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NOTE: This issue has been partially recovered from the original file that had become corrupted due to data degradation. The following remains to be presented as-is.

Formatted for double-sided printing. Digitally stored on bio-degradable electrons! Editor's Notes In late November, the new Website for Mike's RDNA: # HYPERLINK "<http://www.rdna.org>" ##<http://www.rdna.org># # HYPERLINK "<http://www.geocities.com/mikerdna>" #www.geocities.com/mikerdna# has been my personal website for Reformed Druidic material since 1998 and a continuation of a previous website in 1995 at St. Cloud State University in Minnesota. The provider, Geocities, will be closing operations and `mikerdna` will be hosted by Yahoo! instead with a new domain by the end of November. There will be a separate mailing to announce this. During this month, I won't be able to adjust the geocities.com website during the transition. Deadline for the Yule issue is December 5th, 2009. For Submissions: Send to # HYPERLINK "<mailto:mikerdna@hotmail.com>" ##mikerdna@hotmail.com# Next Issue highlights: What's in your Druid bag?, Charitable giving options, Are you a Cheap-skate Druid?, Ancient & Modern Fashion Corner, Why My Religion is So Much Better than Yours, 'Yule be sorry' ñ a short story. #Table of Contents News of the Groves Green Book Gems: Quotes on Death Cheating Death: A Mini Story Ethics Corner: Planning Your Legacy Humor Corner: Top 10 Things Your Ancestors Want Types of Theologies, Part 1 of 2, by Daniel The Legend of Sleepy Hollow, 12 pages The Tale of Tam O'Shanter, 4 pages Tech Corner: 3 More Druidic Podcasts Media Corner: 4 More Miyazaki Movies News: Passing of a Legend - David Carradine News: Paganism, just another Religion Advertisements: Aontacht Magazine Advertisements: Afterlife Tourism

News of the GrovesA fuller list of the known active Reformed Druid groves is still available at# HYPERLINK
"http://www.geocities.com/mikerdna/wheregrove.html"
#www.geocities.com/mikerdna/wheregrove.html#Carleton Grove: News from MinnesotaAvery says that Carleton is planning a simple Samhain bonfire or luncheon before the regular Halloween parties on campus, and then invite the folks over after those festivities to talk and beat drums.†Monument Grove (briefly revived): News from DCWith some luck, I will arrive in Montreal, Quebec, Canada in early November after Samhain. I hope to join the Woodland Grove there upon my arrival and collaborate on new activities. I will be moving my website from geocities.com/mikerdna to RDNA.org in November.NEW OMS/RDG Message Board!Please visit our new OMS/RDG message board at <http://mithrilstar.org/yabb> Please go over there and register, perhaps introduce yourself, so we can all fairly evaluate this new board. Fact is, barring any major technical problems, we will be moving all messaging activity to this new board, and leaving Yahoo behind, possibly as soon as Yule. The new board is divided up into sections: The general RDG section (for everyone).The Mithrilstar section (for OMS members).The NoDaL section (for 3rd degree members). The Archdruid section (for our Grove leaders).There is even a "geek" section for the computer professionals among us. As soon as I discover you've registered, I will grant access to any additional sections you are entitled to. Please feel free to write me personally if you have any questions or concerns. May you never thirst for the Waters of Life,and May the FOREST be with you always!
Druid Ellis Arseneau /|\Patriarch, Order of the Mithril Star, RDG Senior-Scribe, Reformed Druids of Gaia PS: Remember that it is our intention to be completely moved into our new forum-home by Yule. We don't want to lose you! Please register today --
<http://www.mithrilstar.org/yabb>

Green Book Gems: Quotes about DeathSee the Green Books in ARDA.
Spent 30 minutes clipping some somber thoughts about Death to
brighten your day.#

Book Two: Modern Gaels Death looks the old in the face and lurks behind the youths. Dead men tell not tales, but there's many a thing learned in a wake house. There are more lies told in a wake-room than in a court-room. Death is deaf, and will hear nae denial. Book Three: Haiku No hesitation anymore! Having given it all up, I'm quite ready To die..... 143. No parents, no friends, No children, no wife, How lonely! I would rather Die! 149. No parents, No wife, No children, No job, no money; But, no death, thank you. 150. What shall I leave as A keepsake after I die? In spring, flowers; Summer, cuckoos; Fall, red maple leaves; Book Three: Various Other Quotes: Poets and pigs are appreciated only after their death. -Italian He who has been near to death knows the worth of life. -Turkemestan The fall of a leaf is a whisper to the living. -Russian He who is fated to hang will never drown. -Scottish One Calamity is better than a thousand counsels. -Turkish Your karma ran over my dogma. -Unknown I'm not afraid to die. I just don't want to be there when it happens. -Woody Allen I cannot tell you your fate, a man should not know his fate until he is halfway through life. If he were to know sooner, it would all seem an illusion. -Plexus, Gatorr Book Four: Native American Proverbs: There is no death, only a change of worlds. -Duwamish A brave man dies but once - a coward many times. -Iowa In death I am born. -Hopi They are not dead who live in the hearts they leave behind. -Tuscarora All who have died are equal. -Comanche Sing your death song and die like a hero going home. -Shawnee. Death always comes out of season. -Pawnee Life is not separate from death, it only looks that way. -Blackfoot The Dead add their strength and counsel to the living. -Hopi Book Four: African Story The Skull A Tale from West Africa A hunter came upon a huge tree with a whitened skull at its base. The skull spoke and said, "Beyond a certain hill is a field of calabashes. Take them to your hungry village, but do not tell anyone how you obtained them." "How did you come to be here?" asked the hunter. "My mouth killed me," said the skull. The hunter returned to the village with the calabashes and immediately told everyone, "A talking skull showed me a field of food!" The Chief called him a liar. "Then come with me! I'll prove what I say is true. When they arrived at the tree, the hunter spoke to the skull but it remained silent. The hunter was put to death on the spot for lying. In time, two whitened skulls sat beneath the tree. The first turned to the second and said, "See, in death we meet again, my kin. It's true a mouth can do you in!" Book Four: Aphoristic Advice A man's dying is more the survivors' affair than his own. -Thomas Mann Our repugnance to death increases in proportion to our consciousness of having lived in vain. -William Hazlitt Days and months are travelers of eternity. So are the years that pass by... I myself have been tempted for a long time by the cloud-moving wind - filled with a strong desire to wander. -Basho Tzu-Lu asked how one should serve ghosts and spirits. The Master said, How can there be any proper service of spirits until living men have been properly served? Tzu-lu then ventured upon a question about the dead [whether they are conscious]. The Master said, Until a man knows about the living, how can he know about the dead? -

