

CARDINAL CULLEN.

CARDINAL CULLEN is a native of Kildare county, and was born on the 27th of April, 1803. He commenced his career as an ecclesiastical student in Carlow College, where his talent and industry soon attracted the attention of Dr. Doyle. In 1820 he set out for Rome, entered the College of the Propaganda, and prosecuted his studies with brilliant success. He was not the first son of Erin who asserted the supremacy of Irish genius in the College of the Propaganda. Francis Patrick Kenrick, the future Primate of the United States, was just setting out for the New World, after having for seven years delighted and astonished by his learning and great intellectual power, the professors in the Propaganda. Cardinal Cullen maintained as a student the honor and emulated the fame of young Kenrick. His public disputation, on the 3rd September, 1828, won the applause of Leo XII. and the assembled College of Cardinals. At the early age of twenty-four he was raised to the first chair in the celebrated College with which his name will be ever inseparably associated. He was ordained priest in 1829, and became successively President of the Irish College in Rome, Rector of the Propaganda, and corrector of the press for political, ecclesiastical, and theological publications. While discharging his various and onerous duties, he found time to act as agent to the Irish Bishops in their relations with the Holy See. He thus became particularly acquainted with the progress of religion in Ireland, and thoroughly conversant with the peculiar duties and responsibilities of an Irish Prelate. He was high in the esteem of Gregory XVI., who bestowed upon Ireland the Church and Convent of St. Agatha as the future secular college for the education of the Irish secular clergy in Rome. It is unnecessary to inform Catholics at home or abroad that he has been and is still a personal favorite of our present saintly and venerable Pontiff, who appointed him Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of Ireland, and Apostolic Delegate in 1850. During his brief connection with the ancient See of St. Patrick, he presided at the Synod of Thurles—a Synod which has conferred incalculable blessings upon the Irish people. Then, for the first time after centuries of persecution, the Church of Ireland emerged as it were from the Catacombs—full of life and joy and hope—beautiful as in those halcyon days when the Christian bards of Europe sang her praises and celebrated her glories. In this National Council, Archbishop Cullen and his brother Prelates, solemnly condemned a system of education fraught with grievous and intrinsic danger to faith and morals, and resolved to found a Catholic University, which should be a pillar to Catholicity, and an intellectual centre for the Catholics of the Irish race. He was translated to the Archdiocese of Dublin, May 3, 1852. He thus became the immediate successor of Archbishop Murray in the See of St. Lawrence O'Toole.

THE GREAT LIBRARIES OF ROME.

ROME has five great libraries—the Vatican, the Casanatense or Minerva, the Angelica or St. Augustine, the Universitaria or Alessandra, and the Vaticelliana. The four last are open two days in the week for a few hours. The Vatican library needs almost royal orders to have its precious closets unlocked. Its codici and documents are *preziosissimi*. Its rare editions are marvels. But its disorder and bad arrangement, I am told, are discouraging. A droll story is related of Ampere. The delightful author of "L'Histoire et l'Empire Romaine a Rome" came to the great city of Emperors and Popes with the intention of writing an impossible book. He meant to begin in the Vatican library and archives. Great influences were brought to bear upon those mysterious locks. One day three knocks were heard, the doors opened, Ampere entered. The "open sesame" was his and all the treasures of the vast library were at his disposal. The twenty-five thousand manuscripts, the greatest collection in the world, the thousands and thousands of printed volumes, and also the mysterious archives. Ampere asked for a few books, and then for some manuscripts, looked at them, then went into the archives—then left. He came for three days in succession, and appeared to be taking notes. Then he stopped coming, and his form never darkened the door or troubled the grand old literary receptacles and their rare treasures again. The impossible book, thank heaven, was never written. But the brilliant author was seen for months and years studying in a finer library than the Vatican. He would be found sitting on the Palatine Hill at all hours of the day, or ruminating in the Forum Boarium, by the arch of Janus Quadrifrons, or standing in deep reverie on the Piazza of St. John of Lateran, that most wonderful spot, the place of places for the poet and the student. The grand view gives you an epitome of this mysterious old Rome—ancient and modern, Pagan and Christian, Imperial and Papal. It is a place for solemn meditation and for that interior study which is better than any books can give, but which comes only after much reading of books. Ampere found there better food for his work than in that sanctum-sanctorum of history the great Vatican archives; and the fruit is ours, which we can forever gather from those charming books he wrote on Rome, literally and truly in Rome.

Besides the five great public libraries of Rome there are several private ones that are also open to the public at certain periods, such as the Corsini, the Barberini, etc.

The Casanatense library, which is second in rank, is annexed to the titular church of our American Cardinal McCloskey, St. Maria Sopra Minerva. It was founded by the learned Cardinal Casanato—a Neapolitan by birth, a Spaniard by family—when he died in 1700. For fifty years this distinguished prelate held prominent positions in the Papal Court, was the friend of many of the Popes, and director of the Vatican library. He died in 1700, and left an eternal memory of himself in this great library which is one of the glories of Rome. Its sumptuous hall was built by Carlo Fontana, the celebrated architect, and Le Gros made the statue of

Cardinal Casanato which stands there. The library has 150,000 volumes and 5,000 MSS.

