myself—"Is there anything more"—and if there's anything more I thinks of it. It doesn't do to get hurried, for the day you gets hurried that's the day you makes the mistake. And then when I sees the people walking in I thinks again and make sure that everything's as nice and ready as a kid glove.

Reporter: What do you think of Scott as a man? Do you think he'll be afraid of you?

Hangman: Well, it all depends. If him and Rogan have to stand up together and swing together, I think he'll not be much frightened. But if he loses his mate—that is to say if Rogan's laid clear—he'll think they're putting hard lines on him, and he'll not be the same man. There's a lot in that.

Reporter: Have you ever seen Scott?

Hangman: No, never. I always gets their height and their weight, but I don't go near 'em till their time comes. Of course, when I'm at the gall I might see 'em from a window, when they'd be at exercise; but if that happened they wouldn't see me. I'd not care about it being said to them that the hangman had come for 'em. The warders aren't tell 'em anything of the kind; besides, they're too kind to do it. But some of the prisoners might, if they had the chance.

On the wall of the cottage there were pictures of various kinds, hung in the artistic manner which might have been expected of their owner. Over the fireplace was an American caricature—the subject, a couple of coloured people making love; immediately behind the gaudy, frowny, little-eyed executioner and pasted on the tastefully executed advertising almanac of a well-known softgoods firm, was a copy of Gainsborough's masterpiece, "The Blue Boy." From time to time, as I grew tired of studying the countenance of my host, I glanced at the graceful picture behind him, which at last seemed to begone me away. Who, looking from the face of the common hangman to such a figure as that in the picture which upset all the theories of Sir Joshua Reynolds could help feeling how true is the saying that "blood will tell."

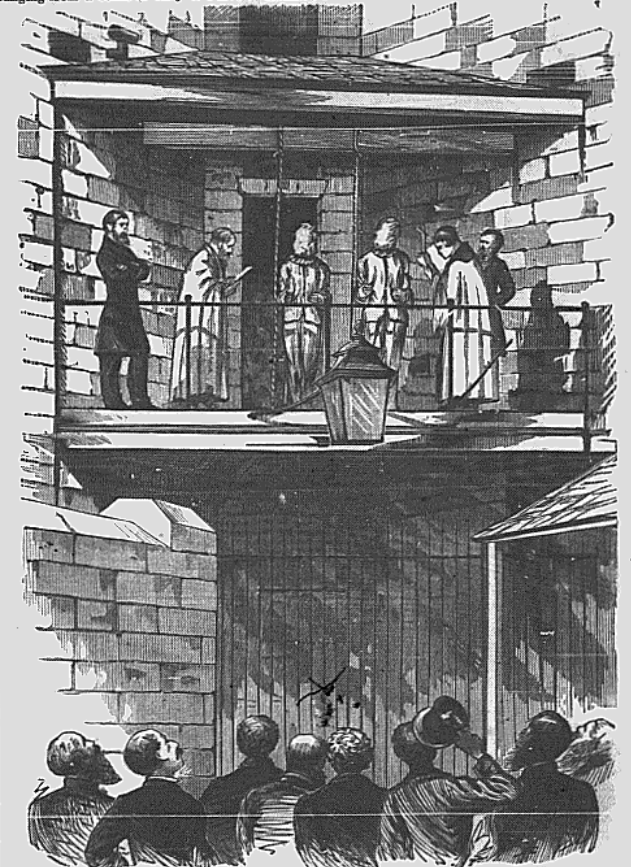
Then the reporter and the hangman, after visiting an adjacent hostelry, parted in the manner prescribed by the rules of police society.

WHY ALL THE REPORTERS WERE NOT PRESENT.

The fact that the Press, as a body, was unrepresented at the execution, and that the Metropolitan journals, with the solitary exception of THE BULLETIN, had for information to rely on the reverend gentlemen, privileged medical men, and distinguished foreigners, who, for reasons ranging from a sense of duty to a love of science

who being intimately acquainted with Scott, failed to form a true estimate of his character.

