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THE CRESCENT.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL,

PUBLISHED BY THE

DELTA TAU DELTA FRATERNITY.

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Red Lillies.

(Selected.)

Strike fuller chords, or let the music rest!
Of tender songs the world has yet no dearth.
Which scarce survive the moment of their birth;
Be thine in passionate cadences expressed,
And banish morning glories from thy breast!
A purple dream flower of the woods is worth
So little in the gardens of the earth;
If gift thou givest, give what we love best.
Since life is wild with tears, and red with wrongs,
Let these red lillies typify thy songs,
If with full fame thou would'st be comforted.
Since life is red with wrongs and wild with tears,
Oh! move us, haunt us, kill our souls with fears,
And we will praise thee—after thou art dead.

[For the Crescent.]

A Visit to the Catacombs of Paris.

BY DR. R. B. DAVY, of Cincinnati.

The Catacombs of Paris were originally limestone quarries, said to have been commenced by the Romans. There are over sixty entrances in the different suburbs, and in many parts the ground is honeycombed by them so that the foundations of superlying structures is, in places, endangered.

About the year 1786 the bones of several centuries were removed thither, and during the Revolution and Reign of Terror, great numbers of dead were thrown in in confused masses. Since that time the bones have been neatly arranged along the sides of the galleries, and considerable taste displayed in ornaments and decorations of the same ghastly material; with the effect, however, of only enhancing the horrors of the place.

Visitors are admitted once a month on a permit obtained from the Engineer-in-Chief of the Department of the Seine. Having procured such a permit, I repaired on the appointed day to the entrance—a small pavillion in an old

court yard on the "Rue de la Tombe," near the "Place d'Enfer." These names were quite enough to provoke in my mind the thought of death; but when I saw the long line of carriages filing down to the place, and afterwards the listless congregation in the old yard, I almost imagined myself at a funeral.

When I alighted at the gate I was beset with candle hawkers—men and women—who pressed their wares upon the tourists with disagreeable persistence. But a light was a sheer necessity, and each one procured his candles. A line was formed in front of the pavillion, and exactly at 1 P. M. the iron door was opened, and the procession moved. A guide with a lantern at the head of the column commenced the descent, and each visitor, after passing the entrance in single file, lighted his taper and followed.

First came a descent of a dozen steps and then a winding stairway, making in all 93 steps at a depth of 65 feet. At the bottom we entered a narrow passage leading off to the southeast, which we were compelled to traverse also in single file.

The architecture of this passage was quaint. Walled in on either side, the roof was either arched gabled, gothic or pointed. In places the natural shelf of rock formed the roof, resting on the artificial side-walls. It was throughout damp underfoot, and sometimes sloppy.

Pursuing our monotonous march, we passed beneath many streets (being made aware of the same by inscriptions on the walls at points directly underneath), and finally turning abruptly to the left we entered a large passage filled with rubbish and supported by columns a few feet apart. After a rapid walk of a few minutes we turned to the right, and reached a large space, where the party halted, having already been underground half an hour. This was a signal for women to faint and men to grow brave, for we stood on the threshold of the temple of horrors, and out of the dark archway, which the light from our tapers penetrated but a short distance, came dark, musty vapors, phantoms and ghastly shadows.

For a moment departed spirits danced in our brains; the next and we had entered with stout hearts and the tread of soldiers.

Walled up on both sides of this now wide gallery as high as a tall man could reach, and interlined with three rows of skulls, were the "long bones." Behind this wall were filed the

short and irregular bones, and at intervals were chapels, hung with weird and curious ornaments, formed of ribs, vertebrae, phalanges, etc. There were stars, which emitted no light, bouquets which offended the nostrils, and the inevitable cross, whose serious and solemn meaning in this place was not lost like the rest. Everywhere appeared inscriptions in Latin and French, reminding the reader of the brevity of life and the certainty of death.

Fifteen minutes were spent in passing through the department of bones, and a rapid walk of fifteen minutes more, through other passages, took us back to the place of entrance, and it seemed like coming back to the world after a visit to the regions of death.

Few things can surpass the weird romance of a visit to the Catacombs. Deep down under the earth, groping your way through these dark, mouldy caverns, and guided only by the light of a flickering taper, you feel irrepressible shudders creep over you. You are peering into some dismal chapel while the party moves on ahead. You suffer no alarm until it occurs to you that you are alone. Immediately you feel yourself to be the object of all the horrible grimaces you see, and your imagination even pictures expression in the lifeless skulls.

A puny skeleton grows to a giant in your eyes, and empty eyeholes and toothless jaws alternate rapidly between grinning and defiance. You rush on to join your companions, but at the first step your light is extinguished by a current of air, and in the midnight darkness your perplexity is extreme. The last light has passed a corner, and the footsteps of the party are heard no more. Your thoughts between this and the arrival of the rear guard—an appendage you had not anticipated—are more easily imagined than written.

Suppose the gallery of bones to be a mile in length, and each visible skull to occupy a linear space of six inches, the number of ghosts to visit these starless streets, and watch the decay of their once living bones, would be over 63,000; but from the number of femurs—the most durable of all the bones—I should call this a very small estimate. Those who believe in graveyard ghost-stories, and the return of departed spirits, can picture to themselves visions of shadowy forms which forever haunt this place, and evacuate it only on the approach of the trooping tourist.

The Greeks of Modern Time.

BY WILL CARLTON, CHAPTER KAPPA, HILLSDALE COLLEGE.

By the side of the fountain, the Spartans
 Were combing their flowing hair,
 And the future watched and waited
 For the deeds to be written there.
 The future watched and waited
 For the story it well would learn,
 Of the blazing crowns of glory
 Three hundred men would earn.
 And the nursery tales of Valor
 In every age and clime,
 Are bright with the deeds of glory
 Of the Greeks of the ancient time.

By secret paths and passes
 From the hand of treachery won,
 Like floods through a traitorous crevice,
 The Persian crowd came on—
 But Death frowned fearfully at them
 From the men they had smiled to meet,
 And glory shone in the faces
 They trampled 'neath their feet.
 The victors were the vanquished:
 The conquered were sublime;
 And the sky's arch echoed praises
 To the Greeks of ancient time!

Now, since in the flood of carnage
 Were these pearls of valor thrown,
 A third decade of centuries
 Hath to its boyhood grown.
 But still we hold in reverence
 And look with eager gaze
 At the soil that bore such great fruit,
 In the good old Grecian days.
 And still we yearn, if haply
 As we near our manhood's prime,
 We may fight as strong and bravely
 As the Greeks of ancient time.

'Gainst poisoned arrows of error
 Of wild, uncertain aim;
 And superstition's chariot,
 With its scythes of wrong and shame;
 And javelins of envy,
 And scimeters of sin,
 And ignorance's helmets,
 And the evil that lurks within;
 'Gainst all the unbridled forces
 Of misery and crime,
 We must hold the pass for others,
 O Greeks of modern time!

