River has its head-waters close to the watershed of the continent, among the mountains which, branching out in different directions, include the ranges of the Wind River, Owl Creek, Shoshonee, the Tetons, and other groups that have hardly yet received names. Its course at first is nearly north, passing out of the lake where its upper tributaries collect their drainage, through a series of remarkable cañons till about the latitude of Fort Ellis, after which it bends round to the eastward, and eventually falls into the Missouri. We struck the river just above its lowest cañon in Montana. It is there already a noble stream, winding through a broad alluvial valley, flanked with hills on either side, those on the right or east bank towering up into one of the noblest ranges of the Rocky Mountains. Here, as well as on the Madison, we met with illustrations on a magnificent scale of the general law of valley structure, that every gorge formed by the convergence of the hills on either side has an expansion of the valley into a lake-like plain on its upper side. For several hours we rode along this plain among mounds of detritus, grouped in that crescent-shaped arrangement so characteristic of glaciermoraines. Large blocks of crystalline rock, quite unlike the volcanic masses along which we were travelling, lay tossed about among the mounds. One mass in particular, lying far off in the middle of the valley, looked at first like a solitary cottage. Crossing to it, however, we found it to be only a huge erratic of the usual granitoid gneiss. There could be no doubt about the massiveness of the glaciers that once filled up the valley of the Yellowstone. The moraine mounds extend across the plain and mount the bases of the hills on either side. The glacier which shed them must consequently have been here a mile or more in breadth. All the way up the valley we were on