

excite fear by their frightful voice and ferocious air. As they live only on fruits, grain, and some insects, their flesh is not bad eating. “ The hunters, says Oexmelin, bring home in the evening the monkies they have killed in the Cape Gracias-a-Dio; they roast one part of these animals and boil the other; its flesh is very good, and resembles that of the hare, but being of a sweetish flavour, a good quantity of salt must be put to that part which is roasted; the fat is yellow like that of a capon, and is very good. We lived on these animals all the time we remained there, because we could procure no other food, and our hunters brought us every day as many of them as we could eat. My curiosity led me to see the method of hunting them, and I was surprised at their sagacity, not only in particularly distinguishing their enemies, but also in the manner in which they defended and secured themselves. When we approached towards them, they assembled together, set up loud and frightful cries, and threw branches at us which they broke from the trees; some voided their excrements in their hands, and threw them at our heads. I also remarked, that they never forsook each other; that they leaped from tree to tree with an almost imperceptible nimbleness; and that,

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