Confucius, Analects, 11,11 Excess of grief for the deceased is madness, for it is an injury to the living, and the dead know it not.

-Xenophanes It's not that I'm afraid to die. I just don't want to be there when it happens.

-Woody Allen The world is moving so fast these days that the man who says it can't be done is generally interrupted by someone doing it.

-Elbert Hubbard The youth get together his materials to build a bridge to the moon, or perchance, a place or temple on the earth, and at length, the middle aged man concludes to build a woodshed with them.

-Henry David Thoreau For the unlearned, old age is winter; for the learned it is the season of the harvest.

-Talmud The idea wants changelessness and eternity. Whoever lives under the supremacy of the idea strives for permanence; hence, everything that pushes toward change must be against it.

-Carl Jung Folly is our constant companion throughout life, if someone appears wise, it is only because his follies are suited to his age and station.

-Francois de La Rochefoucauld You can not step twice into the same river, for other waters are continually flowing on.

-Heraclitus For of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: "It might have been!"

-John Greenleaf Whittier Perhaps in time the so-called dark ages will be thought of as including our own.

-George Christoph Lichtenburg If you were to destroy the belief in immortality in mankind, not only love but every living force on which the continuation of all life in the world depended, would dry up at once. Moreover, there would be nothing immoral then, everything would be permitted.

-Fyodor Dostoyevsky There is no cure for birth and death save to enjoy the interval.

-George Santayana I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived.

-Henry David Thoreau You live and learn, or you don't live long.

-Robert Heinlein Youth is wasted on the young.

-George Burns When the waitress puts the dinner on the table, the old men look at the dinner. The young men look at the waitress.

-Gelett Burgess The king asked: 'When someone is reborn, is he the same as the one who has just died, or is he another?' The Elder replied: 'He is neither the same nor another.' - 'Give me an illustration.' 'What do you think, great king; when you were a tiny infant, newly born and quite soft, were you then the same as the one who is now grown up?' - 'No, that infant was one, I now grown up am another.' - 'If that is so then, great king, you have had no mother, no father, no teaching, and no schooling!... We must understand it as the collocation of a series of successive conditions. At rebirth one condition arises, while another stops.'

-Milanda's Questions, 40 Book Four: Wisdom of Aesop's Fables

Death and the Old Man An old man that had traveled a long way under a huge burden of sticks found himself so weary that he threw it down, and called to Death to deliver him from such a miserable life. Death quickly came at his call, and asked what he could do for him. 'Oh, good sir,' says the old man, 'please help me stand up and carry my burden again.' Moral: Men call upon Death, as they do for the Devil, but when he comes they're afraid of him.

Book Four: Wit and

Wisdom of Women
I once wrote that the best way to write was to do so as if one were already dead: afraid of no one's reactions, answerable to no one for one's views. I still think that is the way to write. - Nadine Gordimer
People living deeply have no fear of death. - Anais Nin
#Book Four: Chinese Thoughts
The death of the heart is the saddest thing that can happen to you.

Cheating Death: A Mini Story

Once upon a time there was a farmer who, each week, took his beans to market. In order to reach the village, he was obliged to cross a bridge. But, this bridge was in terrible shape because for fifty years nobody had done any repairs on it at all. Each time the farmer crossed the bridge it would creak and groan and boards would tumble off and fall into the water. One day, returning from market, the poor man found himself hanging precariously by one wheel over the fast-flowing current. The farmer didn't know what to do. Evidentially, it was up to him to fix the bridge. But our farmer was no bricklayer and he was too poor to hire someone who was. What to do? One day, there were several knocks upon his door. It was a grand gentleman, a stranger, well dressed. He was dressed completely in black: black hat, black coat, black gloves, black boots...black everything. "Good day my good man, I was passing your way and, just by chance, I noticed your bridge. It is quite dangerous. Would you like me to fix it for you?" "You are very kind, sir", answered the farmer, "but I have no money with which to repay you!" "Oh that's nothing" replied the stranger, "I'll do it for free!" "No, no" said the farmer, "To fix that bridge is a big job. To allow you to repair it for free would be dishonest on my part." "I understand" said the man, "well, perhaps in lieu of payment, you might be able to render me a service in kind. What do you say?" "What kind of service?" asked the farmer. "I haven't decided." said the man, "but, rest assured that it will be something that you can do, that I promise. When the bridge is finished, I'll come back and we'll settle up. Deal?" "OK, it's a deal!" said the farmer and they shook hands on it. The next day, the man showed up at the bridge a little before noon. He had a wagon with strong wooden beams and stone. He strengthened the supports and replaced the planking and shored up the walls. But all the while he worked, he never removed either his hat or his gloves. The farmer noticed this and he thought it was a bit strange but he said nothing. At noon the farmer's wife came in from the garden where she had been working for the whole morning. Of the deal between her husband and the stranger, she knew nothing. But while she was making the afternoon meal, she happened to look out of the window and saw the man dressed all in black. "Husband", she said, "who is that man?" "That is the man who is fixing the bridge." replied her husband. "I can see that but where are we going to get the money to pay him?" "That's the best part", explained her husband, "We don't have to pay. He is doing it for free!" "Free? That's impossible!" With that, the wife looked more closely at the stranger and particularly his clothes. She turned to her husband. "Let me get this straight, you don't have to pay?" "No, that's what he said!" "You don't have to give him any anything?" "Nothing" "You don't have to perform a service of some sort?" "Well," said the farmer, "when the bridge is done he will come back and ask me to do something." "And you agreed to that?" "Sure, we shook on it!" "Oh no", cried the wife, "Don't you know who that stranger is? He is the Devil himself and he is going to ask you to go back with him to Hell!" "No! No!" exclaimed the farmer, "What are we going to do?" "Calm down", she said, "I'll take care of this."