Right fierce will be the battle;
 The foe will not give o'er;
 And oft, in days of weakness,
 He will press upon us sore.
 And far, by secret passes,
 When our best deeds be past,
 Death, with invincible lances,
 Will cut us down at last,
 But if the notes of our conflict
 With the song of truth shall chime,
 They will thrill through all the ages,
 O Greeks of modern time!

Influence of Poetry.

Although by its magnitude almost deterred from approaching this subject, yet we are sustained by the reflection that, while we cannot expect, with our little ladle, to dip dry the huge ocean of interest that surrounds poetry and poets, nevertheless we can take from it enough to satisfy the exigencies of the present occasion. Since the God-given fiat went forth that "in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread," man has been compelled to make a constant struggle for existence, and in this struggle for existence we are too prone to neglect and trample under foot those higher and holier promptings and emotions of our better natures, and value our fellow men only so far as they will further our own selfish ends. Now if we yield ourselves completely up to selfishness—if we cultivate only the baser elements of our natures and retard the growth of the nobler elements, while we may reasonably expect a luxuriant vegetation, yet it will be as the exuberant growth of the tropics—a jungle full of wild beasts—hydra-headed monsters, destroying any good plant that may incidentally spring up. These things being admitted there arises the pertinent question: What counteracting influences are attainable? We claim that poetry possesses just such an influence. The saying of the immortal Shakespeare, that "he that hath not music in his soul, nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils," might, I think, with even more propriety be applied to poetry. "*Poeta nascitur non fit*" is as true as it is old. And now comes the question, "*Quorsus nascitur?*" While one class of men is born to commit evil deeds and another is born to transmit them to posterity, poets are born to incite men to noble deeds, to sever them from the bonds of lust and licentiousness, to elevate them to a higher, holier and purer moral atmosphere.

When the Scotchman calls to memory that sublime address:

Scots, wha hae a Wallace bled;
 Scots whom Bruce has often led;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to glorious victory.

What an indescribable feeling takes possession of him! How it fills him with a heroism not very dissimilar to that which animated the sacred martyrs. How the "God save the Queen" of the British stirs them up to the innermost depths of their beefy natures! How it fills even the most ignorant and degraded with emotions, transforming them for the time-being into forms not unworthy the image of their Creator. And thus it is with every country and every clime. More heroic emotions, more heroic resolutions are evoked by poetry than by any other cause. While nearly everything else can be made to pander to a depraved appetite, poetry always disgusts when applied to this use. Therefore, as all the lessons it inculcates are elevating in their tendency, just in proportion as poetry exists in a nature, in that proportion will all the virtues that are necessary to a perfect nation abound. One very great cause of the influence of poetry is its universality. From that class of persons

who are "saddest when they sing," to "jolly Jack Falstaff," it embraces all shades of human character. From the "Comedy of Errors" to "Paradise Lost" it deals in every theme. All classes of men have knelt at its shrine, from kings and princes down to the love-sick swain who writes an ode about the red hair of his adored Mary Ann. With what a wonderful cadence does the grand, mysterious Raven of Poe play upon the strings of our inner being. And again, how we answer to the cheerful ringing of his bells! How difficult of analysis is the feeling with which we read Hood's "Last Man;" and how, with Robert Burns, we enter into the joys and sorrows, hopes and fears of the Scotch peasantry. The realm of poetry is like a grand picture or an art gallery, only that the pictures and statues seem to walk and talk—again we see and hear the tremendous conflicts of the dark ages. Again do we see the Saxon and Saracen in mortal combat. Glancing along the dim, dark vista of years we see Horatius defending the bridge; see him plunge into the Tiber and almost imagine we can hear the triumphant shout with which the eager populace received him on shore, and all these are but some of the effects of poetry.

But from these outlines may be derived some conception of it in all its grand, glorious and majestic splendor.

SALMAGUNDI.

THE DELTA TAU DELTA FRATERNITY — ITS ORIGIN AND HISTORY.

By J. S. EATON.

IV. PAPER.

Badges.

At the present state of affairs among almost all classes of people, nearly every society, whether secret or not, must have a badge, or make a distinction of some kind. In many cases even the *would-be* society men wear them—I suppose for the sake of being noticed. The records of the fraternity, so far as an opportunity has been afforded me for investigation, do not show any particular mover in the devising of a badge. But by correspondence it has been my happy lot to ascertain that Mr. H. K. Bell was the inventor of the old square badge. This is probably the first style of badge the fraternity ever adopted, as none can be traced further back than it, that

has ever been brought to my attention. The name of the inventor shows it to be one of the earliest projects with the original founders, or the members of the first chapter, after it was established, for a mark of distinction by which the members of our fraternal bond could be designated. Further it would come greatly in demand about the time attempts were made to establish chapters in other institutions. This, however, may not have been considered of so much importance at that period as at the present, but it is altogether likely that it bore with it some mysterious signification with which many are wont to contend. The various explanations that have attended this badge, and which do still manifest themselves occasionally to some extent among different members, lead me to say a few words in regard to some particular points before leaving it. By this I do not mean to give the true explanation of the symbols as now interpreted, but simply to draw attention to them, that those who find themselves clinging to the old significations may avail themselves of the new or later, at the earliest opportunity. It may also be interesting to some to know what they formerly were, but I can here only intimate them briefly. To expand them, and show wherein they differ from the present might involve more than I would be justified in giving. I must leave those who know anything about Deltaism to infer what I omit.

The three Greek words for which the three letters stand, were formerly, according to tradition, the same at those given before in the primitive motto, and the four stars were held as emblematical of the original founders. Both of these are now wholly discarded, for which reason I feel permitted to mention them here. The black enamel has been elucidated to me as a cabalistic emblem, the meaning of which I confess might be very appropriate, but I don't see how it will hold good in all cases. To those who hold the common known interpretation among Deltas may come the question: What are you going to do with those who wear the new badge? Or, still further, what about those who wear charms, such as on watch chains? If it was put on there for this certain design, why the departure from it in the making and the adoption of the new one, and the omission of it entirely in the case of the charm? The enamel of the new badge being partly the directly opposite of the old one, and the charm without any at all does not seem to me to be very consistent with any such original design as has been sometimes presented. If it was put on for this specific purpose, we have since mournfully digressed from it. To add one more thought, those who wear the two latter would not wholly come under that particular emblem as a reminder of that with

which they were entrusted, and consequently be free so far as that concerns them. I take it that all members of this fraternity are united under one bond of union to keep with fidelity the secret which is given them, and therefore await another explanation for the black enamel.

