

PHILIP KENNEDY THE SMUGGLER.

A DIRGE.

A PEASANT'S son, but sprung from men who crushed the conquering
Dane,

At Falkirk stood with Wallace wight, and fought till they were
slain,

From men, so daring that they turn'd war's tide at Bannockburn,
From men who on dark Flodden's ridge could die, but would not
turn.

"Die in the bit, but hold your trust," was grafted in their blood,
And when the day of danger came, they felt it like a flood.

O dauntless heart in peasant's breast, stilled in full manhood's
prime,

Thy name for constancy and truth shall live to distant time.

What did'st thou know of English laws? Thy code was "do the
right!"

And that's to guard my neighbour's trust, or die for it in fight!

"I do not wish to shed men's blood, I'll trust my hands alone,

Let me but get them in my grips and I can hold my own."

Alas! alas! the generous thought has his death warrant signed.

He mastered two and held them fast, the third to friend assigned,

A weaker man, who soon o'erpowered the contest had resigned.

The third Exciseman waves his sword, and then with cowardly
hand

He strikes—the loftiest head is cleft in all broad Buchan's land.

Then up sprang Philip, and he ran to Kirkton, like a deer,

That he might tell the people there that enemies were near.

Yes, on he ran with soundless feet, blood pumping from his brain,

Wild thoughts of home—of those he loved—'twas that which caused
his pain.

By strength of will, and strength of frame, while life was ebbing
fast,

He reached the goal, and found himself in friendly hands at last.

They raised the bonnet from his head, blood trickled o'er his brow.

He cried, "had all been true as me, I'd not been dying now!"

He knew his trust, had held it fast, but man's blood would not
 shed,
 The fierce return from men he spared, was this—a cloven head !
 And so he died, an honoured man ; at honour's call he died,
 And if detractors say, not so, I tell them they have lied.
 Though nigh a hundred years have passed, among the Kirkward
 train,
 Yet oft his honoured name recalls the place where he was slain.
 And bonnie lassies list the praise of him who knew no fear,
 And in the kirkyard at his grave, still wipe away a tear.
 And lads still feel the Norseman blood sharp tingling in their veins,
 And vow that they'll be staunch and true on distant foreign
 plains ;
 Or how if foreign foe should dare their country to invade,
 They'd set their teeth, and strive like men, and die if duty bade.
 For firmness, constancy, and truth, are honoured by our race,
 And he who died at duty's call finds in true hearts a place.
 " A smuggling rogue," some lipping swell may mutter in disgust,
 No, but a simple honest man who thought his cause was just.
 And if this land should shake again beneath a foeman's tread,
 God send us men like Kennedy, who for true manhood bled.
 We who in changed conditions live, and help to make the laws,
 Wisely forget our father's wrongs, who broke them, and had cause.
 But let us ne'er their virtues lose, nor hatred of a lie,
 And may our sons at duty's call, like Philip, " Do or Die ! "

Nearly opposite the bell door of the kirk of Slains, Aberdeenshire, there is a head-stone, among others, to Philip Kennedy, the smuggler, who was killed by Anderson, the exciseman, on 19th December, 1798, aged 38. Philip was a man of great strength and resolution, who, with his brother John, was stationed in a lane near the kirk of Slains to guard the transit of gin from a Dutch lugger, it being considered at that time—one hundred years ago—a right thing to avoid paying duty to what the peasantry still considered an alien government. They were attacked by three armed excisemen. Philip, to avoid bloodshed, threw down his oaken staff, overturned two of the excisemen and held them fast, calling on his brother to secure the other. John was immediately in combat with the other exciseman, and in parrying the cutlass

with his oaken staff got a severe cut on the forehead, piercing through his bonnet, the blood flowing over his eyes and face rendering him helpless. After wounding the brother, the exciseman shouted out to Philip to let go his grip, or he would sever his head from his body, but he still kept his giant grasp. Anderson then, uttering an oath, brandished his cutlass, and with one fell stroke laid open the head of poor Philip Kennedy. He immediately started to his feet and shouted out "murder." Although severely wounded, he walked the distance of three quarters of a mile to the farm of Kirkton, and seating himself heavily on a chair in the kitchen, said, "If a' had been as true as me, the prize would have been safe, an' I woudna been bleedin' to death." After which he expired with a groan. It was said that a finer and more stalwart fellow never entered the kirk of Slains, and that he was known among his fellows when on the road thereto by his home-spun blue suit, staff in hand, and broad blue bonnet with red tap. The skull of Philip has been repeatedly turned up when excavating the graves of others of the name buried in the same spot. It was known by the cut of the exciseman's weapon. His brother John, who died in 1842, bore the mark of the cutlass as long as he lived. Anderson, the exciseman, who inflicted the fatal blow, was tried on the 28th September following, upon a charge of murder, but was acquitted by the jury on a verdict of not guilty.

J. DALGARNO.

TO-MORROW.

Shrouded and still, within a shadowy place,
 To-morrow stands,
 And we toward the veiled, averted face,
 Stretch eager hands.

But she, a mystery, stands aloof and free,
 Until at last
 Herself unveils her face, and lo! we see
 She is our past.

ABERDEEN.

JESSIE ANNIE ANDERSON.