Before very long, the stranger knocked at the door. "Good day, madam," he said, "the bridge repairs are finished and I have a service to ask of your husband." "Yes sir, that is fine but what service would that be?" "He must come with me to my kingdom beneath the earth." Even though the farmer's wife was expecting that answer, she made out that she didn't. "Oh no, sir, not that! Not that!! Please don't take my husband! We have no children and I will be left all alone. Could you give us some time to say goodbye?" She took a short stub of a candle and placed it on the table and lit it. "I beg of you, allow me to say goodbye to my husband until this candle has completely burned down." "Of course, yes, that is a reasonable request" replied the man. "Deal?" asked the wife. "Yes, yes, a deal!" and they shook hands on it! "Make your goodbyes, good wife." At that answer, the wife grabbed the candle and threw it as hard as she could out of the window. It flew towards the river and the flame was extinguished and, in a moment, it was caught in the swift current and disappeared under the bridge. "Wet candles take a long time to burn down, my fine sir," said the wife "So I suggest you don't bother to wait!" Oh, the stranger was furious!! But what could he do? He had made a deal and now he was stuck with it! In anger, he stamped his foot upon the ground and disappeared in a puff of smoke and that was the end of that! The farmer peeked out of the back room where he had been hiding. "Where is he?" "Oh, I persuaded him to leave." replied his wife. And the moral of the story is: a woman is always more clever than even the Devil himself!#

#Planning Your Legacy
By Mike the Fool
What happens when you, a Druid, die? I'm not talking metaphysically here about your soul, I mean all your crap, ahem your estate left behind for others to deal with? Norman Nelson's (one of the 4 founders of Reformed Druidism) death has got me thinking about this issue, especially when a big box of his Druidical effects. Stacey had a much bigger problem when Emmon, her mentor, died and left real-estate and piles of scattered materials. I feel sorry for who will deal with my mess. Well, you might say, I'm a nobody-Druid, never wrote anything worth reading, and I ain't got a legacy. I could forcefeed you on "A Christmas Carol" and get you to cry about Tiny Tim, to realize that like it or not, your life has impacted other people in some ways, including your position as a Druid. You'd be surprised who "kinda knew" you were a Druid (or something similarly weird) and never let on to you. Few of us are in a hurry to die, unfortunately, death has no reluctance to show up unexpectedly. You need to have a plan in advance, and it only takes a few days to write out a will and letter of instruction with the help of a lawyer and a bottle of whiskey and some quiet time looking around one's house. First there is your body, the immediate concern. If no one knows your preferences, you're likely going to get a Christian funeral. That might be fine for you. If it's not, then you better tell someone what you want, where to do it and how and who you'd like to do it. Might be good to explain why also. There are some materials on funeral ideas in ARDA, Main Volume part three. Who's going to come to the funeral? If you don't tell your relatives a list of who you'd like to come, then it'll just be the relatives. Then there is your ritual gear; staff, robe, cool crystals and drinking flagon, etc. Want it buried with you? Give it to your drinking buddy in the grove? Better write that up, or it could be thrown in the dump, sold at an estate auction or given to uncle Biff who you never liked so well. All those paperbacks, encyclopedias, and crap from Llewellyn Press? OMG. Think libraries (university or public town ones), used book stores, or that bibliophile in your grove. Just remember, whoever gets the books will need a place to put them all. Goodwill and other charity places might be a bit hesitant to touch "occult stuff" with a 10 foot pole. Aunt Mildred might suggest having a good old book burning bonfire (and not on Beltane or Samhain, mind you.) Hardest to deal with are your personal papers. Let's be honest, we Druids tend to scribble a lot of poems, short stories, ritual ideas, journals, diaries, grey-books, and assorted nonsense, that we NEVER dared to share with our friends and grovemates during our life. Those folks might like to see them, but they are a rather chaotic mess, probably. If you have the great fortune of having an apprentice or a mentor, then they probably could put the better stuff all together. You might wish to tell the recipient what you want them to do with the papers. Perhaps to cull the most interesting stuff into a tome? Perhaps to have a big gathering of your friends and pass around the material for a read-in and discussion? Perhaps you want to have them ritually read or destroyed at a certain time? Hey, don't forget your e-mail account!