In November last Scott and his companions, Rogan, Nesbitt, Vernecke, Williams, and Bennett, stuck up the Wantabadger station, between Wagga and Wagga, under the pretext that they had been refused food. While they were still at the station, to the residents of, and visitors to which Scott behaved in a most unbecoming and brutal manner, four constables from Wagga Wagga appeared on the scene. These the bushrangers forced to retreat, but the police having been joined by a detachment of four Gundagai constables, under the command of senior-sergeant Carroll, returned to the attack. A fierce fight ensued, resulting in the death of Nesbitt and Vernecke, the wounding of Williams, and the surrender of the rest of the gang. During the engagement constable Bowen, a man who had distinguished himself in a previous encounter with bushrangers, a handsome monument, was mortally wounded. Scott, Rogan, Williams, and Bennett, were taken to a lengthy trial, found guilty, and sentenced to death. The three latter bushrangers were recommended to mercy by the jury, but the Executive resolved that the extreme penalty of the law should be carried out on all four criminals. The Governor, in the exercise of the Royal prerogative, reprieved Williams and Bennett on the ground of their youth and that they had not previously been convicted. Rogan, who during the fight evinced a great amount of trepidation, and who was subsequently found beneath a bed, was excepted from the vice-regal clemency, on what grounds the public are even now at a loss to discover. He took no active part in the conflict, as did the two men whose sentences were commuted, and is clearly shown to have been the means of restraining Scott from carrying out his threat of hanging Mr. Beveridge, a visitor to Wantabadger. But notwithstanding these facts and the able and persistent manner in which they were urged by Rogan's solicitor, Mr. B. B. Smith, after the conviction, the Governor adhered to his decision.



THE LAST SCENE.

and Tommodian curiosity, put in as appearance at Darlinghurst at the fatal hour of nine, is due chiefly to the kind interposition of that most respectable journal, the HERALD. Hunter-street, with her sham morality, her ghastly fun, and her drivelling pathos, didn't want to be there, and was successful in procuring the promulgation of a release excluding the representatives of the secular Press from the gall on the occasion. However, "palm oil, the almighty," prevailed, and it fortunately happens that THE BULLETIN, having been represented at the closing scene of the Wantabadger drama by an artist and a reporter, is now enabled to present to the public information which less enterprising and fortunate papers have been unable to obtain.

It is not my intention to recount at length the circumstances which led up to the scene witnessed in Darlinghurst Prison at nine o'clock a.m. on Tuesday week. The career of Andrew George Scott, an utterly unprincipled man of good birth, excellent education, and of high but ill-applied ability, is well known to the public, before whom his name has been for years, as that of a crafty criminal. He was a man dangerous to society and utterly incapable of reform, who only lived to exemplify the power which education lends to the habitual felon. Some years ago, when convicted of the Egebert bank robbery, he called Heaven to witness his entire innocence of the crime in question. Before his execution he went so far as to admit that he had received the stolen gold, but continued to aver that he had borne no part in the actual robbery. He lied to the last. A great deal has of late been said concerning his engagement to Mrs. Ames, a Victorian lady, who after his condemnation was unremitting in her efforts to obtain a reprieve. Scott, some days before his execution, remarked that her case was "only another illustration of the old, old story—that she was the one woman who understood a man whose every action was misinterpreted by the world." It would, to be sure, be a pity to see the woman who was the reverse was the fact, and that the unfortunate woman whose mind was centred on the unworthy object just passed away was the one person on this earth

Precisely at five minutes to nine the convicts were, on the demand of the Sheriff, Mr. Cowper, handed over to the hangman by Mr. Read, the Governor of the Gaol. Scott's face paled at the sight of the executioner, by whom his arms were at once tied with whiplash at the elbows in an unusually secure way. Rogan, resistance on whose part was evidently not anticipated by the executioner, quietly submitted to the process of pinioning, and was led by the assistant hangman to the drop. Howard, the principal executioner, followed with Scott. Rogan, who was of the Roman Catholic faith, was attended at the gallows by the Rev. Father Ryan; Scott, the son of a Church of England minister, and once a lay reader himself, was in the spiritual charge of the Rev. Canon Rich. The rest is soon told. Rogan had, through Father Ryan, requested his companion in crime not to make a speech on the gallows. Scott had consented to this on the understanding that the execution was to be witnessed by as few persons as possible. However, though Rogan was standing in the court-yard. When he came out to die, Scott's heart seemed to fail him. He appeared to endeavor to look unconcerned, and muttered mechanically, "What are all these people doing here?" He tried to smile, but his upper lip quivered like that of a dog at bay. Rogan simply looked dazed, though in his cell in the hours immediately preceding that fixed for his death he had been comparatively cheerful, buoyed up as he was by the hope of mercy in the last world. The executioner took from his pocket a white cap and rapidly drew it over the head of Scott, who at the instant turned to Rogan, shook hands with him, and said, "Good-bye, Tom." The cap was then drawn over Rogan's head, and he was placed round his neck. Then the executioner's side. Gately threw his whole weight against the lever, and in a second Andrew George Scott and Thomas Rogan, with their necks broken, were hanging in mid-air. Scott died instantly; Rogan's frame quivered several minutes after he fell.

