THE WAGES OF HURRY.

The Wages of Sin, as we know from St. Paul, and an eminent lady novelist who has added her authority, is Death. There is another of the universe's economic principles, less frequently inculcated by moralists, who leave the teaching thereof to the less august methods of every-day experience. The Wages of Hurry, I should sum it up, is Perfunctoriness. To which may be added that, as perfunctoriness implies unreality, it is, in so far, equivalent to failure. This connection is less obvious and less insisted on than that between death and sin, because the failure in question, though spelling inconvenience or disaster to someone else, is not necessarily failure in the eyes of the person who happens to be in a hurry. Since, in many cases, hurry aims merely at the relief of an emotional strain, and such relief is quite compatible with perfunctoriness, all that you need is the contrary emotion, and that can be set going by a word or gesture quite as well as by efficient action, and a great deal quicker. It is notoriously a sign of man's superior position in the scale of beings, of his capacity for art, philosophy, morals, and indeed of his possession of a soul, that this emotion does not always deal with realities, but often with the idea—the name of them. The Revolutionaries who cut the words "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité" on the Louvre and the basement of Notre Dame, felt the full zest of being free, equal, and united, although they were dealing in a free, equal, and united manner only with chisels and mallets, and there was not much freedom, equality, or fraternity in sundry other items, such as Committees of Public Safety and Noyades.

Indeed, there was so little of any of those three desiderata for a good many years to come, that the necessity of a new inscription was felt in 1848 and 1870. But the emotion had been there. And that, as poets sing, when love has been and is no more, that once it has been, nobody can ever take away.

As regards our own day and our own selves, we are all of us in a tremendous hurry, and perhaps just a trifle given to perfunctoriness on the subject of what used to be called Progress, but is now spoken of as Construction. The change of word answers to a change of gesture. Progress, like the verb speak in the same way though pronounced differently, is what old-fashioned grammars called intransitive; it does not imply anything that is done to; for instance, pushed or pulled and hustled along. It has a suspicious air of getting on by itself, whether you want it or not. Whereas Construction implies something which gets constructed, and a person who is the nominative to that accusative, who does the constructing—that is to say, acts, aims, and wills, all of these highly personal proceedings, and affording scope for that self-expression which is an essential factor in latter-day schemes for universal betterment. The world might
conceivably program without any such expression of one higher will. In fact, what shall I say? I have so far achieved shows little co-operation of the constructive sort of person, and, for obvious reasons, of you no one. But to construct the Future, or even to philosophize Tocque- try to reconstruct: The past, speaks so favorably of Free Will, such a shallow fanaticism need not concern us. Also there is a kind of forestalled personal immortality—Statutes, Reports, etc.—of Emile, Berg-Beck-Engel Monument "—I have raised a monument—" 

Be it known to you, in the spirit of today's constructive, more enviable, more energetic;" So sang the Vates, apparently foresawing our age. And it is more enviable (and old-fashioned at that) no longer to be found. Cross-grained Herbert Spencer, whether the extremely durable construction shall continue for man's use and delight, or as their stumbling-block,—merchants and others who dominate its city, cutting off air and light. Neither should we ask whether the monument that our children are likely to build of wisdom may not be usefully hurt for quickness; or, with but little fashioning, make very proper pig-sty or corn, again, being reduced to a barefolly executed at plans, serve as valuable evidence to the anthropologists of later ages.