Remember all those hundreds of folks you used to chit-chat with in various conferences and e-mail lists? Don't you think that they might be a bit miffed that you suddenly disappeared and don't return their e-mails? Likely the great portion of them don't know your real-name, and won't see your obituary in the newspaper. It might be good to make a list of the top 100 people (and their e-mails) that you wish to be contacted by in the case of your demise, perhaps with a short prepared statement too. You might wish to entrust the username and password to your primary e-mail accounts, blogs, conferences; so that some savvy person can post your demise and perhaps run them for a few months to close up everything. Finally there is the money and property, assuming you don't want to give it all to your relatives or to the worthy publisher of this magazine. If there is one thing that Druid groves always lack, it's cash and property. No one makes a decent living as a Druid priest, at least honestly. Why not endow a few years of salary (in trust) to a very worthy seminary prospect to get a master's degree in divinity, be a full time Druid, or to do some serious travel to Scotland's isles to learn Gaelic language and culture? If the members of your grove use your land to meet, why not incorporate the grove and then bequeath the land to the group, or set it aside as a trust or park with a special use provision for the grove? Then there is advice that you were to chicken to dole out while you were alive, because of the blow-back. You are dead and what are they going to do to you now, eh? Give some honest, straight to the gut, constructive advice to all that you know on how to get over their problems, encourage those you admire, and thank those you mooched off, and bring down the jerks a peg or two. Tell people you loved, why you were a Druid, but never told them, and what was so wonderful about it. Try to console them that you believe you are going to a rather nice place, despite what the baptist preacher next door is saying about your afterlife prospects. And, if there is an afterlife, and you can interact in some manner with mortals, then do so. Heck, we'd all like to hear from you again. Pass on some insider advice to us. Show up at least at Samhain. Top 10 Things Your Ancestors Want You to Do 10. Be more confident and go after the important things in life. That doesn't mean TV. 9. Skip the vices more often and show a virtue once in awhile, you're embarrassing us up here. 8. Realize you'll be joining us soon, knock off the dangerous stuff. 7. Visit our graves and talk about us more often, and bring flowers and whiskey, damn it. 6. Learn your darn genealogy at least until your great-grandfathers. If you could learn a bit of the languages, that wouldn't hurt so bad. 5. Have some kids, if you can. We went through a lot to get those genes to you! 4. Don't forget that the vast bulk of your ancestors (41 million years or so) weren't monotheist Americans. 3. Be yourself. 2. Become wiser. 1. Enjoy life, while you can. # INCLUDEPICTURE "http://webcoist.com/wp-content/uploads/2008/09/1-hdr-beautiful-landscape.jpg" * MERGEFORMATINET ###

Types of Theology, #Part 1 of 2, (5 pages) By Daniel Hansen Originally titled "Celtic Theology" Introduction Note by the Inquirer's Editor, Mike This article is included to give people a wider appreciation of the types of genres that exist in various theological systems of religions around the world.

Who or what is God? This is a question that has plagued mankind from the earliest days until today. For many there is no clear and concise answer, only more questions. A belief in divine forces is very common. However, agreement on the nature of the divine is much less. Concepts of divinity are as numerous as there are religions. The truth is that each and every one of us sees the divine in a uniquely different way. How we see the divine depends entirely upon our upbringing, our personal experience, cultural background, education, and willingness to seriously look at the notion of the divine. Part of the process of moving from spirituality to religion involves defining the belief's cosmology. As religions grow and schisms form, these divisions create new variations on basic beliefs. In fact, a single religion can expand, split and change through various facets until every basic concept of the divine can be found in its many branches. In western society, for over two millennia we have had a patriarchal view of God forced upon us by one of the three monotheistic religions (Christianity, Judaism, and Islam) with their concept of an all-powerful "Heavenly Father." More recently there has been a resurgence of a Goddess centered religion focusing around the concept of "Mother Earth" otherwise known as the Gaia Effect. There have even been attempts to recognize a dual theism or duality, that is a religion that recognized both the Sky Father and the Earth Mother, as is found in some of the Wiccan traditions. Elsewhere there is the rebirth of polytheism, the worship of many gods and goddesses.

Whatever your perception of the divine is, no one work will alter your perception one-way or the other. In this section we will be looking at and addressing the concept of theisms as perceived by the ancient Celts. The pre-Christian religions in the Celtic lands have been the subject of conjectures that range from matriarchy to occult mysteries; scholarship and speculation have coexisted uneasily on this subject. However, it is certain that many forms of religious beliefs flourished in the Celtic regions. These regions were from prehistoric times a racial palimpsest, as different peoples established themselves. From our standpoint these people were pre-literate, and we can only make guesses about the nature of their beliefs. It is clear that the Neolithic tomb-builders, who left such impressive monuments to their material culture in places like the Boyne Valley, had a strong sense of the importance of landscape and valued astronomical knowledge; yet we cannot hope to reconstruct their beliefs. Their metaphysical world is intangible to us. The beliefs of the Celts are less intangible, although information about them is indirect. We know nothing about the organization of Celtic Paganism, though it has been the subject of much debate. Celtic Paganism survives only transformed by the pens of early medieval Christian writers, who amalgamated Christian and native elements.

