

all strangers visiting the Torn Rock, should avail themselves of a guide. Furthermore, the Rock can only be reached at all from the west side, as the east side is a perpendicular precipice, unless a path up the east side, some distance to the south of the Rock, be followed; known as the "Deer Path," which leads up through a gap in the mountain, from which a path, more difficult than the other, follows the summit longitudinally to the Rock.

Near the base of this mountain, on the west side, lived a boy by the name of Charley Van Orden, who oftener than any other boy in the neighborhood, acted as pilot for pilgrims on their way to the attractive elevation; which service kept his pocket well filled with "coppers." And this describes about all of interest that occurred in his career, until on one beautiful, bright, autumn day, in the year 1841, in conducting a party of gentlemen, without ladies, for difficult as was the ascent, fully as many ladies made it, in the course of the season, as gentlemen, sought his home and asked his safe conduct.

One of these gentlemen wore a bosom-pin which particularly attracted Charley's attention. For Masonic emblems were more modestly worn than then now, humbly nestling on the shirt-bosom, instead of pretentiously glittering on the lappel of the coat, or vest collar; and in dimensions they were far more diminutive than now. Charley had never witnessed a piece of jewelry of such design before; though to those familiar with such ornaments, it was not peculiar. It was a simple trowel, the blade made of gold, the handle of ivory; and on the blade was neatly but plainly engraved a square and compass, in the centre of which was the letter G, and above all an eye, indicative of the "All-Seeing-Eye," "which is ever upon us." The boy, though naturally reticent, and timid, ventured, after wondering for a long time what it might represent, to inquire the meaning of the, to him, "strange device." He was, of course, informed that it was a Master Mason's pin.

"What," said the boy, in some bewilderment, "is it simply the Lodge of the 'boss,' who superintends the men who lay stone and brick?"

It was a *gentleman* who wore it; and though he was under no legal obligations to the boy, beyond the payment of a few "pennies" he had promised him, he did not deem it beneath his dignity to explain to a mere boy, fourteen years of age, the nature and character of an "Institution" of which he had never heard before. And so he described its ancient origin; the gorgeousness of the Temple erected by the labors of its Eternal Apprentices, Fellow Crafts, and Master Masons; how it had been the means, not only of greatly improving and beautifying architecture, but of spreading moral light throughout the known world; how it had cared for the widow, and protected Mason's wives, mothers, sisters, daughters, and orphans, Charley's eyes fairly stood out of his head with interest. And when with boyish simplicity, he enquired whether they took in any boys as apprentices; and was informed to the contrary, he said, "When I am a man, then, I will join them, if I can find a Lodge, and they will have me." "That is right," said the gentleman; "keep that resolution, and you will do well." And as he said it, he caressingly laid his hand on the boy's head; and there was withal, such an impressiveness in his manner, coupled with such kindness in his tone, that the words burned down deep in Charley's heart. He only added, in reply: "A gentleman cannot talk as you do, sir, and lie; and if you have told me the truth, as I confidently believe you have, I will.