How vastly different the signification of these symbolic signs are now. It only behooves those who are so prone to follow in the old ruts of misremembered tradition, to become thoroughly acquainted with the present explanation to see the unity and appropriateness of them. The new, or star badge, was designed by B. F. Dinnick, of the formerly Alpha chapter, Delaware, Ohio, and adopted by the fraternity at the convention in 1873, held at Akron, O. With it were introduced two new symbols, namely, the clasped hands and anchor. This style has been fast making its way as a badge worn by the members of our good old Delta Tau.

But here may arise in the minds of some a slight difficulty between what has been said in regard to the black enamel and the addition of these new symbols. It would require the exposition of both to make it clear, but I may simply answer here, that there is an immense difference between the black enamel and those symbols. The former has been on there from the beginning; the latter has been added since only in the sense other improvements have been made in the line of progress. This particular difference between the two may be explained privately on a suitable occasion to any member of this organization who wishes to know more clearly the facts pertaining to them. There is, however, one point of difference which may be allowed to be stated in this place, and that is taken from a financial point of view. It might be an item of considerable importance if the new, coming in so late, was made so authoritatively as to supersede the old, and every member wearing an old badge be forced to lay it aside and buy a new one, especially to a bankrupt pocket-book, as is generally the condition of this particular article of students. I need not assign any further reasons for this, because you all know how it is yourselves. The structure of the new badge is simple, and combination easily understood by a Delta, which I leave for you to consider to your own satisfaction. There is another article which might be mentioned here, as it partakes to some extent of the nature of the badge, namely, the cut, as it appears in the catalogue. No records that could be found show where or by whom this was designed, but most likely it is of early origin. There is at last two different styles of this cut—one containing simply the plain cross, while the other has the letter "A" upon it. Whether there are any more I am unable to say, but this difference may be readily understood

without further explanation. For some time a certain gloom rested upon this mysterious article, which perhaps is now removed. There is no reason at all why a well posted Delta should blunder over this into a fathomless sea as some would represent it. If it is looked at thoughtfully and soberly by a composed mind that knows anything about Deltaism, it will soon be discovered that the supposed cabalistic symbols are not so destitute of interpretation, except perhaps two or three of them. I am not quite certain but what all these occult points can be satisfactorily explained, though it appears that these difficulties must be removed for all before the fog, that for this or some other reason haturally hovers over it, can be dispersed. In regard to the cut of the pin, it would be only consuming time to dwell upon it. It may be mentioned only because it deserves notice as coming in this list, and no doubt came in with the printing of stationery and cards, with which all are familiar. It probably was introduced while Alpha, of Delaware, O., held the reins of government, and under the present administration other cuts, or perhaps more properly, types, have come into use, which serve as an illustration of how the others were introduced. In treating this subject some may think that I have touched rather close upon the border line in places, but my conscience does not tell me that I have said anything contrary to a true Delta Tau Delta. Those who are well posted upon this subject will soon see this, and if I escape censure this time good hopes may be entertained for the future.

ANCIENT MYSTERIES.

BY J. S. HARTZEL, of Tau.

FOURTH PAPER.

IX. Egyptian Mysteries.

The part which Egypt played in ancient civilization and learning make these ceremonies one of the most prominent and influential of the ancient fraternities. Egypt, in fact, gave birth to all the rites, symbols, and societies which were ever introduced into Greece. The priests of these mysteries had a ruling power in the affairs of State, in society, in culture. Their ceremonies were of two kinds, exoteric or public, and esoteric or secret. Their mysteries also were of two classes—the less, or those of *Isis*, and the

greater, or those of *Serapis and Orisis*. They were also divided into three degrees; the mysteries of *Isis* were the first, those of *Serapis* the second, and those of *Orisis* the third. The principal seat of the fraternity was at Memphis.

The ceremonies of initiation were preceded with a course of purification and fasting, ablutions and mortifications. Having thus fitted himself for the reception of the sacred mysteries, he was led by a guide, in the night, to an opening in the side of the pyramid, into which he had to descend on hands and knees. At the foot of the narrow passage was a wide and deep pit, without any visible means of descent. Into this he was asked to go. If he refused, he was reconducted to the surface, and the privilege of membership ever denied him. But if he had faith in the enterprise he was shown a long iron ladder, down which he climbed, and reach the foot of the pit on the sixtieth step, a brazen door, which opened noiselessly and spontaneously, but shut with a crash and a bang behind him, showed the entrance to a winding gallery, which led to a large cave filled with columns and statues and dazzling lamps. A large iron grate separated the gallery from the apartment, through which the neophyte heard the chanting of the priests and priestesses of *Isis*, and mournful dirges and melancholy strains of musical instruments, and at which his guide demanded of him whether he was still firm in his purpose, or, overcome with what he had already seen and experienced, he wished to return to the world. If he still showed determination in battling the dangers of the ceremony, he was led into the apartment, and thence into a narrow passage, on the walls of which he found written the following words: "The mortal who shall travel over this road, without hesitating or looking back, shall be purified by fire, by water, by air, and if he can surmount the fear of death, he shall emerge from the bosom of the earth, and revisit the light, and claim the right of preparing his soul for the reception of the mysteries of the goddess *Isis*." The guide now left him to journey alone, charging him to persevere firm and undismayed. He now passes through the gallery, the little lamp with which he had been provided at the beginning of the journey casting but a faint and unsteady light around him. On the sides of the apartment, placed in niches, are huge statues, and ghost-like spectres meet him and vanish at every step. At the end of the gallery he reaches an iron door guarded by three men, disguised in masks, resembling the heads of jackals, and armed with swords, who first seek to frighten him with noises and a recital of the dangers he has yet to encounter. One of the guards of the door then addressed him in the words: "We are not here to impede your passage. Continue your

journey if the gods have given you the power and strength to do so. But remember, if you once cross the threshold of this door you must not dare to pause or attempt to retrace your steps; if you do, you will find us here to oppose your retreat and prevent your return." If his courage did not fail him he was permitted to pass through the door into the Hall of Fire. The brilliant light and intense heat of this room increase as he advances. The floor of this room is a grate, painted flame color, and covered with substances in a state of combustion, over which he must pass with the greatest speed to escape the flames. But now one obstacle follows another to impede his steps. Having been purified by fire, he must needs pass through a rapid stream of water, conducted into the chamber from the Nile. Into this he plunged with his lamp and garments high above his head, and with great difficulty reached the narrow landing on the other side. This landing place is between two high walls of brass, in one of which is a large brazen wheel, and at the end a large ivory door. This door, however, is unyielding. In looking around he at last sees two large rings, which he seizes in the hope of effecting an entrance. To his dismay, the large brazen wheels revolve with great rapidity and stunning noise; the floor sinks beneath him, and leaves him suspended over an unfathomable abyss, from which issues a chilling blast of wind, which outens his lamp and leaves him in profound darkness. For several minutes he hangs suspended on these rings, chilled by the blast and deafened by the noise, conscious that should his strength fail and no relief come, he should be precipitated into the untold depth, but gradually the noise ceases and the platform resumes its wonted position, the ivory door spontaneously opens, and he finds himself in a large and brilliantly lighted apartment, surrounded by the priests of *Isis*, clothed in the mystic insignia of their office, who welcome him and congratulate him on his escape from the dangers which met him on every step. The ceremonies which we have so far described were preparatory. They fitted the aspirant for the mysteries of the three degrees.

