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LITTLE WINNEFRED.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

It is probable that not a person is now living in the vicinity of Kingville, who can recall the incidents that I am about to relate. So much addicted is our southern and western population to change of location, that I have more than once observed in the membership of a Lodge only ten years of age, not a single one of the charter or earlier members remaining. Yet in the years 1847 and 1848, when these incidents occurred, the Lodge at Kingville possessed a working brotherhood of nearly a hundred members.

Amongst them was a schoolmaster named Francis. He was from some northern State, as most all the schoolmasters in the South were at that day; was a distant relative of General Quitman, who, himself had come as a schoolmaster to the South about twenty years before, and a teacher of fine ability. About the year 1838 his wife had died, leaving to his care an infant daughter. A man very retired in his habits, Mr. Francis had ever declined to enter into society, and upon the death of his wife he became emphatically a lonely man. Too much attached to his school, however, to return northward, he devoted his leisure hours to the child. As she grew old enough to walk to the woodpaths with him, he was accustomed to take her to the school house, and it became a subject of enulation among his female scholars who should sit with little Winnefred. As years rolled by, and the little girl of four years became eight, she was allowed to ride to the Lodge meetings with him, sitting upon the pommel of his saddle, and taking her stand in the schoolroom below, or, by special invitation, with the genial old Tyler in the ante-room. At refreshments—and the Southern Masons had refreshments in those days—the little "sister," as they called her, was the first one invited in and the last one warned out.

The health of Mr. Francis had always been precarious, and by the years 1847 and 1848, when his child was about ten years of age, threatening symptoms of consumption began to appear. A circumstance that occurred at that time greatly aggravated the disease. There came along a family of emigrants going cross-land to Texas, a low, degraded set, and encamped near Mr. Francis' house. They remained there several days, during which time various depredations on a small scale were committed upon the hen roosts of the neighborhood. This was taken up with so much energy by Mr. Francis as to drive the stragglers out of the neighborhood with threats of vengeance. The next night one of his out-houses was burned and his little daughter abducted. Although little Winnefred was speedily restored, for the wretches had not