

Indian territory; traders ever sharp to see a good thing were already scouring the woods for beaver skins, and both in New France and New Amsterdam, an adventurous and license loving race of young men filled the forests with the songs of Provence and the speech of Holland.

These Coureurs des Bois of the French, and, these Bos Loopers of the Dutch were runners of the woods that carried far into the Indian country the unimagined wealth of the white man, for which the simple natives would barter their costliest furs, while they had a fascination of manners and a beauty of form and face that took by storm the hearts of all the young squaws.

It was probably about this time, when the Dutch were seating themselves securely all along the Hudson and the French were colonizing Canada, that the Mohawks having grown strong, and long residence had weakened their old palisaded towns, and caused a scarcity of fuel, that they came out of their prehistoric seclusion and boldly built their villages immediately on the banks of the river. Then it became known as the River of the Maquas, the River of the Mohawks.

Here the Dutch traders found them and began immediately to draw away from New France all the beaver skins of the wilderness, giving in exchange everything that could make glad the heart of savage man. To take the place of their rough beads of clay, bone and stone, these were the dazzling beads of Venice, made specially then as now for savages all over the world. These were of all sizes and patterns, shining with all the colors of the rainbow. The trader had copper pendants, chains and rings, arm bands and leg bands of silver; iron axes made at Utrecht specially for the Indian trade, stamped with three crosses. These have been found by hundreds in the refuse of the villages of this period, and are wide spread from Maine to California. In the traders' pack were jewsharps, padlocks, keys, hammers, hoes, files, chisels, white clay pipes from England and Holland whereon may be seen the makers' name and mark; steels and English flints, mysterious and wonderful to the savage accustomed through the ages to make fire with the revolving drill. Besides these wonderful things there came the white man's wampum, turned in a lathe by the thrifty burghers