The Indian legend is that the Casadas Atta Calumbia

loss caused by a natural budge that feel in Fact Balches story The

In the morning of days

When the world was young,

In Oregon land

A white haze hung.

Volcanic blaze,

Somber and grand,

Illumined the revels

By an inland lake
The Titan-fiends dwelt;
They plucked up the mountains
As pebbles to pelt.
Their laughter did shake
The earth's deepest fountains.
The world stood in wonder
To hear the deep thunder.

Of Fiend-folk and devils.

Quoth the arch fiend one day,
"Let us cease to be brutal;
Peace songs let us carol,
Our war-fare is futile!"
Scarce this did he say
When peace-words were made sterile:
Away fled the master
From fiendish disaster.

By the sullen boom
Of the anvils dread,
On the heights of the Dalles
Where the devil has fled;
One knows in the gloom
That the Titan's pals
With hideous clangor
Beseige him in anger.

He flees o'er the plain
From his enemies, legion,
To the great water lake
In the mountain region.
He smites, and in twain
The barrier brake.
The waters abhorrent,
Swept through as a torrent.

The chasm thus reft
In the Cascade ridge
Was a fiend grave deep.
But a narrow bridge
O'er the channel was left.
See now o'er it creep
Those foes of the devil,
Who escaped the first evil.

Again did he smite
With his iron tail,
And a vaster trench
Did the ground assail.
But there in mid flight
No imp did blench,
They plunged on the edges
Of those fearful ledges.

Columbia roared
On her oceanward journey.
With seething mad spasms
To end the war-tourney
The lake waters poured.
In those rocky chasms
The Fiend peopke perished -No single imp cherished.

Then down sank the fires
That the Fiends fanned alive.
The devil retreated.
Huge rocks he might rive
Touch no more his desires.
He is gone and defeated.
But there the deep river
Flows onward forever.