

form the crater is not to be doubted. All the east country for many hundreds of square miles, bears evidence that some fierce and unusually terrible convulsion of nature occurred in the past and buried that region to great depth with ashes, pumice, scoria and volcanic utterances. How terrible that eruption was these silent walls bear witness, for at some time they have known a sea of molten, seething lava, to fill the bed where the haunted waters now repose. There is a singular and most competent witness to this fact before us, as we look from this highest elevation out upon the lake. In its midst rises a perfect but extinct volcano, of at least fifteen hundred feet in height, its sides clothed with a scant hemlock forest attenuated by this elevation. The lava flow from this once volcano has made an island in the lake at least three miles long. The cone rises perfectly, and there is a dish shape on its summit that shows where a crater once existed. We look down from our summit on the mountain and into its crater. It is natural to believe that the first great eruption was followed by a period of rest, when the volcanic forces again asserted themselves, throwing up this miniature volcano as a final effort and then expiring. Now the dwarfed hemlock tries to find earth to grow on, to cloth the once fierce lava flood with vegetation and hide its ugly features. What a terrific scene it must have presented when the first great volcano belched forth fire and scattered death o'er all the eastern world. The prevailing winds, then as now, swept from the southwest and northwest and left the western valleys untouched by volcanic fury.

The Indians view Crater lake and its surroundings as holy ground and approach its mystic waters with reverence and awe. They attach to its existence the thought that the Great Spirit hallows it by his presence. The ancient traditions of the tribes relate many supernatural events handed down with the mythical lore of the past. Only medicine men frequented the sacred spot, and when one felt called as teacher and healer it was a feature of his novitiate to spend weeks in fasting, and communion with the dead and prayer to the Sahullah Tyees, and so become imbued with inspiration to qualify him

for his work. Beside this wonder-shore they saw visions and dreamed dreams, and when they came down from the mountain mysteries to mingle with mortals they brought the odor of sanctity with them and were viewed with reverence as having communed with the unknown world.

Once upon a time—so says tradition—some tillicums who scouted the idea that the lake was haunted by unseen spirits and was not intended to be tampered with by mortals, made a raft or canoe and launching it upon the silent waters pushed out from shore as hopeful as the searchers for the Golden Fleece set sail of old from Argos. They chanted their songs and the monotone of their voices went up to companions on the shore who fearfully watched them as they went on, disturbing with their paddles the changing reflections of the silent sky. They had reached the center of the lake, almost within the shadow of the sleeping volcano, when suddenly they disappeared. The waters rippled over them a moment and then the surface silvered over again with reflections of cloud and sky. During the ages that have passed since then the depths have held their own, and made no sign. Some explain that the sources of many rivers can be traced to Crater Lake, and believe that whirlpools exist where these fountains have an outlet and that meeting one of these silent maelstroms this venturesome crew of Siwashes came to an untimely fate.

One July day, years before this visit, the writer of this camped one night beneath a spreading hemlock and slept on the very borders of Crater Lake. The snows had drifted in great masses over the edge of the Crater and were packed by the summer sun on the mountain wall around it. We studied "medicine" by the light of the afternoon sun, by the quivering gleam of the silver moon, by the glitter of the pale stars that were reflected from the depths. The night winds moaned woefully in the hemlock branches and the arctic touch of that July night is not yet forgotten. All the mysteries of the region were fresh in mind and the tones of the night wind gave them emphasis. Ghosts of the past and spirits of the unseen talked with us the livelong night and we brought away from the supernal spot an undefined belief and unspoken faith akin to what great medicine men have learned there.

LETTER ON WASHINGTON TERRITORY

BY GOV. WM. A. NEWELL.

I am pleasantly located at the capital of Washington Territory, Olympia, a beautiful city at the head waters of Puget Sound, situated upon an elevated peninsula extending downward two miles into the Sound, bordered on either side by an amphitheatrical elevation covered with evergreen firs. From the capitol, which contains the legislative hall, the executive chambers and the territorial library—and which is built upon the highest point, at the center of the semi-circular elevation—there can be seen one of the grandest views in the world. The Sound in front stretches towards the Straits, ornamented with sail and steam ships, Sound steamers, Indian canoes, the Coast range, Olympic and Cascade mountains, with their perpetual hues of white, purple and gold, lofty and grand as they may be, dwindled into comparative insignificance by the monster mountain, Rainier, running up into the heavens fourteen thousand five hundred feet; and at intervals along the Cascades, its companions, St. Helens, Baker, Adams and Jefferson, all covered with the everlasting snows. The Snoqualmie and the Spokane waterfalls are equal in beauty, and exceed in height by several hundred feet the falls of the Niagara. These, with the immense forests, make up and constitute a scene unsurpassed in grandeur and extent. The city is arranged in avenues and streets intersecting each other at right angles; is provided with public plazas, large and numerous public buildings, and not a few handsome residences. It is the center for the receipt and distribution of productions and merchandise for a large surrounding region which is rapidly improving; and is destined, on account of its commercial, agricultural, timber, mining and manufacturing advantages, to become a place of large commerce and trade. Two hundred miles from the sea, all the vessels of the world can ride on its harbor. A railroad connects the city with the Northern Pacific from the Sound to the Columbia. But I must content myself with an abbreviated account of this great country.

Washington Territory borders on British Columbia on the north, is separated on the south from Oregon by the Columbia river and the forty-sixth parallel latitude; is bounded by Idaho on the east, and the Pacific on the west; contains seventy thousand square miles, making forty-five millions of acres—an area equal in extent to the state of New York and all the New England states except Maine. At a space two-fifths eastward from the sea are the Cascade mountains, which run nearly north and south, and divide the Territory into Washington East and