

"MY IRISH ROOTS"

For over fifteen years my bedroom has been in a state of chaos from files, folders, scrapbooks and reference books collected over the years of my diversified life. This collection would hopefully be the source from which would evolve "Ma Peg's Memorabilia." In fact, "Memorabilia" became a familiar household word authoring the verbal brunt of many sly innuendos. "Have you put that down?, and "don't forget to tell about this!"

So when our program "Do your own thing" needed a volunteer I grabbed the opportunity. This will force my hand, I'll have to make a start at least.

I sent notes to my sixteen grandchildren and asked them to write me what they remembered I had told them of our Irish Heritage - How beguiling children can be! Here I thought they weighed heavily on my every word! From their perfunctory replies it is all the more important to get family history down on paper.

So you, my captive audience, please bear with me -

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Oct 1978*

I am a third generation American from proud Irish Stock. (Have you ever met an Irishman who was not vociferously, even belligerently proud of being Irish? If you have, look out for him, "cause he's no darn good!)

My father, Peter Francis Daly, a rising young lawyer in the firm of Van Cleef, Daly and Woodbridge, married Mary Rose Mansfield, who according to her doting brother (Uncle Bill) declared her the most beautiful young woman in New Brunswick. They were married with full Nuptial Mass in Sacred Heart Church, New Brunswick, 1893. One of the non-Catholic guests told the groom afterwards, "Now I know why it is so difficult for Catholics to get a divorce. It takes them so long to get married!"

They went to the Chicago World's Fair for their Honeymoon. Many years later, when I was in Paris, how nostalgic it was for me to see the same Ferris Wheel my parents had enjoyed in Chicago.

Father had built a fairly sumptuous home for the bride. The architect was Mr. Williamson, father of the well known Misses Williamson, Helen and Julia, and the Carpenter Contractor was a Mr. Egan who fathered a large family. The youngest was jovial Joe, a motorman on the Trolley Car, who later became active in the new born Labor Union Movement, and politics. I believe he later was an Alderman or Commissioner in the City Government. It was in this home (still there) on the corner of Hamilton and Hardenbergh Streets I was born and lived until after my marriage in 1920.

But before I tell you about my own life, I'd like to dig into the History of the "Auld Country", Ireland!

It is an Island which stands out like a bastion against the Atlantic waves on the western fringe of Europe. Partly because it is isolated by the sea which surrounds it, it has been able to preserve its own individuality and distinctiveness down through the years. But this sea which separates Ireland geographically also links it culturally with the rest of Europe. Ever since man first set foot on Irish soil some eight thousand years ago, many waves of immigrants have come from other lands and have brought with them their way of life, their mode of building and their own cultural innovations. But on reaching Ireland each wave and each culture was suddenly, as with a magic wand, transformed and modified into something different, into something which is distinctively stamped with the trademark "Made in Ireland."

Nowhere is this seen to better effect than in the myriads of ancient monuments. They illustrate in a very vivid way the development of architecture and provide the visitor with an essential visual background to the moving history of the country. Time alone has not crumbled an historic gem, unfortunately the viciousness of violent wars have had their tragic toll. Today masterful efforts are being made in Restoration.

In 1976 I enjoyed a six weeks' tour of Ireland via a Fiat with Jane Runyon, (one of our former members) and Dorothy Bell, former President of Bradford College and a Greek History Authority. Because of Dorothy's knowledge of Greek excavations she was especially interested in the Megalithic Exploratory work being done in Ireland - So it makes it quite personal for me to start my "digging" in Ireland's past with this Neolithic or Late Stone Age beginning around 3,000 B.C. when Art and Architecture first began to flourish in Ireland.

The most remarkable products of this era are the Megalithic tombs. These were constructed with stones so large that local imagination considered them to have been built by Giants and to this day many of them still bear the name "Giants Graves."

Ireland is well known for the richness and variety of its Megalithic Tombs. The most striking of these are the large tombs under round mounds which are known as passage-graves, and which are often grouped together to form cemeteries. We visited the famous tomb of NewGrange, Co. Meath. This is housed in a great mound about 100 yards in diameter and the top about 45 feet high, overlooking the river Boyne from a considerable height. It is unique as it is surrounded by twelve high standing stones that are believed to have been brought from the banks of the river Boyne as they show signs of having been worn by water.

