



A FAIR CRITIC.

OLIVER TOWNE (*who writes novels*)—"And may I ask what part of my latest book you like best, Miss Sevier?"

MISS SEVIER—"The illustrations are good, and the typography is excellent; but I think that, taking it all in all, I prefer the binding to any other part."

DE MILLENM.

DISCOURSE BY VERY REV. ARCHDEACON DIAPHANOUS
DIXIE, D.D.

BELUBBED BREDERIN AND SISTERN,—Dis maunin' we gadder agin into de sanctuary whar prar am wont ter be made on de most reasonable terms, to prognosticate de question dat am agitin' de mos' loquacious intellects ob de age. Durin' de past week I hab made de Millenium de subjec' ob circumlocution, an' in my humble way hab endeavored to conciliate de mos' perfunctory authorities, wharby to felicitate my lucubrations. Onless Sistah Billison will spontaneously cease chawing onto dat wad of spruce gum, an' tryin' to mash dat lop eared yellow dude in de contagious pew, I shall be compelled to draw de attention ob de congregation to de *flagrante delicto*, wich am Latin, my brederin—Selah!

De fus' aspec' ob de all impotent question which appeals to de conscientiousness ob de inquirer, am as follers:—Am dis de Millenium? Am de present epoch de period spoken ob by de miner prophets durin' de intervals ob dar deciduous toil into de bowels ob de airth—wen de voice ob de snappin' turtle shall be hearn into de lan', an' de whited sepulchres shall rejoice in de mountains ob Mesopotamia? Am de era arroven wen de language ob de prominent an' sanctimonious Hyperbole shall be fulfilled? "Behold de sound ob de accordion an' de psaltery in de tabernacle ob de faithful, an' flee ye to de wilderness."

No, deah brudderin, dat salutary time hab not yet arroven—an' ef dem small niggers in de gallery don't quit frowin' peanut shells down onto Purfessor Dorsey's bald head, Deacon Pussey will kindly proceed to extrude dem. Den de nex' question wich arises am—Wen will de Millenium come? I shall now, widout further abbreviation, unfold to your pachydermatous intelligence de obvious results ob my theoretical hallucinations. In de fust place de diameter ob de earth froo de he-Quaker am 7,912.04 miles, wile de diameter measured froo de polcs am thirty-four miles less. If we accept de Scriptooral crow-knowledge—an' de crow, my bruddern am one ob de most knowin' ob de animiles—de age ob de world am 5,896 years. 'Cose I doan mean de Hon. Mistah Maclean's *World*—but de earth on wich, as de poet sez, we lib and move an' hab our beans—wid or widout pork, as de case may be.

On de udder hand, some of de mos' compendious arkeologists estimate de age ob de globe at 7,021 years, an' scein' dat de ark was dar at de time of de flood, I reckon de arkeologists kaint be fur out. Now, as de earth resolves on its axes, de greatest friction obtains at de poles—jest like at 'lection times. Darfore de surface ob de earth am continually bein' cut away by de axes, as seen by de essential difference between de equatorial an' polar diameters.

Now, if it has already taken seven thousand an' twenty-one years, be de same mo' or less, to wear away thirty-fo' miles, how long am it gwine to occupy fur de planet to wear itself clar down flat? 'Cordin' ter de elaborate calculations I hab undertaken, an' excludin' de vulgar fractions in ordah not to offend agin de proprietaries, de Millenium will arrive in de year twelve billion seven hundred an' ninety-fo' million, one hundred an' twelve thousand nine hundred an' fo'ty five! I'se willin', fur de sake of unanimity, to frow off de fo'ty-five, not a day mo'.

Now, dearly belubbed fellow-sinners, you will see dat dars plenty ob time afore de great sublunatic consummation, an' dars no knowin' wat might happen in de meantime. Wy fore den de new cote house mout be finished, an' Purfessor Golden Smith miter made his las' final,



NEARLY RIGHT SOMETIMES.

PAPA—"How beautifully these flowers are arranged. You must have a natural taste for this thing, Madge."

MADE (aged 7)—"Oh, yes, papa. I have a good ear for color."