

THE  
ROGER  
Mc MENAMIN  
STORY  
—  
A  
FAMILY  
SAGA

CHAPTER VII

## Explanation

The reader will notice  
a chapter number on the  
title page of this booklet.  
It is the author's hope that  
this material becomes part of  
a book \* that has been in  
various stages of development  
during the last ten years.

\* which was never  
realized.

## CHAPTER VII

### Overview

One of the most rewarding contacts during my years of family research happened in 1947. I found Thomas Eugene McMenamin of Philadelphia. He was 81; I was 35.

I had mailed a data form and cover letter to some sixty McMenamins in the U.S., Canada and England. Their addresses were in those large city phone books available in Marshall Field's in Chicago. Among the replies received from all over was a letter from the gentleman mentioned above. It was followed by ten more, some of which are the substance of this chapter. I find them even more interesting today.

Imagine the luck in locating this octogenarian with such a fund of pertinent information and eager ability to put it on paper. Suspensefully I waited as the saga of his grandfather, old Roger, unfolded. The climax came in discovering that Thomas E. McMenamin, like my grandfather, had two McMenamin grandfathers and that one of them was a brother of my legendary ancestor who left Ireland to fight in the American Revolution.

In 1948 I made a special trip to visit Thomas E. McMenamin and met some of his family. It was a memorable occasion; the rather poor photograph of him here, I took at that time. I was thirty-six then and another thirty-six years have just passed. Now, I understand how this fine old man could call me "dear boy".

I can also understand that his letters may contain some inaccuracies; certainly, these are not critical. Who of us could claim to have done better?

If you wonder at Old Roger McMenamin's ability to finance the transplanting of such a large family to America in 1840, so did his grandson; notice Thomas E.'s comment in Letter I: "He must have realized considerable from his holdings in Ireland....." It was certainly unusual for a Roman Catholic to own land of much value in Ulster at this time. Griffith's historic Land Valuation of 1858

lists over 200 McMenamin names as tenants in the counties of Tyrone and Donegal but not one as a land owner. This was less than twenty years after Roger left.

I offer another explanation as to how Roger McMenamin may have funded his family expedition.

During Roger's lifetime, hoards or isolated pieces of prehistoric Irish gold were found by sheer chance. The most famous find occurred in 1854 -- the year of my grandfather's birth in Tyrone. This happened in County Clare during work on a railway line. It remains the largest single find of gold jewelry in Europe. Workmen scurried off to sell some 140 pieces. It is not surprising that many pieces were melted down for their gold bullion value, considering the economic plight of the time. In 1861 a new law required that the finder of a piece of ancient gold jewelry sell it to the government. Roger McMenamin and most of his family were well established in America by then. Today, over 500 pieces of Ireland's ancient gold have entered its National Museum. The largest collection in North America is that in the Detroit Institute of Art.

The following statement could explain how Roger McMenamin at the age of sixty, a Catholic landowner (?) in Ulster was suddenly able to move a large family to America.

"It is entirely possible that passage to America for many an Irish family was paid for by the timely discovery of a piece of Bronze Age gold jewelry."

"Irish Treasures in Detroit", T. A. Motz

Ducas, December, 1983, page 2. Irish

American Cultural Institute, St. Paul,

Minnesota.



The  
Joe Mc Menamin.

(age 35)

of  
141 South Austin Blvd.  
Chicago, Ill.

as  
Thomas E. Mc Menamin

would recall  
him



This candid photo was taken just prior to the week-end Philadelphia visit during my second of twenty-one years at Oak Park-River Forest High School. My ten-month teaching salary for the 1947-1948 school year was \$3200. Two years earlier we had lost our 19-month Kevin (congenital heart). This "historic" Philadelphia visit was a Christmas gift from my wife, Mary, who supported this hobby in every way. In 1954 I became chairman of the large department of Biological Sciences, which curbed considerably all progress on the family history project.

