FROM THE IRISH BENCHES.

United Ireland.

House of Commons, Wednesday.

This has been unquestionably the most eventful week of the session. On Monday the Government introduced a sweeping Local Government Bill for England—a Bill which proposes to revolutionise the basis of rural society—to sweep away grand juries, to create elective county boards, and generally throw the management of all local affairs into the hands of elected representatives of the people. To-day they throw out a Bill to provide a temporary measure of relief for unfortunate Irish tenants who are threatened with eviction on account of unjust arrears.

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On Monday night the preliminary resolution to provide King Harman with a salary passed through committee. It has been a week laden with significance, big with issues whose influence stretches far into the future. I believe that the three proceedings I have cited, unjust and cruel though two of them are to the Irish people, form a combination whose force as an element of Home Rule propaganda cannot be over estimated. They will bring home to the door of every voter in England the difference between English Government for England and English Government for Ireland. Here is this Tory Government with one hand giving to the English masses a tremendous boon of self-government, with the other holding back from the Irish tenant protection against unjust exaction and downright ruin for England. Even Tory Governments spend their time making "the bonds of freedom broader yet," for Ireland they pass perpetual Coercion Acts and devices for making evictions cheap and easy and resolutions to make the most notorious rack-renter in the country head engineer of the tyranny. Such is the reasoning of the Parliamentary events of this week, it must strike every clear-headed Englishman.

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But there is another lesson, and a more pleasant one, which we may draw from these events, from the introduction of the Local Government Bill at any rate. In this sweeping radical, revolutionary measure—for that it is, whatever its blemishes may be—we have a guage of the extent to which the depths of English politics have been stirred by the present agitation on the Irish question in this Bill conferring self government on local affairs upon a people already possessing national self-government. We see the reflex action of developed ideas upon the question of self-government for Ireland. Had Home Rule not become so pressing such a Bill as this would not have appeared in Parliament for years yet. It is the pressure of Home Rule has squeezed this forward. How imminent and powerful that pressure must be to have driven a Tory Government to propose the abolition of the Tory squirearchy. If it were nothing more than an indication of the enormous influence of the Irish Home Rule question upon English politics, this Local Government Bill would be a splendidly encouraging symptom. But it is something more. It is the precursor of Home Rule. The Government can never go back from this Bill a similar measure to which they promised at the beginning of their term of office to introduce simultaneously for Ireland. They must go forward from it or clear out of the way, and let other men face the duty. So much for the extraordinary measure of which Mr. Ritchie sketched the outlines for the House on Monday. For immediate import to the Irish people, however, for its effect upon the Government, and even for sensational interest, to day's debate throws Mr. Ritchie's Bill in the shade.

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Mr. Parnell moved the second reading of his Arrears Bill last September twelve months. When Mr. Parnell moved the second reading of another Bill, and the Government threw it out, it was an occasion from which dated a new crisis in the Irish land question. From to-day another new crisis will be dated. The rejection of Mr. Parnell's Bill of 1886 created the necessity out of which was born the Plan of Campaign, was made the pretext for a perpetual Coercion Bill, and for a Government Land Bill, which was simply a portion of Mr. Parnell's Bill that Mr. Balfour fathered and brought in himself at half-past the eleventh hour. What will follow the rejection of Mr. Parnell's Bill of 1888, which was nothing more than the balance which the Government had left unappropriated to his Bill of 1886, it is not for me to predict. To-day's doings, at any rate, were as decisive and momentous, if not even more so, than those of 1886.

