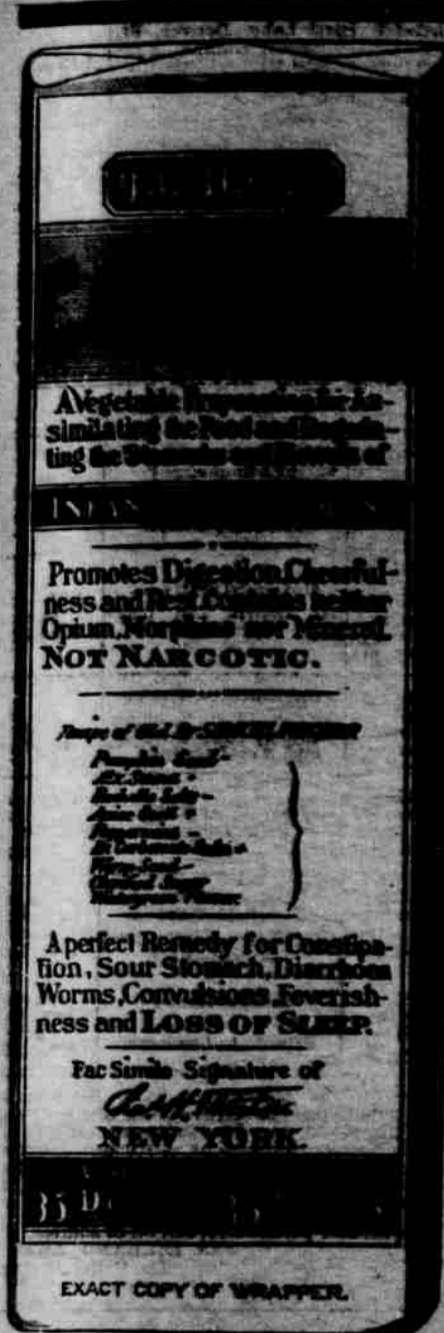


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filling his acres, fearing his God, and fearing naught else. This William M'Kinley was a close friend of Henry Joy McCracken, leader of the Ulster "rebels," and an ardent admirer of the Emancipator, the Statesman, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Wolfe Tone. When the great organizer was in France, plying his trade for official French aid, the United Irishmen of Ulster were among those who strained the eye, day by day, for the flight of the French ships with their cargoes of arms, and looking proudly at their peaks the tricolor, which was then over all Europe the emblem of liberty. But bright hopes faded, and in wild desperation the people took the field in Leitrim and Ulster, trusting to themselves alone. It was not given to William M'Kinley to die in battle. A quantity of arms and ammunition destined for the United Irishmen lay concealed in Derruck house one day when a party of troops came upon in unawares, and captured the stores and their guardians as well. For William M'Kinley's offence there was but one punishment recognized as adequate in those stern days of brutal tyranny and deliberate persecution. It was death—death to fight or to stand, to run or to plot; death to have in one's possession arms or ammunition. M'Kinley was arrested by a detachment of troops headed by a Captain Hanna, and away to the town of Coleraine went the procession. There the soldiers took possession of the Market-place, while the unarmed people stood around with swelling hearts, but unable to save or succor. It was the day of the short shift and the swift bullet; not so very far past the time when English hunters returning to some lord's strong keep after a day's sport would toss blazing torches into the thatch of cabins in pure sport, to see the half-naked children peep out of the low door, their blue eyes wild with terror, their dark hair falling about their faces. And was beside the prisoners captured by the yeol

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A MEMORY OF THE YEAR '98

President McKinley's Relative Shot in Coleraine.

In no country outside the federal union will the tragic end of President McKinley awake a keener sympathy than here in Ireland. It is fitting that this should be so for many reasons. The country of which William McKinley was ruler has given shelter to thousands and thousands of Irishmen, and he himself comes of a stock that gave a martyr to the Irish cause, for away in the North of Ireland lies the grave of a Finnian and namesake who died a hero's death for Ireland little more than a hundred years ago, in the stirring times of '96. The William M'Kinley who has just died, was the chief executive of the greatest nation in the world. The William M'Kinley of 1798 fought in the war for Irish independence, sustained in hope, no doubt, by the example of American independence once already achieved, and defeated in the unequal strife, was not treated as a prisoner of war, but shot in Coleraine market-place on the finding of a drum-court-martial. Of course he was a head court-martial. Of course he was a Protestant—one of the ones that gave M'Cracken and Moore to Ireland. Nothing is better in these days than to recall to mind the fact that in Ulster and Leitrim—at Ballinshinch and Antrim, as well as on the hills of Wexford—Protestants and Catholics fought and fell together for the cause of human liberty. The revolutionary idea arose in the North, and its first adherents were the Protestant friends of the Catholic cause. The great struggle was fought out in Wexford, and with Father Murphy and Father Roche among the terrible brief campaign was fought. Many and many other Protestants whose lives were given for Ireland. There is nothing wonderful, then, in the fact that William M'Kinley, of the M'Kinleys of Derruck, county Antrim, went to his death with the United Irishmen in 1798, although Antrim is the ultimate county of Ulster, the farthest being that of Leitrim, and that the M'Kinleys of Derruck were a substantial family. The M'Kinley farm-house in Derruck, four miles to

all the winds that blow," still stands just as it did when they lived in it, the stone chimneys untroubled by time, the thick walls solid as a fortress against the assaults of age. The roof of the house was thatched until a recent date when the three feet thick of matted straw was replaced with slate. The wide doorway is filled by the familiar "hall door." The house is not old, as substantial Irish houses go. It was probably built in 1765 by the William M'Kinley of that date, who left his initials cut on an o'd stone seat that still serves the visitor to rest upon by Derruck door—
W. M'K., 1765.

