

lost in making short tacks, which were the more required, as the Etoile did not feel the breeze till the evening.

The bearings taken on the 26th, shewed that the currents had taken them several miles to the southward of their reckoning. Whitsun-isle still appeared separated from the S.W. land, but by a narrower passage, and what had before been considered a continued coast, was now found to be a cluster of islands. Some agreeable appearances induced several attempts at landing, but they were unavailing, and only exposed those that made them to attacks from the natives, who seemed to concur with the natural difficulties around their islands, in preventing too near an approach. Bougainville bestowed the name of Archipelago of the Great Cyclades on these very numerous isles, which lie in 30° S. latitude, and 180° longitude west of Ferro, and which have been better known since the time of Cook by the name of New Hebrides. During Bougainville's being on board the Etoile about this time, transacting some necessary business, he had the opportunity of verifying a report, which had for a good while been circulated in both ships, viz. that M. de Commerçon's servant, named Baré, was a woman. Several suspicious circumstances had been noticed as to her sex, and something amounting to a discovery of it had been made, it seems, by the *very discerning* people of Otaheite; but now, she came to Bougainville, her face covered with tears, and confessed it, giving a history of herself, and an explanation of her reasons for undertaking so romantic an expedition. "She will be the first woman," says Bougainville, "that ever made such a voyage, and I must do her the justice to affirm, that she always behaved on board with the most scrupulous modesty. She was neither ugly nor handsome, and not more than twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age. It must be owned, that if the two ships had been wrecked on any uninhabited island in the ocean, the fate of Baré would have been a very singular one." The idea perhaps is scarcely susceptible of embellishment, but one may wonder, that it never struck the fancy of a poet.

On the 29th of May, they lost sight of the land, which had so much but so fruitlessly engaged their attention, and sailed westward with a very fresh south-east wind. This brought them on the 4th June, to a low flat island, surrounded,