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The Government and their Liberal-Unionist rump have taken up an untenable and unjustifiable position, from which they must retreat without delay, or else bear the responsibility for all the grievous trouble that must ensue from their action before very long in Ireland. The debate had several remarkable features, the most significant and striking in its way was the action of Mr. Russell. But let us take that in its turn. Undoubtedly the occasion was fittingly ushered in by the speech of Mr. Parnell. It was a brief speech, occupying not much longer than half an hour; but it compressed into that space every strong argument in favour of the Bill and an answer to every respectable objection that could be urged against it. The Government, in fact, had no case against the Bill, as they admitted by their subsequent action. They admitted the necessity which the Bill proposed to meet. They only contended that the Bill did not go the right way to meet it. They preferred another way, the way of Mr. Chamberlain, Joseph's own famous bankruptcy device, which all parties in the House scornfully kicked out the door last year. Led by the nose by Mr. Chamberlain, the Government—I use with apology a phrase of Mr. Bright's—returned like a dog to their vomit. One of Mr. Chamberlain's marionettes from Birmingham—a Mr. Powell Williams—was put up to move an amendment to Mr. Parnell's Bill to this effect—that is to say, to the effect that no Bill to deal with Irish arrears would be satisfactory which did not make the tenant a bankrupt and bring all his other creditors about his ears when he applied for relief from the inequitable debt of the landlord. The absurd and sinister character of this proposal Mr. Parnell exposed with blasting force. This miserable plank, as he put it, using a fine figure, on which the Government meant to sit and ride out the stormy sea in Ireland. Shopkeepers, forsooth, were to be put on the same footing as creditors with the landlords. When, asked Mr. Parnell, had the House of Commons found it necessary to fetter shopkeepers and other creditors to protect the tenants against them as it had the landlords? When were the debts of shopkeepers proved excessive as the rents had been? No difficulty existed between the tenants and the shopkeepers. The shopkeepers were not pressing. Very few tenants had lost the interest in their holdings or the shelter of their roof trees owing to the shopkeepers. But now the Government, obeying the lead of their evil genius from Birmingham, proposed to set the shopkeeper against the tenant to strike from the tenant's side the friend who had stood between him and starvation, to transform that friend into an enemy taking penal action against him in a Bankruptcy Court, and by way of compensation to the shopkeeper for being forced into this invidious position the shopkeeper's credit was to be injured by his having to put up with a composition for his good debt in order that the landlord might get an instalment on a bad debt to which in justice he had no right.

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Mr. Parnell wound up by declaring that the messing and the muddling of the Government with the Bill was another proof of the impossibility of governing Ireland from Westminster. Anything more grotesque than the putting up of Alderman Powell Williams, of the Birmingham Town Council, to move the rejection of this Bill has seldom been witnessed in Parliament. Mr. Williams was technically the proposer of the amendment that stood in his name. Mr. Chamberlain was the author of it, and the Government were its supporters. The Government sought to shirk direct responsibility by leaving the duty of indirectly rejecting the Bill to Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr Chamberlain shirked direct responsibility by putting up one of the joints of his little tail to move his bankruptcy fad. This person, who is described in "Dodd" as being "in business in Birmingham," and whose chief pride and glory is that he was "elected alderman in 1883"—this absurd specimen of Brummagem riff raff, in obedience to his master's orders, setting up his judgment as to what was best for the Irish tenants against the judgment of Mr. Parnell and the whole of the tenants' representatives from Ireland, was a sight for gods and men. He omitted one gem, nevertheless: "bad debts." He said: "They are just as good as good debts; indeed, the line of distinction between the two is in the main imaginary." A Viscount Ebrington seconded this precious amendment.

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Mr. T. W. Russell then delivered what must be pronounced the most remarkable speech of the debate. He was going to vote against the Government he had hitherto supported and against his own party, and the language in which he proceeded to justify that step, considering the quarter from which it came and the circumstances under which it was uttered, was, perhaps, the most damaging denunciation of the Government and the most irresistible argument for Home Rule which the House has listened to for some time. Mr. Russell was supported by Mr. Lea, and, as Mr. Russell declared, we had to-day, for the first time, the unprecedented sight of every member from Ireland, save and except the landlord party, walk into the lobby with Mr. Parnell. Mr. Russel, who, as far as to-day's speech and vote go at any rate, has cut adrift entirely from his party, deserves credit for a bold step decisively taken and ably justified. He has evidently been bullied roughly by the landlords of late, and resents their attitude bitterly. "Let them bully away," says he. Eviction notices under the new Land Act he asserted were falling all over Ireland with the softness of an April shower, but they would blossom into a November hurricane of eviction. For these notices he held himself in a sense responsible, because he had trusted to the forbearance of the Irish landlords when he supported that section of the Land Act last session, but he would not be caught trusting again. The consequence of these impending evictions would be ruin to the landlord, ruin to the peace of Ireland, and ruin to the union between two countries. In his opinion scarcely one of the evictions now pending (inasmuch as they were nearly all for arrears of rent) rested on a moral basis. They were flanked and buttressed by injustice. His view was that it was the burning rafters and the ruined rooftrees of Bodyke that lost to the union the elections of Northwich, Spalding, Coventry, and Burnley. He had battled hard against the Plan of Campaign, he confessed. The landlords had only succumbed to it. He had helped the Chief Secretary in his work. The landlords had only given him work to do, yet to the landlords the Government were now clinging, and Radical-Unionists and Liberal Unionists were now aiding them and abetting them. They were going into the lobby, said Mr. Russell, closing this striking speech, to buttress the worst phase of Irish landlordism which had cursed Ireland since the days of the Tudors, and they would repeal the Union as sure as fate.

