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Kept alive, and was become their Study and their Trade. All these subjects were now fully discussed between me, Moodcepanga and the other Chiefs - many of them are very intelligent men. Moodcepanga is a man of very quick perceptions. his mind was alive to every observation - his complexion is very dark his Eye fiery, Keen and penetrating - his Body of a middle stature, but very strong and active. He appeared to be about fifty years old. From the Expression in his Countenance and manly deportment he cannot fail in commanding respect amongst his Countrymen - I have heard so much said of him for years, that I was gratified in meeting him. He told me his residence was at some distance; but that he had come to pay his respects to me, as soon as he heard I had arrived, and hoped he should see me at his Village. I told him I was much obliged to him for his marked attention, and that I should pay him a visit the following day. We had now continued our conversation till Dinner was announced when more than Eighty arranged themselves upon the ground according to their rank. The Slaves then placed a certain number of Baskets of Provisions before each Family - when all were satisfied each family packed up what remained into their Baskets for their future use. As soon as dinner was over we entered into conversation again upon various Subjects, such as civil Government Agriculture and Religion - Superstition had a wonderful influence over the minds of the people I was now with. The Trees and old stumps of Trees, and every kind of Rubbish, as well as their Fires and Huts were all Tabooed - They were afraid lest any part of my Provisions dressed or undressed should touch any of their Tabooed things - and assured me they would die if they did - That their God would kill them. The Chiefs and their wives were also Tabooed. They could not touch a Potatoe, or any other provisions with their own hands, which they wanted to eat. If there was no person at hand to serve them, they lay down upon the ground, and gathered up their food with their mouth. As the principal Priest Moodcockow had attended me from the time I first met him at Maagoa before I left the Thames, and was still with me, I entered into a Conversation with him on the Subject of the Taboo, and endeavoured to point out what privations they suffered from a mistaken notion of God. I told them there was but one God, that the God who had made the white people, had made them. That He would never be angry with them for making use of their own hands to eat their provisions with. That if he had not intended that they should use them for all their purposes he would not have