But long before 1765 the M'Kinleys had lived on the spot, probably in a ruder dwelling torn down to make room for the present house. Their precise origin is in dispute. Some say that the M'Kinleys were a Scottish race that settled in Antrim during James I's plantation of Ulster; others stoutly maintain that they were of pure Irish stock, and a sub-tribe or branch family of the great house of O'Neill. However this may be, it is fairly certain that during the reign of Charles II, James M'Kinley, son of another James M'Kinley, called "Shamus Oge," or "James the Younger," settled upon the lands of Derruck.

The name of "Shamus Oge" may be found among the list of those to whom a contract for the making of a road along the shores of Lough Neesh was issued in the year 1688. In 1709 David M'Kinley, of Derruck, was a collector of the "hearth-tax" in Antrim. From his time the names of David and William re-appear in the successive generations of M'Kinleys of Derruck. It was the grandson of David M'Kinley, the hearth-tax collector, who went with the Ulster Upland Irishmen, and so met death.

Of David of the hearth-tax and his wife, Hannah, were born four stalwart sons, James, John, Peter and William. They were smart, strong men of strong bodies and resolute minds, and with bold brows and prominent noses, such as have for generations marked the M'Kinley men.

The eldest son, James M'Kinley, went early to America, and from him descended in regular line the present William, who, by a strange coincidence, became Washington's companion a hundred years after 1798.

It was by a later line of the family that the William M'Kinley of 1798 inherited the family home of the M'Kinleys of Derruck. And he was, as his neighbors had been, a sturdy yeoman,

"For them was hot time for an honest gooseon, if aimed by the judge he'd meet a dagoon, And whether the yeomen or judges were a-dooing The devil a much time was allowed for rep'nt'nce."

In Coleraine Market-place William M'Kinley and three others were "tried" by drum-head court-martial. Not even Zola's trial in France gives us an idea of what the procedure of Irish court-martial were in 1798. Of M'Kinley's trial no record remains. Yet well enough we know how it must have fared. It was not long later, in trials supposed to be civil, that one man achieved fame by sentencing twelve men in one day in Kildare. William M'Kinley, called, was confronted with his witnesses. They were the men in red coats, whose tongues burred with alien speech, who had taken the ammunition from Derruck, and haled its stout-hearted owner to such justice as the wolves give the stricken deer. Witnesses for the defence there were none, could be none. There was no defence. The facts were obvious. In ten minutes the prisoner was sentenced. The young lieutenant who acted as secretary jotted six lines of record, flung the ink from his quill pen to the cobble stones of the market-place, and the trial was over. Within the half-hour its verdict was carried out. With three others William M'Kinley stood up facing the firing squad. One can imagine the scene—the cruel red lines of soldiers; behind them the glowing people; some force voice on the outside, its owner out of sight, shouting out in the Gaelic tongue and cries of anger against the murderous red-coats and their fellow officers. Then the four men, their hands and legs tied, but no hands hidden from their eyes, the last sweet look at the blacked day, their backs braced to some bit of dead wall, looking all about for the help that could not come. The firing squad of fifteen or twenty men, armed with flint-lock muskets, stood very near, looking with cruel eyes, in which there was little of kindly feeling, upon the doomed victims. The musket ball of the shoulder, with the eye glancing down the brown barrel, were aimed at the condemned. So when "the schooling bullet" leaped across and taught them whence they came," it may be that breath of moment's ease in the wild group some musket touched, some tongue loosed, some eye opened for a moment. Then all was over. After that what happened? Who knows? What family happened in such a time, so dark—the kindly sub-

ried from the old home, dispersed over the earth. Presently another name was known in local circles by the added words "of Derruck." The children of a happier time played about the huge stone slab that bears the initials of William M'Kinley, or in riotous chase each other up and down the long boren and about the tall blackthorn hedge. The family disappeared, and were remembered only by the "sheanschie" of the remote district, or by those others whose business led them to examine the records of the church—until lately, when the old M'Kinley home has become an object of more than local interest.

But before the M'Kinleys of Derruck were scattered far, one sacred duty they performed. Home from Coleraine they brought the broken body of the Irish patriot, and buried it in the churchyard, where to this day the headstone over William M'Kinley's grave reminds the passer-by of the stormy times in Ireland's history.—Dublin Evening Telegraph.

NOTICE.
Effective this date, a charge of \$1 per car per day will be made for delay in cars, for all time held under load, in loading or unloading by consignee or contractor, in excess of forty-eight hours from time car is set for loading or unloading.
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