

The name refers to a brood of young ducks scattering in alarm. He was the son of Kamai'ākan, the great war chief of the Yakima. He also gave MacMurray the story of the cosmos, which agrees with that obtained from Smohalla, but is more in detail:

The world was all water, and Saghalee Tyee was above it. He threw up out of the water at shallow places large quantities of mud, and that made the land. Some was piled so high that it froze hard, and the rains that fell were made into snow and ice. Some of the earth was made hard into rocks, and anyone could see that it had not changed—it was only harder. We have no records of the past; but we have it from our fathers from far back that Saghalee Tyee threw down many of the mountains he had made. It is all as our fathers told us, and we can see that it is true when we are hunting for game or berries in the mountains. I did not see it done. He made trees to grow, and he made a man out of a ball of mud and instructed him in what he should do. When the man grew lonesome, he made a woman as his companion, and taught her to dress skins, and to gather berries, and to make baskets of the bark of roots, which he taught her how to find.

She was asleep and dreaming of her ignorance of how to please man, and she prayed to Saghalee Tyee to help her. He breathed on her and gave her something that she could not see, or hear, or smell, or touch, and it was preserved in a little basket, and by it all the arts of design and skilled handiwork were imparted to her descendants.

Notwithstanding all the benefits they enjoyed, there was quarreling among the people, and the earth-mother was angry. The mountains that overhung the river at the Cascades were thrown down, and dammed the stream and destroyed the forests and whole tribes, and buried them under the rocks. (*MacMurray MS.*)

In connection with the wonderful little basket, MacMurray states that Kotai'aqan presented him with a very ancient drum-shape basket, about 2½ inches in diameter, to give to his wife, in order that she might likewise be inspired. Concerning the catastrophe indicated in the last paragraph, he goes on to say:

The Cascade range, where it crosses the Columbia river, exhibits enormous cross sections of lava, and at its base are petrified trunks of trees, which have been covered and hidden from view except where the wash of the mighty stream has exposed them. Indians have told me, of their knowledge, that, buried deep under these outpours of basalt, or volcanic tufa, are bones of animals of *siah*, or the long ago. Traditions of the great landslide at the Cascades are many, but vary little in form. According to one account, the mountain tops fell together and formed a kind of arch, under which the water flowed, until the overhanging rocks finally fell into the stream and made a dam or gorge. As the rock is columnar basalt, very friable and easily disintegrated, that was not impossible, and the landscape suggests some such giant avalanche. The submerged trees are plainly visible near this locality. Animal remains I have not seen, but these salmon-eating Indians have lived on the river's border through countless ages, and know every feature in their surroundings by constant association for generations, and naturally ally these facts with their religious theories. (*MacMurray MS.*)

In an article on "The submerged trees of the Columbia river," in *Science* of February 18, 1887, the geologist, Major Clarence E. Dutton, also notices the peculiar formation at the Cascades and mentions the Indian tradition of a natural bridge over the river at this point.

MacMurray continues:

Coteeakun went on to say that some day Saghalee Tyee would again overturn the mountains and so expose these bones, which, having been preserved through so long