for centuries in Munster, Connaught and Leinster. In the province of Ulster the land laws were entirely different. The tenant could not be taxed on his own improvements. If, for instance, he leased a farm at £50 per annum and in the course of a few years, by an expenditure of labour and capital, the value was increased to £100 per annum, should he be ejected, the tenant had the power to compel the landlord to pay him for the increased value. In other words, the increased value of £50 per annum was belonging to the tenant, and he could sell it for its marketable value. This was the law that obtained within the plantation of Ulster. Hence the landlord could not in that favoured province come in and increase the rent because the tenant increased the value of his holding. But even the Ulster custom was far from being perfect. I again quote from "New Ireland": —"The Ulster custom," says the learned author, "was almost exclusively beneficial to the tenant as long as things went well; but if a series of adverse seasons came and the value of farm holdings fell, the loss was exclusively his. Before the landlord's interest could be affected to the extent of a shilling the tenant right, equal in value to the fee simple, should first be consumed. The rent was always a first charge on the ter ant right, and as long as at an auction it would fetch one penny more than the rent the landlord was in no way to suffer by 'bad times.'" Such is A. M. Sullivan's account of the Ulster custom. The "bad times" did find out the North as well as the South. The inability of the Northern farmer to pay the rent to his Honour was just as apparent as that of the Southern. And his Honour in the North was just as exacting in regard to what he called his legal rights as his Honour's brother in the South. Hence owing to the failure of the crops and the exactions of the landlords the farmers of the North, as well as those of the South, were forced to place their farms on the market. The extraordinary depression had so far depreciated the value of land that in most cases the holdings scarcely covered a sum equal to the landlord's interest. Consequently there was nothing left for the tenant. The result was that a universal wail of sorrow went up from every corner of the island, and this state of things in 1850 caused the North and South, the East and West, to unite in one vast organisation, known as the Tenant League. At such a time a man like Kickham could not remain indifferent or inactive. He joined the new movement, and did all in his power to forward its interests. This movement came to a disgraceful end; but it does not come within the scope of this paper to refer to it further than to state that it became virtually defunct owing to the leaders of the people having turned traitors—one of them, Keogh, by accepting the post of Solicitor-General, broke the oath he took in presence of thousands never to take office from any Ministry who were not pledged to bring forward a full measure of justice to Ireland. Sadleir, another of them, did away with himself, and is only remembered ever since as the swindling suicide banker. There is no period in Irish history that makes an Irishman blush as this does. The Keoghs and Sadleirs and their friends were a venal, degraded crew. They were perfect hypocrites. They imposed on many of the bishops and priests. They drove many of their countrymen to the verge of desperation. Others became thoroughly sick of agitation. But the aspirations of the pure-souled Kickham, suffered no check. We can easily imagine how from out his eyes flashed the soul that never quailed as he said in his "Bory of the Hill."

> "Yet trust me friends, dear Ireland's strength,
> Her truest strength is still
> The rough and ready roving boys
> Like Bory of the Hill."