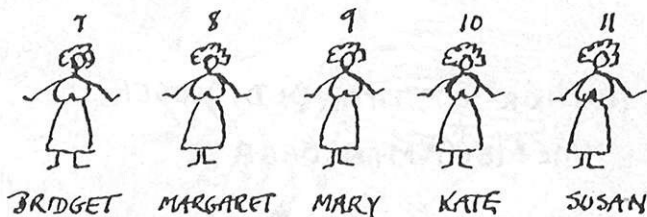
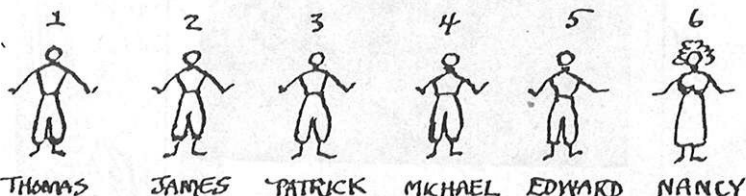
# THE ROGER McMENAMIN FAMILY 1801 - 1851

ROGER -  
BORN, 1780  
DIED, 1871



MARY CONNELLY  
BORN, 1782  
DIED, 1882

ROGER = MARY  
1801  
↓  
ELEVEN  
CHILDREN



## NOTE:

- (1) SEQUENCE OF CHILDREN DOES NOT INDICATE THEIR ORDER OF BIRTH
- (2) ROGER TOOK ALL TO AMERICA EXCEPT #8.
- (3) FOUR OF ROGERS DAUGHTERS MARRIED McMENAMINS.
- (4) #8 MARRIED A McM. FROM GLENTIES; REMAINED IN IRELAND
- (5) #7, #9, + #10 MARRIED McM. BROTHERS - PAT, JOHN + MIKE.
- (6) #2, #4, #9 and #10 SETTLED FINALLY IN KANSAS CITY.
- (7) #11 WAS THE MOTHER OF ~~AUTHOR~~ OF THIS FAMILY'S HISTORY.

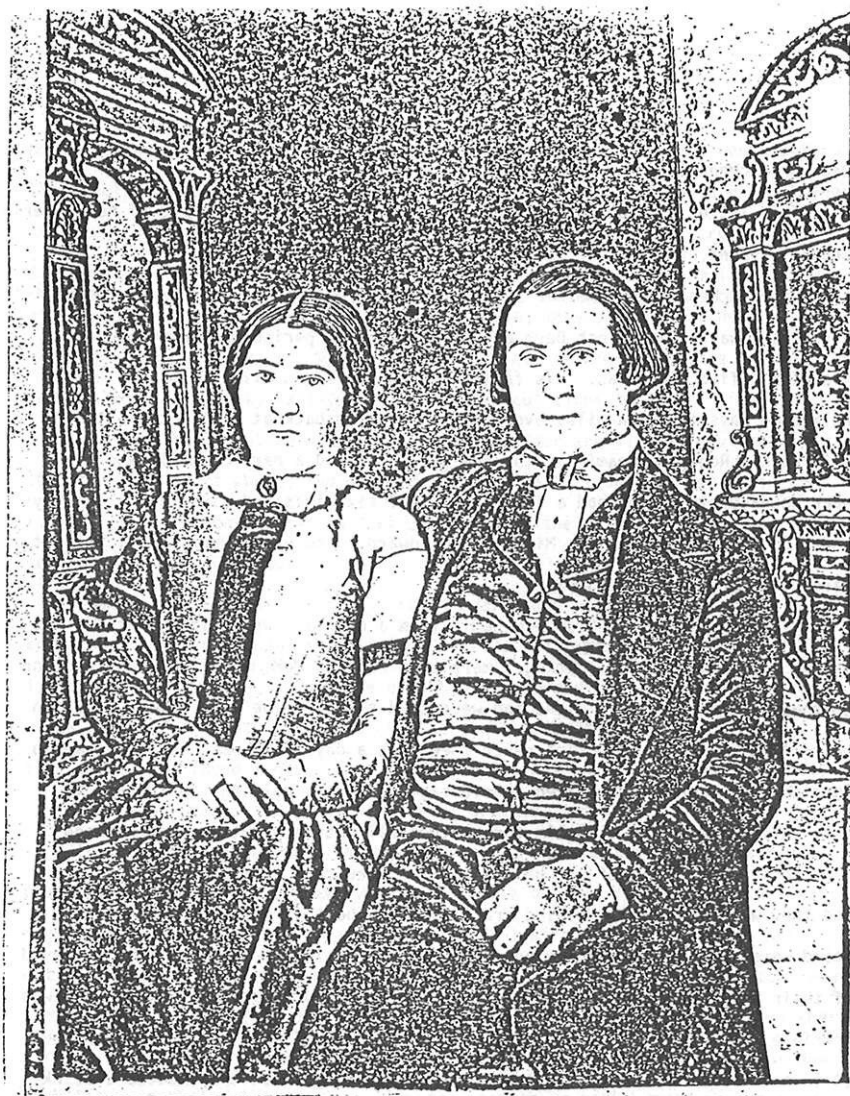
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→ the "Thomas E. McM  
author of the many  
letters to follow.