MYSTERIES OF ISIS, OR FIRST DEGREE.

The candidate is again subjected to a series of fastings for nine times nine days, which gradually increase in severity. During this period a rigorous silence is imposed upon him, which, if he keep inviolable, is rewarded by a full knowledge of the esoteric rites and an explanation of the occult signification of the symbols. Then came the *manifestations*, a number of ceremonies lasting twelve days, of which the novice was the subject. He was conducted before and dedicated to the triple statue of *Orisis*, *Isis* and *Horus*, and clothed with the sacred garments, consisting of

the twelve consecrated scarfs and the Olympic cloak. The scarfs were embroidered with the signs of the zodiac, and the cloak with figures that were symbolic of the starry heavens—the abode of the gods. A crown of palms was placed on his head and a torch in his hand. Thus decorated he was led before the altar, where he took the following oath: “I swear never to reveal to any of the uninitiated, the things that I shall see in this sanctuary, or any of the knowledge that shall be communicated to me. I call as witness to my promise the gods of heaven, of earth, and hell, and I invoke their vengeance on my head if I ever wilfully violate my oath.” He was now taken into the most secret part of the sanctuary, where a priest instructed him in the application of the symbols to the doctrines of mysteries.

The time had now come for his appearance before the public, which was done in a solemn procession called the triumphal march of the initiated. Heralds proclaimed the news in all parts of the city. The priest displayed the precious treasure belonging to the sanctuary, and offered a sacrifice to the goddess in the chapel of Isis. The sacrifice was made with great care, after binding it in a veil of white silk embroidered with golden hieroglyphs and concealed beneath a black gauze. The procession then moved westward. First came the triumphal car, drawn by six white horses, bearing the image of Isis; next, the priests in the order of their rank, dressed in their gorgeous regalia, bearing symbols, the utensils of the temple, the books of Thor, and the sacred tablet of Isis, which was a silver plate, with the hieroglyphics sacred to this goddess engraved on it. Then the native and foreign adepts, dressed in white linen garments, with the newly initiated in their midst, distinguished by a white veil. All the houses on the route of the procession were decorated; flowers and perfumes thrown over the novice. After returning to the temple, the novice was seated on a high throne, and a curtain descended before him. He now divested himself of his processional garments and put on the white linen garb which was always to distinguish him, during which the priests chanted hymns to the goddess. The curtain again rose, and he was hailed as an adept. A festival lasting three days concluded the ceremonies of the first degree.

THE MYSTERIES OF SERAPIS, OR SECOND DEGREE.

Of this degree the little that is known is unimportant. They were celebrated at the summer solstice, and at night. Fasting and purification prepared the candidate for taking the solemn step; and no one was allowed to participate unless previously initiated into the first degree.

THE MYSTERIES OF ORISIS, OR THIRD DEGREE.

This is a tragedy in which Orisis is represented by the candidate, and the legend of the death

of Orisis by his brother Typhon commemorated. The ceremony consisted of funeral rites and deep sorrow for the death of Orisis (who was a wise king of Egypt, and had reformed his people and brought them to a high state of civilization) by Typhon (who usurped his throne while the king was spreading his civilization abroad) when the former remonstrated with him on the impropriety of his conduct; the mutilating of the king's body and its committal to the waters of the Nile; Isis searching for the body, found it, gave it to the priests, who restored it to life. One part of the body, however, could not be found—the *membrum virile*, for which she substituted a fictitious representation, and which, under the name of *Phallus*, was the emblem of fecundity in the ancient mysteries. They closed with the destruction of Typhon. The symbolic application of this tradition was this: Osiris was the symbol of goodness and truth; Typhon of error and evil; the murder of Orisis, the temporary subjugation of virtue, and his resurrection the ultimate triumph of good. Another version of the legend gives it a purely astronomical character. Orisis was the sun, Isis the moon, Typhon winter, which destroyed the fecundating and fertilizing power of the sun, thus destroying his life, and the return of summer, the resurrection of Orisis and the death of Typhon.

The esoteric doctrines of the Egyptian mysteries related to the gods, the creation and government of the world, and the nature and condition of the human soul. The mysteries were represented to the candidate during initiation as coming from Adam, Seth and Enoch, and they called the perfect initiate of the third degree *At-om-jah*, from the name of the deity. Secrecy was enjoined upon them, and all their lessons were taught by symbols; thus, among others, the following were some of the most important, *a point within a circle*, was a symbol of the deity surrounded by eternity; *a globe*, of the supreme and eternal God; a serpent holding its tail in its mouth, a symbol of eternity and the eternal revolution of the sun; a serpent throwing an egg from its mouth, a symbol of the production of all things by the heat of the sun; the double tan, the active and passive power of nature in the generation of all things; a child sitting on the lotus was another symbol of the sun; a palm tree, of victory; a staff, of authority; an ant, knowledge; a goat, fecundity; a wolf, of aversion; the right hand, with the fingers open, of plenty; and the left hand closed, of protection.

The October Election in Ohio—The Uncertainty of Victory—The Warning It bears on Its Face.

The independent political position that the CRESCENT must assume will allow us to say only a few things politically. But the change witnessed in the past few days is so unexpected by both great political parties—by prophets and politicians—that it becomes us to note it.

A halt is called in the great party's acts that has been ruling the United States. It may end

in a rebuke, or it may be the cause of a purification of parties that can only be attained by defeat.

For twenty years the Democratic party has been toiling up the hill, each year adding a little more strength and gaining more new positions. It has been *the* party of progress—and consequently the party of the people. It has lost nothing and gained much.

The magnificent military achievement of the Republican party has been lost in civil strife by a too wanton and corrupt usage of its privileges and advantages. The glory and fame of its leaders and generals have been sullied in a time of peace by the rich pickings of official sales and trades.

In adversity the Democratic party has learned lessons of economy and frugality. Seeking influence and favor its leaders have kept themselves and their skirts clean of disgrace and corruption. And in this manner it has slowly toiled up the hill, gaining strength and advantage in every valley.

In Ohio, it has been a party of great progress and of liberal plans and ideas. It has fought corruption and catered to the wishes of the plebeian. It has consulted the interest and welfare of the lowly, and passed unheeded the bondholder and the banker.

Hence, on the 9th of October, one of the most enthusiastic outbursts for a man and a cause, seen for a quarter of a century, took place. It is not R. M. Bishop, it is not a name, but a cause headed by a man.