Very soon the number of those rough and ready boys was to be vastly augmented. The Society known as the Fenian brotherhood was established as early as 1862; having for its avowed object the attainment of Irish freedom, by an appeal to arms. John O'Mahony together with another '48 man, J. Stephens, while refugees in Paris laid the foundation of this movement and planned the schemes for its intended success. The whole Irish people at home and abroad were to be enrolled in its ranks. O'Mahony took upon himself the Irish in America, Stephens took Ireland. He started the *Irish People* newspaper in Dublin as the organ of the movement. Mr Kickham became one of its principal writers and supporters. Owing to his great ability and his vast influence, the newspaper acquired at once a considerable standing, and a wide circulation and wielded great power over the masses. Kickham was therefore one of the pillars of the movement, and hence when the Government resolved on destroying the power of the Fenian brotherhood he was among the first singled out for arrest. Accordingly he was trapped in November 1865, and brought to trial in Green street Courthouse the following January. His conviction was a foregone conclusion. His reply in the dock to the usual question must not be omitted here "I have endeavoured to serve Ireland," he said, "and now I am prepared to suffer for Ireland." This speaks volumes for the character of the man. How unassuming, how retiring, yet withal what a lion heart beat in his bosom. He was sentenced by Judge Keogh, his former confederate, to fourteen years' penal servitude; but was released in 1869. From that time till his death in 1882, he lived more or less retired, but his love for Ireland, instead of diminishing, became the more intense, and his hopes the more ardent that she would yet take her rightful place among the nations. I sometimes heard Kickham, as well as others, censured for having aided Fenianism. But if all the circumstances be considered, one is forced to conclude that it would have been simply impossible for such a man to stand idly by while such an attempt was being made for the regeneration of his country. First the Keogh and Sadlier party, avowing, swearing that they were staunch leaguers, and not only that but professing themselves to be most ardent and devoted Catholics, were traitors of the blackest die. Any honest man, not to say one like Kickham, would feel as deeply mortified as horrified at the thought of having been associated with such individuals. The agitation of which they were the abettors, by which they climbed to place and power, and which finally they wrecked and ruined, the pure-souled Patrick could never after remember without nausea, without disgust and bitterness. No wonder the very thought of such agitation sickened him. Secondly, Ireland at this time, *i.e.*, during the decade commencing with 1853, was, as some one has well said, "like a corpse on the dissecting table." There was no national life. But a short time before and she might have stood against the world; then, in those fifties, none so poor as to do her reverence. But a short time before and there was a united demand that the power of the plundering and exterminating landlords should be wrested from their tyrannical hands. In 1853 there was scarcely a voice raised against them. It seemed as if the people were convinced that their chains could not be broken, and that the slower they moved the less would they feel the clanking on their heels. Those were dark, evil, and sorrowful days; those were—to borrow the words of Lord Macaulay, the "Golden days of the coward, the bigot, and the slave." To add to the pain and humiliation of Irishmen, the English Press gloated over Irish misery and misfortune. The exodus from the Irish shores was hailed with wild delight by the London *Times*:—"The Irish were going in thousands," it wrote. Very soon, and they were all gone. That fertile land would very soon "be cleared of all the vermin." "It would be soon rid of the assassins." At this distance of time and place the writhing agony endured by men like Kickham, eye-witnesses of such foul attrocities and exasperating insults, can scarcely be conceived. The continual ring of the hammer of the crowbar brigade, the people going away daily in thousands the calumnies of the English Press—few will deny that those things were sufficient to drive any people to rebellion. The English people did not get a tenth of the provocation when they rose up and took off the head of Charles I. In the pages of history there is no parallel to the suffering endured by the Irish. Hence the royal welcome given to Fenianism when it made its appearance. It was hailed as that which was one day to be the deliverer of the country. Kickham and those who acted with him thought they saw in the distance, marching to the relief of postrate Ireland, an army fully equipped with all the munitions of war and well officered by men

> "Whose cheeks were browned by many a sun
> And ploughed by many a scar,
> Their flags were dim with the blood-prints grim
> Of many a foreign war."

Kickham thought it was only a matter of a very few years and the finest army the world ever saw would be landed on the Irish shores. The American Civil War had come to a close. Thousands of Irish soldiers and their officers who had pulled through many a hard-fought field were then disbanded. Both officers and soldiers threw themselves heart and soul into the Fenian movement. Even the Irish regiments retained in the United States Army were enrolled in the Fenian ranks. Money rolled into the Fenian war-chest from the Irish-American millions. Kickham was thoroughly convinced that the day was not far distant, and he looked forward with an ardent, steadfast hope to that day when he was sure to behold the green flag waving over the conquering lines that marched in battle array beneath the shadow of Slievenamon. No wonder that he threw himself into the Fenian movement in Ireland and did what he could to induce his countrymen at Home to band themselves together in one solid phalanx, and thus be prepared to render all the assistance possible to their kith and kin—the expected Americans—when they should land on Irish soil for the purpose of delivering the Old Land from the grasp of her relentless oppressors. One who knew his country's history so thoroughly as he did, who knew so well the result of alien rule, who was the eye-witness of the degradation and misery, of the plunder and persecution unhappy Ireland was then undergoing, and who believed he saw in the movement just inaugurated means sufficient to expel the Old Usurper and to establish Irish freedom—who was convinced that under such a *regime* rebellion had been for long not only a right, but even a duty, and who was morally certain of the success of the enterprise. Such a one could not be reasonably censured for any endeavour he might have made in bringing about such a wished-for consummation. Then, again, though the rising of 1867 resulted in such a miserable failure—if the words be true, as who can doubt—of one who invariably opposed the Fenian movement, but who is one of Ireland's most faithful historians, that "Out of the ashes of Fenianism, out of the shattered *debris* of that enterprise arose a gigantic power, and 1867 beheld Irish nationality more of a visible and potential reality than it had been for centuries,"—who will dare assert that Kickham and his compatriots did not do a great and good work for their country?

(To be concluded.)