Be this as it may, our present aversion to mere Progress, and preference for Construction, have re-inforced the notion itself of a providence (from theological sequitur pessimistic fatalism) that wherever there are suffering things must be accomplishment, and that every woe the flesh is, or rather, not in, but must be transmuted to man's beneficence. So far as this new aversion supersedes the romantic thing—enabling us to alter them, we may be glad it has replaced that faith in the decrees of Providence, which made old-fashioned parents hurry child after child instead of inventing vaccination. But as vocables and highly responsible people are no less muddle-headed than their passive iniquitous the forefathers, this constructive conception of the earthly paradise fosters a group of hurry and pantherettes, and a lion, not only of temper, but of sense, goes forward in the improvement; surely Pope is an ingredient thereof; and you are wanting a good deal of that in your bundling attempts to dispense with it. I have called this constructive view that of the earthly paradise. For to bear some of one's friends talk, or father usable, I would say that Mrs. Trimmer received the universe in charge on the Eden principle of leisure, but with freedom to eat his fill of knowledge-apples: whereas Simple Man,—perhaps others, for instance, and you, and snipped the whole business. I notice that the critics object to the collective shame in the management, while shriving, by his shreds and feeble criticism, how bლc he shits packing in his own best brains and energy into setting things right again. Now a thoroughly the existence of man, and particularly of man's unconsciousness is interference, and discretion about the universe not being entirely hostile, but having a margin. As much, if you like, in a man of middle age, say, on the other hand, the existence of human difficulties and miseries shows that the universe is not arranged constructively with such a finish. Of course, that, for I should say, that although we may gradually make our situation therein less uncomfortable, we need not seek ourselves, nor even our contemporaries and predecessors, for not having brought it worse to perfection.

This bad business of the Wages of Hurry has haunted my half-learned acquaintance and interested silence when I have sought to convince of my such an indelible enthusiasm for progress, that, let us say, of Buffagiette, Eugenics, and various brands of Socialists. But most people wherever I have been confronted by some of my excellent friend, Mr. H. G. Wells's various philosophical writings, whatever the size, self-studying Romans of his earlier Upstairs books, or the more modern and his Puritanism of the house that is the source of a particular tale of his Human Reproduction Bill. How can you can make such大声呼喊 for your underrating understanding, if they have not (by) that this hurrying is not necessarily dis- bled in a big effort, not reckoned with from about the construction equivalent to negotiation of the building instincts of the great human task-king! They want your vote or your signature, but that your sympathy is needed, asking to them that your belief in the infrahuman small results of abstraction, is not sufficient to offset affluence, and have used, as I have, as the somewhat-sententious contrivance to the mere and somewhat affectual mass of similar ones. At the moment of reading their books and listening to their words, they are even more satisfying by a secret fear may not it be that I am no better than a futile fiddler, a self-composedly, the yard, and perhaps of some of my contemporaries, have gone through in the similarity talk-searching, receive, for these, though similar matter are kept to myself, but he can't exist or space quantified, by the Retributors, or, who knows, last but one branching-out as a few and young, a very young, as far as the considerations of such silent disbelievers in hosts that I have plucked heaves of glee and get the absolute thoughts upon a good, having suddenly found encouragement in a most unexpected quarter. For this is what I have come across (a 19th novel now)—

"But it's life," is very much of a scrumble gay, and I have been around the whole world, and for a great deal of the confusion and muddle of present conditions. All old naturalism, I give up, but I maintain that there is a wild muddle, though the muddle is great. Good and better, and if, at last, he has written his dearest hopes again, then the Implications, even up, writing his hopes and being right, are the searching, the fourth, the searching.

It is my friend, Mr. H. G. Wells, who has given that splendid parable, "confusion and wreakage of premature evolution." In my poor badly to be acquainted with a very complicated and very complicated, The Wages of Hurry in Perpetua- but such is the unmistakable, though correct, changeableness and contradictions of the literary temper- ment, men and all else, that I feel half-inclined to defend that 'Georgie.' But no, to say. Do not be con- soled in refusing to the strange and new, but your refusal to do result merely in a refusal to feel and do to this.

VERNON LEE.
Opposition at the eleventh hour, owing to the obvious expectancy of the Ministerial Whips, who thus gained nothing by their vigilance except the approval of their own consciences—doubtless a sufficient set-off to the reproaches of the grumblers among their own unused reserves. On this occasion, the reserves were not unduly paraded, so that up to the very last moment of the division the Tories seemed to be fully persuaded of the success of their great manoeuvre. I have never seen an Opposition more discomfited than were those.doped men when they realised how the tables had been turned. It was much the biggest effort that has ever been made in this kind of tactics, and, as the documentary evidence shows, it had been engineered by the heads of the party.