The heroes and magical beings that inhabit their written worlds owe something to pre-Christian religions. For instance, the names and abilities of the Tuatha de Danann of Ireland, a magical Otherworldly and immortal people, suggests that many of them were once Pagan divinities. Similarly, heroes such as Fionn Mac Cumhaill may once have had divine or semi-divine status. Yet names and the suggestion of divine abilities do not make gods; and we have no clear idea of the relations between various Pagan gods of the Celtic peoples, or whether they were ever worshipped in a systematic way. Extrapolation is possible. It is highly likely that the Druids, who survived as a pitiful low status remnant of their former high status in medieval Europe, were originally the Celtic Pagan priesthood. However, St. Patrick, whose genuine 5th century writings, offers a valuable glimpse into pre-Christian Ireland, does not obviously mention Druids, nor does he give the impression that Irish Paganism, relatively speaking, was particularly well organized institutionally or particularly hostile towards Christianity: indeed one of the most interesting features of the Christianization of Ireland during the 5th and 6th centuries is its peaceful nature. There appear to have been no martyrs. Irish Paganism in institutional form, whether it comprised one religion or many competing sets of beliefs, seems to have simply faded away or gone underground. It has been convincingly suggested that this was because Irish Christianity proved accommodating to the aspirations of the Pagan elite. Early medieval Christianity was intensely local and heavily influenced by local practice. Irish Christianity, therefore, was able to absorb native practices while remaining clearly Christian. One of the best examples is the prevalence of belief in the efficacy of holy wells. The Irish landscape and for that matter much of Britain, is dotted with holy wells and through them the old Pagan forces, living in springs and streams, flowed into the deep sea of Christian religion. The pre-Christian religions did not simply vanish: they were transformed. With the recent decline in adherence to institutional religion there has been a growing awareness of individual spirituality.¹ During the Pagan period, the Druids have long been assumed to be the intercessory between men and the divine forces, but it has never been proved by what theology they used in order to seek the knowledge of the divine will. More often than not it has been assumed that the Druids were themselves priest of a polytheistic religion. In part that may be true because the ancient Celts had literally hundreds of gods, but it is still an assumption. Later antiquarians such as the Rev. Dr. William Stuckley (Chosen Chief of the Universal Druid Bond, 1722-1765) assumed that the Druids were what he called pre-Christian Christians, in other words monotheists. The actual truth of the matter is that the theology practiced by the Druids is probably somewhere in between. Today, what kind of theology the ancient Druids practiced is still a mystery, however this leaves the modern practitioners of Druidism free to explore the various forms of theology to find the one best suited for them. To aid the sincere Seeker and for clarity's sake, each term below is

defined for internal consistency before discussing its association to Druidism. It is followed by a dictionary definition of the term. Please note, before continuing, that every set of general guidelines has its exceptions. This is doubly true for religious beliefs and metaphysics. The following descriptions of the various forms of theology are by no means the only forms of theology, however they are general enough that those who are interested in following the general concept of Celtic theology. Each of us has been either raised to believe or accept a certain form of belief system and are either unable or unwilling to part with their own personal spiritual path, while others come to their own personal theology through various experiences they have had in their life. We each have our own comfort zone and that gives a certain amount of solace, but you may find that Celtic spirituality can and has been interpreted under various forms of theology throughout human history. It is possible that upon reading the following descriptions of the various theologies that you may find a name to call your personal spiritual path.

AGNOSTICISM

Agnosticism (Greek, a + gnostos, "not know") while not a part of any ancient Celtic theology, it is added here as a balance to the concept of Gnosticism. Agnosticism is a position that is distinguished from theism and atheism equally, by its view that neither in principle nor in fact is it possible to know God's nature or even whether the divine exists. In its broader sense, agnosticism is compatible with deep religious commitment. In its narrower and more specific sense, however, it normally implies a certain detachment in matters religious. The term itself was coined by T.H. Huxley (1825-95), who defined its basic principles as repudiation of all metaphysical speculation and most of Christian doctrine as unproven or unprovable, and the application of scientific method to the study of facts and experience. Agnosticism has had a renewed influence in the 20th century through the logical positivists and their heirs, although not all would be equally happy to be called "agnostic." Agnostic (agnostik.) From the Greek, a + gnostos, "not know." One who, while he does not deny the existence of God, believes there is no proof of a supreme being: sometimes confused with atheist.

ANIMISM

Animism is the belief in a spiritual component to every object in existence, whether animal, vegetable or mineral. Animism is considered one of the earliest belief systems and there is considerable evidence that the early Celts may have practiced it to some degree within their culture. The term animism properly refers to a theory by Sir E.B. Tylor (1832-1917) to account for the origin and development of religion within an evolutionistic view. The name is derived from the Latin words animus and anima, which mean "life, soul, spirit" and were essentially connected with the "life-breath." It is the belief that perhaps all appearances, but certainly living appearances, are animated by spirits. Animism is a term that has been introduced during the 19th century as part of the explanation of the origin of religions and for decades has dominated the anthropology of religion. Animism was the "minimum" definition of religion. Now, at most, animism would either be recognition of soul-belief system in

particular societies, or as a casual synonym for pre-literate societies and religions. The relative intelligence imputed to each form varies depending on beliefs, but there is at least an instinctive set of emotions attached to each soul. Animism, while no longer in its original form, is practiced widely to this day. Ask any soldier if he shows his weapons the proper respect. Do so politely for he may be obliged to show you that said weapons are in perfect condition. The relative validity of animism becomes relevant to a belief system based on the concept of magic or mana. It seems as if mana could provide an improved, even an adequate minimum definition of religion, namely, 'supernatural power.' Moreover, even when the term mana conveys the notion 'power', it is always the power of the spirit or some other agent. Loosely related to animism is a large set of beliefs currently linked to shamanism. 'Shaman' is originally a Siberian term for a spiritual healer. Though not all beliefs that can be termed shamanic are animistic, shamanism revolves heavily around the contact with a well-populated spirit world. Shamans are healers of physical, mental, and mystical ailments. They use their knowledge of the spirits to drive malevolent forces out of those afflicted by them, sometimes calling on the aid of benevolent spirits. The Shaman is an intercessor with the spirit world, making him a vital component in an animistic religion. The ancient Druids have been referred to as either being shamanistic or being shaman themselves. Either way the concept of gods is not much of a problem for animists, since they understand them as powerful spirits. Their opinion of these foreign spirits determines their reaction to them. The term animist became a synonym for what a former age would have been called Pagan. Tylor's theory has had such an impact as to suggest that animism is in fact a religion, whereas in fact it was never more than a theory about religion. So therefore the theory of 'animism' as the original form of religion has not found any historical confirmation.

Animism (aní-i-mizm) noun, the belief that all forms of organic life have their origin in the soul; that all natural objects have a soul. Animist. Animistic [Latin anima, life or soul].