From the humble workers in the field; from "the hewers of wood and drawers of water," a man was quietly selected, and by one grand effort of the people planted high above his compeers and companions.

It is beyond doubt the most unexpected and unbelievable victory that the Democratic party has experienced for years. This is proved by the fact that all prophets and politicians were deceived in their estimate of the results.

The great lessons learned by the victorious party in adversity remain to be put in action. It will be an interesting lesson to observe the result. It remains a mooted question whether the Democratic party, carried away by success and victory, may not neglect the golden opportunity now offered, and instead of purifying and cleaning the departments already tainted, fall even less than their predecessors. It is not hard to predict the result of such a course. Their stay will be as brief as their victory was brilliant.

But the day of triumph is the hour of uncertainty. Ere a conqueror is settled on a throne, it is undermined. And ere the Democrats can

celebrate their victory, disruption, strife in and out, disparagements and dissatisfaction may destroy and overthrow them.

The teachings of peace are too often neglected in war, and the brilliancy of victory often blinds the conquerors. That is the abyss which now yawns before the party of victory. The ditch of destruction is before them, and it now only remains to be seen whether they can jump clear of it.

To the analyzer no doubt it will appear the victory of the Democratic party was greatly aided by dissensions in the Republican camp, and no doubt much is owing to the insatiable desire for a change of administration and government. This desire for change is the quicksand which has gathered so many fallen parties and party leaders. It has always existed, and no doubt always will.

The people are so nomadic in their ideas and opinions that the smartest and keenest politician can hardly keep ahead of them. And the very ideas that brought about the changes in the late Ohio election may be the uncertain strand in which the party will lodge in another year.

The party of progress is the party of the hour, and is to be the party of to-morrow and the future. Stagnation is defeat—worse than corruption. The Tammany Hall party has seldom been defeated, because it was eminently the party of progress—the party of to-morrow—however corrupt.

The Closing Year.

Before the CRESCENT again greets its readers the present year will have passed away. One more page will have been added to the volume of Time. The hopes, the sorrows, the disappointments, the deeds—good and bad—of seventy seven will be ended. The drama of this year will be over; the scene will have been shifted and new plays introduced on the stage of life for another year. From the graves of crushed hopes and buried loves new hopes and other loves will have sprung. But with cheerful hearts let us wipe away the tears of sorrow and grief that, uninvited, will come; and, "taking up life's burden anew," as we bid the old year adieu with a tear and a sigh, turn away from its grave soon to be hidden by snow, and with a smile greet the new year.

The CRESCENT sincerely wishes its readers "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year." May the new year propitiously dawn upon you; and may all your bright and cherished hopes, yet unfulfilled, be more than realized during the coming of seventy eight.

To our many readers who are college students,

and who will soon go home to receive the motherly kiss and embrace of love and approbation, our heart goes out with warmth and affection. For though the college days of him who writes this are over, and his mother sleeps in the silent grave, he has not forgotten them; and he wishes well all who are as happy as he was once happy. Enjoy yourselves, young friends, while the time of rejoicing is at hand. We do not wish to discourage you, but only to entreat you to make good use of your time and opportunity, when we tell you your hopes are brighter now, your joys more intense, and the flowers of your pathway sweeter than they will ever be again. College life has charms and pleasures that no other period of life possesses. Friends now take an interest in your welfare, who will soon forget you when you have passed out, and into "the cold world." Soon you will mingle with the busy masses, and be engaged in that strife for existence, for wealth, for honor, and only those who attain the latter will be cared for or remembered. Even then it will not be because you were once the favored and admired student, but because it is natural for us to honor the great, and worship the hero.

The closing year has not been an uneventful one. War, famine, pestilence, and contentions have prevailed, and each in its place held sway. Blood has flown freely; famine has held dominion; pestilence has depopulated; contentions have been ripe and great. Strong hearts have grown faint and weak; noble deeds have seemed of but little avail. Sin has appeared to increase, while truth, to the casual observer, and the faint of heart, has seemed to grow weak and powerless.

The three leading, conspicuous events of seventy-seven have been the settling of the Presidential contest in the United States, the famine in India, and the Turko-Russian war. Each has had a bearing upon mankind, and has developed latent powers, not only of national, but of human importance.

The former, which seriously threatened the peace of our nation, was settled by the tripartite committee, thus preserving our country from the danger of civil war. Though we did not approve of the measure at the time, and still doubt its constitutionality, yet it accomplished a great work. The amicable settlement of this great and dangerous question, through which no other nation could have passed without bloodshed, adds increased grandeur and lustre to the American Union, evincing the truth, that we are not only great in war, but great at the time when it is hardest to be great—great in peace.

The famine in India has shown that mankind has not grown heartless and selfish, as we might be tempted to believe, but that there still remains in the human heart seeds of mercy, love and benevolence, and that, when the occasion demands,

those seeds will spring up and bear noble fruit, to the glory of God.

The great Eastern war is still waging fiercely. Its results are unknown, though they point to the success of the Russian arms. Before another year is ended the Ottoman Empire, which has stood for over four centuries in Europe, may be dismembered.

Though we do not approve of Turkish manners and customs, yet our heart is with Turkey. We do not give credence to the hypocritical pretext put forth by Russia, that it is a religious war. Such is not true, for there is no religion on either side. Russia is fighting for aggrandizement of territory, while Turkey is contending for nationality. Between avarice and patriotism we will always be found on the side of the latter. And although it may be said the Turks have slaughtered the Christians, so have the Christians slaughtered the Turks. Though the Crescent may go down stained with blood, and the shrieks of the innocent slain mingle with the last convulsive roar of the turbulent strife, that will forever envelop it, yet the heroic deeds of Turkey in this great struggle, will live on the pages of the unbiased historian, and be praised by an unprejudiced posterity.

In summing up the results of the year, let not the friends of truth grow despondent. Though error in its march seems to have outstripped truth, still truth has kept onward and upward. Though error, intemperance and superstition have filled the earth with misery, crime and woe, yet mercy, justice and reason, in their mission of love and truth have not been idle or unavailing. The prayers of the saints of earth, have not been in vain. Though they may not seem to have accomplished the desires of the loving hearts that gave them utterance, yet they have risen, as the sweet incense, to the throne of mercy, and in fullness of time, as the gentle rain and the soft dew falls from the heavens upon the parched earth, and revives the vegetation, clothing the earth with the tender and luxuriant growth of beauty and life, transforming the desert into a paradise, those prayers will gently fall from heaven fraught with mercy and love to a sin-trodden and blood-stained world, to nurture and foster truth in its holy mission. As we have faith in the Prince of Truth, so let us have faith in truth. Sin in its accomplishments is so glaring and showy, while truth is so meek and gentle, that the former are over-estimated, while those of the latter are greatly underrated. While the forces of sin are growing weaker, and it builds upon its overtaxed energies, those of truth are increasing, and it builds upon its successes. And at last, when sin has exhausted its powers, truth shall have sweet and tranquil dominion, and in the end shall rise transplendent to Him who gave it.