I need hardly comment on the effect of this sensational performance of Mr. Russell's. Many deductions will be made from it. Many results will follow from it. But one deduction and one result to which it has certainly led is this:—It can never be said again that the interests of the loyal Protestant Ulster tenant and those of his National Leaguing Home Rule brother down south are any different, as affected by an English Government, composed of landlords, sustained by landlords, and living and legislating for the benefit of landlords. I shall be much surprised if the upshot of Mr. Russell's defection is not to deprive the anti-Home Rulers of their "Ulster argument," and to wean the loyal Ulster tenants of their affection for the fetter Union.

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Mr. Russel was followed by Colonel Saunderson. The Colonel had no House, no joke, and no case, and, consequently, was as dull as a clown away from his sawdust. Then we had Mr. Chamberlain, his first appearance in debate since his return from Canada—the ozone of the Atlantic, as Mr. Healy said, not having cured him of his foibles, not even of bankruptcy on the brain. It was a wretched special pleading speech, chiefly remarkable for the rash ignorance it displayed. The average reductions of the Sub Commissioners, he said, for example, were fourteen or fifteen per cent., and for some assertions as to the respective positions of the Irish Party and the Government with reference to the Bankruptcy Clauses last session, which Mr. Dillon promptly proved to be flagrantly incorrect assertions—the exact opposite of the truth. Mr. Dillon, who followed, it is needless to say, made an eloquent and convincing case for the Bill. Mr. Balfour's speech was devoted mainly to proving two things, one was that the 30th or arrears section of his Land Act of last year was a fraud, and that he knew it to be a fraud when he framed it. The other was that his Coercion Act was a total failure, either as against the National League or the Plan of Campaign. After a powerful speech from Mr. Healy, who pointed out that the Government, by voting for Mr. Chamberlain's amendment, were committing themselves to the admission that there was a necessity for interfering with arrears, and were accordingly bound to give effect to that opinion by legislation, and after another speech to a similar effect from Sir William Harcourt, the division on the Bill was taken. It was one of the best divisions for the Opposition for the session, the numbers being—For the second reading, 243; against, 328; majority against, 85.

MADAME BARAT.

FOUNDRESS OF THE SOCIETY OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

Her Birth and Early Education—Her Vocation and its Great Result.

SPREAD OF HER SOCIETY IN AMERICA—HER DEATH AND BURIAL—STEPS TAKEN FOR HER CANONIZATION—INVESTIGATION OF THE ALLEGED MIRACLE WORKED UPON THE DAUGHTER OF JUDGE BAKEWELL.

In the small town of Joigny, in Burgundy, and a little more than a century ago, the subject of the present sketch was born. The house in which this historic event occurred was a plain two-story building of five rooms; behind it was a small yard having in its centre a square plat planted with shrubs and flowers. To day her name is known in every land, and her daughters in religion are domiciled in academies whose roominess and architectural beauty are unsurpassed and whose surroundings suggest the garden in whose primal innocence dwelt.

The growth of the mustard seed will be a marvel to the end of time.

Sophie Barat was born during the night of the 12th of December, 1779. Her parents were poor and depended for a livelihood upon the cultivation of a small vineyard and such money as the father earned at his trade.

Jacques Barat was a cooper and a worthy man. He ever acted with truthfulness and integrity and strictly performed his religious duties, but his education was very limited. Besides nature made him dull, and so Madeleine Foufe, his wife, a woman of clever and somewhat cultivated intellect and of overflowing sensibility, found in her married life the keenest suffering which, however, she bore with religious resignation. Unbounded love for her children partially filled this aching void in her heart and sometimes she would say to them: "Oh, my dear children, you will never know what you have cost me." On such occasions Sophie would redouble her caresses in the hope of assuaging this grief of her mother, which indeed she did not understand but which led her to feel that domestic life had secret trials that deeply wound; and such reflections, so early made, imparted a thoughtfulness and an earnestness to a character naturally buoyant and gay.