DUALISM Dualism or Duality is the concept that there is a conjunction of two, usually opposing, entities or principles. Dualism is the name given to any theory, whether general or limited, that invokes two opposed and heterogeneous principles and explanations. As such there are two supreme forces in the universe, entirely inimical and eternally at war. This should not be confusing with the Taoism, in which yin and yang are complementary forces that support one another. That is a form of pantheism. In modern times, dualism is espoused most frequently in dealing with the problem of knowledge; here thought and being, mind and body, certitude and opinion seem to be dyads (duality, imperfection, limitation in time and space) and monads (unity, perfection, eternity, and infinity) whose members are irreducible the one to the other. As a religio-historical phenomenon, dualism is more specific than either simple duality or polarity. Not every duality or polarity is dualistic, but only those that involve the duality or polarity of causal principles.

Thus not every pair of opposites (such as male and female, right and left, light and darkness, good and bad, spirit and matter, sacred and profane) can be labeled as dualistic, even when they are understood as principles or causes of the world and its constitutive elements. In addition, in order for pairs of opposites to be dualistic, it is not necessary that they be mutually irreducible or coeternal. There is no dualism where there is no question of cosmology or anthropogony, where there is no account of principles responsible for bringing the world and man into existence. This means that a concept of mere ethical dualism, stressing the moral opposition between good and evil and their respective protagonists is not properly dualistic in the religio-historical and phenomenological sense unless good and evil are also connected with opposite ontological principles. Dualistic theories have been common in the history of religious and philosophical thought. One of the earliest relates to the origin of good and evil: if evil is not original and eternal but merely subsidiary to good, there is, properly speaking, no dualism: but there is dualism if there are two ultimate, irreducible principles of good and evil. From earliest times it has seemed to many that there is no acceptable way in which good and evil can be reduced to the same source and, since both good and evil are found in the universe, the universe itself is not the product of one author. The evil question can be physical, as, for example, defective structure of plants, animals, or human body, or it can be moral, the prevalence, temporary or permanent, of man's evil tendencies. Moral evil has, through the centuries, evoked an image of the human person as a battleground, a locus of conflicting tendencies, some good and others bad. A man can recognize and approve of the right course and yet pursue the opposite. The universe seems to be the result of a struggle between good and evil, light and dark. The term dualism has been used to describe the conflict between good and evil (Ormazda the creator and champion of good and Ahriman the champion of evil) in Zoroastrianism; but it has been used of many religions and philosophical dualities, e.g. mind and matter as in Cartesian dualism; material and spirit as in Manichaeism; yin (a passive, weak negative cosmic force) and yang (an active strong, positive cosmic force) as in Taoism. In most religions, a modified dualism appears, which expresses the basic human experience of oppositions (right/left, male/female, up/down, good/evil, ect.), and of contest between them, but which sees the ultimate source and/or resolution as unity. In a sense, the ultimate cosmology of alignment-based theology is dualism, with order forever battling chaos and evil forever waging war on good. Even the gods are subordinate to these conflicts, since good and evil are not mere philosophies but genuine powers to which god and man alike must align. The only way to avoid choosing a side is to choose neutrality, which is in itself a choice. The difference between actual duality and alignment conflict is that there are two sets of duality, which confuses the issue somewhat. The principle applies, however ñ the universe consists of polar opposites, one of which is ñrightî and the other ñwrong.î There may

be two gods in such a system, each representing one of the extremes. Again this should not be confusing to the polytheist consisting of two benevolent and coexisting deities. Thus, to take one example, the belief that the universe is derived from two ultimate sources is not intrinsically or biblically Jewish. Nevertheless, conflict stories of creation (cosmology) are included in the Bible; and Greek dualistic thinking influenced such philosophers as Philo. The cabbalists often described the sefirot (god's emanations) in dualistic terms. The entire point of duality is the conflict, which makes for frightening theology on one hand. The quest to bring the two opposite forces together on the other is a worthy goal. Nevertheless, it is always emphasized that there is one unity, which is the source of everything. We may now move onto a more systematic examination of dualism by presenting a typology of its basic forms. From a systematic point of view, every form of dualism may be classified by type as either radical or moderate, either dialectical or eschatological, and as either cosmic or anti-cosmic. Radical dualism and moderate dualism may be distinguished from each other on the basis of their respective views of the two fundamental principles. Radical dualism admits two coequal and coeternal principles. The two primordial spirits are to be understood as existing independently from the very beginning of the world with their perfectly contrary natures. Unlike the radical dualism, moderate dualism exhibits only one primordial principle, while the second principle somehow derives from the first, often through an incident that took place in a kind of prologue in heaven. This second principle then plays a central role in bringing the world into existence. Dialectical dualism may be distinguished from eschatological dualism by the fact that the two irreducible principles recognized by the former function equally, whereas in the latter case do not. In dialectical dualism the two principles are often conceived of as good and evil, respectively, both in the ethical and metaphysical sense. The distinctive feature of eschatological dualism is the belief that the evil principle will be overcome at the end of history. Cosmic and anti-cosmic forms of dualism are distinguished by their attitudes toward the world. Cosmic dualism contends that creation is fundamentally good, and evil comes to it from outside. Anti-cosmic dualism contends to the contrary that evil is intrinsic to the world, present in an essentially negative or delusive principle or substance such as matter, the body, or the inferior soul. The cosmos is created as a providential engine in order to permit the progressive liberation of the souls trapped within it, which are eventually guided to the heavenly paradise. A general consideration of the typology that has been presented permits one to make several interesting observations. First of all, the first opposition, that between radical and moderate forms of dualism, seems to be the least significant. This calls into question the frequent assumption that dualism in its genuine form implies the coeternity of the two principles. From the metaphysical point of view, it is

rather the second form of typological opposition, that between dialectical and eschatological dualism, which is the most important. Finally, in relation to the actual conception and practice of life, it is the third opposition, that between cosmic and anti-cosmic dualism, that is central. Modern followers of Wicca use the term dualism to describe their concept of there being a divine couple of a God (the horned God) and a Goddess (Maiden/Mother/Crone) with the concept that all the gods are one and all the goddesses are one. There is no concept of the division of good or evil within the Wiccan concept of dualism. Other highly significant dichotomies, such as God and Nature, reason and emotion, fact and value, the actual and the possible, time and eternity, may also be termed dualism. Abstractly speaking, there is little to be said for or against dualism. Dualism (dui-al-izm) noun, a two fold division; the belief that two separate elements co-exist in the universe, namely spirit and matter; the belief in the existence of good and evil as separate entities. Dualistic. [Latin, dualis, two].

