

in that sea-side hut had won many a prize in the halls of the most famous University of Europe. He had labored in the mine of the ancients and in the depths of science for ten long years, until his eye grew wild and his memory clouded and confused. Subject to occasional fits of insanity, he could not, of course, be admitted to Holy Orders, and as the most suitable second choice, he chose the part of a classical teacher in his native regions, where the reverence of the poor was his best protection. In his enthusiasm for learning, which survived every shock and battle of the brain, he might, without much extravagance, have fancied himself another Fintan of Moville, from whom the new Saint Columba, in the person of the docile, eager, spotless youth of Fintona, was to imbibe all human and divine learning.*

At the age of sixteen, our subject left Ireland for Paris, and entered the Irish College, on the maintenance known in that institution as "the Maginn bourse." The College was then presided over by the Rev. Dr. Ryan, who styles himself "Administrator of Irish ecclesiastical establishments in France." Of its faculty were the Abbe Kearney, who, with the better known Abbe Edgeworth, had escorted the unfortunate Louis XVI. to the scaffold, and whose reminiscences of the first revolution, when he

* Mr. McColgan "could reckon among his students almost all the distinguished clergy of Derry and the neighboring dioceses; among them the late Dr. Montague, President of Maynooth College.—*Letter of Rev. P. Devlin, before quoted.*