First Grand Division.

As has often been remarked before, this, the First Division, has greater difficulties in getting new and good men than any other division has, in the shape of numerous other fraternity chapters, established in the same colleges and universities as its chapters are, and consequently the chapters in the East have fewer men in them than have those of the Western States. Nevertheless our brothers here are imbued with the same true Delta spirit, which inspires them to go on with their work without getting discouraged, and our chapters have kept themselves in a good working condition, sometimes with only four or five staunch members, for a year or two, sooner than take in gentlemen of whom they had even the slightest fears that he would in the end prove a poor worker.

Chapter Pi has at present only two active members, two resident graduates, and one resident member, but she looks forward to better times. The other fraternity chapters at Lehigh University seem to be in a poor condition, and the brothers of Pi hope that good material will soon be found in the new students, who will come during the succeeding terms.

Chapter Tau has already made herself conspicuous in the CRESCENT, in a most praiseworthy manner, and she deserves great credit for it.

Chapter Nu, at Lafayette College, Easton, must be considered extinct, as the members in it number only two, and they will graduate next June. They are staunch brothers, but they could not overcome the odds against them.

Chapter Rho, at Hoboken, can show a pretty large membership, but I do not know much about them, as they have been uncommunicative this term.

Chapter Gamma, at Washington, Pa., after struggling along with five, and sometimes only four members for two years, is now in a very prosperous condition, having taken in a number of new men this term.

Chapter Delta B' has not been heard from this term, no replies having been received from her to various postals and letters I sent them.

L. T. W.

Letter from Gamma.

WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON COLLEGE,
WASHINGTON, PA.,
December, 1877.

Dear Crescent: Thinking that it would be both interesting and pleasant to the numerous

members of Gamma to learn something concerning the present condition of our chapter, and also taking it into consideration that the fraternity at large should be informed of our whereabouts, we take advantage of the opportunity offered us by the CRESCENT, which received a warm welcome from Gamma, and who recognize it as a necessary result, coming from a deep interest taken in the welfare of the fraternity by its founders. We started out the present year with but four active members, but by hard work we have succeeded in increasing our number to twelve, and considering the fact that we had eight other fraternities to contend with, and any one of these exceeding us in numbers, we think that we may justly congratulate ourselves upon the result of our labors, and we now feel justified in saying that the D. T. D. now stands at the head of the secret societies of our college, a position it has not held for some time past, due mainly to its very small membership, for the reputation has always been the same. By comparing our chapter with others some one might say that we were too small in numbers, yet being familiar with the circumstances which surround us, the great number of fraternities opposing us, the scarcity of good men and other matters of less importance, we think that they would agree with us in saying that it is better to be small in number and harmonize, than to have a great many, some of whom you secretly wished you had never known. Our members move in the best society the town affords, and also stand high in their classes, being at the same time sociable and studious. This success of the D. T. D. has not been looked upon by others without envy and sometimes hatred, the last having sprung from our taking two good men out of the clutches of certain societies in which they would have been out of place had they been so unfortunate as to have been left to their fate.

And now we respectfully submit these few notes to you, and will be pleased to see them soon in your columns.

Fraternally yours, G. P. M.

Personals from Gamma.

"Have you an engagement for the next lecture?" is the question often asked Bro. Logan.

Bros. Penny and Boyle have found it necessary, on account of ill health, to leave college for a time.

Bro. Workman, the sweet-toned singer of Gamma, occupies a responsible position in the Washington's savings bank.

Being at present on a visit to his home in Wheeling, W. Va., Bro. Olmsted is forced to give up his nightly visits to No. — North Main street.

We have several "Deltas" among the girls of the Washington Female Seminary.

Bro. Fred Wilson is at his home in Pleasantville, having left college on account of his health.

Bro. Hall is married, and the father of a fine boy.

Bro. Thomas Morgan is doing a thriving bus-

iness in the dry goods line, and is always glad to see any of the "Deltas."

Among the shining lights of the Washington bar are Bros. Duncan & Aiken.

The genial face of Bro. "Billy" Oller often greets us as he passes this way on his ministerial duties.

Bro. Beacom, formerly of Alpha, is being watched with much interest by the fraternity. He has a bad case on Bean street.

They do say that Bro. Graham eats pie with the "child" and is "solid" with the old folks.

The more letters Bro. Moore gets from Chicago, the more M. B. he takes in.

Bro. Swart, while trying to get a look at some Sems, was run over by a go-cart, which laid him up for a week.

It is reported that Bro. J. F. Taylor will soon experience the sugar-coated happiness of married life.

G. P. M.

Chapter Rho—Steven's Institute of Technology.

We welcome the CRESCENT—we welcome it in every sense of the word. The fact is, our members look for it as regularly as though it were an old and long-established periodical. We fully endorse the objects to be accomplished by the CRESCENT, and the point of its being non-sectarian and independent in politics is greatly appreciated, and is indeed of no little importance and consideration in an organization so extensive in membership, and so well represented throughout the country as the Delta Tau Delta Fraternity.

For the information of those of our Brothers who have departed from their alma mater in body but not in spirit, to follow up their respective courses of life, and for the general information of our sister chapters and the fraternity at large, I will subjoin a comparatively brief, and, I trust, interesting account of our present status.

What a vast contrast between the present condition of the chapter, and the prospects that stared us in the eyes about a year ago! Instead of a temporary dissolution or suspension, which at that time appeared unavoidable from the want of membership, to-day our roll includes the names of nineteen active members, about 75 per cent. of whom are new and valuable acquisitions, the Freshmen class having contributed a noble representation, and I hesitate not to say that the perpetuity and safety of a chapter is largely dependent upon the number of Freshmen constituting it. In numbers we compare very favorably with any of the other brotherhoods represented at "Stevens," while in character, in standing, individually and as a unit, and in the objects to be attained, we defy competition.

Our rooms, consisting of a floor in a private house, are comfortably furnished, and have a very inviting appearance. We make it a home or retreat, whither we can go and pass our leisure in social or literary pastime. Our library, a very recent enterprise, contains already over sixty volumes of works of standard authors, works of fiction, of science, engineering, &c., with prospects of a large increase. The rooms

are supplied regularly with the current literature, including the CRESCENT, Scientific American, Scientific American Supplement, Scribner's and Harper's Monthlies, North American Review, Appleton's Journal, Harper's Weekly, &c. These are contributions by individual members, and are not subscriptions on the part of the chapter, thus indicating to some extent the interest and enthusiasm with which our members labor for that which is beautiful and good. Even the lady friends of the members assist us by adorning our rooms with decorations and needle-work ornaments, &c.