AUTHOR OF THE OLD ROGER  
McMENAMIN SAGA

*This is Thomas E. McMenamin as he  
looked on a cold morning in January 1948  
when I visited him in Philadelphia.*



Susan and John Mc Menamin, 1858.  
Parents of Thomas E., author of "Old Roger saga."  
Photo taken before Thomas E. was born.

## LETTER I

August 1, 1947

Dear Mr. McMenamin:

This letter is about Roger McMenamin, my maternal grandfather, of Meenakeerin, County Tyrone, Ireland.

Roger McMenamin, my mother's father, was born in 1780, in a small community about half way between Loch Derg and Strabane. His parish was Termonamongan; his post office, Aghyaran. His family church was seven miles from home. They walked to Mass fourteen miles every Sunday getting back at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Roger McMenamin at the age of 21 married a Mary Connelly who lived near Meenakeerin. They had a large family of six girls and five boys. The boys were Thomas, James, Patrick, Michael and Edward. The girls were Nancy, Bridget, Margaret, Mary, Kate and Susan.

Margaret married an Owen McMenamin from a nearby town called Glenties. He was no relation whatever. Bridget married a Patrick McMenamin, also no relation. So these two married in Ireland and were said to have fine farm homes. I often heard that Roger the "old man" never knew what a days work was until he came to America. He must have realized considerable from his holdings in Ireland to take this large family with him for he took all but Margaret and her husband.\*

So at sixty years of age he set out for America. This was in January 1840 and they were in a small sailing craft tossing about in heavy seas. All on board were sick, and some praying for the boat to sink so they would be relieved of their misery. Several times masts were broken and havoc among the seamen was terrible. They ran out of drinking water. They would catch rain water and put it in barrels. Later they had to push aside tadpoles when they wanted a drink.

\*In Letter III he recalls that Uncle James of Rober St., Kansas City, had at least one son and two daughters. Also that Aunt Mary married his father's brother, Mike, and Aunt Kate, a man named Burns.

After thirteen weeks of this awful agony, they arrived in the mouth of the St. Lawrence river. There the ships lay frozen three weeks before they could land. Finally they landed in Montreal, Canada and moved on to Quebec. After a year, they tired of Canada so they started for New York, crossing the St. Lawrence in a boat propelled by two horses walking on a treadmill that turned the paddle wheels. Landing on Lake Champlain, they started for New York city, walking across Vermont, New Hampshire, Connecticut and Massachusetts. They passed through woods and rocky valleys. Some of them cut clubs to fight animals such as wild cats and bears. Some watched at nights. After arriving in New York city, they stayed a short while, and decided to go on to Philadelphia and again they walked, past a place now called Port Jervis, down the Delaware Valley, arriving in Philadelphia a worn out bunch.

They rented a house on Cherry Street near 8th Street, for how long I don't know. But my grandmother, the old lady, was not satisfied as she wanted to be in the country, so she set out one day when no one was aware and walked eleven miles north of the city on a dirt road as there were no other kinds of roads them days. She found a house in a placed called Fox Chase and here the family lived for many years. In fact, some of us are here today.

In 1855 there appeared a railroad advertisement about a boom in Kansas City offering plenty of work for everybody at \$2.50 a day and roast beef. This was a great temptation in those days and the whole family of the McMenamins set out. It was a foolish venture for when they arrived I heard my mother tell how there was no city there. Only ploughed furrows across the land designated where streets would be. There were hundreds of disappointed people on hand from New York City and Philadelphia. Some were too poor to go back; women crying from losing their good jobs in New York, Philadelphia and elsewhere. The sight they saw was pathetic. Yet Uncle James and Michael and Aunt Mary and Kate McMenamin stayed there, God knows how.

