

PUNCH'S COMPLETE LETTER WRITER FOR OFFICE SEEKERS.

Mail Route, Perth to Toronto, }
February, 1850. }

MR. PUNCH,

Sir,—The enclosed correspondence leaked out of the mail bags, en route to Toronto. As it may be of service to future applicants, who love their country and want office; most of whom are much like my little son, who in the most loving way sometimes places his little arms round my neck and says, "Dear Papa, I do love you so much, but I want some bread and butter."

Yours faithfully,
MAIL CARRIER.

[No. 1.]

HONOURABLE FRANCIS HINCKS,
Inspector General, &c. &c.

Sir,—My dear old friend McM. has just *this moment gone* to his long home, leaving, of course, the office of Registrar for the county of Lanark vacant; and to fill the vacancy, I beg to crave the appointment. I can offer two good reasons why you should grant my request; first, I know I am the first applicant; and, secondly, I will, in the Legislative Council, *support the ministry.*

Yours, &c.
Perth, February, 1850.

HON. F. HINCKS, [No. 2.]
Inspector General.

Sir,—The Registrar for the county is dead, and I write early to ask the office for my brother. Being the member for the county, I have done much for the cause of Reform, *in a quiet way.* Myself, nor any of my family, have never received any favours from government. As far as I can *now see* I go dead against Malcolm.

Yours, &c.,

[No. 3.]
Perth, February, 1850.

MY DEAR HINCKS,

The Tory Registrar is dead, at last.—I believe I have never asked for an office, but I want this one. You know my claims personally, to say nothing of what my friends, at Brockville, have done for the cause of Reform. I may here state, that I have attended every political meeting, with *some* exceptions, in the county for the past few years; lectured upon various subjects to help the good cause and make myself known; the articles Nos. 1, 2 and upwards, appearing in the *Globe*—"A voice from Lanark," signed, "W. O. B.," *are mine.* I am a Lawyer, which is *pretty well* known, and ought to be a good recommendation. I want to be member for the county; but if I get the office I will cease paving the way thereto. My friends—and — will explain further to you in my favour. I rely upon getting the appointment. Remember me very kindly to Mrs. H.

I am yours as ever faithfully,

P. S.—Malcolm is an Ass!! I hope our friend Baldwin is recovering. It is well for the country your health is good. Your friends here *grin* a little, about driving out Malcolm, but I will keep them straight, *until* I hear from you.

[No. 4.]
Perth, February, 1850.

TO THE HON. FRANCIS HINCKS,
Inspector General, &c. &c.

Sir,—Captain McM., the late Registrar for Lanark, is just dead. There will, no doubt, be many applicants for the office, from the ranks of our friends; all loving their country and desiring to serve it in office; but we, the undersigned, not being among the number, take great satisfaction in recommending for appointment J. D., jr. His father is a catholic, and one of the oldest out-and-out Reformers in the county; none of the family have ever had office, and it would be gratifying to the catholics, as a body, who deserve well at the hands of the government, if you would give the office to young D.— We expect you will do so.

Yours, &c. &c.

. . .
. . .
. . .

[No. 5.]

HON. F. HINCKS,
Inspector General, &c. &c.

Sir,—The Registry office is vacant, and I want the office (for a friend.) I need not enlarge upon what I rest my claims for the appointment; they are well known. And, although it may not add to their strength at the present time, my exertions in this county, in the cause of Reform, are interwoven with the success of your late friend Cameron's political career in Lanark --who by the way, on the subject of retrenchment, although rather late, is pretty near right. I have no doubt but you will give me the office.

Yours,
Ramsay, February, 1850.
P. S.—I have just heard that *Rody* is an applicant!!

[No. 6.]
Perth, February, 1850.

HONOURABLE F. HINCKS,
Inspector-General, &c.

Sir,—The Registry Office for this county is vacant. I am an applicant for it. Setting to one side entirely my having opposed Bell at the last election, I rest my claims for the appointment upon being a lawyer, and always having been a Reformer, and intending ever remaining one, whether you give me the office or not. As I wish to serve my country and this county in particular, I shall expect the appointment.

I am your obedient servant,

[No. 7.]

Honble. Sir,—Captain McM. the Registrar for this county is deceased, and the office thereby becomes vacant. I desire the appointment at your hands; and I may here say, that my claims upon the Government for office are many, but the most prominent are, my editing the "*Courier*" for the past seven years; my presenting an address to Lord Elgin last *May*, when "W. O. B." and others found it convenient to be at home. My friend the S****, who is *great* on geology and education, will recommend me; and as I *want* an office, I hope you will give it to me.

I am, hon. Sir, yours, &c.,

Honble. F. Hincks,
Inspector-General, &c.

P. S.—The "*Courier*" is silent about Malcolm, and shall for the *present* remain so.

THE MONTREAL DARKNESS.

"In consequence of the disagreement between the New Gas Company and the corporation, the inhabitants of this city are left in the dark at night."—*Montreal Paper.*

Some short-sighted gentleman must have written the above paragraph, seeing that he asserts that the inhabitants are in the dark only at night. Punch would say, that, for the most part, they are in the dark night and day, judging from their late annexational civic fights. Indeed there must be a deficiency of light in the atmosphere, which prevents them from seeing things as clearly as other people, or at any rate compels them to view objects through a shady medium. Such light as they have amongst them, is always a one-sided light—a party-light in fact, and they keep groping about in semi-darkness until they jostle against one another, and proceed to an indiscriminate breaking of heads. Punch would advise them to seek for the Light of Truth. It is cheap, requires no snuffing, trims itself, never goes out, and gives the light of Punch knows not how many millions of annexation lights, or radical lights, or conservative lights, or any other of the brilliant but delusive phantoms that have been so long burning.

TOO GOOD BY HALF.

The retailers of milk in Toronto have discovered a system by which they can make out of a pint of water a quart of milk, and have enough left to make cream for their own tea.