From the entrance a passage runs for 62 feet part way through the mound. The passage is formed of 43 stone uprights supporting 17 roof slabs that rise slowly in height as they approach the chamber. The corbel (Remember there was no mortar in those days, hence the scientific knowledge of being able to engineer the placing of stone on top of stone to reach its narrow 20 ft. high ceiling) was a masterpiece of Megalithic construction.

The passage way has a height of about 5 ft 8 ins. although cross slabs force one to stop and take great care at some sections of the passage way. But the installation of electric lighting in recent years helps a lot. The chamber itself is cruciform in design.

While there is no definite evidence to show whether bodies were burned or buried intact, experts point out that cremation was common at other burial mounds in this era.

For a few days each year at New Grange near the Winter Solstice when the days are shortest, the rising sun sends its rays through a rectangular opening above the entrance and down the full length of the long narrow passage. For several minutes the dark, undeciphered messages, even those at the far end of the chamber are lit up and the corbeled ceiling glows with an unearthly light. Perhaps the sun was intended to light those designs engraved on the walls only for the benefit of the respected dead, who were interred there. But perhaps the living also were privileged to enter the chamber to partake of a divine visit at this time of year. Indeed the symbols may represent the creed of a semi-oriented religious cult of which every other trace has disappeared.

We also visited nearby Knouth. It was surrounded by a high wire fence with a padlocked gate. Evidently the excavations were in process and are not accessible to the public. A guard was leaving for lunch and we asked if we might look around. I said, (God forgive me) that Dr. Bell was an archeologist from the U. S. He let us in saying not to disturb anyone working and to leave in half an hour before he came back!

It proved to be a real treat because we found several men carefully raising a stone slab from a cavernous hole. Dorothy admonished us not to go near them as we might distract them and they were truly in another world! Closer to the road and this world we found several young men and women, summer students, working with layouts on the ground, evidently scale measurements for further digs.

I wished our stay in this area could have been longer.

I have found that every era of Irish History is permeated with a vague, misty, wispy aura of the mythical or spiritual. Like in Greek History, it is difficult to tell when the myths leave off and factual history begins. One famous saga relates to two warring factions fighting to a draw who decide that one would rule above ground and one under ground, which brings me to the mounds one sees in meadows; they are not natural hillocks because they are geometrically rounded and sod covered hollow burial tombs of the Neolithic Age.

One day we were having "refreshments" in a "Pub" in Waterford and a talkative native gentleman told us about such a mound @r Tumuli nearby.

An industrial company bought up several acres of land on which to build a factory but had to give up the location because it would entail demolishing such a tomb and none of the native people would work on the construction "cause sure and the underground people, The Fairies would haunt them and bring them bad luck!!" This was told us very confidentially in a hushed voice stating it was well known historic fact and "bad cess" to him who disturbed the dead.

Another Neolithic evidence has turned up in the windswept bogland of North County Mayo (Western Ireland.) Here the clues lie not in buildings but in land. The Bog blankets thousands of square miles and is cut for fuel near present day settlements. As the cutting reaches the base of the peat usually five or six feet down, the land surface on which the peat originally formed is exposed! Archeologists have found stumps of ancient forest and a coherent field division pattern. There is evidence too of sophisticated cultivation.

Scientists once dated the beginning of the bog at around 600 B.C. since that was when temperate Europe slowly turned from a warmer climate to the conditions that prevail today. But undisturbed settlements have been found just below the bog and pot shards in them have been dated as far back as 2,000 B.C.

This work is in a very early stage but its possibilities a great joy to the archeologist. Before I go on to a later era I must tell you about searching out and finding another prehistoric treasure -

We left our car on the country road and walked up a rising lane and on top of the hill there stood a Dolmen - These Megalithic tomb structures are composed of a number of stones standing upright with one or more large stones laid across the top so as to form the roof of a chamber. It will always be the unanswerable puzzle. How did these huge tons of stone ever get there? A caretaker's cottage was near by and we aroused a little old lady. We asked her "Do they have any idea how they ever got there?" She edged closer to us and pointed to the hills miles away and said "Now would you be seein' those mountains? Well, one night three old women mind you, carried them down in their aprons!"

As the Neolithic gave way to the Bronze Age a quick development of Metallurgy took place in Ireland. Weapons and tools of cast bronze were produced and objects of gold were fashioned either for personal ornament or for ritual use. The bronze work includes daggers, halberds and flat axe heads, many of the last being of remarkably sophisticated form. In that age the gold deposits in Ireland were the greatest in Europe. The gold jewellery equal the Egyptian in this pagan age. We saw the collection in Dublin, and were delighted that it has come to this country in a beautiful loan exhibit traveling over the country with an extended stay at the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

Although the earlier inhabitants remained; around 700 B. C. powerful tribes of Celts arrived from Europe. In subsequent centuries learned men wrote and rewrote history compiling legends and providing important families with genealogies linking them to the leaders of the Gaelic invasion and beyond this to Adam!