Ministerialists naturally hear with equanimity the Unionist plan of destroying the business of the House next Session by a new, ingenious code of obstruction. Mr. Law is said to have at last counter-signed the plot, as indeed he was very likely to do. But these attempts to break the machine never succeed, save in re-forming the loosened ranks of the party in power and repelling moderate men in the Opposition and in the country. Offence to the Speaker, gross personalities, physical violence, and then a reaction of weariness and disgust—are the routine of this kind of thoughtlessness.

Since the days of Mr. Joseph Biggar, the House has seen nothing like Mr. Wedgwood's feat of obstructing the Mental Deficiency Bill. It was remarkable even as physical endurance, for on the first day and night this indomitable man went without lunch, dinner, supper, cultivating obstruction on a little barley-water. He kept the House up two nights running till nearly four in the morning. He had 200 amendments on the paper, and brilliant and sincere as was his own advocacy, I am afraid it wiped out a more balanced criticism of the Bill, for he monopolised the whole time of the House. He is extremely popular; for his gallantry, unselfishness, intellectual keenness, and an idealism which spares no one, least of all himself, and keeps the House in touch with revolving movements outside, and best of all with freedom, captivates even his critics. It is the sense of proportion that he lacks. With it he would be still more formidable than he is.

I hear of an interesting proposal to produce two feminist plays in a theatre in which the business of production and management will be in the hands of women. The plays chosen will be Brieux's "La Femme Soiue," translated by Mrs. Bernard Shaw, and Bjørnsen's "The Gauntlet," the one treating of the trials and difficulties of the woman worker, the other of the old problem of an equal standard of morals for the two sexes. The producers will be the Actresses' Suffrage League.

A story of "pulling." A dying jockey, commending his son to the gods that govern racing, added as a parting mention: "Never talk, my boy! I talked too often. I was riding a match with J——, and we were neck and neck. "You needn't ride so hard," I said, 'I'm not going to win. "Oh, ain't you?" he said. Whereupon he fell off his horse, and I won." — A Wattfarer.

The Wages of Hurry.

The Wages of Sin, as we know from St. Paul, and an eminent lady novelist who has added her authority, is Death. There is another of the universe's economic principles, less frequently inculcated by moralists, who leave the teaching thereof to the less august methods of every-day experience. The Wages of Hurry, I should sum it up, is Perfunctoriness. To which may be added that, as perfunctoriness implies unreality, it is, in so far, equivalent to failure. This connection is less obvious and less insisted on than that between death and sin, because the failure in question, though spelling inconvenience or disaster to someone else, is not necessarily failure in the eyes of the person who happens to be in a hurry. Since, in many cases, hurry aims merely at the relief of an emotional strain, and such relief is quite compatible with perfunctoriness, all that you need is the contrary emotion, and that can be set going by a word or a gesture quite as well as by efficient action, and a great deal quicker. It is notoriously a sign of man's superior position in the scale of beings, of his capacity for art, philosophy, morals, and indeed of his possession of a soul, that his emotion does not always deal with realities, but often with the idea, the name of them. The Revolutionaries who cut the words "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité" on the Louvre and the basement of Notre Dame, felt the full zest of being free, equal, and United, although they were dealing in a free, equal, and United manner only with chisels and mallets, and there was not much freedom, equality, or fraternity in sundry other items, such as Committees of Public Safety and the Noyades.

Indeed, there was so little of any of those three desiderata for a good many years to come that the necessity of a new inscription was felt in 1848 and 1870. But the emotion had been there. And that, as poets sing, when love has been and is no more, that, once it has been, nobody can ever take away.

