

sisters, that is to members of his own clan, to which his own children did not belong.

When I visited Lorette, and later on Caughnawaga, I was anxious to find out whether there was left any trace of the old-time female clanship. At Lorette, not only did I ascertain that the clan was no longer a live institution; but even the memory of it had become very dim. The members of the band whom I questioned on the subject, were not totally ignorant of the clan, but they invariably connected it with male descent. One man, seventy-six years of age, told me he belonged to the clan or "compagnie" of the Deer, because his father had belonged to it. Another claimed to be of the "compagnie" of the Tortoise, also because his father had been of that clan; and to remove my doubts, he added: "How could I belong to a Huron clan through my mother, who was a French Canadian?"

One day, I spent a couple of hours chatting with Thomas Tsioui, a typical old Huron (about 80 years of age), living on the 1600 arpents reserve. Three of his sons still living are hunters as much as conditions permit; he himself spent the greater part of his early life in the woods, and at one time he was a noted long distance runner at the Quebec and Montreal exhibitions. He was very proud of a picture hung up in the best room of his house, a portrait of George IV., a royal gift to Michel Tsioui (my host's father), when as one of the Huron delegation he visited London in 1824. The old man's contention is that the Tsiouis are the only genuine Hurons, all the others being descendants of French Canadians who stole their way into the Huron community. As I objected that the Tsiouis themselves could not claim pure Huron extraction, their mothers and grandmothers in most cases being French Canadian women, the old man argued with great warmth that man, and not woman, the husband, not the wife, made the race. He was seemingly unaware that this was the very opposite of the Huron doctrine, and that his use of such an argument was good proof to me that he was no longer a Huron in respect to some of the fundamental traditions of that people.

At Caughnawaga, on the contrary, I found the tradition of female clanship still quite fresh in the minds of young men as well as old. On one occasion, as I was being rowed across the St. Lawrence by Batiste Canadien and two other Iroquois, I ask-