Celtic Ireland was divided into a number of small Kingdoms, each with its own King, but the idea of High King or "ARD-RI" appears to be a later development. Celtic society was essentially rural but the members of a "TUATH" or small kingdom met regularly in an assembly over which the King presided: Feasts took place to the accompaniment of Music and Story Telling.

True folk-lore has been important in all countries but it seems to me most significant in Ireland, when in later years being deprived of learning and formal education their only enlightenment came from the surreptitious Story telling School Master. From ancient times comes the renowned Irish gift of imagination and language as displayed in the exquisite nature poetry and rollicking sagas preserved by a vigorous folklore tradition.

Legendary heroes such as Cuchullan and Finn McCoo and his followers, The Fianna figure in rich tales of honor and battle,

passion and revenge that are familiar to every Irish school child and have been treated by Ireland's greatest writers and artists.

Perhaps the greatest saga is "The Tain" (pronounced Toyne) The Cattle Raid of Cooley. The origins are lost in antiquity but they do rank in importance with the Icelandic Sagas and have the complexities of the Classical Stories of Ancient Greece and Rome. One translator (Kessella 1969) ends with his own comment, "I who have copied down the STORY or more accurately FANTASY (Book of Leinster in Trinity College Library) do not credit the details of the story. Some things in it are devilish lies and some poetical figments. Some seem possible and others NOT: Some are for the enjoyment of idiots."

You who have been to the Hotel Gresham in Dublin may have seen John Behans metal sculpture which adorn the walls of the Grill, suitably named The Tain (Toyne). These Black Silhouettes have made a name for the artist in the recognized Art World of Ireland. (He is a relative of the late Author Brendan Behan.)

- CHRISTIANITY -

The Irish quickly embraced Christianity in the 5th Century and St. Patrick is largely credited with the conversion of the pagan Gaels.

Much remains to be discovered about Ireland's patron Saint, but it is fairly authentic that he was born of a Roman Legionnaire and stolen as a boy captive, and worked as such in Ireland for fifteen years when he escaped by boat; later coming back to Ireland as a Missionary. A Beloved and Holy Man.

At this time the society to whom he and others preached the new faith consisted of a Warrior Aristocracy and their free followers - The economy seems to be mostly pastoral and cattle the chief form of worth. With scattered kingdoms the establishment of Monastic settlements was encouraged. This brought with it the development of monumental Church Architecture within the Monastery.

The best example of the earliest small church we found on our beloved Dingle Peninsula well known as the Gallarus Oratory. This is the best preserved of its type dated between the 8th and 12th Century A.D. Time does not allow me to take you with us on our inquisitive wanderings for searching out examples of Romanesque and Gothic Architecture, but for those of you interested, do study the great monasteries of Clonmacnois, a great seat of learning on the river Shannon. St. Brendan, the Navigator (Clonfort) and Glendalough, Co. Wicklow. This last was where I saw a well preserved Round Tower (my first). There are a hundred in various condition throughout Ireland.

These were built by the Monks to protect Church precious vessels and records, (and incidentally their monk's own skins!) during raids such as the Vikings' at the eighth century.

At the base of these towers a door was placed ten feet up. The Monks would enter by way of a ladder pulling it up after them and many a tale was told; for instance of pouring hot oil on the raiders from the top of the Tower.

Perhaps the greatest relics of the early Church are the illuminated Manuscripts, especially the Book of Kells now housed in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, for the last three hundred years.

The Vikings not only wanted plunder, but trade, and they established the cities of Dublin, Waterford, Wicklow, Wexford, Cork and Limerick. These seaports became powerful centers and intermarriage with the natives brought a peaceful era.

Another Invasion of Ireland! - By the middle of the 13th Century the Normans had gained control of most of Ireland. They introduced the feudal system of government. Thus commenced the Norman/English involvement in Irish History which lasted till the present century. It wasn't until the close of the reign of Elizabeth, around 1600 that the first total conquest of Ireland took place.

Throughout the 17th Century it had to be reconquered several times until finally subjugated in 1611 by William III. This conquest was to remain complete for more than two centuries.