Amongst those who witnessed the execution, there were very few indeed whose eyes were not from first to last riveted on Scott. He was the central figure of the awful drama. The portrait herewith presented differs very materially from those printed at the time of his trial, but it must be remembered that the latter were drawn from photographs taken a considerable time since in Victoria, while the original of THE BULLETIN picture is a sketch taken in the gaol after Scott was shaved, and after he had been some time in prison. The removal of his beard so altered his appearance that it was difficult to recognise him. The man's countenance and beard, as clearly conformed, to some extent, the defects of a month which—especially when viewed in conjunction with the keen eyes so capable of expressing concentration, and the semi-aquiline nose that denoted so much decision—betrayed the possession by their owner of about equal amounts of frenzy and determination. But just as those who in more barbarous times used with the eyes of enthusiasts to see halos of glory hovering round the head of persons dying in never so good or so bad a cause, so who, having no direct interest in an execution, condemned man, witnesses a trial or execution easily discerns in that man traits which, under other circumstances, would have remained undeciphered. In the words of the Hon. W. B. Dalley, when defending Andrew Scott (the notorious Wantabadger murderer) "One gets a mass of confused of a crime, and people will be ready to believe him guilty. Place the most honest and pleasing face behind the rails, and at once becomes a face that expresses every passion." It is no flattering tribute to Moonite's manner to say that they man, with all his vices, was a better man than the man who was walking about our streets, visiting our drawing rooms, and dining with the highest of our citizens—that men are daily doing all these things who are no better in principle than was Moonite. For many men, who in few respects save that they lack his animal courage and outrageous vanity, and have not by the force of circumstances been impelled to crime. "The only redeeming point in Scott's head," says the phenologist who, after the execution, took a cast of his skull, "was his slight benevolence to other people. I presume, a spice of charity. But the criminal's charity does not seem to have been of that order 'which covereth a multitude of sins.'"

THE SCENE ON THE SCAFFOLD.

was a really terrible one. In Scott's pale face—all the paler and more ghastly by reason of the fact that he had not been shaved for days or two—there was, notwithstanding the man's evident determination to "die game," a fixed appearance of utter helplessness and despair. Those who have spent much time in hospitals and have had frequent opportunities of observing moribund patients, will have noticed how powerfully the appearance of a dying man is affected by the presence or absence of a day's growth of hair—how terribly haggard a countenance otherwise placid becomes when the wan cheek is contrasted with the dark stubble of the neglected chin. I have seen many men who have been shattered by a blast, to know that those struggles are unavailing, and to see the life of the man who not long before was a Hercules, quickly borne away on the fast-flowing current of arterial blood. But however unavailing the sight of a fatally-wounded man may be to the ordinary spectator, that indescribable, livid ashen pallor which comes over the criminal as he faces the hangman is still more sickening and awe-inspiring. One's glances involuntarily wandered from Scott to the hangman and from the hangman back to Scott. The convict's wasted frame, his sunken eyes, his white face, the helpless, doubled-up appearance given him by the pinioning of his arms, were, as he stood beneath the beam and for a second regarded with a kind of absent-minded and dreamy, yet keen curiosity, first the dangling cord which was to bind him to the gallows, and next the perfidious trap-door on which he stood, enough to strike terror into the heart of even the man who could shake hands with Death in any other form. And if Scott's face was terrible to look on—over his features came that strained, grave-like stare, that hopeless look which I have seen almost blanch the cheek of a black man as the hangman seized him—the appearance of the executioner was still more fascinatingly horrible. The creature looked what he lives to be—a human ghoul, a fiend incarnate. Were he to hang a million murderers no one from among them would or could ever compare with him in bodily hideousness. No frontispiece to "Paradise Lost" ever contained so vivid a representation of the Evil One, no nightmare ever presented to the dreamer a specter so horrible. One's recollection was instinctively brought to bear upon all the villains of one's reading and experience. Beside the fleshy hangman, the ideal Faigun seemed in bodily appearance an ordinary man—when compared with the grim man butcher, Mephistopheles of the night, and Gabbott of Marcus's "Natural Life" dwindled into gentleness of mien. One without lengthy experience of criminals and unfamiliar with gaol albums, could hardly dream that such a being could exist in human shape—that he could have had a mother. No man in Australia, so far as I know, can in point of brutal appearance be placed beside the executioner, except Gately, the Melbourne hangman. I do not say this merely because, when looking at the men, I was aware of the terribly revolting nature of the man's occupation. I saw the ape-like figures of the pair to be marked resemblance, both being six feet high, broad-shouldered, long-armed, flat-footed, and sinewy. Gately has a facial angle of fifty, and has a nose. Howard has no nose, and has, on account of that fact, a facial angle of fifty. One of the most striking features of the pair is the way in which the executioner, to the skilled lookers-on at the convict's misery, seemed hideous and unearthly, what must have been the wretched bushranger's feelings when for the first time he found himself confronted by the man who was to slaughter him? Who could not help trying to put himself into the culprit's position as he walked the few paces intervening between his cell door and the drop? Who among the spectators failed to ask himself the question—"If it hides to us, what must he be to his prey?" If he dares to us, a thing of a future state, but of the earth—if the supreme punishment be after all the quickest conscience, the racked brain, the terror-stricken soul, the fear of the Unknown, then must it be admitted that even in this world Scott expiated every offense it were possible to commit against humanity.

