

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

WITTY AND HUMOROUS.

SOME author tells us that « much is said about the tongue. » True, the thing is in everybody's mouth.

IN a report of a duel in Indiana it is stated, « Colonel Winks was wounded in the breast, but his opponent fired in the air. » Who, then, wounded the colonel ?

A GENTLEMAN praising the generosity of his friend, observed, « He spends his money like water. »—« Then of course he liquidates his debts, » rejoined a wag.

A SCEPTIC thinks it very extraordinary that an ass once talked like a man. Isn't it still more extraordinary that thousands of men are continually talking like asses ?

A YANKEE bragging of having killed a young panther whose tail was « three feet long, » Brown observed that the animal died seasonably, as the tail was long enough not « to be continued. »

WHEN Washington's secretary excused himself for the lateness of his attendance, and laid the blame upon his watch, his master quietly said : « Then you must get another watch, or I another secretary. »

THE latest Irish bull we read of is the case of an Irish gentleman who, in order to raise the wind whereby to relieve himself from pecuniary embarrassments, got his life insured for a large amount and then drowned himself.

NOT long since a premium was offered by an agricultural society for the best mode of irrigation, and the latter world, by mistake of the printer, having been changed to « irritation, » a farmer sent his wife to gain the prize.

« My dear fellow, » said an old member of Congress to a new one, « you work too hard on your speeches. I often prepare one in half an hour, and think nothing of it. »—« And that's just what everybody else thinks of it, » was the reply.

A MAN and his wife who got into a quarrel, and beat one another with battledores, afterwards excused themselves, on the ground that there was nothing wrong, though it might be unusual, in a married couple *a dore-ing* each other.

A GENTLEMAN, not satisfied with the grooming of his horse, thought to rebuke his groom by carrying the animal himself, and received a violent kick. « It's no use trying to *curry* favour with that horse, » said the gentleman, as he laid down the comb.

A MAN who was in the habit of borrowing, and never returning, books, once complained in company that he was a very bad arithmetician. « Nevertheless, » said a witty lady, « you are a good *book-keeper*. »

MRS. PARTINGTON having heard her son say that there were a great many anecdotes in the new almanack, begged him to cut them all out; as she heard that when anybody was poisoned, nothing was necessary but to give him an anecdote, and it would cure him.

« My dear, » said an affectionate husband, « I'm surprised that you will consent to the degradation of wearing another woman's hair on your head. »—« Is that any worse than your wearing another sheep's wool on your back ? » retorted the equally affectionate wife.

« WHAT ! » exclaimed a father, who had been eloquently reproving his obdurate son, « not a sign of penitence, not one tear of regret ! »—« Come, now, for you'll never strike water here, » said the unfilial young man.

A MAN who, having lost heavily in business, had become morose and ill-natured, one day said to his wife, « We must sell off some of our carriages ; which shall it be ? »—« My dear, » responded the wife, « you may do as you please, so long as you only get rid of the *sulky* and retain the *sociable*. »

A WIT complained to Louis XIV. that the Duke of Guise threatened to kill him for some jokes that he had perpetrated at the Duke's expense. « If he does, » said Louis, « I'll hang him in ten minutes afterwards. »—« I'd prefer, » said the wit, « that your Majesty should hang him *one minute before*. »

DR. CURRIE (hot by name, and hot by nature), when asked by a particularly inquisitive woman to tell her the precise meaning of the word « idea, » about which she had been reading in some metaphysical work, but could not understand it, at last angrily exclaimed, « Idea, madam, is the feminine of idiot, and means a she-fool. »

THOSE who blow the coals of others' strife may chance to have the sparks fly in their faces.

LET the young man who blushes take courage, for it is the colour of virtue.

THE mind has a certain vegetative power, which cannot be wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a beautiful garden, it will of itself shoot quickly up in weeds or flowers of a wild growth.

A YOUNG LADY reprimanded her shoemaker for not following her directions respecting a pair of shoes she had ordered ; and, among others insisted that they were not fellows. Crispin replied, that he purposely made them so, in order to oblige her, well knowing the modesty of her disposition, and that she was not fond of *fellows*.

« How much money have you ? » said a rich old curmudgeon to a gay young fellow courting his pretty daughter. « Oh, I hav'n't much of anything now but I have a very rich prospect, indeed. » The wedding occurred, and the old chap learned from his fine son-in-law that the rich prospect was the prospect of marrying his daughter.

A MAN's character and disposition may often be told by his nasal organ. A round plump Roman nose is about sure to pilot a jolly fellows through the world ; while a razor-shaped elongated proboscis is an index to a nature made of growls, clouds, daggers, &c. The man who is born with the right sort of nose may put a good face upon the affairs of life.

THE celebrated Dr. Abernethy, who was as brusque as he was skilful, being called one day to attend a lady who had run a nail into her foot, and being annoyed by her protestations that she *knew* she would die with the lockjaw, exclaimed, « Die of the lockjaw, madam ? Don't be alarmed about that ; nobody ever yet knew a woman to die of lockjaw ! »

IT'S better to brew beer than mischief—to be smitten with a young lady than rheumatism—to fall into a fortune than into the sea—to be pitted with a mother-in-law than the small-pox—to cut a tooth than a friend—to stand a dinner than an insult—to shoot partridges instead of a blister, and to nurse the baby at any time in preference to your anger.

A YOUNG LADY, in Nashville, remarked to a companion in a conversation, the other day, that she would never paint her cheeks again before attending a funeral. « Why not ? » asked her friend. « Because, » replied the young lady, « I was painted up when I attended a funeral last summer, and never wanted to cry so bad in my life, and was getting my handkerchief ready, when glancing round at Mrs. Maggs, I saw that coarse, yellow skin of hers through the tear-tracks, and it looked horrible. I never had such hard work to hold my tears in since I was born. I'm done painting for funerals. »

THERE is music in all things if men had ears.