

days later (October 20) they handed in their report, favoring the fitting out of two vessels—one to spit big leaden pills at the enemy with fourteen guns, the other with ten. Two vessels were accordingly purchased and armed. The first that was bought and fitted was named the Lexington, from the first battle in the War of Independence. It carried fourteen nine-pounders, and John Barry was appointed its captain. Other colonies had, on their own account, fitted out ships with sundry old smooth-bores, and, on these, Catholic captains of 'the fighting race'—such as Captain John Manly and Captain Jeremiah O'Brien—had done good service. But the Lexington was the first ship purchased and armed and put into commission by the Continental authority—by order of the American Congress. Barry's commission as captain of the Lexington was dated December 7, 1775. It was the first commission issued by the Marine Committee of the Continental Congress. On the very same day John Paul Jones was appointed lieutenant in the little navy of two fighting ships. In Vol. XI. of his papers in the Library of Congress, Jones states that he was offered the position of captain. He, however, modestly declined the responsibility, for (said he) 'I did not find myself perfect in the duties of first lieutenant.' On December 11, 1775, Congress appointed a committee consisting of one representative from each of the insurgent colonies 'to devise ways and means for furnishing these colonies with a naval armament'. The result of their deliberations was that an additional fleet of thirteen vessels—one for each colony—was to be equipped with from thirty-two to twenty-four guns each. With his little fighting-machine of fourteen nine-pounders, Barry did good service in lower Delaware Bay, and on April 7, 1776, captured a British ship after some very hot powder-blazing and brought her to Philadelphia—the first prize, taken by a commissioned Continental naval officer, that was brought to the City of Brotherly Love.

We quote the following incident as evidence of the grit and the gluttony for taking and giving punishment which earned for 'the father and founder of the American navy' the title of 'Saucy Jack Barry.' Barry was then (May 28, 1781) in command of the Alliance (30 guns), and was returning from France, when he fell in with the Atalanta (16 guns) and the Trepassey (14 guns). There was a fierce fight, lasting three hours, and Barry got a lump of grape-shot in his shoulder:—

'Soon after the commodore (Barry) was wounded and left on the deck, one of his lieutenants went to him while in the cockpit, and—representing the shattered state of the sails and rigging, the number of killed and wounded, and the disadvantages under which they labored from the want of wind, desired to know if the colors should be struck. "No," said he, "and if the ship can't be fought without, I will be carried on deck." When the lieutenant made known to the crew the determination of their brave commander, fresh spirit was infused into them, and they one and all resolved to "stick by him." As soon as his wound was dressed, he insisted on being carried on deck; but before he reached it the enemy had struck. This victory was considered at the time of its achievement a most brilliant exploit and an unequivocal evidence of the unconquerable firmness and intrepidity of the victor.'

The title of 'commodore' given above to Barry was popular and non-official; the grade referred to was first originated in the United States navy on July 17, 1862. On May 10, 1783, Barry took part in the last sea-fight of the War of Independence. His ship (the Alliance) and the others were sold, and for a time the young Republic was without a navy. On March 27, 1794, however, a navy was permanently constituted. Washington appointed six captains 'by and with the consent of the Senate.' Barry's name headed the list. The commission of 'the father of the navy' was signed by Washington, 'the father of his country,' on February 22, 1797. Barry's name was entered as 'Registered No. 1,' and his rank of captain was 'dated as from the 4th day of June, 1794.' He thus took first rank in the newly-constituted American navy. When, in 1801, the navy was reduced to a peace footing, the services of nine captains were retained; and the first on the list of these was Barry. Failing health, however, cut his sea-service short. He passed out at his home in Philadelphia. A noble epitaph was written for his tomb by Dr. Rush, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; a beautiful bronze statue to him is the central adornment of Independence Square, Philadelphia; and in 1906 Congress appropriated 50,000 dollars (£10,000) to keep his memory green in the nation's capital at Washington.

Our readers in Wellington and district who require superior dental work of any kind would be consulting their own interests by calling on Messrs. Frost and Frost, surgeon dentists, Willis street, who employ the latest method of extracting teeth painlessly....

Notes

The Chaos of Babel

The only form of religion that ever will be popular will be one that will pander to human passion and pride. Christianity is not so, just because (as the Rev. Dr. Waddell said last Sunday in Dunedin) it smites human pride on the forehead and the face. Many men (added he) would do anything rather than walk humbly with God. 'They will consent,' says the *Otago Daily Times* report, 'even to go through endless incarnations if so be they can come out at last clapping themselves on the back and saying proudly: "Aha! Is not this great Babylon which mine own hands have built?" But they will find as the first Babel builders found, only confusion and chaos at the end of that.'

Rome and the Bible

From the time that the Catholic ecclesiastic is raised to the rank of subdeacon until the time when he lies racked upon his death-bed, he is scrupulous in the daily perusal of the Divine Office, as it is called. And this consists of over thirty psalms, a number of 'lessons' from the Old and New Testaments, comments on portions of the Scriptures by Fathers or Doctors of the Church, lives of saints, and numerous antiphons, hymns, and prayers. Yet it is even still not uncommon to come across the controversial suggestion that the Catholic clergy have little regard for the Sacred Word—a suggestion made at times by those who, having formerly made the Bible a fetish, have now begun to turn it into a football.

From the Rome correspondence of the *Glasgow Observer* of June 27 we take the following report of a Biblical function that took place in Rome a few weeks ago—nay, in the very halls of the Vatican itself:—'This week there took place at the Vatican the first examination for the new degree of Doctor in Holy Scripture, instituted by the present Pope a few years ago in connection with the Commission for the study of Biblical subjects. The nature of this examination would be a surprise to those Protestants who still retain the idea that the Catholic clergy have never heard of the Bible, and who are so fond of talking of the ignorance of the Catholic priests. The candidate, the Abbe Gry, of the Catholic Institut of Paris, had in the course of the examination to prepare in an hour's time a thesis, which would take forty minutes to deliver, on any subject which the examiners might suggest in connection with the Bible, and afterwards to defend it against objections raised by, perhaps, the most learned Biblical students in the world. In addition to this, he had to defend another thesis which he had previously prepared, the subject in this case being the Parable of Enoch. Further, he had to present some Oriental language other than those appearing in the original text of Holy Scripture. Then he was subjected to questions in the exegesis of any part of the Old or New Testaments, as well as on pretty well every conceivable subject connected with Biblical Science. The learned Abbe passed through this ordeal in the most brilliant manner, and was afterwards, amidst the applause of all present, declared a Doctor in Holy Scripture, the highest diploma in such a subject which, I suppose, is obtainable at the present day.'

The Mills of God

'The mills of God grind slowly,' says the *Catholic Times*, 'but they grind for all that—and with unerring certainty. Even the most tepid Christian must be horrified by the criminal records of France at the present time. The French unbelievers themselves are compelled by the evidence of fearful facts to acknowledge that a high tide of lawlessness is sweeping over the country and it has been decided to resort again to capital punishment. This may do something to bring about an improvement, but it will not be a thoroughly effective cure. The root of the evil must be attacked, and that is the godlessness of education. It stands to reason that such a system should prove ruinous to the country. Under the best conditions it is a hard task to repress crime, for man is prone to it from his early years. But how can it be repressed if the love of God and the fear of God, the two greatest preventives, are mocked and scoffed at in the schools? God will not be mocked. The results of the French education no words of ours could adequately set forth. We take up the French daily papers now with a shudder. The murders they chronicle are so numerous, so cold-blooded, so ingenious that the journals themselves become repulsive. Last Saturday were announced the sentences—four inflicting the death

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