She began early to evince an extraordinary amount of precocious intelligence. We have it on her own statement that when she was only seventeen months old she was conscious of her existence. Upon one so sensitive the solemn act of receiving Holy Communion for the first time easily made a strong impression. She was then but in her tenth year and yet her wonderfully enlightened soul was stirred by these words of Christ: "If any one loves his father or mother more than Me, he is not worthy of Me;" and these others: "Whosoever has left house, or brother or sister, or father, or mother, for My sake, shall receive a hundredfold and possess eternal life." They sounded to her like a warning and with feelings of dread she determined to heed them. Three years later, in 1792, at the wedding of her sister, she openly declared her intentions of consecrating herself to God. It was an unbiased resolution since up to this and for a long time after she was not acquainted with any nuns, and it was a heroic resolution, for the reign of terror was then fully established and her prospect was a prison cell or the scaffold. Providence interfered, however, and her intention was not put into effect until the storm of blood had passed from her unhappy country.

Endowed as she was with so many natural and spiritual graces, Sophie required a director and she found him in her own family. Young Louis Barat, after hard study in the college of Joigny, which he left at the age of seventeen, having borne away all the prizes of his class, felt himself called to the priesthood. He entered the seminary of Sens, where, at the age of twenty-two, he was ordained sub-deacon, and having completed his theology, then became professor of mathematics, while waiting for ordination, at the college where he first studied. During this time he discovered with astonishment the rare qualities of his young sister, and felt that a great duty devolved on him, that of training her soul for God. He, therefore, undertook her education, and devoted himself to it with the generous, though rather austere, zeal which belonged to his character. Under his stern though sweet guidance Sophie's mind developed itself so rapidly that she soon mastered the elements of scholastic knowledge. Step by step he was led to extend the spheres of her studies. He taught her Latin and soon she was able to read the classics in their original texts. This opened a world of delight to the eager young girl. His elevated, deep, and religious mind, and his exquisite descriptions of the beauties of nature, filled her with admiration. "I was a Virgilian, more than a Christian, at that time," she said, in alluding to this youthful enthusiasm. She learned Greek also, and translated Homer. These studies aroused in her sentiments and thoughts which seemed to feed her innate cravings for ideal beauty and moral grandeur, but their first and highest benefit was to awaken in Sophie's soul lofty and boundless aspirations which God alone could satisfy. She was conscious of this beauty, and some time afterwards we observe her saluting from the shore of Adriatic that fair Grecian land, that house of beauty and art, and yet in the midst of her enthusiasm thanking Him for His higher revelation, and animating her to train souls in the knowledge and love of holier ideals.

Subsequently Sophie removed to Paris with her gifted brother and thus advanced a step nearer the great destiny God had in store for her. Obeying the impulse which for some time past had attracted him to the Society of Jesus, Louis here joined some fervent priests who, adopting the name of Fathers of the Faith, lived in community under the rule of St. Ignatius, and aimed at re-establishing his Order. It was Father Varin who admitted the Abbe Barat into this association. This great servant of God was destined to be the instrument of Providence, not only with regard to the direction of Mother Barat's soul, but in all that related to the Society of the Sacred Heart, which looks upon him as its founder, and venerates him as its law-giver and model. Before him Father de Tournely was inspired to found a society of women consecrated to the instruction of the children, not only of the poor but of the upper and influential classes. They were to be devoted in an especial manner to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and their efforts were to be directed to the propagation of such devotions by means of education. He died before his object was affected. Father Varin, his successor, adopted his plans and carried them into execution. "One day," he relates, "when I was sitting alone with Father Barat, in the poor room which was at once our dormitory, refectory, kitchen, and even parlor, I asked him if there was anything which still attached him to the world, he replied that he had a little sister. Those words struck me, and I asked what was her age, and what she could do? He replied that she was between nineteen and twenty; that she had learned Latin and Greek, could fluently translate Virgil and Homer, and had capacity enough to make a good rhetorician; that she thought of soon entering a convent, perhaps as a Carmelite, but that she was then spending some weeks with her family. At the end of a month Mdlle. Sophie Barat returned to Paris. I went to see her, and found her to be a person of very delicate temperament, extremely modest and timid. The presentment I had felt the first time that her brother had spoken to me about her became stronger and more decided. It all seemed evident to me, and I could not help mentally exclaiming: "What a foundation-stone she will be!" And she did indeed prove to be the stone on which God had chosen to build the society of the Sacred Heart. On the 21st November, 1800, Sophie and three companions consecrated themselves to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. A few months later the first home of the new society was established at Amiens with Mdlle. Loquet as superior. It is difficult to imagine anything more humble than this foundation. It was a small private house, the ground floor of which was arranged so as to form two schoolrooms. Above were the dormitories. A little garden at the back served as a playground for the pupils and afforded them the shade of one solitary hazel tree. In a garret, under the roof, a chapel was contrived, the first chapel owned by the nuns of the Sacred Heart. At five o'clock in the morning, a blow, struck with a stick against the ceiling of the dormitory, gave the signal for rising. The destitution of the house was complete. The food of the Sisters was on a par with their poverty; they dined on the remains of their pupil's meals, who were always served first. The hardest trials were those which cut to the very root of self-esteem. Human respect had to be thoroughly conquered, in order not to shrink from standing, broom in hands, at the door of a room, or from appearing in the little round cap and singular dress invented by Mdlle. Loquet, and from wearing it, moreover, on Sundays at High Mass in the Church of St. Jacques, and in the fashionable promenade of la Hattoie, where the sisters had to walk with their little pupils, who sometimes broke loose for the express purpose of making their poor mistresses run after them. Mdlle. Deshayes, who relates these details, says that they used to shut their eyes and close their ears, in order not to feel anything, and that, for her part, she tried to fancy herself in some other world, a thousand miles away from her own country and friends.

