

men, and desired to remain neutral and to trade with both parties. These Indians, during the time the council was held, appeared to be a grave and respected body of men, but after the council broke up, rum was given them, when they became wild with its exciting spirit, some of them going so far as to roll over on the floor and yell out, More rum ! more rum !

Col. Wyer was always a protector to the Indians, and endeavoured to secure for them that honorable and straightforward treatment which he felt they should receive. His house was always open to them, and they were at liberty to enter his kitchen, make use of the fire in the wide old-fashioned fireplace to prepare their meal, and to spend the night under his roof if they so desired.

The writer's father was wont to relate many interesting reminiscences of life in St. Andrews in the earlier part of the last century.

Upon one occasion, when a very small child, he was staying at the house of Col. Wyer, his grandfather, and all the household, with the exception of one servant and himself, being absent, a party of Indians entered the kitchen, and, bidding the servant good evening, set about preparing their evening meal. Supper ended, the Indians spread their blankets upon the kitchen floor, and were soon fast asleep.

Greatly alarmed at this free-and-easy procedure, the servant withdrew to a room in the attic of the house, taking the small boy with her, where they spent a sleepless night, in momentary dread of Indian violence.

Their fears, however, were unfounded, for at daybreak the Indians arose and proceeded upon their journey, leaving everything just as they had found it. It is scarcely necessary to add that the open-hearted and generous treatment accorded to the Indians by Col. Wyer was never abused by them, and that upon no occasion did he ever lose by petty thieving or any other dishonesty upon the part of his Indian guests.