My father and mother and the others came back to Philadelphia along with my grandparents. The old man, Roger, had enough money left to buy a lot in Fox Chase and build himself a six room house at what is now 430 Rhawn Street. He lived there until he died in 1871 - at 91 years of age; his wife Mary lived eleven more years, dying in her 100th year in 1882.

Patrick, their son (they had a son-in-law Patrick also) left the family in 1848 to go to the Gold Rush in California. After that quieted down he went to Australia as gold was reported there. But he gave up prospecting for he said it was too dangerous. He knew men who after finding gold quartz were murdered. So he got a horse and wagon and sold clothing, beer and whiskey to the miners. He made more money than mining. After gold mining cooled down in Australia, he returned to San Francisco. Then he went to Arizona and bought a 640 acre sheep ranch. We had no word from him after he came from Australia. Finally, news came that he had been murdered in his cabin on the ranch in 1885. There was some money in a bank in San Francisco which was received by his relatives. But the 640 acre ranch passed on. In some manner it was taken over by Mormons -- who built a town on it.

My father had a cousin, Michael McMenamin, "Little Mickey," they called him; he was a little wayward. So my father outfitted him and paid his passage to the West. We heard nothing from him for thirty years. Finally, my father got a letter from him from the Chickasaw Nation in the Indian Territory, later called Cherokee Nation. He sent my father a check for \$700.00 to compensate what he had done for him. I got a letter in 1893 from my Uncle James from Kansas City saying he went to see Mickey and spent three weeks with him. He wrote that Mickey had everything a man could wish for. He sold \$2,000 worth of hogs while he visited him. Mickey had just built 24 miles of fence around his property; he had thousands of cattle and horses. How he acquired such wealth we do not know

but it is remarkable how he turned out. I suppose he must be long dead by now. This is all I write at present but I have plenty more I can tell about the McMenamin family.

Very respectfully yours,

Thomas McMenamin  
1133 Cottman St.  
Philadelphia, PA  
Fox Chase P.O.





*Sgt. Patrick McMenamin, Grand Army of the Republic,  
Fort Monroe, 1860 - the author's Uncle Pat - a  
brother of his father; he had another Uncle Pat  
McMenamin who was his mother's brother*



1210 CHESTNUT ST.

The author's Uncle Tom McMenamin, whose son Thomas was a mail carrier for forty-three years, whose son Michael "was a little wild" but became very wealthy, and who had two other sons, James and Joseph and two daughters, Mary and Kate. The above Thomas was one of "Old Roger's" sons.

Letter II

1133 Cottman Street  
Philadelphia, PA  
September 4, 1947

My dear Mr. McMenamin:

Thank you for the wedding photograph of your grandparents. I will return it later as I know you want it for a keepsake. Now to continue with the old people again.

I'll start with Margaret, one of my grandfather's (Roger) daughters. She was married in Ireland before the old man left and stayed there with her husband, Owen McMenamin. They had four sons, John, Patrick, Roger and William. They also had three daughters, Mary, Annie and Margaret.

Their daughters came to my grandfathers house in Philadelphia upon leaving the old country. Margaret died soon after she came; Annie married a man named Connelly; they went to California about 1875 and we never heard from them since. Mary married a Civil War captain; more of this later.

Two of Margaret and Owen's four sons came to Philadelphia. Roger lived at 29th Street and Girard Avenue for many years and died about ten years ago at 80. William also came and was a moulder by trade and a very saving man. After he accumulated about \$25,000 he went back to Ireland and bought the very farm old Roger had left. And strange to say; this tight and saving man turned to drink and the devil and lost everything. His wife and three boys then returned to America.

Margaret and Owen's other two sons did not emigrate. John is still living in Strabane. Patrick married a Mary McMenamin -- a daughter of one of my father's brothers. Patrick and Mary always lived in Ireland. She died two years ago; her husband is still living. Two of their daughters are in America, Margaret in Washington, D.C. and Katherine in Philadelphia. She married a man named Charles Collins.

Now back to Mary -- the daughter of Margaret and Owen and sister of Annie and Margaret. After Mary came to my grandfathers house she became acquainted with a Civil War Captain, John O'Neill, and married him. He came home badly wounded as the war ended and was laid up in my grandfather's house for eleven months. (Old Roger was now 85 and would live for six more years.) When he got better the government gave him a farm in Maryland and he moved there, but not for long. One night a committee of Confederates came and told him to leave. He promised to leave in the morning and did as things were very hot down there in those days.

