

through Washington Territory to the shores of the Pacific ocean.

One grand and peculiar feature of Nebraska is the mighty Missouri itself, which takes its rise among the cloud and snow-capped mountains, whose ice-bound rivulets unite and combine their substance, far back among the frowning rocks and cliffs, and in the deep, dark channels which they have wrought, and left the craggy, rocky steep, with lofty, threatening brow; where eagles build their nests, and mountain kids, presumptuous, but fearless, skip from rock to rock, along the dizzy height above; where the cool, swelling waters strive to show how great a stream from little fountains flow. Gathering strength from gorge to gorge, it soon rolls on a mighty flood, and winds and toils eastward 500 miles, when, as if inspired by sudden thought, turns half a semicircle round, and glides boldly south and south by east until it loses its waters and its identity by its conjunction with the upper Mississippi. It constitutes the whole eastern boundary of Nebraska, from the south-east corner of the Territory to some distance above the forty-eighth parallel of latitude, and thence furnishes White Earth river as a tributary to finish out the line. What was formerly called the "Gates" of the "Rocky Mountains," through which the Missouri seems to have torn itself a passage, are among the sublimest spectacles of this range of mountains. For nearly six miles these rocky barriers rise in black and perpendicular masses 1,200 feet above the river. The chasm is only about 150 yards wide; and the deep, foaming waters rush through the passage with great