

is an illustration of Mr. Darwin's doctrine of the survival of the fittest or most robust? That, of course, I leave with the science students to determine. For my own part, I think it more prudent to give the ladies the benefit of the doubt, and to argue that it is greatly to the credit of Miss Echo that she had so much voice left, for if she had imprudently expended it upon Narcissus, it is highly improbable that after her dissolution she would have had what, I suppose, Matthew Arnold would call such "a mighty all-transforming remnant."

But while we are speaking of woman, we ought not to forget the truly typical woman of mythology—Pandora, or all-gifted. She was the first woman. Venus endowed her with beauty. Mercury conferred on her some of his own cunning; in fact, every god did seem to set his seal to give the world assurance of a woman, and hence her name. Pandora brought with her from heaven (even her enemies admit where she came from) a box containing every species of human ill and misfortune. She was consumed with curiosity, and got some one to open the box, so that all the evils escaped and spread over mankind, "hope" alone remaining in the bottom of the box. Now, pursuant to the tenor of this version, man has ever since been lying to the charge of his helpmate "the sings and arrows of outrageous fortune," "the sea of troubles," "the heartache, and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to." Now, to begin with, he claims that before Pandora came to this planet, men never used to stand at the mouth of their caves and say they were not at home when they were at home, and that, in fact, all "the social lies that warp us from the living truth," which Tennyson has so anathematized, were unknown to the world, and that among the first misfortunes which the typical woman hurled upon us from that mysterious box were the deceptions and intrigues of social life—the direct consequence of Mercury's endowment. We hear this sort of argument every day, and the unfair male critics seldom give us the other side. They say there have been more duels fought concerning woman than from all other causes put together, but they do not expatiate upon the chivalry thus developed. Where would the glorious annals of knight-errantry be had Pandora never come? They tell us that before Pandora came there was no such thing as dry goods trade, and that to her advent is to be attributed the great industry in mirrors; even so, surely the stimulation of trade is not an evil. But they say the worst calamity of all is just beginning to crawl out of that terrible box. The women are going to enter the professions and trades, and we will have to stay at home and take care of the children. Pandora enter the trades! Surely, never! With her characteristic cunning she might mix some slates with coal, or "accidentally" spill some sand in the sugar; she might put green wood into window sashes; she might say of a piece of goods that it was all wool, when, as a matter of fact, it was not all wool; and she might even go so far as to say that some blue stuff would wash, and when the poor old washerman at home had finished wrestling with it in the laundry tubs, he would find that the pattern had faded into nebulous azure. What

would then become of the immaculate morals of our commercial community? Pandora enter the professions! Shame on such a proposal! With her monopoly of deception, she might enter the chamber of the patient, roll out a few of those terrible words used in anatomy, prescribe a tolerably harmless decoction, and then go downstairs muttering to herself, "I wonder what is the matter with the fellow; the fair lawyer might always advise a suit, and the poor client would occasionally have a bill of costs to pay; the clerical lady might, from the eminence of the pulpit, declaim against the modern drama for ten months in the year, and the other two be found rapturously applauding in Covent Garden or the Grand Opera of Paris. What would then become of the noble ingenuousness of our profession?"

Whether Mercury's gift has absolutely disqualified woman for any of these callings or not, I will leave to the frankness of the audience to say, but I think, my fellows who are afraid of this latest calamity from Pandora's box are borrowing trouble, and before we raise our voices too high we ought to wait until the evil gets fairly out of the box, if it be there at all. She has not, as yet, corrupted our commercial morality, nor invaded the singleness of purpose that inspires our professions. Until these fears become better founded, let us look at what is said to have remained at the bottom of the box—hope. Butler says—

"Far greater numbers have been lost by hopes—  
Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,  
And other armaments of despair,  
Were ever able to despatch by fear."

I need not tell you that the hope which Pandora brought is not one of the delusive expectations that Butler complains of, for it is singled out and set apart from the misfortunes and calamities. It is rather that of which Cowley sings—

"Hope, of all ills that men endure,  
The only cheap and universal cure—  
Thou captive's freedom, and then sick men's health,  
Thou lover's victory, then beggar's wealth—  
Thou manna which from heaven we eat,  
To every taste a several meat."

And why did this hope remain in the box—why was it not poured out at once to counteract the ills? May it not be that woman could not bestow this benediction upon the world until she was given her rightful position? Nothing in history more clearly marks the course of civilization than the treatment of woman—from a position of inferiority to one of equality or superiority, accordingly as you view it. What is modern progress developing in the direction of this hope? I will not dare to express any opinion upon the deliberations of those mysterious parliaments known as *women's rights* conventions, though, I believe, they must be characterized by wonderful wisdom, nor yet as to the desirability of endowing womankind with the franchise, though, I believe, she could not use it less intelligently than a portion of the present free and independent electors; but when I think of this hope in woman, it is not to these my mind turns. If we could blot out the word "home," with all its significance, what stability would there