



Society: Journal of John Lee Williams

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approach. We anchored at 12 m., just behind the north-west point of entrance in rough water, the wind blowing strongly from the north. On this cape we discovered the finest cabbage trees, but it is said that they grow in St. Andrews bay. Twenty miles.

After doubling the point, with some difficulty, we had a pleasant sail down Cape San Blas and arrived at the east point about 3 p. m. Here the wind failing, we landed, caught some fine red fish and a sun fish and collected a few shells, when a light western breeze springing up, we sailed through armies of porpoises and shoals of medusas, to the Indian pass of Apalachicola bay. We found the entrance of this bay on a pleasant evening very beautiful. Before us opened a fine, extensive sheet of water; on the left grass meadows extended to the north and west, as far as the eye can reach. The shores are sprinkled with beautiful keys or islets of cabbage or cedar, whose intense verdure affords a comfortable relief from the dazzling white sandy shores which we had passed. We found that this flattering prospect, however, like many others in this uncertain world, was calculated for show more than use. As darkness approached, our brilliant landscape vanished, and a succession of oyster bars succeeded in encircling us on every side, among which we were obliged to anchor, but we took vengeance on the oysters by roasting and eating great numbers of them. Twenty-eight miles.

October 11th.—The wind blowing strong ahead, we were compelled to remain on St. Vincent's island. I took my gun and traversed it in various directions. It is large and contains some good, with much bad land. A very large peninsula runs on the north almost the length of the island, attached by grass meadows to its eastern end. Between this peninsula and the spot where we lay there runs an arm of water which our captain insisted was a strait through which we might sail. We attempted it in the evening, but after rowing until 9 o'clock we were landed in a bayou and returned to our camp about twelve o'clock.

October 12th.—This day, we with some difficulty, crossed the bay from the north shore, the wind blowing a gale from the east. The islands here are high pine barrens, with a few small but pleasant hammocks on the shore. The back country for some miles is intersected with swamps. The wind veering more northwardly,

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