SCENES IN OUR SANCTUM.

STILLNESS reigned in our SANCTUM. There had not been a single word spoken for ten minutes. SIMMINGS (our chief jester) had been severely rebuked by YANKEE DOODLE for the pertinacity with which he insisted upon reciting a soliloquy from the tragedy which he is composing. The unpleasant episode threw a gloom over our meeting. UNCLE smoked his meerschaum in silence, and looked more benignly ugly than usual: the philanthrophic SMYTHE had ejaculated "um," and now sat with folded arms like a statue of sullen benevolence; the unhappy jester hid his face in his arms upon the table. A tear glistened in the eye of our Patron as he surveyed the group—all were sad—the harmony of the evening had fled.

The clock struck ten, and our UNCLE's cat cried "mew-w!"

She was seated on his footstool; the silence that prevailed, and the solemn state she maintained, invested her voice with a kind of Delphic influence, and all tacitly agreed that the presiding genius of the evening had spoken through her. Pity that the heart of man was not made of india rubber, that he might better encounter the hard rubs of this life! Miserable! that the mew of a cat can disturb the equanimity of his temper, and overthrow his philosophy. The tragical jester had borne the reprimand with stern submission; but the voice of the oracular tabby inspired him with the horrors of a joke, and he burst into tears of rage and vexation. "'Tis the oracle of the Gods," he sobbed, "admonishing you of your neglect of the tragic mews." The joke was too much for the joker. He rushed from the Sanctum literally weeping and wailing and gnashing his teeth.

We told our readers before that the jokes of this wretch were conceived in misery and uttered in despair. SIMMINGS will die a jocular death! As the low comedian of a company is generally the most miserable of the human race, so he—our favorite jester—is the most gloomy and despairing of mortals. There is but one step from Fun to Melancholy.

Again there was silence. The clock ticked as if upbraiding our unwonted gloom. YANKEE DOODLE smiled benignly upon us. Our Philanthropist sighed in his reverie. The cat yawned!

UNCLE, who had been the whole evening exchanging confidential winks with his favorite, yawned in sympathy. The yawn went round.

"Wars and rumors of wars," said UNCLE, addressing the cat in a low tone of voice, as if he were speaking unconsciously. "Wars and rumors of ware," and the cat winked, as if to say, "very true!"

"Victories and glorious victories!" said a literary Colonel, springing to his feet with impetuosity. "let us drink one glass to our glorious army and its brave commander!"

The toast was drunk by all.

"Honors and glories," quoth UNCLE, still ruminating to tabby, "what are they?" and the cat erected her tail and purred in answer. "Some thousands of fools and as many scoundrels go forth to slaughter and be slaughtered at a cheap rate,—to devastate the earth—substitute ruffianism for the sweet humanities of life—make the hearths of the helpless desolate, and teach Nature to shudder at new crimes; and for what? To subserve the selfish purposes of one or more fools or rogues, whom the folly of men has made great! Hell wants missionaries and hath many agents here in high places; aye, men affecting great holiness and most rigid morality. Honor and glory! fiddlesticks!"

A charming thing it was to hear the Colonel aforesaid, in the simplicity and downright earnestness of his nature, begin to argue the point with UNCLE, and discourse fluently about "Patriotism," valor," "The eyes of all Europe," and much more of the kind—only fit for men who advocate the

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