The treasurer reports our financial circumstances in a prosperous condition, which means that we can meet all bills of expenses incurred by us, and also that the treasurer is not restless in the performance of his duties. It is gratifying to state that many of those who have left us by graduation from colleges are always ready to lend assistance to their chapter, financially as well as in many other ways, and they are frequently recalled in our memories for their kind deeds and remembered of us in the hour of necessity.

We are always pleased to be kept well informed of the success and doings of our sister chapters, but correspondence, as we all know, takes a great amount of time—perhaps more than can be actually devoted to the purpose—a remedy for all of which undoubtedly proves to be the CRESCENT—the organ essential to our existence and well-being as a fraternity, and the monument which we erect in life, to serve to our successors as a memorial of an unsustained record—a record truly enviable, to be maintained evermore, and if possible surpassed.

Hurrah for the present,
Whate'er be in store;
Success to the CRESCENT!
Live on evermore!

THEO. F. KOEZLY.

The Second Grand Division—From Chapter Theta.

DELTA TAU DELTA FRATERNITY.

B. T. H. STUCKEY.

'Tis with a joyous, loud hurrah,
We sing of the noble Delta Tau;
It is a friendly, brotherly band
Standing together hand in hand.

War cannot make us ever part,
For we are linked together heart to heart,
Doing as all true Deltas should,
We "labor for the beautiful and good."

The North and South may separate,
Our boys may be far and near,
But Deltaism grows at a rapid rate;
Deltas are friends of ladies, dear.

And when we gather round the judgment bar,
And find the heavenly gate standing ajar;
We will grasp each brother by the hand,
And give him the grips of our noble band.

BETHANY, W. VA., Dec. 3d, 1877.

Local and Personal.

Read our poetry.

Every chapter should meet once a week.

Wanted—Every member of Theta Chapter to subscribe for the CRESCENT.

We desire that our subordinate chapters report to us through the corresponding secretaries at least once a month.

Theta Hall is now being painted, when it will present the finest appearance of any building on Main street.

Now that Thanksgiving is over, and the anniversary of our fraternity comes off on the 1st, of January, what say the members of Theta for a grand supper and ball in the evening?

Wanted—Every member of the Second Division to subscribe for the CRESCENT.

Notwithstanding the weather is intensely cold, and it is almost impossible to keep one's room warm, Theta Hall, with her new stove, the "Black Hills," is always comfortable.

A new programme has been made for Theta Chapter, and hereafter all meetings will be opened and closed with singing.

The latest addition to Theta Hall, and which adds greatly to its appearance, is our motto, "We labor for the beautiful and good," in glowing gilt letters, which are so well shaded that they stand out like blocks on the wall.

Last week we were the recipients of a pleasant, though short, visit from our jolly friends and Bro. Deltas, Messrs. Iddings and Cree. They were looking hale, hearty, and as good humored as ever, (characteristic features of the Deltas,) and we hope that their future happiness may be no less than it seemed that day.

Notice—The undersigned has recently established a paper agency at Chapter Theta, for the benefit of the Second Division. All subordinate chapters wishing fraternity paper, envelopes, &c., should write at once to James H. Shinn, Bethany, W. Va.

It is with profound regret that we learn that our Bro. Delta and Alumnus of Chapter Theta and Bethany College, J. C. Roseborough, has met with the misfortune of getting his entire law office and library destroyed by a recent fire in St. Louis. But we are glad to learn that he will soon re-open his office and hang out his sign in Wheeling. We gladly welcome him among us again.

As the world grows older everything becomes better systematized, and the old and imperfect inventions of the past give way to the new and complete of the present. So with the fraternity. We have lately received some badges with blue enamel in the centre instead of black, which, we think, make the most beautiful pins we have ever seen. The work is perfect, and reflects credit upon its undertakers.

While crossing the river at Wellsburg, last week, on the steam ferry Diana, we were agreeably surprised by our friend, and accommodating Captain, O. M. Waddle, deliberately thrusting his hand into his pocket, drawing therefrom one dollar, and asking that the CRESCENT be sent

him for one year. "Many thanks, Captain. We hope you may never regret it, and shall do our best to give you the worth of your money. Who'll be the next?"

We would again like to urge upon our members the necessity of subscribing for the CRESCENT. It will only cost you one dollar a year, and now, as the history of the fraternity is being published, we deem it of the greatest importance that every member should take it. So send in your orders. The history of the fraternity alone is worth the price of one year's subscription. Fraternally,
J. H. S.

Locals from Eta.

On Thanksgiving Eta Hall was enlivened by the presence of a party of the young ladies of Buchtel College. Come again.

During Thanksgiving holidays, Eta has been favored by visits of ex-member A. C. Crafts, Auburn, O.; W. S. Parshall, Titusville, Pa., and A. R. Ginn, class of '77, Cincinnati.

Dr. Morris, a well-known Mason of high standing, and an extensive traveler, lectured to the students of Buchtel on "Coins," Nov. 28th.

The second lecture of the Delta course was delivered Wednesday evening, Nov. 28, by Judge S. C. Williamson, "Character and Genius of Robert Burns" being his subject. Though not very well attended, on account of bad weather, the lecture was one which far outranks the majority of lectures of professional lecturers. The lecturer was grandly original, and spoke with the ease and confidence of one who understands his subject, and is sincere in what he says. His familiarity with Burns was amply shown by the abundance of his quotations. All who took the trouble to come through the storm to hear Judge Williamson returned amply repaid for the effort, and feeling the shallowness of their own study of poems and poetry.

Buchtel College holds an oratorical contest Jan. 11th, 1878. The best orator will represent the college in the State contest to be held at Tiffin, O., April 10th, 1878. The Deltas are well represented among the contestants, and stand as good a chance of carrying off first honor as they did last year. Bro. N. C. Chisnell was the lucky orator last year, and represented the college with honor at the State contest.

Bro. S. R. Ladd, who represented Eta at the convention in Ann Arbor two years ago, is in Victor, N. Y. He is as active a member of his chapter now as ever before, if we may judge from his ready response to assist in every Delta enterprise.
D.

The Third Grand Division.

Third Division is in good working condition. The chapters send in "words of cheer."

Chi, of Franklin, has been mutually dissolved. Faculty interfered, and the members had not enough courage to "hold the fort."

Kappa, of Hillsdale, Mich., writes that their chapter has better prospects now than ever before. Success to Kappa. H. T. Smith is the corresponding secretary. Six members have lately united with Kappa.

Iota, of Lansing, Mich., is now having a vacation. Iota is one of our largest and best chapters. Iota has never been on the tardy list with any of her duties.

Chapter Psi, of Crawfordsville, Ind., is becoming a bright star in the constellation of Delta Tauism. Bro. Kendall is a wide awake Delta. Psi has a good field for labor, and much is expected of her.

