

class of newspapers and periodicals. Once more we shall hear their hackneyed phrases. Carlyle's *Frederic* will again be called a "marvel of genius," or "a gem of the very first water." Now, why do not these writers that so love to attest the marvellous greatness of Carlyle's *Frederic* and of his other works, point out to us precisely wherein these works are entitled to our unqualified admiration? What is there in any of these works to justify the oft-repeated assertion that the author was "essentially a leader of thought" an "iconoclast," a "sound" and "far-seeing" philosopher, etc.? Let us for a moment look for weak spots in his writings as we do in writings that are better understood by the masses, and shall we find none?

The present historical school, which is by far the best, because it is philosophical, and which is now superseding the old, has placed Carlyle's historical writings in the class of romances, alongside the histories of James Anthony Froude, and of Washington Irving. They are all works that we may profit by reading—I mean by reading them as romances, not as history. In some of them the King and his court, or one or two other prominent personages, were evidently regarded as the only themes worthy of an historian. To men whose minds have not been dispirited by the reading of historical fiction for history, it is patent that history ought not to be wholly occupied with sovereigns and other great personages; but to this idea Thomas Carlyle was a stranger, as were several other historians of his day, and the great body of British historians before his day. With some the people occasionally were seen, but incidentally only—and then either hurrying the King or meekly petitioning him for permission to live. Buckle, in his great *History of Civilization*, completely broke away from the old line, and though he is not always perfectly fair, entitled himself to the lasting respect of all true lovers of history; but Buckle's *History of Civilization* at first made but slight impression in England, because he boldly ventured to intimate that in his opinion human affairs were not, after all, dependent upon one or two crowned heads, one of these the crowned head of Britain.

What does Carlyle's best piece of history, *Frederic*, tell us of the Germany of that day? How often does it carry the reader beyond the palace walls? The whole power of his "iconoclastic" intellect was devoted to chronicling the sayings and the doings of courtiers. Page after page is devoted to the confessedly worthless, or inferior, French poetry of Frederic. Page after page, too, is given to a description of this Frederic's father with his regiment of giants, and his fits and caprices, and phantasies. The story of the friendship of the clever but erratic and sophistical Voltaire, fills half a volume. This, however, is perhaps, the best portion of the history. The canny, penetrating Scotchman, was just the man to expose such a sham as Voltaire was, with his sham "Study of the Christian Fathers," sham philosophy, and sham sincerity, and expose it he does with characteristic vigor. The discomfiture which Voltaire met with at the hands of Frederic, Carlyle enjoys almost rapturously; but the "Seer of Chelsea," with his marvellously tenacious memory and his lauded candor, conveniently forgets to tell us how ridiculous Voltaire made Frederic all over Europe. The stubborn, childishly ambitious Prussian, and the proud, wily Frenchman were, in my opinion, consummate scoundrels; and it is to me some little comfort to know that such men were in their age the bitterest and ablest opponents Christianity had. For a time they were closely united, and the most indecent blasphemy was then the chief bond of their union.

How is it that the panegyrists of Carlyle scarcely ever think it worth while to refer to the fact that he fills whole pages with trivial details of obscure German princelings, court lackeys and gossip? This "wisest man," "sincere soul," "profound philosopher," etc., bestows little or no attention upon the nation at large. He gives us no glimpse at the manner of life, the morality, the aspirations of the people. We have no statistics of trade, no allusion to the literary life of the nation, no account of changes or developments in education; was his mind too great to regard such things? He was not above making disdainful references to the Protestant preachers whom Frederic despised. This "Seer of Chelsea," this "Daniel of Britain," this "iconoclastic" worshipper of his own heroes, reserves all his praise for Frederic, who is lauded to the skies—why? Is it not largely because his hatred of humanity did not prevent him from keeping his Prussian-German subjects under the iron heel of a military despotism where it seems to suit them to be kept? For Carlyle would cordially commend such a way of ruling; he really appears to have entertained the most confirmed contempt of the masses of mankind, whom he once advised to "herd with their fellow asses" of the field, and from these to seek instruction.

It is a marvel that men ever believed in the virtual perfection and omnipotence of any historical character. Yet, according to Carlyle's philosophy of history, all Arabian history is summed up in the career of Mohammed. So Mirabeau is the French Revolution, and Luther is Protestantism, whereas these two men were made famous by the movements in which they respectively took part. Great movements are not the result of the efforts of one or two individuals. Great occasions bring forth great men; and the latter are most frequently the creatures of events that indeed matured and came to a crisis in their time, but were pending for years before. This truth is now very widely recognized, yet many of us who still are, have read that Gregory VII. formed the Papacy, that Ignatius Loyola revolutionized Catholicism, that Voltaire fathered Infidelity, that Luther created Protestantism, and Locke, Rationalism. A man of marked natural powers, placed in circumstances favoring the development and exercise of his powers will, no doubt, exert some influence on his time, and may precipitate a crisis, but no man is all in all to his own time or any other. It is extremely doubtful whether individual force of intellect deeply modifies even savages, much less can it wholly transform a civilization highly complex.