Ireland in the 18th Century was ruled by a local Anglo-Irish Aristocracy who gave it its Georgian architecture and made a singular contribution to English and World literature. This period ended in 1800 when the Irish Parliament voted itself into union with the British Parliament at Westminster.

I will not continue with the confusing movements toward Freedom in Ireland. It always confuses me, and in the relating I would confuse you. Also, it has little to do with my roots.

In world history Ireland's influence as a nation on the world is no greater than she is geographically. On the other hand, Irishmen as individuals, from both North as well as South Ireland, as heroes, soldiers, writers and leaders have lead the world.

In their own country, time and time again, Ideals blinding them, lack of proper planning hindering them, and often treachery stalking them their great causes failed, but the great names live forever. One modern writer expressed the opinion that most rebels were so accustomed to being beaten

they were not as interested in the result as to being in there, fighting for justice.

The perspective of unbiased history proves as facts the great injustices done to the Catholics, depriving them of all human rights.

Strange that many of the great leaders in Ireland were Protestant. Protesters against England's treatment of Ireland rather than Protesters against the Catholics. Henry Graton was a member of the Irish Parliament in 1775. He said "The Irish Protestant should never be free until the Irish Catholic ceased to be a slave."

Concerning my Daly family roots, anyone claiming the name of Daly, O'Daly spelt any way with extra L's and E's thrown in, all may claim descent from "Race of Dalch" O'Dalaigh as it was spelled in the traditions of the Gail and known as the most famous bardic kindred in Ireland pronounced O'Dhaulee. At times the surname O'Daly was evidently considered in Ireland as synonymous with the word "poet."

No other known family group seems to have produced as the O'Dhaulee did; literary scholars century after century for a period extending over at least one half a millenium.

Eventually, the O'Dalaighs' literary doom was sealed when bardism became outlawed in Ireland under English Law. King Niall of the Nine Hostages alleged O'Dalaigh progenitor faded away except for the surreptitious story telling by the minstrels, shanchies and school masters.

The more recent generation of Dalys were also inclined toward the literary as in my own family. My grandfather, Timothy Edward Daly's father was a school master and also his grandfather. The story is that his grandfather was sent to France for his education and there fell in love with Margaret de la Roche, the Duke's daughter and carried her back to Ireland (with tongue in cheek I say, 'that is my only foreign blood!') I seem to overlook that the Mansfield name, mother's family, originated in England, but that was so far back and they married native Irish women.

During the eighteen hundreds, the time of the penal laws and unfair taxes capped by the devastating famine, Grandfather Daly eloped with Catherine O'Grady, taking her to England.

They lived there several years before they were able to get passage to New York. There my father was born, baptized in St. Peter's Church, downtown Manhattan in 1867. The family moved to Brooklyn and established a hardware store. Then in

six years moved to New Brunswick to build a three story building on Guilden Street to house a grocery store and two floors of living quarters above.

I loved my grandfather, he always had time to talk to me. How entranced I would be watching him pare an apple, the skin so thin the flesh of the apple still pink, then with bated breath, hoping the skin hanging round and round till the very end would not break!

He was a gentle man, short in stature, with twinkling blue eyes and most of the time, his nose would be in a book! I truly think my grandmother was the business brains of the grocery business. I remember the big red Coffee Mill that would grind the coffee beans to order, the aroma blending with the pungent odor of the huge firkin of yellow cheese!

I relish great pride in my grandmother, a farm girl, with no formal education, could not read or write, not even sign her name, but she could add up a customer's bill in her head and no one would dare cheat her - A perfect example of the expression of the latent potential of the frustrated Irish.

The store's clientele were German and Irish. It was decided that son Peter should go to the grade school run by the German Catholic Church down on Nelson Street, the other end of town. So there was a built in interpreter right in

the family. Many years later Father loved to tell the story that when he was a County Judge (he had been appointed by Governor Woodrow Wilson) in 1911, there was a defendant before him who couldn't speak English. His lawyer was Frederick Weigel: the Prosecutor was George Silzer, later Governor, but these two Germans couldn't understand the man, so the Irishman on the Bench said "Let me talk to him" - They understood each other perfectly!

Another story Father loved, this in Naturalization Court. The Examiner asked the applicant, "Can you be President of the United States?" He vaguely shook his denial. "Wait a minute," Father asked Tony, "Why can't you be President?" "Oh Judge, I'm too busy working on the Railroad."