The Angelica, annexed to the superb Church of St. Augustine, is one of the most interesting of public libraries. It takes its name from the founder, Monsignor Angelo Rocca, a very learned prelate, who flourished also during the Pontificate of Clement VIII. He was famous for his erudition. In Novas' dissertation upon writers on Pontifical vestments, etc., there is a list of fifteen books written by this prelate in Latin upon rites and ceremonies, upon mitres and tiaras, upon the Pontifical celebration of the Eucharist, etc., etc.

The Angelica library is one of the richest in Rome. It has 100,000 volumes, many of them of the rarest editions, some of them cinque-cento, with costly, precious bindings; and 4,000 MSS, Syriac and Chinese, Coptic, as well as Latin and Greek; a Syriac Gospel of the seventh century, a Dante of the fourteenth century. Vanutelli designed the present library hall near the end of the seventeenth century.

The University of Sapienza library is called Alessandrina, from its latest and most powerful patron, Alexander VII. (Chigi, 1665-67). Moroni says it was founded by Eugenius IV. (Condolmieri, 1431-1547), augmented by Leo X, continued by Sixtus V., increased by Urban VIII., and completed by Alexander VII. But with all these Papal patrons, it has only 60,000 volumes.

The Valicella is annexed to St. Maria in Valicella or Chiesa Nuova, the vast building erected by the "Apostle of Rome," St. Filippo di Neri, in 1576, that wise man who said among many other clever things, *omnia vanitas prater currum in urbe*—all is vanity but a carriage in town. Valicella means little valley, and there used to be one where the church stands. The library was begun by Baronius during his vast historical labors, and continued by the Oratorian Fathers who were established in the convent and church of St. Filippo's library. Its MSS. are very valuable, also its Greek and Latin codici. It has a bible of the eighth century, which tradition says was brought to Rome by Alcuin; several inedited manuscripts of Cardinal Baronius; and a great treasure, *Ennarationes in Psalmos* on parchment, by St. Augustine.—'Independent.'

A RAT STORY.

THE number of rats inhabiting the rocky crevices and cavernous passages at the summit of Pike's Peak—says a correspondent of the Pueblo 'Chieftain'—have recently become formidable and dangerous. These animals are known to feed upon a kind of saccharine gum that percolates through the pores of the rocks, apparently upheaved by some volcanic action. Since the establishment of the Government signal station on the summit of the Peak, at an altitude of nearly 15,000ft., these animals have acquired a voracious appetite for raw and uncooked meat, the scent of which seems to impart to them a ferocity rivaling the fierceness of the starved Siberian wolf. The most singular trait in the character of these animals is that they are never seen in the daytime. When the moon pours down her queenly light upon the summit, they may be seen in countless numbers trooping around among the rocky boulders that crown the barren waste, and during the warm summer months they may be seen swimming and sporting in the waters of the lake, a short distance below the Peak, and of a dark, cloudy night, their trail in the water is marked by a sparkling light, giving the waters of the lake a bright and silvery appearance. A few days since Mr. John T. O'Keefe, one of the Government operators at the signal station upon the Peak, returned to his post, taking with him, upon a pack animal, a quarter of beef. It being late in the afternoon, his colleague, Mr. Hobbs, immediately left with the pack animal for the Springs. Soon after dark, while Mr. O'Keefe was engaged in the office forwarding night despatches to Denver and Washington, he was startled by a loud scream from Mrs. O'Keefe, who had retired for the night to an adjoining bedroom, and who came rushing into the office screaming: "The rats! the rats!" Mr. O'Keefe, with great presence of mind, immediately drew around his wife a scroll of zinc plating, which prevented the animals from climbing upon her person, and although his own person was almost literally covered with them, he succeeded in encasing both of his legs each in a joint of stove pipe, when he commenced a fierce and desperate struggle for the preservation of life, being armed with a heavy cane. Hundreds were destroyed on every side, while they still seemed to pour with increasing numbers from the bedroom, the door of which had been left open. The entire quarter of beef was eaten in less than five minutes, which seemed to only sharpen their appetite for an attack upon Mr. O'Keefe, whose hands, face, and neck were terribly lacerated. In the midst of the warfare Mrs. O'Keefe managed to reach the office, from which she threw a coil of electric wire over her husband that sprang outward and spread itself over the room, then, grasping the valve of the battery, she poured all its terrible power upon the wire. In an instant the room was all ablaze with the electric light, and hundreds were killed by the shock, when the sudden appearance of daylight, made such by the coruscation of the heavily-charged wire, caused them to take refuge among the crevices and caverns of the mountain, by way of the bedroom window, through which they had forced their way. But the saddest part of this night adventure upon the Peak is the destroying of their infant child, which Mrs. O'Keefe thought she had made secure by a heavy covering of bed-clothing. But the rats had found their way to the infant (only two months old), and left nothing of it but the peeled and naked skull. Drs. Horn and Anderson have just returned to Colorado Springs from the Peak. It was thought at first that the left arm of Sergeant O'Keefe would have to be amputated, but they now believe it can be saved.—'Denver (Colorado) News.'