After King Howard, who looked over the hangman's shoulder, there was no sound more appalling than that of a body falling from the drop. The noise has often been described as a "dull thud," and it is so, but the measure resembles that heard when one standing at the edge of a shallow shaft listens to a heavy

pick being struck into underground clay. First comes the rattle of the trap; then, almost instantaneously, the dull fatal sound caused by the straining of the rope on the beam. It is a sound from which there is no echo, and which is invariably followed by a silence so profound as in itself to suggest death.

Have you ever, in a dream, fancied that you were falling from a great height? Have you ever, in your waking hours, found the rung of a ladder give way as you were descending a shaft hand over hand; or, while in a small boat, seen your craft's nose, which but a moment before was out of the water altogether, dive suddenly into the gulf between two great shark-inhabited rollers? Some such feeling as that, only intensified a thousand times, must be experienced by the wretch as the hangman, to use a hackneyed phrase, "launches him into eternity." His arms are tied and can grasp at nothing; his feet suddenly lose their support; his hands only are free, and "clutch at themselves." He must feel as if it were all a horrid dream, and—years being at such a time crowded into a second—as if he were falling thousands of feet without having the hideous sinking feeling which made his heart jump and then stand still, relieved by the touch of a single material object. I knew a man who suffered from what is familiarly called "smoker's heart," a malady resulting from the excessive use of nicotine. In the middle of the night—we were in camp together—he sometimes uttered a loud shriek and remained motionless until a hand was laid upon him. He told me that he "felt his heart stop beating, and that, though in an almost perfectly conscious state and alive to what was going on around him, he thought that he was falling, and was unable to speak until touched by someone. So it must be with the man who drops from the scaffold; he feels himself falling, not six or seven, but ten thousand feet. At last his fall is broken—he comes to the end of the rope. The hand of Death is laid upon him and he wakes—in the other world.

Just as the nerves of one who for the first time witnesses a severe surgical operation are sustained by a knowledge of the fact that the operation is necessary, so in the same way one who keeps in view the crime to be expiated by a convict can, though he never before witnessed death, look at an execution unmoved. I say this as a generality. On cool reflection I could not in my heart find a great deal of pity for Scott, considered as an individual convict who had forfeited his life to the law; but on the other hand I could not help contrasting his case—the case of a man who had never actually shed blood—with that of the two men who on a sunny morning a few years before had from the same scaffold, amid the execrations of the whole continent, been sent to their last account. The gentlest woman in New South Wales, had she been fully cognizant of the details of the crimes committed by Nichols and Lester could have looked on and smiled at their agonies as they stood on the scaffold—could have scoffed at their hypocritical cant. They had over and over again entrapped unsuspecting men, butchered them for the sake of their few shillings and their clothes, tied stones to their feet and thrown them into the deep. Scott's crime was a bad one, but beside that of Nichols and Lester what was it? Scott was not wanting in animal courage, but he was a braggart. He had by degrees become an Ishmaelite. He owed his position solely to himself, for when once a man commits a crime society is hardly responsible for its indirect consequences. But I do not for a moment believe he was of the stuff of which murderers are made, or that he ever coolly meditated bloodshed. There are many cases in which threats that when uttered were in all probability unmeaning and thoughtless have been fulfilled, and in which, also, those threats have been brought up in evidence against accused men. In the same way many men who have carried arms out of bravado, have forfeited their lives by using those arms in unguarded moments. Had the bushranger who not long since stuck up a bank in Gippsland carried a pistol instead of a pipe case, he might easily have involved himself in more serious trouble, however innocent his intentions in regard to life might have been. The law can do no more than take a man's life, but the force of the idea was irresistible that either Nichols or Lester were punished too little, or that Scott and Rogan were punished too much.

