

A GOOD WISH.—An eccentric banker was eyeing with suspicious vision a bill presented to him for discount. "You need not fear," said the palpitating customer; "one of the parties keeps his carriage." "Ay!" rejoined the banker; "I shall be glad if he keep his feet."

BACHELORS' PRIVILEGES.—These gentlemen accept all the pleasures of Society, and support none of the expense. They dine out, and are not bound to give dinners in return. Instead of taking a box by the year, they buy an admission for life; their carriage only holds two, and they are never obliged to set down a dowager. Weddings, christenings, fetes—nothing comes amiss to them. They are never called papa; they are not regularly assailed with milliners', stay-makers', and jewellers' bills. We never see them ruining themselves in suits for conjugal rights; for them, *La Belle Mere* is desitute of point, and they yawn at *La Femme Jalouse*. They are never godfathers from reciprocity; they sleep in peace during the best part of the morning, leave balls when they like, and invest money in the funds.—*Quarterly Review*.

ARMORIAL BEARINGS.—"When I set up a carriage," said the late Dr. Paley, "it was thought right that my armorial bearings should appear on the panels. Now, we had none of us ever heard of the Paley arms—none of us had ever dreamed that such things existed, or had ever been. All the old folks of the family were consulted; they knew nothing about it. Great search was made however, and at last we found a silver tankard, on which was engraved a coat of arms. It was carried by common consent that these must be the Paley arms; they were painted on the carriage, and looked very handsome. The carriage went on very well with them; and it was not till six months afterwards, that we found out that the tankard was bought at a sale!"

NOT LIVING.—A lady meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired, "Well, Mary, where do you live now?" "Please ma'am, I dont live now," replied the girl; "I am married."

IRISH WAITERS.—The word "waiter," in England, suggests a well-dressed, well-behaved, orderly man, with a napkin under his arm, and a bill, either of fare or for payment, in his hand. He is a person of importance, because he ministers to our comforts, and is neither active nor civil beyond the activity and civility he is in duty bound to exhibit to each guest, according to the said guest's station, which he imagines—or rather (for an English waiter does not indulge in imagination) which he *knows* he can ascertain at once. His bow is consequently very low to a coach-and-four, while he merely inclines his head to the commercial traveller. He is obsequious to the drinkers of champagne and claret, but hardly nods to the order of a pint of sherry. In Ireland, waiters are altogether a different set of beings—lively and erratic, shrewd and observing; anxious, according to human nature, to get the most they can, and yet, in accordance with Irish nature, willing to give all they can in exchange. An Irishman may be a knave, but he is seldom a miser—he has nothing but time and attention to give, and he gladly bestows both.

The Irish waiter, except at first-rate hotels, is never well dressed, and is always too familiar to be considered "well-behaved." An Irish waiter does many things which an English waiter never thinks of; but his grand occupation is finding out the business of his master's customers.

He is both lazy and active—lazy at his work, and active at his amusements: he will cheat you in a bar gain, but he will not rob you; he is almost invariably good-humoured, and as cunning as a fox; from the moment you enter his master's house, he considers you somewhat in the light of his own property; he turns over your luggage until he has discovered your name, and ten chances to one but he manages, before you have been half an hour in the house, to find out, in the most ingenious manner, whence you came, whither you are going, and what you are going about. He is free, yet respectful; "familiar, but by no means vulgar."

A waiter who amused us much, was an active, lissom, little man, who endeavoured to persuade us that every thing in the house was the best that could be obtained in "all Ireland." The inn was a wayside one in Kerry, where we were detained two days by illness and bad weather.

"Well, is there any chance of the weather changing?"

"I'm sorry it's not pleasing to you, ma'am, but we've the best weather in all Ireland."

"These eggs are done too much." "The finest eggs in all Ireland, ma'am, but I'll make an alteration in them." "Is your mutton good?" "The best in all Ireland." "And your cook?" "The best in all Ireland." The mutton, however, was so very underdone, that we pointed it out to our good-natured waiter. "Yes, sir,—I see, ma'am; the mutton in these parts, as I could yer honours, is the best in all Ireland; and so juicy, that it's the natur of it—that's it—it's the juiciness of the mutton makes it so. I give ye my honour it's *that*—ye understand—the quality of the meat, nothing else—the goodness of it: *but maybe ye'd like the cook to take some of that out of it*—I see—she'll do so in five minutes—the finest cook in all Ireland:" and he bore off the mutton as triumphantly as if we had chimed in with his praise. It returned to us after the outlet fashion. He exclaimed, while laying the dish on the table, with the invariable flourish, "I could yer honours—the finest cook in all Ireland—two ways, ay, tin ways, with the same thing—it goes down one thing, and comes up another. Ay, faith, the lady would never forg't it if she saw her toss a pancake; she'll send it up the chimney out of sight, and down it'll come finished—all but the aiting."

Irish waiters used to be proverbial for their fondness for whisky, but that has been banished by the Temperance Societies. We remember one—but in his extreme old age—Tom Lavery, at a half public-house, half hotel, frequented in the days of our fathers and grandfathers by gentlemen who thought it necessary to make their wills before they started for Dublin, for in those days they travelled on horseback. Tom never considered it necessary to offer an apology for being tipsy after dinner. "I am every thing a gentleman can desire," he would exclaim, when staggering about; "no one can say, Tom Lavery, you take your 'mornin'—Tom wants no mornin'—Tom scorns to touch sperits until any gentleman may take his glass—Tom Lavery is as sober as e'er a judge in the land—ought to be." Tom was a regular "afadavid" man to his employer: whatever he would say, Tom would depose to, professing himself ready to make oath that the "post chay" in their yard would go as aisy on three wheels as on four, and that there wer'nt such *illegant* cattle for blood and bone in the country—whin their blood was up, and they warmed on the road. Very often, he would don a jacket and jackboots, twist a wisp of hay into a saddle, and act post-boy.