In the evening, when the children were in bed, and the superior had retired, the three Sisters met by the side of the kitchen fire and worked with their needles. Mdlle. Deshayes thus describes what she calls the happy hour: "It was a wonderful pleasure, a great refreshment, to meet in that way. When we were sitting there, our three heads together and our hearts united by a very pure affection, of which God alone was the link, we were the very picture of happy intimacy. Sister Sophie, always burning with zeal, spoke of her longings for the Canadian mission, and Mdlle. Grosier had the same ardent desires. I listened to them, feeling my own nothingness, and limiting my zeal to France."

Sister Sophie made fresh progress every day in the love of God. This was the period of her hidden life, a life so deeply hidden in Jesus Christ that it escaped notice. But a change soon came—Mdlle. Loquet resigned her position as superior at the request of Father Varin and Madame Barat was made her successor. This honor was bestowed upon her at the early age of twenty-three, and the subsequent sixty five years of her life go to show that it was bestowed wisely. She died of congestion of the brain on the 25th of May, 1865.

It would be impossible to trace within a short space the history of her many and great travels and the difficulties and interesting incidents which attended the foundation of her Order; suffice it to say that under her care and direction it gained a foothold in every part of the globe. It may not be uninteresting to read the account of the beginning of the order in this country as it has a local importance of more than usual moment at the present time.

On the 14th of January, 1817, Monsignor Dubourg, Bishop of Louisiana, who was then at Paris, paid a visit to Mother General Barat.

It so happened that the portress of the day was Madam Duchesne, who for a long while back had been earnestly importuning the Mother for permission to found a house in America. She opened the door to him, and went to announce his visit. She could not help saying to Mother Barat; "This is the hour of Providence. I do beseech you, dear Mother, do not lose the opportunity. You have only to say one word: I implore you, say it." The Mother answered: "My child, if Monsigneur gives me an opening, I can talk over the subject with him. I shall know by that sign that it is God's will.

In that first interview, the Bishop did not allude to the subject. He only proposed to say Mass the next day in the chapel. After mass, Mother Barat sat and conversed with him whilst he breakfasted, and he began at once to speak of America and his diocese, and then said how glad he should be to have Daughters of the Sacred Heart there. Mother Barat replied: "When such a thing becomes possible, Monsigneur, I shall have some one quite ready to go," and she spoke to him of her friend's wish. The Bishop asked to see her and Madame Duchesne was sent for. She felt that her prayers were answered, but she could not find a word to say. All she could do was to kneel at the Bishop's feet and ask his blessing.

This brief interview filled both the Bishop and herself with hope, and she found that from that very moment a pain in the side she had suffered from for fifteen years suddenly disappeared. Light and strength seemed to have both been simultaneously vouchsafed to her, but nothing was yet decided. Many difficulties attended the affair, and as the Bishop was leaving Paris for a little while, the ultimate decision was delayed till his return.