So the Government gave him a job in the Third Auditors Office in Washington, D.C. and he lived at 809 East 9th Street, S.E. for many years and raised his family there. They had three boys and one girl who died at twenty-six. The boys graduated from Georgetown University as lawyers and all did well.

Willie, one of the sons, went west and had become Mayor of Prescott, Arizona when the Gold Strike hit Alaska. He went gold digging there and when the Spanish War broke out in 1898 mustered up his own Arizona Company of Rough Riders and went off to Cuba with Teddy Roosevelt who was his friend. Had he lived he would have been a Cabinet member of Teddy's administration, but alas he fell wounded at San Juan Hill, was ordered to the rear, refused to leave his post, and in another moment was hit for keeps. That was the end of young Willie O'Neill. His brother, Eugene, married his widow on returning from the Philippines but his health was gone and he soon died. John, enraged over Willie's death, wanted to enlist but his mother intervened and the government gave him a commission. Mary, his mother, did not live long after Willie's death. John lived long after all were gone, dying around 1940 at the age of 71. The people of Prescott, Arizona, remembered his brother Willie. Their "Bucky" O'Neill<sup>1</sup> with a \$60,000

<sup>1</sup>Back in the late 1940's I purchased a juvenile book on the life of Bucky O'Neill of Arizona and sent it to Thomas E. whose letter acknowledging this follows.

equestrian monument. This is the end of Mary McMenamin's family.<sup>2</sup>

My Uncle Tom married a Miss Fanning. They had four boys, Michael, Thomas, James and Joseph. Michael was a little wild but he did well; married a girl named Drake; he worked as a boss in building railroads. Later on he became acquainted with a contractor by the name of Sims who took him on as a partner. Then he went in business on his own and amassed a fortune. He built a home on four acres of ground costing at least \$100,000. He sold this after his wife died for \$250,000 and moved into a fashionable apartment, marrying again but did not live long. He died at 70. He was said to be a multimillionaire. Uncle Tom's son Thomas was a Philadelphia mail carrier for 43 years and died at age 60. His daughter Kate was a dressmaker and made a great success of that business by catering to the fashionable trade. Daughter Mary married a man by the name of Timothy Horan. Margaret married a chef in a New York hotel, I don't remember his name.

That is all I recall of Uncle Tom's family; all of them have now passed away. This is all for the present; will send more later.

Respectfully yours,

Thomas McMenamin  
1133 Cottman Street  
Philadelphia, Penn.  
Fox Chase P.O.

<sup>2</sup>Mary McMenamin was Thomas E. McMenamin's first cousin, daughter of his mother's sister, and a young bride when he was a small boy. It was not unusual in this century to have cousins the ages of your aunts and uncles.

Dunelm

Phila delfina  
Linn

Mr Joe McManis

Dear Joe

of. Bucky Mills I just received the book  
Life what a gift it is.

I cannot thank you too much for it  
I did not think such existed. I have read it  
over already. He took some very foolish  
chances did he not. But what a splendid  
fellow he was.

how are you getting along, I suppose you  
are head over heels in your work. I don't see  
how you have any time for anything else  
we are all well at present. Hoping you  
and yours are the same

Remember me to your loving wife  
Mr McManis and myself wishes you and  
your family a Happy and prosperous  
new year.

and thanking for the book  
I remain  
affectionately yours.

P.S. I will later when I shall move to  
tell you

Letter III

1133 Cottman Street  
Philadelphia, Penn.  
September 24, 1947

My dear Mr. McMenamin:

In my last letter of trying to unravel the old Roger McMenamin family, I closed speaking of Thomas, son of old Roger, but I omitted mentioning his twins Joseph and James. James was employed by his brother, Mike, and Joseph was in railroad building, employed by another firm. Joseph was a little wayward and soon died. James was a fine fellow and died at 60 of a heart spell. So all of Tom's family are dead.

Then there was Edward, the younger son of old Roger; Edward was a mill worker and died young. He had one son, John, by a first marriage and two sons, James and Eddie by a second marriage; they never married. John married a girl in Meriden, Connecticut; he and his wife are both dead. They had two boys, Charles and John, still living in Meriden and have a restaurant there.

