

coffin for small people was one of Sam Nesbitt's cracker boxes. He was a well-known manufacturer of soda crackers and pilot bread, whose place of business will be remembered by many old-timers at the corner of Yates and Broad Streets.

"The Indians rarely dug graves for their dead, but hoisted them up in trees, tying them to the branches, or merely laid them on the ground, and piled them up on top of one another. In time they fell into the customs of their white brothers, and got coffins made by the undertaker, and many a time I have seen Indians carrying coffins along Government Street, down to the foot of Johnson, for their reserve."—E. F.

In 1861 Mr. Fawcett with four companions, all school-boys at the time, were bathing on Deadman's Island, and had lit a fire to warm themselves. Broken coffins were lying about, and piles of box coffins and trunks; these were set fire to, and the boys promptly made off to escape the wrath of the Indians, who, in those days, were numbered by hundreds. They made good their escape, and the whole island was swept by the flames—trees, scrub and coffins being burnt up. Since that time the island has remained in its present condition.

The Indians on the Songhees Reserve, also, Mr. Fawcett says, buried at two points on the reserve, but when the smallpox worked such havoc among them, the authorities insisted on the bodies being buried in soil, and when the removal of the Indians was accomplished a special amount was allotted to provide for the removal of the bodies elsewhere.—EDITOR.