ZU.

SPORTING NOTES.

Adelung has beaten Gundagai at cricket.

£764 was paid in prizes at the Newcastle race meeting.

T. Ray, of Ulverston, England, heads the pole-vaulting—11ft. 2in.

Alderman Playfair has promised a valuable sterling silver trophy of unique design for competition by rowing club fours on next Anniversary Day.

Miss Maria Wallace, who was third in the late female tournament in this city, accepts Miss Nicholson's challenge for £50 aside, for a 24-hour contest.

At Hill End, on Anniversary Day, the local cricket club beat Sofala in one innings with 20 runs to spare. On the same day the Burrows Cosmopolitans beat Murrumburrah by 124 runs.

The following is the handicap for the Grand International Pigeon Match, to be shot off to-day:—E. B. Docker 23 yards, Woomna 26, T. M. Giblin 28, J. Dent 28, G. Hill jun. 28, A. Bailey 28, J. Hamilton 30, J. Pike 27, J. Steen 30, P. Gannon 30, H. M. Keightley 28, A. Steen 27, N. P. Bayley 28, J. M. Gill 27, J. D. Dougal 28, W. Meek 27, W. Bryant 27, O. Friend 30, Lee Lord 30, Cambridge 28.

The famous stallion Australian, aged twenty-one, by West Australian, dam Emelia, died on the Alexander farm, Kentucky, U.S., recently. Australian was the sire of Spendthrift and a host of other racehorses. His pedigree embraced the best blood of the English racer.

A 48 hours' go-as-you-please match has been arranged between old Williams and the Scotchman, M'Kay. The event commences on 2nd February, at the English circus. The "old an" is not thought to have any chance against the "bonnie laddie."

Maribyrnong won the gold medal for blood stallions at the International, Kingsborough second, Priam third. Towns' Egalite took first prize for blood mares, Leo's Jessamine second. In draught stallions Towns' Muir Lad and Davis were first (with gold medal) and second, Onus's Young Tom third.

Mr. Cowles, gunsmith, of George-street, in order to show the value of the guns manufactured by Scott and Sons, of Birmingham, gives a £75 prize gun to be shot for at the low value of £40. The terms are:—A Handicap Sweepstake of 20 Members, at £3 3s. First prize, the gun and fittings; second prize, £10; third prize, £5; balance of sweep to pay for seven birds each shooter, and

Volo, 6 yrs; A. Stewart's Jack Albion, 4 yrs; J. Jiffie's Kildar Innisfall, 3 yrs; T. Coffey's Bon Baynes' Reform, 3 yrs; J. J. aged; J. Morrison's K.K., 4 yrs; 5 yrs.

THE YOUNG FOLKS' EN

Some of the most ingenious never seen in this city are now on establishment of the American Market-street. They were intended for the International Exhibition specimens of American ingenuity into, they are now exposed for sale. They comprise miniatures of one of steam engine, and the style is perfectly astonishing. There are complete four-inch saw-benches, &c. Better models for our public obtained. With these little appliances more could be explained to one hour than in a month under. They are, strange to say, only a n. There also various mechanical springs, which travel round and most pleasing and instructive to Americans, furthermore, show the dancing a variety of other toys, of means of which the opening intelligence encouraged and its constructive Quite gladly we recommend a v. Novelty Company.

Scene at the Garden P.
Dog-Ale Exh

Perhaps no exhibitors at the In have with respect to practical and more prominently before the Aus last six months than Messrs. J. I represent, with their London co W. Leedam, Crowe & Co., a num

