

## Nu-mach-wa:

### AN INDIAN LOVE-STORY.

BY G. S. ARCHIBALD,

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*probably George William  
Samuel Archibald (1777-1846)*

THE golden shafts of the late afternoon sun slanted through the stems of the trees that crowded in upon a little clearing, where lay huddled together the few rough wigwams of a small band of Siroquois Indians.

Hidden with the subtle cunning of the wilderness, the tiny settlement was no more incongruous with its surroundings than a cunningly constructed village of beavers; and it seemed to blend with the leafy background as imperceptibly as the smoke of its camp fires melted into the blue of the woodland shadows.

Here and there, through the leafy screen flashed the gleam of the St. John River like a naked sword guarding the little promontory on three of its sides.

Swift as light, foaming, flashing, dancing in a green fury ran its waters here; for just above, the shining falls filled all the air with their roar of defiance.

Behind the camps the green army of resinous spruces flung the protecting ægis of their shadow, magnanimously unmindful of some of their number, ruthlessly felled, and piled up to form a rude stockade against an enemy, that the red gleam of the camp fires was powerless to affright.

And in truth, this little band had need of all such defences, for they lived in the fear of enemies, tireless as wolves, cruel and unsparing as a forest fire,—the dreaded Iroquois.

Several years before, a war party of these ruthless enemies had surprised the tribe, nearly all the warriors had perished—but a small remnant, mostly old men, women and children, fled far into the sheltering forest. Here by the swift St. John River they found a refuge.