GNOSTICISM Gnosticism comes from the Greek gnosis, meaning knowledge, a direct knowing of divinity or higher truths. The term Gnosticism usually designates a widespread religious philosophy, which was characterized by the doctrine that salvation is achieved through esoteric knowledge. It is a complex of religious movements, having at least some of its roots in Jewish and Pagan thought but appearing in developed form as a Christian heresy in the 2nd century CE. Among the systems of the time, those of Valentinus, Basilides, and (somewhat apart from the rest) Marcion are the best known. While the roots of Gnosticism transcend any particular theology, it can spread to any religious organization and immediately become a threat. While Gnosticism may be too esoteric for most individuals, at its core is a concept of a philosophy seeking communion with the divine. The system ranged from the genuinely philosophical to the extensively mythological and magical. The basic structure of Gnosticism may be grouped around five headings: God, the world, man, salvation, and morality. The God of the Gnostics is often described as the alien God, the unknown God, the nonexistent God, the absolutely transcendent God, or the totally Other. God is not the creator of the world and has nothing to do with the world's continued existence or its government, despite the fact that the powers responsible for the world in some systems have issued from God in some mysterious way. There is a spark of the divine in man, according to the Gnostic anthropology, which descends from God Himself; and the problem of human existence is the struggle to ascend again from the evil world of matter to the good God through knowledge. Man is in fact composed of not two, but three elements: a material body, a soul (psyche), and spirit (pneuma). Gnosticism is a religion of redemption, salvation, and liberation. Its most distinguishing feature is that salvation is accomplished, neither by the power of god or by human faith nor by cooperation with the will of god, but by the assimilation of esoteric knowledge. The Bible was used and expounded, and Jesus usually held a significant place, but was different from the mainstream Christianity. Among the points of

distinction are (1) the distinction between the remote Supreme Divine being and the inferior demiurge or creator god responsible for the imperfect and perverted material world; (2) the importance on gnosis (‘knowledge’) as a means of redemption for at least some people (sometimes called the pneumatikoi, ‘spiritual ones’); and (3) a Christology of Jesus as the emissary of the supreme God in docetic human form. The Gnostics cannot be considered monotheists, half-formed ones maybe, who tried to absorb into Christianity certain mythological and speculative currents of the Hellenistic world at large, but Gnosticism remains essentially a form of Paganism that has been called ‘the verbal Christianizing of Paganism.’ As a result the Gnostics were ousted by the 3rd century as much because of their elitism and opposition to an authoritarian discipline as because of their doctrines some of which, like a liberal attitude to women, seems attractive and defensible. The autobiography of Carl G. Jung shows the influence of Gnosticism on his thought. Gnosis (noí-sis noun, mystical knowledge. Gnostic (nasí-tik) pertaining to knowledge; having special knowledge [Greek, gignoskein, to know].

HENOTHEISM Henotheism, a term coined from the Greek henos (‘one’) and theos (‘god’), was somewhat an artificial term, but it attempts to define a real distinction. Henotheism is a variant of monotheism although an argument could be made to classify it with polytheism. Some scholars consider Henotheism (the exclusive worship of one god without denying the existence of other gods) as an intermediary between polytheism and monotheism, the latter being defined as the theoretical recognition of the recognition of one god only. It is the worship of, and devotion to, a single god while allowing and accepting the existence of others. Alternately, it means the existence of one all-powerful god and other, lesser deities. The term was introduced by Max Muller when he observed that the hymns of the Vedas frequently described the god to whom they are addressed as the One, the Supreme, but that the God thus described is not the same from hymn to hymn. Henotheism signifies a sort of ‘monotheism of emotion and mood.’ When the believer devotes all his attention to a given god, this god becomes for him or her the only god, and for the moment all the other divinities and divine attributes merge in this one divinity. At present Henotheism is neither considered to be a stage in the evolution of religion nor is it applied as an appropriate designation to any particular religion. On the other hand, the concept may be used in a religio-phenomenological sense, since the religious minded man always meets God under the dominance of a given aspect ñ his omnipotence, love, or anger. Closely related to Henotheism is Kathenotheism, from the Greek kathíhena (‘one by one’) is the worship of a successive god or goddess after another for the moment as the only deity, but in the end Muller preferred the name ‘Henotheism.’ [Greek, ‘one god’].

