

London to convey the newly appointed governor, Sir Thomas Gates, Admiral Sir George Somers, and some other officials, to the young colony of Virginia.

On Monday, July 24th, St. James's Day, when they reckoned themselves within seven or eight days' sail of Cape Henry, "the clouds began to thicken around, and a dreadful storm commenced from the north-east, which, swelling and roaring, as it were, by fits, at length seemed to extinguish all the light of heaven and leave utter darkness. The blackness of the sky and the howling of the winds were such as to inspire the boldest of our men with terror, for the dread of death is always more terrible at sea, as no situation is so entirely destitute of comfort or relief as one of danger there."

After seeing St. Elmo's fires on the rigging, springing a leak, and undergoing every possible trial, moral and physical, for five days, Sir George Somers at length sighted land; and the wind lulling a little, they ran their ship ashore, where she became a complete wreck.

"We now found that we had reached a dangerous and dreaded island, or rather islands, called the Bermudas, considered terrible by all who have touched at them; and, from the dreadful tempests, thunders, and other alarming events prevailing, are commonly named the Devil's Islands." Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, and their companions, found the islands totally uninhabited, but capable of yielding abundance of food. Hogs which had been set adrift by some earlier visitors, whose names have been lost, were so numerous that thirty-two were brought in by a party after one day's hunting. Fish abounded on the coasts, and were caught with the greatest ease; and turtles added daily to the luxury of their fare. "It is such a kind of meat as a man can neither absolutely call fish nor flesh; the animal keeps chiefly in water, feeding on sea-grass like a heifer, in the bottom of the coves and bays; and the females lay their eggs, of which we found five hundred at a time on open-