

grandeur, rough volcanic
are curiously piled. Huge mountains sprout from the main
masses, and hang over wooded jungles a thousand feet below.
Turrets rise on turrets like giant castles of an olden land.
They are an irregular, unstratified, ugly, desolate confusion
of rocks and dust. On the 12th, we lay six miles SE. of the
point of the Cape. We had a fine view of both shores of
the Gulf of California for fifty miles. The scenery was ex-
tremely interesting. The eastern Cape shore was much like
the western. The eastern shore of the Gulf, the edge of the
Mexican main, was sublime. Not so much so on account of
its massiveness or its altitude, as its resemblance to a conti-