As regards our own day and our own selves, we are all of us in a tremendous hurry, and perhaps just a trifle given to perfunctoriness on the subject of what used to be called Progress, but is now spoken of as Construction. The change of word answers to a change of gesture. Progress, like the verb spelt in the same way though pronounced differently, is what old-fashioned grammars called intransitive; it does not imply anything that is done to: for instance, pushed or pulled and hustled along. It has a suspicious air of getting on by itself, whether you want it or not. Whereas Construction involves something which gets constructed, and a person who is the nominative to that accusative, who does the constructing—that is to say, acts, aims, and wills, all of these highly personal proceedings, and affording scope for that self-expression which is an essential factor in latter-day schemes for universal betterment. The world might conceivably progress without any such expression of our higher Self; in fact, what small improvement it has so far achieved shows little co-operation of the constructive sort of person, and, for obvious reasons, of you or me. But to construct the Future, or even as philosophic Tories try, to reconstruct the Past, speaks for the possession of Free Will, which shallow scepticism notoriously denies. Also there is a kind of forestalled personal immortality: Statutes, Reports, and Blue-Books. "Exeunt Monuments mâire perennius." So sang the Vates, apparently foreseeing our case. And it is mere cavilling (and old-fashioned at that) to inquire, like cross-grained Herbert Spencer, whether the extremely durable construction shall continue for men's use and delight, or as their stumbling-block—perchance a yard or so additional of the stuff that is aching out air and light. Neither should we ask whether the monument thus constructed by our deliberate wisdom may not be usefully burnt for quicklime; or, with but little refashioning, made very proper pig-styes; or, again, being reduced to a carefully excavated ground plan, serve as valuable evidence to the anthropologists of later ages.
Be this as it may, our present aversion from mere Progress, and preference for Construction, have re-inforced the notion (itself a pendulum swing from the other side of the fence, and pessimistic fatalism) that wherever there is suffering there must be mismanagement, and that every woe the flesh is, or rather is not, heir to, must be traceable to mindless-confusion. So far as that, we are certainly not answers to the reality of things, enabling us to alter them, we may be glad it has replaced that faith in the decrees of Providence which made old-fashioned parents bury child after child instead of passive, irresponsible forefathers, this constructive conception of some of our powers for improvement. For surely that in your hustling attempts to make such energetic enthusiasts understand (even if they must) that disbelief in h

This bad business of the Wagons of Hurry has haunted my half-hearted acquiescence and sham-faced silence whenever I have found myself in the presence of such ardent enthusiasm for progress, that, let us say, of Sufragists, Eugenists, and various brands of Socialists. But most particularly whenever I have been confronted by some of my excellent friend, Mr. H. G. Wells's, various philosophical avatars, whether the silk-robed, self-restraining Samurai of his earlier Utopian books, or that more modern and less Puritanic statesman who crossed the floor of the House for the famous passing of his particular Human Regeneration Bill. How can you make such energetic enthusiasts understand (even if they wanted to) that disbelief in hurry is not necessarily disbelief in progress, nor scepticism about their construction for man's benefit and delectation; therefore that although we may gradually make our situation therein less uncomfortable, we need not scold ourselves, nor even our contemporaries and predecessors, for not having cried to it in the prophetic strain it needs to perfect.

In the approach of the approaching centenary of Charlotte Bronte's birth (1816), Dr. Paul Heger, under the advice of Mr. Marion Spielmann, has presented to the British Museum the autographs of four of her letters to his father, in whose school in Brussels Charlotte was, for about two years, as teacher and pupil, immortalizing her life there in one of the twenty best novels in the English language. The letters are reprinted verbatim in the "Times," both in the original French (the fourth having an English postscript) and in Mr. Spielmann's translation. They are dated July 24th, 1844 (Charlotte having just arrived from home from Brussels at the very beginning of that year, and being then twenty-eight), October 24th, 1844, January 8th, 1845, and November 18th, with no year named. Dr. Paul Heger conjectures that the letter of July 24th was written before the other three, but on internal evidence Mr. Spielmann puts it last. Undoubtedly, he is right, although we must assume that at least one