

life, without "sails or rudder" to direct our course—without a friend to control, to counsel, to admonish—left to the uncertain direction of our own will, at the most critical period of man's existence : many a pleasant hour used we to spend, after our evening drills, innocently ranging the verdant glades that skirt the charming town of Kilkenny, or luxuriating in the limpid waters of the "Barrow." Poor fellow, when I saw him fastened to the triangles, and his youthful blood bedewing the earth on which his feet barely rested, I thought my heart would break, and worlds would I have given to be back again with my mother—but that could not be, I had yet to see more of a soldier's life—to witness more of human suffering—to learn how man can treat the image of his Maker. The poor lad bore his punishment well—his proud spirit disdained to utter a sigh—no complaint escaped from his lips ; but it was easy to perceive that the effort was too much for his slender frame—the punishment too severe for his tender years. He was soon dismissed from the hospital, and returned to his duty ; the glow of youth had fled from his cheeks—his clear manly brow assumed a shade of sadness—he became cheerless and melancholy, and descended broken hearted to the grave ere he had completed his twentieth year. This is no forced picture, no fancied exaggeration, but a sad, mournful reality.

An old man, a corporal, for spending a small sum of public money, which might have been replaced by stoppages from his pay in less than a fortnight, was degraded from his rank, and made to suffer, on the same parade, a corporal punishment of 500 lashes. This was a remarkable man. Possessed of Herculean strength, though not exceeding five feet seven inches in stature, he could seize the stoutest grenadier in the regiment and fling him from his arms as if he were but a child, and yet quiet and inoffensive as an infant. A singular fete performed by him, near Dublin, immortalized him in that City, and I venture to say that those who remember the achievement, relate it with astonishment to the present day :

There is in the vicinity of the City a large enclosure called the Phoenix Park, always inhabited by an immense flock of wild deer. Among these, at that time, was a furious animal, the terror of every one whose business led him through the Park. Several attempts had been made to secure this brute, but in vain, and Florence McCarthy undertook, single-handed, to accomplish the bold task. Sallying forth one summer's morning, in his shirt sleeves, armed with a black-thorn stick, and followed by an immense multitude of spectators, he soon found himself in presence of his fierce antagonist. A furious conflict immediately commenced—McCarthy plying his faithful shillelah with overwhelming force and precision—the infuriated deer using his natural weapons with terrible effect. The contest lasted upwards of an hour, at the end of which time