

At the time Mr. Perley visited Meductie Point, in July 1841, he found there but five men, six women, nine boys and nine girls; he adds: "I regret that I have to state that, with one or two exceptions, the men are drunkards and the women debauched, while the children are naked and starving; I respectfully recommend that the valuable land they occupy should be leased for the benefit of the Tribe and the settlement broken up."

Such was the lamentable state of our historic Indian village fifty years ago. The provincial government eventually granted the lands to white settlers, and purchased of Peter Fraser, Esq., the Indian lot which adjoins the parish church, three miles below the town of Woodstock, where a few of the descendants of the Meductie Indians still reside; among them the widow of Noel Paul, who, in her younger days, ornamented with Indian bead work the coat that Moses H. Perley wore when he visited England in 1840 and was presented to Queen Victoria as Chief Sachem of the Maliseet tribe. In commemoration of this visit Mr. Perley was presented with a silver medal, three inches in diameter, dated 1840, and having on the edge this inscription: "From Her most Gracious Majesty to M. H. Perley, Chief Sachem of the Malicetes, and Wunjeet Sagamore of the Miemac nation." The medal is now in possession of Henry F. Perley, Esq., of Ottawa.

We have now traced the history of Medoctec down to modern days, and here for the present we must leave it. The writer has a very pleasant recollection of a visit paid a few months ago to the site of the old fort. It was a lovely summer afternoon and no fairer prospect could be desired than that which presented itself. The sun, sinking toward the west, flooded the old Indian cornfields with golden light; the blue waters of the St. John flowed quietly between the meadow lands on either hand, except where here and there some gravel bed caused the ripples to dance and play in the sunlight; wild roses grew along the banks, the sweet smell of the clover filled the air, the drowsy hum of bees was heard around. Back from the river beneath the refreshing shade of the steep hillside there prattled the little streamlet that flows from Gyles' spring among the rocks above. Not far away a busy party of men were working at a neighbor's barn-raising. The occasion was marked by all the zest and spirit commonly called forth by such an event. The ringing blows of the axes, intermingled with shouting and laughter, were in startling contrast to the elsewhere quiet scene. Soon the busy workers were summoned to a bounteous repast prepared by the hands of their wives and daughters.

Under the shade of the hillside the men bathed their heated faces in