almost, or entirely, to make up the deficiency. But the advertisements which occasion the largest share of this correspondence, are a very small proportion of the whole number that appear; and it is thus out of the whole number that appear; and it is thus only those of persons wanting situations. There are thousands of advertisements that never call forth a single letter;—and the increase of postage from the increase of advertisements, would be very far short of the sum estimated by Mr. Milner Gibson.—*However*, the repeal would do some good, though not to *her*, the repeal would do some good, though not to any thing like the extent contended for, by those gentlemen who have mounted it; and if the present gentlemen who have mounted it; and if the present Chancellor of the Exchequer—why we shall not be sorry to see the tax removed.

MR. HORSFALL AND THE REPRESENTATIVES OF DERBY.

Our readers have not forgotten the Radical "demonstration" on Saint Peter's Field, that happy medium between the charity-school procession, and the public entry of Cocker's equestrian *troupe*, or Wombwell's menagerie; though wonderfully deficient in the "gorgeous pageantry" of either of the latter. The "dinner" which followed, appears to have been chiefly remarkable for its dulness, and for the utterance of all sorts of silly things, varying between harmless swagger and petty scandal. As a matter of course, Mr. Horsfall was *not* there; and the opportunity of saying behind his back, everything which could damage him with the parties then present, was too good to be lost by his gallant opponents. Accordingly to the published reports, free use was made of his name; and observations, said to have been made by him in ordinary private conversation, were adduced in distorted shapes, for the sake of disparaging him to the utmost, in the eyes of the Radical gourmands. Assertions made at this dinner, have led to a correspondence between Mr. Forshaw and Mr. Bass, which we published last week; and also to an interchange of letters between Mr. Horsfall and Messrs. Bass and Heyworth, which are copied into our present number. The firm and gentlemanly tone of Mr. Horsfall, in his letters, contrasts most strongly with the evident want of candour which characterises those of his correspondents.—Mr. Heyworth's especially; and we feel more than ever ashamed of the pitiful subterfuge we have been the man who really fell do ought to the constituency.

Mr. Bass is in the habit of mixing with good society, and he, at any rate, ought to know more of its conventional usages, than to make—in the words of Mr. Horsfall—"*ex-parte* statements of conversations which have taken place with others, conversations into which they have been led by a *profession of at least of friendship*." He is now candid enough—when called upon—to admit, that his offer to refer his case *was* reciprocated by Mr. Horsfall; but why clog that admission, by pleading "forgetfulness at the moment of speaking," as the cause which "*prevented* his naming that circumstance?" Was it a part of conversation which led to it? Why not admit that he is reduced to a party whose undying hostility to everything Conservative, is as essential in their creed; and that the mere mention of any honourable trait in an opponent, would have been unpalatable to his entertainers? Mr. Bass was, too, at the "moment of speaking," engaged in the act of self-glorification How could he be expected to come down, voluntarily, from the pinnacle of affected martyrdom, and acknowledge that Mr. Horsfall had conducted himself as a man of honour? Forgetfulness, indeed! Mr. Bass's memory is wonderfully tenacious of every little scrap of conversation which may tend to damage his opponents. Witness not only the statements with regard to Mr. Horsfall, but the vivid remembrance he has of the times, places, and purport, of his alleged conversations with Mr. Forshaw. It now turns out that Mr. Bass's own friends, and *not* Mr. Horsfall, were the parties who declined the proposed reference. No doubt many of those "friends" were at the dinner; applauding Mr. Bass to the skies while he dilated upon his own magnanimity, and looking with virtuous horror upon the stupid, obstinate, wrong-headed course of Mr. Horsfall. Mr. Bass lets the cat out of the bag in his second letter. He says—"had it been possible to have met my party at Derby, without an allusion to you, I should have done so;"—but that "a very serious motive might well determine my party to insist that I should speak openly as to the hostile manner of the attack on me, and as to *my* uncomo promising resistance to it." No doubt of it. Mr. Bass has to thank his friends, in the first instance, for the expence consequent upon his withdrawal from the proposed reference; and he has to thank them again, for forcing him to do a positive injustice to Mr. Horsfall. We do not envy Mr. Bass the position in which he stands after this correspondence; and his expression of regret that Mr. Horsfall—Mr. Horsfall—have no doubt that gentleman will be able to appreciate at their proper value.