Omicron, at Greencastle, Ind., is not doing much. The boys have not a good opportunity. May they survive and reap victory, is our sincere wish.

The chapter at Bloomington, Ill., is a new one, but is doing well.

The chapter at Albion, Mich., is also a new chapter, but is a good one. It has a large membership, and the members are enthusiastic Delta Taus. They, as all the rest, are pleased with the CRESCENT.

Phi, at Hanover, never was better than at present. Phi has a good hall, and has her meetings every Thursday night. The members all enjoy the meetings, and much interest is manifested.

W. A. C.

HANOVER, IND., Dec. 3. 1877.

Grand Chapter Phi.

Phi has thirteen members. Bro. Lambe, of Phi, was elected Valedictorian from the Philal. Society for the Spring Exhibition. This is the highest honor in the gifts of the society. Out of seven speakers for the Spring Exhibition of the Philal. Society, four are Delta Taus. Two are honor men, Salutorian and Valedictorian. Bro. Allen will deliver the Salutatory. For the 22d of February Exhibition Bro. Slaughter will deliver the Valedictory. The speakers for the primary contest of Hanover College were announced last Wednesday morning by President Heckman. Bros. Shannon, Lambe and Cullop will represent the Delta Taus.

Bro. Weems is expected to pay his first love, Phi, a visit soon. Come on, Jim. We'll be glad to see you. Yours,

W. A. C.

HANOVER, IND., Dec. 3, 1877.

Fourth Grand Division.

CHAPTER XI

Gladly sends greeting to the CRESCENT, and earnestly hopes that the signification of its name may be realized by meeting with continuously increasing favor. The CRESCENT, like the growing orb of night, increases in pleasing effect, as page succeeds page, transmitting intelligence of inestimable value to the branch chapters of Deltaism.

We greet the CRESCENT. We welcome it as a dear friend, and hold it as a firm supporter of our rights, and believe that it will earnestly endeavor to disseminate the true sentiment of each Delta chapter, and perpetuate the fraternal bond between all Delta brothers. Believing this, we support it, and work for it so far as we may.

Our chapter is actively earnest in all that pertains to the Delta cause.

Our membership is continually growing, and only by such additions as increase our pride of the fraternity. During the winter term we miss from our hall many of our most genial brothers, they being impelled by solicitations for a financial reimbursement to enter the teacher's field.

G. J. D.

Chapter Omega.

AG'L COLLEGE, AMES, IOWA, Nov. 15, '77.

Editor Crescent: Thinking that perhaps some of our Eastern brothers would like to hear from one of the Western chapters, I send you a short account of the reunion held by the brothers of chapter Omega, with the members of the I. C. Sisterhood. It is needless to state the object, for all brothers who know the benefits to be derived from such fraternal reunions must feel with us the pleasure of thus binding closer the bonds of fellowship and adding another link in the chain of common interest. The two fraternities met in the Crescent Hall at 7 o'clock P. M., and listened to the following programme:

INVOCATION.

MUSIC.

GREETINGS..... { ELLEN RICE, I. C.
E. L. KING, D. T. D.
ESSAY..... "Temple of Idleness"

ALFA CAMPBELL, I. C.

MUSIC.

POEM..... The Bitter Wine Cup

J. N. MUNCEY, D. T. D.

ESSAY..... Revelations

CORA KEITH, I. C.

VALEDICTORY..... J. W. DOXSEE, D. T. D.

MUSIC.

After the literary exercises, a general social time followed, in which all joined. Every one seemed to feel that on him rested in a measure the pleasure of this our first reunion, and the result was a brilliant success. No one was disappointed, and each left the hall feeling his love for the good old Delta Tau stronger than ever. The reunion will be a green spot in the memory of many brothers who severed that night the line of college life, and exchanged their fraternal associations for the busy rounds of the world. Seven brothers graduated in this year's class, and as they parted with those who are to remain, and upon whom depends the honor, the success, and the future character of chapter Omega, they could only wish them success, hoping that the brotherly love would always remain as unsullied by selfish feelings as that which then existed.

Fraternally, W. A. H.

Those wishing the last catalogue of the Fraternity (76) can be supplied by sending to W. W. Shilling, box 355, Meadville, Pa. Price, 42 cts. per copy, post paid.

General Personals.

We neglected to mention, in our last issue, that Bro. John J. Howard, of chapter Phi, was admitted to the bar to practice law, at Batavia, Ohio, on the 17th of September. Our fraternal congratulations we freely tender Bro. H., and trust he may achieve much renown in his profession.

The Rev. Stephen Bowers, formerly of San Francisco, Cal., has a call to the Meridian street M. E. Church, Indianapolis, Ind. Bro. B. was a member of "our old Alpha," at Delaware, O., and is one of the leading ministers of his church.

Prof. Graham, principal of the schools at Columbus, Ind., was formerly a member of the fraternity. He belonged to the chapter at Monmouth, Ill. We are told that Bro. G. still wears his badge, a custom we heartily approve of. Were we to wear our badge after leaving college it would be the means of many a happy meeting. Let us wear them.

James Lane Allen and Milton R. Freshwater, of the Bethany W. Va., chapter, are rising members of the Chicago bar. Both are true and tried Deltas.

D. S. Pipes, of the same chapter, is practicing law in St. Louis, Mo.

R. L. Organ, of the old Bloomington, Ind., chapter, is engaged in the practice of law at Carmi, Ill.

C. C. Maynard, so long the able and efficient Grand Corresponding Secretary of Division Fourth, graduated at Galesburg, Ill., with the class of '77, and is now traveling in Oregon. The CRESCENT follows Bro. M. He will place his many friends of the CRESCENT under many obligations if he will furnish us items of travel for publication.

"Marshall E. Newhouse, Esq., will deliver his lecture before the Young People's meeting at the Christian Church next Saturday evening. The programme will also include several fine musical selections. A cordial invitation is extended to all."

Bro. Newhouse is located at Rushville, Ind. He is a true Delta, and a warm supporter of the CRESCENT. Bro. N. was at one time a member of chapter Phi, of Hanover College, and is an eloquent speaker, and, we prophesy, gave his audience a rich treat, well worth their attention. Success to our Brother Delta.

Chas. E. Richmond, of Alpha, favored the last number of the CRESCENT with a manly and patriotic article in defense of holding our annual conventions at Put-in-Bay.

Mr. Will S. Foltz, of New Castle, Pa., a member of our chapter Beta, was married at Greenville, Pa., Monday, Oct. 15th, to Miss Mary E. Scofield, daughter of Rev. J. C. Scofield. We tender to Bro. Foltz our sincere congratulations, and wish him and his happy bride a prosperous and sunny voyage across life's broad ocean, assuring them that they take with them the best wishes of the fraternity. May the "sweet rays from an endless morn'" ever light up their voyage.

1827.

1877.

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