

Nowhere are the evidences of subterranean heat so striking as here, and nowhere the silent monuments of fire and frost so manifest, so awful, so sublime. To the tourist no place on earth possesses such varied attractions ; none so magnificent a panorama of natural wonders ; none such a scene of endless interest.

The pleasure-seeker can find in the mammoth hotels all that the most fastidious can desire. Food served in the latest style, and music suited to please the ear and captivate the fancy. If desirous to enjoy the bracing atmosphere in these lofty regions, he will find trained horses ready to carry him over mountains or canter along the beautiful roads that wind along sparkling streams teeming with mountain trout. The botanist finds an Alpine flora, with flowers widely different from what he saw in the plains at a lower level. The geologist will scarcely be able to restrain himself as he beholds the grand monuments of the "Ice Age" in the canons, and views the remains of terrible throes the earth experienced during Tertiary times, when the whole region seems to have been a place of volcanic action.

Mountains of lava are before him ; canons cut through beds derived from volcanic fires show the denudating power of water ; for miles the puffing jets of steam, boiling springs, and tremendous geysers voice to him the dying efforts, that have succeeded the days of volcanic fire and stupendous energy of Tertiary times. With such attractions it is not a matter of surprise to learn that the crowd of tourists in Yellowstone Park is rapidly increasing, and that the time is not far distant when its mammoth hotels will be taxed to supply accommodation for crowds seeking this El Dorado of enjoyment, health and instruction.

With a view to furnish the readers of the MONTHLY with some of the sights observed in this wonderful place, the writer, who spent ten days in it during this summer, has consented to contribute this article, and in doing so, he will describe a trip through the Park usually taken by tourists. Fain would he say something of the magnificent scenery from Livingstone, where you leave the main line of the Northern Pacific Railway for Cinnabar, fifty-one miles to the south, and which may be termed the gateway to the Park, but space forbids it.

Arriving at Cinnabar, seven miles from the place of destination, you wait only a few moments before you see a tally-ho-coach,