And another one also in Naturalization Court. Examiner, "Do you believe in Bigamy?" Applicant said, "Yes Sir" Judge - "Are you married?" Applicant, "Yes your Honor." Judge - "Do you think a man should have two wives?" Applicant, "O no Judge, one is trouble enough."

I think Father enjoyed being Judge of Common Pleas, the Middlesex Co. Court. His record of never having a decision reversed was a record to be proud of.

I nearly forgot to tell you that in 1971 while on a tour of Ireland I stopped, by appointment, at the Genealogical Society Headquarters housed in Dublin Castle. They were very

helpful, but said there was a great gap of records during the Cromwellian Era. All church records were destroyed. They suggested that genealogists were turning to the archeologists. So before I went over in 1976 I unearthed distantly related Mansfields and they unearthed Tombstones in an abandoned cemetery of my direct ancestors. These I explored when I visited them in Dungarvan.

The original estate of my branch of the family was no more. But I was grateful that these charming people in their Georgian Homes finally accepted me and said

"Sure and she's one of us all right, she's a Kin!"

Now let's go back to the corner of Hamilton and Hardenburgh Streets, New Brunswick, N. J.

As I mentioned in the beginning, I am grateful for this opportunity to make a start on my family memorabilia, but I shun subjecting you to an autobiography, genealogical family trees and scrap books -

I mount my soap box (suggested by our chairman Ann Joyce) namely the effect on me of "My Irish Roots" which I hope will ring a bell in your own consciousness and awaken an interest in your own ethnic roots -

My early sheltered childhood was watched over by doting parents and relatives, and especially, "Aunt Kitty", my mother's paternal aunt, who made her home with us since my

arrival in this world. It was from her I learned about my Mansfield family in Ireland. (Would I had paid better attention.)

The first Mansfield in Ireland was given a parcel of land or desmayne, for service to the King. The earliest family data I have is that a Henry Mansfield married a Catherine Hallanan in 1779. Their eldest son John married Mary O'Brien Wall. This native Irish woman is the one who makes me feel so proud!

Of course, anyone with the name O'Brien in their ancestry claims descent from Brian Boru, High King of Ireland in 1002! This Mary Wall Mansfield was my grandfather's mother. She sailed with four children after her husband died. (My grandfather was born posthumously.) Fortunately she was given the Captain's quarters (who was a relative) for the six weeks' hazardous sailing to the New World, the States.

Her lot was far better than the thousands who emigrated later from unfair taxes and the potato famine in the infested "Coffin Ships" of the 1840's.

My beloved great Aunt Kitty was the one who walked me to school, my first exposure to education, the Miss Deshlers Kindergarten on Bayard Street.

In those days, the Penn R. R. tracks were street level with the station on George St. so of course I had to be protected from the choo choo trains. From there I graduated to the Rutgers Prep Annex (meaning grade school.)

I did not realize at that time I was of a minority class, an "Irish Catholic." Accepted by my classmates, in recess games, the favorite, "Pom Pom, Pool-a way, come a way and fetch a way."

Of course at Election times, when we chose sides, we Democrats had few team mates. I learned early that minorities had to work much harder to get anywhere.

It was about at this time, my Father was being recognized in politics. He ran for Surrogate on the Democratic ticket, in a Republican County, and won by eighty votes.

The "scuttle buck" was, "Wait till you see Daly filling that office with "Knights of Columbus!" He fooled them, and appointed Daniel Webster Clayton his Deputy Surrogate from Cranbury, a rural Protestant community and a High Degree Mason.

Four years later when Father ran for re-election he won by a high plurality.

Even as a child I was very close to my father and imbibed his political verve and ideals. We had a wall telephone on the second floor at the head of the stairs. On Election Night it was my job to man that phone, receiving the returns from out of town polls and relaying them to my father's office as he was the recognized leader of the Party, and County Democratic Chairman. How important this made me feel! It sowed the seed for my later political participation.

I was instructed that two party government was the ideal and a necessity for a Democracy; that to promote the political ideals you stood for you chose your party, and to succeed you needed a strong organization to confirm this; the opportunity of sharing patronage was the standard method; one easily abused but didn't have to be.

Father's formula was "Give your political plum to - First - Competent Party Worker - Second - Idealistic Party Member, Third - Go over the fence to the other side. But-notice in each choice competency was important.