I think I already wrote that James, old Roger's son who stayed in Kansas City, had at least one son and two daughters. The last letter I had from him was in 1893, he has since died.

This is about all I can recall of old Roger's family. My wife came from a colony of McMenamins in Ireland...and knows of three branches more than I do.

In one of your recent letters you spoke of an ancestral McMenamin deserting the English Army and coming to America to fight in the Revolutionary War. It is not surprising, leaving the tortuous cruel government the Irish lived under then. My ears still ring from stories of persecution, I heard the old people tell.

Would you believe I heard them tell about that wonderful Revolutionary War soldier who lost his land and wanted to die in dear old Ireland. He died in my

grandfather's house up in the hills and one of his dying requests was to have the sheets on his bed changed as the seams were hurting him. He died in the land he loved. This grandfather was not old Roger, but my father's father -- Big Frank, they called him, a powerful man who had ten sons and no daughters.

In the future, I will tell more about my father's family; my father was one of Big Frank's ten sons and a nephew of the Revolutionary War soldier.

Yours respectfully,

Thomas E. McMenamin



Letter IV

1133 Cottman Street  
Philadelphia, Penn.  
October 26, 1947

My dear Mr. McMenamin:

Please excuse the delay in replying to your last letter. I have been confined to the house for two weeks with a heavy cold but thank goodness I am about all right again. I want to thank you for the photo of your family. It resembles our family very much. We had four boys and two girls; one of the girls died at age 4, but the rest are doing very well.

John lives at 7441 Overhill Road, Melrose. He is vice president of the Felton Sibley Paint Co., 146 North 4th Street in Philadelphia. He has 2 children; a girl seven and a boy two. John served in the Navy in World War II.

James served only a short time and was discharged. He is employed by the Reading R.R. as a train dispatcher at the 12th and Market Street terminal. His Nancy attends Little Flower High School and young Mary and Pat are still in a parochial elementary school.

Thomas is employed by the Kropple Engineering Company and lives at 4258 Reece. He has three boys and two girls. His Tommie was all through the last war; then enlisted again and is an aviator in Japan! He must like it. (I'm awfully glad to hear your brother Vic is back safe; he must have suffered terribly in the Nazis prison camp.)

Our daughter Mary is married to Edward Marvel, a salesman for the Ford Kendig Company (pipes and fittings), 20th and Callowhill Streets. Their daughter, Germain, is just out of high school and is studying to be a nurse at St. Mary's hospital. Nancy, 14, is in Torresdale Polish High School -- a very fine institution. They have another girl and a boy who attends LaSalle High School.

I am sorry I cannot send you a photo of my family as these are all gone. My

wife and I are living alone now.

Thank you, again, for your photos; I am

Yours,

Thomas McMenamin

Letter V

1133 Cottman Street  
Philadelphia, Penn.  
January 5, 1948

My dear Mr. McMenamin:

Yours of December 31st received and I was glad to hear from you.

I am the only one left of my fathers children. There were 4 sons, Frank, John Jr., myself (Thomas), James and one daughter, Catherine. I am now in my 82nd year and have been married 52 years. Two years ago we celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary; some 80 persons attended -- all relatives.

Now, I must begin on what I remember of my father's family. My grandfather on my father's side of the house was called Big Frank. From what I heard, he was a large and powerful man with a family of ten sons.

Pat, John, Mike, Frank, Roger and James came to this country. (Pat, John and Mike married three of old Roger's daughters, Susan being my mother and John, my father.) James returned to Ireland for good. James had three sons. William, Frank and James and two daughters, Margaret and Mary. Mary and William are in Philadelphia. There was also a Mathew who remained in Ireland on the home place; he had four daughters and a son killed by a horse. One of his daughters, Mary, was the mother of the Mathew who wrote to you.

Big Frank had three other sons (my fathers brothers also) of whom I can't tell you anything. I think two of them went to Australia and were never heard of again.

Incidentally, there was a Charlie McMenamin of Glen Fann, known for being a benefactor of his neighbors during the famine of 45-47. After they got on their feet again he asked some of them to make good and he was told to go to Hell. My wife, Margaret Breen, was from that locality and has a cousin, John Houston of Lettershambo, County Donegal who can tell you more about the little

Mickey McMenamin you asked about.