Upon what ground is Carlyle called a "great" historian? His much-lauded historical writings are to a great extent court-circulars. All his

theories about hero-worship are vitiated by a Jewish spirit. The idol-breaker is himself an idolator. He condemned all extremists, but is himself doggedly dogmatic. His thought may have run in deep grooves, but they were certainly narrow. He was indeed a great writer, but great principally as a translator. He was undoubtedly a master of languages, but the depth and soundness of his philosophy may well be questioned. Of all his writings only a few translations and one or two essays will survive. No empirical criticism, no amount of unreasonable eulogy can revivify a literary corpse.

SANTOR-RESAUTES, JR.

## A NOVEL METHOD OF STORING AND EXPORTING FRUIT AND FLOWERS.

A paper read before the Nova Scotia Fruit Growers' Association, at their Windsor meeting, on April 27th, 1886.

Mr President and Gentlemen: It is very fortunate for me that your enthusiastic Secretary (whose absence to-day we all regret) with his usual thoughtfulness presented me with a set of the valuable reports of your Society. As the result of their careful perusal I stand before you to-day armed with the happy knowledge that my three axioms about the proper methods of fruit packing are no unfriendly novelties here. It delighted me to find that several of your most active members have already proclaimed these fundamental truths. Over three years ago the Rev. Mr. Axford put on record his opinion that "the more the air is excluded from the fruit, the better it will keep anywhere, and especially as freight in a vessel." At a latter meeting Mr. J. N. Coleman reports that his thirty years of experience in putting up fruit has proved that "apples, when packed, should be totally free from the action of the air."

This axiom is the very key note of my new system of packing fruit.

In the report for 1884, Mr. T. S. Whitman clearly points out the immense injury done by suddenly transferring fruit from a cool store-room to a warm unventilated ship's hold. "It often causes a loss of from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per bbl in the English prices. Thousands of barrels have been lost in this way." This destructiveness of sudden changes of temperature is Axiom No. 2 for my method. And I am sure that you all warmly support Axiom No. 3, viz.: that a frost-proof system of transport and storage is absolutely necessary in our northern climate.

It is my proud claim here before you all to-day that these three axioms are fully realized in my Patent Infusorial Fruit Case, which I now have the honor of exhibiting to you. It may be briefly described as—a case within a case. Its size is a matter of slight importance. The essential feature is the space between the two cases. This must always be at least one inch deep. I pack this space quite full of infusorial earth—such as I am now passing to the audience. This peculiar substance is composed of a vast multitude of exceedingly minute shells. Every cubic inch of it contains more than one million such organisms. And each of these shells holds a particle of air packed safely into its cavity. Therefore this inch layer of earth is simply a cushion of imprisoned air, and it acts in a similar way to the double windows on our houses in winter.

The fruit had better be wrapped in fine manilla paper, and laid in this inner case, and all the spaces among the fruit should also be filled with this earth.

In packing small or delicate fruits I substitute for this inner case a series of shallow trays, resting upon one another, and all held securely in a central position by a set of cleats nailed to the inside of the case.

For practical use I would not recommend a case of more than 1½ bushels capacity. Ten such cases make one ton ship measurement. For my own part I prefer a smaller case, holding a good bushel. Fourteen such cases would go to the ton.

When trays are substituted for this inner box they should be made of proper depth to hold exactly one layer of the special fruit intended to be packed. Trays for plums would be much shallower than those for peaches, and those for peaches would be shallower than those for pears or apples.

All small fruits should be packed in pottles first. Probably the best way to pack grapes would be to use the light veneer boxes so popular in the United States, made to hold just 2 lbs. each. The trays should then be made of proper size to snugly hold a certain number of these boxes.

The pottles of small fruits would require to be carefully wrapped in manilla paper to guard against all risk of getting the earth mixed with the fruit.

My tests of these cases in practice so far have been very few. But they were all brilliantly successful. Towards the middle of last October Messrs. R. Jack & Sons, of Chateauguay Basin, near Montreal, kindly packed a large quantity of their Concord, Niagara, Eumelan, Agawam, Brighton, Duchess, and Delaware grapes in these experimental cases, along with a few Emperor Alexander and Fameuse apples. By chance these cases happened to be left in an open shed until the thermometer had registered well below zero. Mr Jack was in despair. I had confidence in the cases. When they were opened every grape was just as sound as when first packed. The frost had failed to penetrate the packages.

On the 11th of last February I had the privilege of calling the attention of the Provincial Fruitgrowers' Association to this new discovery in Montreal. And I submitted to them samples of Concord, Agawam, Duchess, and Delaware grapes that night, as well as Alexander and Fameuse apples, to testify as to the efficacy of my treatment.

The cautious Charles Gibb, of Abbotsford, said that this novel system had great possibilities before it. He testified that up to the present date he had found only two packing materials in the wide world that did not injure the flavor of apples. One was the finest manilla paper, and the other was