What has all this to do with my Irish Roots? Only, that "we are what we eat" and that goes for mental food also. Ancestral experiences seeped into one's veins and it can crop out in corroded vindications, but "Thank you, dear God" in my family, a flow of purpose to see it would not happen here and

feeding a widening river of mutual understanding, was their choice. Also about this time another episode made an indelible impression on me -

It seems that Wells Memorial Hospital (later Middlesex General) did not have the service to take care of the religious needs of sick or dying Catholics. I doubt if this was only indifference, probably ignorance or lack of sufficient help. Father John A. O'Grady, pastor of St. Peter's Church in New Brunswick founded St. Peter's Hospital manned by the Grey Nuns of Montreal. Father O'Grady had a group of young men in his church who each became influential citizens. My Father was one of these and he was the lawyer to incorporate the new hospital. Whether it was his idea or Father O'Grady's, it was written into their By-Laws that the Board of Directors be non-sectarian and be composed of Catholics, Protestants and Jews. This was quite revolutionary at this time in a Catholic Institution.

As I continued growing up and progressed to High School I was the first Catholic to be admitted to the Misses Annabelle School of select social standing with Dutch Reformed affiliations. Once the barrier was broken many Catholic girls were accepted.

Ironically, I remember the Alumnae Association was formed, and one of our projects was giving scholarships to girls in

India, Dutch Reformed sponsored. The Association was in financial straits, World War I perhaps, and planned to terminate the scholarships, but the Catholic Member of the Board persuaded them to continue - It is rather embarrassing for me that you might think I was asking for hand claps! Far from it, "Peg Daly" was only an individual who happened to be there at the time and made many firsts, whose Father in public life, with many others, were eager to alert non-Catholics that Irish Catholics were Americans first in civic responsibility.

And now Ann I'm really going to get on my soap box as I give my Irish roots the credit for my religious Faith I also accept the resiliency of the Irish Spirit.

Maybe this can best be expressed (if not explained!) by: Just what is an Irish Bull? (Expression of speech.) A lady seated besides the Provost of Dublin University said "Dr. Mahaffy would you tell me the difference between an Irish Bull and another bull? "Madam, 'he replied' "An Irish bull is pregnant!" and - In a debate in the Irish House of Commons, Sir Boyle Roach declared (and how it could be applied today!) "The profligancy of the age is such that we see children not able to walk or talk running about the streets cursing their Maker!"

Study Club members, Isn't it true? We sincerely study problems and develop our own viewpoint, then we are surprised at other people's contrary views?

Happily for me, it has helped peace of mind, to search out the reasons behind the other guy's views - (I am told no pair of eyes sees exactly the identical shade of color.)

Do join me on my latest soapbox, Work for Unity.

Love God and your neighbor. Let's live it, not just mouth it. The road to Peace is long and hazardous, I believe we will make it. Why, I may even love Cromwell, Because God does!

Ma Peg

Margaret Daly Campbell

1978

NINE FAMOUS IRISHMEN

In the Young Irish disorders, in Ireland in 1848 the following nine men were captured, tried, and convicted of treason against Her Majesty, the Queen, and were sentenced to death: John Mitchell, Morris Lyene, Pat Donahue, Thomas McGee, Chalres Duffy, Thomas Meagher, Richard O'Gorman, Terrence McManus, Michael Ireland.

Before passing sentence, the judge asked if there was anything that anyone wished to say. Meagher, speaking for all said:

"My lord, this is our first offense but not our last. If you will be easy with us this once, we promise, on our word as gentlemen, to try to do better next time. And next time - sure we won't be fools to get caught."

Thereupon the indignant judge sentenced them all to be hanged by the neck until dead and drawn and quartered. Passionate protest from all the world forced Queen Victoria to commute the sentence to transportation for life to far wild Australia.

In 1874, word reached the astounded Queen Victoria that the Sir Charles Duffy who had been elected Prime Minister of Australia was the same Charles Duffy who had been transported 25 years before. On the Queen's demand, the records of the rest of the transported men were revealed and this is what was uncovered:

Thomas Francis Meagher, Governor of Montana
Terrence McManus, Brigadier General, United States Army
Patrick Donahue, Brigadier General, United States Army
Richard O'Gorman, Governor General of Newfoundland
Morris Lyene, Attorney General of Australia, in which office
Michael Ireland succeeded him

Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Member of Parliament, Montreal,
Minister of Agriculture and President of
Council Dominion of Canada

John Mitchell, prominent New York politician. This man was
the father of John Purroy Mitchell, Mayor of New York
at the outbreak of World War 1.