ing used for the "House" is a very common, clapboarded and shingled, one story house, and we think not plastered on the inside. The floor was not carpeted, or even matted, and the entire furniture consisted of a few pine desks, much like those furnished for common private schools. The speaker's chair and desk but little better, and we believe not at all elevated, and a common pine table for the clerk. There were some dozen members or so, and a few outsiders, like ourself, or lobby members.—These are the main distinctions between a Liberian House of Representatives or Delegates, and one of our State halls, or even the great House of the Capitol. We will not presume upon a comparison of the members with those of the legislative bodies we have seen elsewhere—it might be offensive to some, and of no advantage to others—but, in justice to the Liberian legislature, or the branch of it which we witnessed in session, we must say, that we have never seen better order preserved in any body of the kind, or more courtesy manifested by the members towards each other and the presiding officer. We heard several members speak—most in a direct, effective manner, and to the point in question.—One, however, went into the subject in debate, at length, with much spirit and vehemence—evidently like our orators, making a speech for Buncomb. We have heard better speeches in our halls, and we have heard many worse—even by those who were listened to with interest, and were considered men of respectable parts and promise. Probably no members of either house could compare with the leaders of our State Legislatures in forensic ability, talents and acquirements—and quite as probable, that there were men in both branches morally and intellectually, superior to a class, which find their way into the American House of Representatives; and we will venture to assert, that a parallel to the disgraceful scenes, which almost annually transpire in our legislative halls in Washington, were never yet witnessed in the plain and humble building, which covers the representatives of the Republic of Liberia.

As the session was near its close, the President, according to custom, issued invitations for a dinner to be given at the Government House—an attendance on which we were very glad to avail ourself. Of the number of invitations given out, the number accepted, the number at table, the number that could not be seated, or the size of the dining hall, we have not the statistics:—but, President Benson, like most other folks, made some slight miscalculation, there were a few more guests than plates, or room for seats—yet we should judge that near one hundred were seated at table. The mansion house of the President of the Republic is very large and spacious, ample we should think, for all purposes, except dining all creation, at once. Its front is some fifty or sixty feet, having a large airy passage in the centre. On one side is a common sitting room, in which were deposited hats, canes, umbrellas, &c.; on the other, spacious and richly furnished parlors extend the whole depth of the main body of the house. In this room the guests were courteously received and welcomed by the President. This ceremony we watched with no little interest and gratification. Let the white man claim the ascendancy or superiority where

he may, in this or that respect—too much we have to concede to him, but in manners, address, deportment, courtesy—in fact in all that constitutes good-breeding, the black man, the African, is his superior. Of the one hundred and odd, who entered and paid their respects to the Chief Magistrate of the Republic, we discovered not one awkward, ill-bred man, or clown. To be sure all were not equally well-bred and good mannered, but every one appeared at his ease—and more or less at home Most were in citizen's dress, in fact all, we believe, with the exception of H. B. M's consul, who bore about him some indications of his official rank, and Capt. Cooper, the Liberian commodore, who appeared in his epauletts—not small ones either. The company consisted of the members of both branches of the Legislature, the officers of the Government, the British, French and American consuls—three or four white missionaries—the principal men from the upper settlements on the St. Paul's—those from the lower counties who happened to be in the town, and the more respectable gentlemen—citizens of Monrovia.

At notice from the chief butler, or head of the cooking department, the President indicated that all should follow, and led the way to the dining hall, which extends across the whole front of the house in the second story. In this movement all was perfect order and decorum—no haste, crowding or jostling—we marched up two and two as if we had been drilled to the movement for days. Our old friend, Ex-President Roberts took us in charge and of course, made us feel at home among so many strangers. The table was well enough served, in fact, *well*, considering the room, and the number of the guests—quite a number having to await the second table. The dinner was good, even for Liberia—and no place furnishes better. With English, French and American vessels in port, loaded with provisions and condiments of their several countries and the means of obtaining them, and the products of the tropics, in the hands of Virginia cooks, no one need apprehend a bad dinner. But good as it was, and loud as popped the corks of the sparkling Champagne—it was little more to us than a mechanical supply of nature's wants. The present seemed a dream the past a reality. From our seat we could see the locality of the old Government House, where twenty-five years ago we sat down to a Liberian dinner—a dinner of the then Chief Magistrate, Gov. Mechlin, given to the officers of the Agency, his Council and friends—not general, but select. It was the first time we had ever seen them convened, but a few days after our landing, and now they all appeared before us. We could arrange them all in their seats. There was Mechlin at the head of the table, A. D. Williams, Vice-Agent of the Colony at the foot. On Mechlin's right sa told Capt. Abels of the Margaret Mercer, Waring, Deveny, old man Teage, Cheeseman and Weaver; opposite sat Elijah Johnson, Russwurm, Prout, Major Barber, George R. McGill, and ourself; fourteen, all told. Two of this party alone survive. The reflections arising from this and other by-gone scenes saddened us, and after the first course, we were but too glad to plead the necessity of getting on board before dark, and begged His Excellency to let us be excused.

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