



MISS AGRICULTURE, THE ELECTRIC GIRL.

This Interest is more than equal to all the Manufacturing Interests of the country combined ; they are all as light as feathers in her hands, and yet she gets next to no attention from the Government.

PHRENOLOGY.

THERE is an article in a recent number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* which ought to make interesting reading for Professors of the Science of Phrenology. The writer passes no opinion on the learned gentlemen who make a living by furnishing charts of their customers' heads, but he characterizes the "science" itself as a humbug. Amongst other things he says:

"Phrenology places the perceptive organs immediately above the eyebrows, and points to the frontal projection, so marked in many heads, as indications of development. It is, however, painfully disheartening to the phrenological student to discover, as he may do by dividing a skull, that there is no brain, but only mucus, against these suggestive bumps, and that the brain lies more than half an inch back, behind a second and inner formation of bone. So much for the 'perceptive bumps.'

"In the second place, Phrenology takes cognizance only of the top, front, rear, and sides of the head, but wholly ignores the organs which rest upon the base of the cranium. Let the reader imagine a skull severed by a horizontal circular line drawn from the brow, above the opening of the ears, to the back of the head: if the upper portion be removed,

it will be seen that in the cup thus exposed, above the roof of the mouth, are some of the largest and most important of all the 'bumps.' Phrenology being unable to reach these (excepting after death), simply passes them by in silence, which is often an easy way of getting over an insuperable difficulty.

"The phrenologist resembles the celebrated character who attempted to judge of the contents of a wine-cellar by sniffing at its keyhole. He has been likened by Oliver Wendell Holmes to one who, fumbling about the outside of a locked iron safe, should assume to say what is within. 'Beneath this point,' cries the 'prof ssor,' touching a particular spot on the polished surface, 'lies a bag of gold, to the right rests a bundle of musty deeds, and here my fingers tingle over a jewel-casket.' Yet who knows but the safe may be as empty as the science of Phrenology itself?"

Mr. GRIP's private opinion is that this writer is not far out in his view of the Phrenology business.

Miss Golightly is greatly offended at you, Mr. Jobbles. "Offended, is she? Why, I only called her a blooming maiden." "That's just it. She indignantly denies that she has the slightest intention of wearing bloomers."