Monsigneur Dubourg was the son of a French colonist in San Domingo. He was brought to France in his childhood; and having had an early vocation for the priesthood, he was ordained on the eve of the Revolution, and placed at the head of the school of Issy, by Father Emery, the Superior of the venerable Society of St. Sulpice, to which he belonged. Father Dubourg narrowly escaped the rage of the September assassins, and took refuge in Spain. He sailed thence to America, where the Sulpicians had founded a college at Baltimore. Here he began his apostolic ministry and his work of education, first directing the College of Georgetown and then building that of St. Mary's, Baltimore. Eminently gifted for the direction of souls, this saintly Bishop, had been the director of the holy Elizabeth Seton, and founded, in conjunction with her, the Institute of the Sisters of Charity in America. But he was above all things a missionary and after laboring greatly in the South, he was named Vicar Apostolic of New Orleans, and in 1815, the termination of the war between America and England, permitted him to go to Europe. He was consecrated Bishop at Rome, and thence returned to France.

His next visit found Mother Barat still unwilling, and he was taking a sorrowful leave of her when Madame Duchesne appeared, guessed what was going on, threw herself on her knees before her superior and exclaimed: "Give your consent, dear Mother, give your consent." After a moment's prayer, the consent was given and joy reigned. The American mission had been carried by storm.

Four companions set sail with Madame Duchesne on the 21st of March, 1818. The Bishop had sailed on the 27th of June the preceding year, in a vessel which Louis XVIII, had placed at his disposal. After a journey of three month's duration which is now made in a week, and full of perils and trials, they landed at New Orleans. After a short stay here at the Convent of the Ursulines they began their five weeks' trip up the Mississippi, and arrived here in St. Louis, on the 22nd of August, 1818. It goes without saying that St. Louis was a small place at that time. From here they proceeded at the Bishop's command to St. Charles which was then nothing but a collection of huts. The population was composed of Creoles, French, Canadian, German and Irish emigrants. Native savages now and then appeared there, "more easily attracted by liquor than by sermons." It is difficult to realize that such was the humble beginning in our midst of the community which to-day has a home in every representative city of our country. The age of miracles is certainly not past.

It is the firm belief of the daughters of Mother Barat, that she is with the saints. Supernatural revelations of this seem to be not wanting. A religious saw her in a dream surrounded by a dazzling light and holding in her hands a rosary containing as many diamond beads as she had founded houses. Another beheld her entering heaven accompanied by the spouses she had given to our Lord. At Sarra, in Spain, she was said to have appeared to the priest who was offering up the Holy Sacrifice on the day of the renovation of vows by the aspirants, and to have charged him to tell her daughters that she was present amongst them and would joyfully offer their vows to the Lord. From different parts of the world have come accounts of cures effected by the relics and prayers of this servant of God. Naturally enough some of these were from our city which occupied so large a part of her thoughts during life. At present a commission, presided over

My love was like a lily fair,
Low drooping in the sultry air,
My heart was rent with grief and care.
I loved her well.

But lo! The wonder grows and grows;
My love's now like a blooming rose,
How bright her face with beauty glows,
I dare not tell.

The wandering bee would stop to sip,
The nectar of her perfect lip,
'Twas Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription
Wrought the spell.

Gold Mines

are very uncertain property: for every paying mine a hundred exist that do not pay. But if you write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, you will receive, free, full particulars about their new business, and learn how some have made over $50 in a single day at it. You can live at home, and earn from $5 to $25 and upwards per day wherever you are located. Both sexes; all ages. Capital not required; you are started free. Send your address, and all will be proved to you.

Do not delay in getting relief for the little folks. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

AMMONIATED BREAD.

Ammoniated baking powders—that is, baking powders in which carbonate of ammonia is used as an ingredient, and which exhale an odor of ammonia when heated—are classed by many eminent physicians and sanitarians as superior to all others. Professor Hassell, of London, who is recognized as highest authority on the subject of food hygiene, commends in the strongest terms the use of carbonate of ammonia as a leavening agent, stating its great advantage to be in its perfect volatility, which permits it to be, by the heat of baking, entirely thrown into leavening gas whereby the bread is raised. The experiment with heat would seem to indicate the superior, not the inferior, value of such baking powder. The little heat that is imparted to it when held over a gas jet, lamp, or stove, sufficies to resolve the carbonate of ammonia into leavening gas and throw it off. The first heat of baking, therefore, will effectually develop all the gas, thoroughly leaven the loaf and dissipate the gas producing ingredients of a powder of this kind; and this is the highest test of a perfect baking powder. Where other alkalies alone are used they are not infrequently retained, unresolved, through the whole process of baking, and remain an unwholesome ingredient in the finished bread. The carbonate of ammonia cannot be used as a substitute for cream of tartar.