That Mr. Lawrence Heyworth should either say or do anything absurdly foolish—and "with the greatest possible effrontery," too—is matter of surprise to nobody. How he has wriggled, and shuffled, and hesitated, in his correspondence with Mr. Horsfall; denying a thousand times what the newspaper reports had attributed to him, and endeavouring to face out the remainder as "bold as brass," or at most, offering a sort of left-handed apology—which, when driven to the wall, he withdrew it. Mr. Heyworth is much better—though, it would appear, not much more favourably—known at Liverpool than at Derby. We quote the following remarks, relative to his correspondence with Mr. Horsfall, from the *Liverpool Mail*:—

> "Lawrence, the Saint and true martyr, heroically enduring the torture of the gridiron, and cheerfully commending his soul to heaven
>
> Lawrence, the Simpleton and sham martyr of our own day, 'grilled' over the fitful fires his own vanity and folly had kindled, in a manner, a very different yet most painfully lamentable; because deceitfulness of heart, and a responsibility immeasurable; because deceiving and with more than railway rapidity from the sublime to the ridiculous.
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> Possibly some of our readers may not have forgotten a strange and remarkable skit or correspondence which appeared in the papers between Mr. Lawrence Heyworth and his "liberal" constituents at Derby. Poor fellow! he was evidently not prepared for the storm of ridicule which his neutrality started. Perhaps hearing how handsomely Mr. Mechanics and some other Liverpool men had 'cut up' the Liverpool Mechanics Institution,—his Derby dupes fondly dreamed their choice had been made with equal discretion, and that they had obtained literally towards the Derby Mechanics' Institute. They earnestly desired to know whether Mr. Heyworth was a 'reader' or but as a champion of 'progress.' They flattered him, as one of the foremost of the 'Liberal' party, that his opinion on certain matters was decisive, to advance a single sous-scription. Heyworth he concocted a ridiculous epistle—a farrago of high-flown and sublimated nonsense, blazoned with strong touches of transcendental mysticism, and, doubtless, unconsciously, reflected, and it would seem from the correspondence which followed, Heyworth shares were low and 'lousy,' and that all he felt disposed to affect in them was a good-natured contempt. Mr. Horsfall, with his usual hands on this precious epistle, we shall certainly mark it for 'republication.' Its author, we are sorry to say, is a peer like genius protector. Suffice it now to say, his Derby constituents fell—if not into contempt—into ridicule, and Heyworth into the back-ground. They almost wrought a miracle—for they at all screwed out of him a confession of his own folly and weakness, for second note, which was eventually accepted, but with small thanks, as a tardy and unsatisfactory apology. Mr. Heyworth has since been reported to have made—*either* version is much the same—a valedictory address, and has retired to his estates, and his studies, comparatively assertions. He reasonably accused Mr. Horsfall of the grossest misrepresentation, and, doubtless, would have done Mr. Horsfall justice by a speech of friendly converse and of unexaggerated recollection; but Mr. Horsfall is not the man to be put off to the Lorcee about to be held that afternoon. Mr. Horsfall is not the man to be put off to the Lorcee about to be held that afternoon. Mr. Heyworth must be content to remain under the ban of Mr. Horsfall, and he will be entitled to 'the greatest possible effrontery' Mr. Horsfall, if he chooses, may call it. Mr. Heyworth is not a fool. On the contrary, it is well known among Mr. Horsfall's friends, that he is one of our wealthiest merchants, a liberal supporter of art, and princes, and a public man who has been elected more than one single office of Mayor of Liverpool, which he filled with distinguished ability and to the best satisfaction of all classes from the Government downwards, in the troublous year of 1848. We have only to add, that we have no personal feeling for or against either party. We have no personal feeling for or against either party. We have no personal feeling for or against either party. We