In your last letter you spoke of coming to see us whenever you get a chance. We would be very glad to see you and endeavor to make it interesting for you; when the opportunity comes, we will expect you. Let me know when and where so I might meet you.

Affectionately yours,

Thomas McMenamin

P.S. We are sending some photos; please keep them.

Phila Penna

Jan 9th 1948

my Dear Mr McMenamin

your Letter at hand

and will say that we are much Glad  
on the prospect of a visit from you, kindly let  
us know on what RR your coming on if  
you are coming on the Penna RR get off at  
North Phila Sta!

or if you are coming on the Balt & Ohio then  
get off the train at Wayne junction, <sup>3</sup> my son  
and myself will meet you. By auto will proceed  
to our home

P.S. I will hold an unfolded white handkerchief  
in my hand and you do the same. So we will  
identify each other. The North Phila Sta would  
be the most convenient

That is all at Present

waiting to hear from you

I am as ever

Thomas McMenamin

we will be able to  
accomodate you comfortably

1133

Eastman St  
Phila

Post Script

January 4, 1984

Dear Thomas E. McMenamin:

You have been among "the faithful departed" for over thirty years now. It was thirty-six years ago that I last wrote to you and here at this late date I write once more -- this to thank you for your open-hearted response to the first letter you received from me in 1947 and your many letters that followed.

You may, or may not, know that I contacted your elderly daughter, Mary, in 1979; she remembered my visit well and told me that your sons John, James and Roger had joined you and that she and Tom were the last of your children still here.

I told her what a privilege it had been for me to have known you so briefly at the close of your life. I am most grateful for your giving and sharing; so must many who went before you. The Roger McMenamin family has not "perished as if they had never been."<sup>1</sup>

Affectionately yours,

Joseph P. McMenamin

<sup>1</sup>Ecclus. 44:9-10

## PRESCOTT

### ARIZONA

The city of Prescott still holds within it the very symbols of its early frontier history. The Palza Bar recalls the days of the raw, fun-loving miner and frontiersman. The stately courthouse in the plaza quietly bespeaks justice and order. The monument erected to Arizona's Rough Riders tells of courage and patriotism.

These are but a few of the vibrant threads of the early territorial town that are woven into modern day Prescott.



BUCKY O'NEILL STATUE

In the midst of this, overlooking all, stands a statue considered to be one of the more outstanding equestrian sculptures in the world. Renowned sculptor, Solon Borglum, created this memorial to Arizona's Rough Riders and to Prescott's fallen hero, Captain Buckey O'Neill, who served in the Spanish-American War.

*Bucky O'Neill's Mother, Mary,  
was the first cousin of the author  
of these letters. Her own mother  
Margaret had herself married a  
The Menamin in Ireland*

*addendum*

THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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VOL. LXIII.

PUBLISHED IN

JANUARY & MARCH, 1839.

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LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1839.

*This was published the year before Roger  
Mc Menamin's family emigrated. See next page  
for excerpts from pages 386 and 402 of this volume*

*addendum*



*China: its State and Prospects, &c.* By W. H. Medhurst,  
twenty years a Missionary to the Chinese. 1838.

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The description Mr. Gutzlaff gives of the habitations and food of the Chinese peasantry cannot fail to remind an English reader of Ireland.

\* Millions of people live in small mud hovels. . . . . The interior of the houses of the poor is wretched. They consist of one room, which serves the purposes of kitchen, sleeping apartment, parlour, and stable, the floor not being paved. In the cold regions a blue runs along the room, which serves as an oven for cooking the victuals and warming the apartment. The pigs lodge in the snugest corners; and goats, asses, and colts share the dwellings of their masters.\*

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Sooner or later, we shall arrive at the conclusion, that the evils of India, like those of Ireland, are social evils, and to be dealt with as such. The art of Irish agitation consists in representing all the ills of Ireland as political grievances. The delusion of many persons versant in Indian affairs is to consider the evils of India as fiscal evils—they seek for the living among the dead.

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Mr. Gutzlaff's description referred to above would have had to be read to Roger Mc Menamin's family to remind them of anything; they were illiterate, some of them may have learned to read and write English after arriving in America. Some of them may have been literate in Gaelic.

*Addendum*