MONISM Monism is the belief that only one substance exists, in contrast to pluralism or polytheism. Monism (non-dualism) in the history of religions refers to a broad category of thought and experience in which the divine reality is unified and no ontological separation exists between the

divine and the world itself (monism), or the divine isouli of the world (non-dualism). All reality, including humans, share in the divine nature. Monism tends to be non-theistic, for qualities of personal will and otherness from the world do not fit this perception of the divine. The world is not what it appears to be in the multiplicity of our perceptions. Rather, either the world is in essence one divine reality, or it is fundamentally an illusion, or it consists of form and expression that emanates from the one divine source. Further, monism tends to be non-historical, in the sense that a cyclical rhythm of time expresses the experience of the one divine reality. The religious path is of mystical discipline and meditation, bringing progressively higher stages of knowledge and ultimate liberation in union with the one divine reality. Of course, provisions are made for theistic practices at the lower level of spiritual perfection. Monistic religions are therefore those that maintain that there is only one underlying substance (Latin, substantia, standing under) despite the multiplicity of appearances. Advaita Vedanata is thus monistic, in contrast to Dvaita. Philosophically, the term was first applied by Christian Wolff, 1679-1754, and may apply either to the kinds of substances there are or to their individual instances. Advaita (ēnon-dualí) Vedanta is a Hindu term, which states there is only, without differentiation, whatever there is, in which all appearances of distinction are known to be a consequence and product of inadequate understanding, or ignorance. This term can only be ascribed to God as Absolute. Dvaita (ēdualí) is a Hindu religious attitude, which maintains that the subject ñobject relationship between a worshipper and god persists, even in the final union; and that final union cannot be seen as absorption in contrast to Advaita. Monism (moníizm), noun, the doctrine that there is only one kind of substance or final reality, as mind or matter. Next Issue to cover Monetheism, Panentheism, Pantheism, Paganism, Polytheism,

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW(1820)by Washington Irving12 pages
Editorís Note: Perhaps you have never read the actual text, one of
the oldest pieces of American fiction still being read today. Compare
with Tam O Shanter by Robert Burns, following this 14 page copy.

In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern rshore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it, for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley or rather lap of land among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail or tapping of a woodpecker is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity. I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut-trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noontime, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillness around and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley. From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of SLEEPY HOLLOW, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a High German doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his powwows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvellous beliefs, are subject to trances and visions, and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the nightmare, with her whole ninefold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols. The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback, without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during

the Revolutionary War, and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege that the body of the trooper having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head, and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak. Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the spectre is known at all the country firesides, by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow. It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative, to dream dreams, and see apparitions. I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud, for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed, while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water, which border a rapid stream, where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom. In this by-place of nature there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane, who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a State which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weather-cock perched upon his spindle neck to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the

genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield. His schoolhouse was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of old copybooks. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours, by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window shutters; so that though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out,--an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eelpot. The schoolhouse stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch-tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a beehive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command, or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, and ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled. I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity; taking the burden off the backs of the weak, and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little tough wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty by their parents;" and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it and thank him for it the longest day he had to live." When school hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed, it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and, though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time, thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief. That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden,

and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers

occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms, helped to make hay, mended the fences, took the horses to water, drove the cows from pasture, and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilom so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together. In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the millpond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little makeshifts, in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of headwork, to have a wonderfully easy life of it. The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood; being considered a kind of idle, gentlemanlike personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea-table of a farmhouse, and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver teapot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard, between services on Sundays; gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overran the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering, with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent millpond; while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address. From his half-itinerant life, also, he was a kind of travelling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house, so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's "History of New England Witchcraft," in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed. He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvellous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spell-bound region. No tale was too gross or

monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover bordering the little brook that whimpered by his schoolhouse, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farmhouse where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination,--the moan of the whip-poor-will from the hillside, the boding cry of the tree toad, that harbinger of storm, the dreary hooting of the screech owl, or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fireflies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm tunes and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe at hearing his nasal melody, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," floating from the distant hill, or along the dusky road. Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and listen to their marvellous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or Galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them woefully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars; and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy! But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood fire, and where, of course, no spectre dared to show its face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path, amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night! With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window! How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a sheeted spectre, beset his very path! How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet; and dread to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him! And how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings! All these, however, were mere terrors of the

night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many spectres in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the Devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was--a woman. Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold, which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam; the tempting stomacher of the olden time, and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round. Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart towards the sex; and it is not to be wondered at that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes, more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within those everything was snug, happy and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm tree spread its broad branches over it, at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that babbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farmhouse was a vast barn, that might have served for a church; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings or buried in their bosoms, and others swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, from whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farmyard, and Guinea fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry.

Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart,--sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered. The pedagogue's mouth watered as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye, he pictured to himself every roasting-pig running about with a pudding in his belly, and an apple in his mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon, and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chancleer himself lay sprawling on his back, in a side dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living. As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards burdened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea, how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land, and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee,--or the Lord knows where! When he entered the house, the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farmhouses, with high-ridged but lowly sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers; the low projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wondering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the centre of the mansion, and the place of usual residence. Here rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool, ready to be spun; in another, a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs and dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors;

andirons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock-oranges and conch-shells decorated the mantelpiece; strings of various-colored birds eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the centre of the room, and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china. From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant of yore, who seldom had anything but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such like easily conquered adversaries, to contend with and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass, and walls of adamant to the castle keep, where the lady of his heart was confined; all which he achieved as easily as a man would carve his way to the centre of a Christmas pie; and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices, which were forever presenting new difficulties and impediments; and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers, who beset every portal to her heart, keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor. Among these, the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roustering blade, of the name of Abraham, or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short curly black hair, and a bluff but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb he had received the nickname of BROM BONES, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cock fights; and, with the ascendancy which bodily strength always acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone that admitted of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic; but had more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of waggish good humor at bottom. He had three or four boon companions, who regarded him as their model, and at the head of whom he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles round. In cold weather he was distinguished by a fur cap, surmounted with a flaunting fox's tail; and when the folks at a country gathering descried this well-known crest at a distance, whisking about among a squad of hard riders, they always stood by for a squall. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past the farmhouses at midnight, with whoop and halloo, like a troop of Don Cossacks; and the old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment

till the hurry-scurry had clattered by, and then exclaim, "Ay, there goes Brom Bones and his gang!" The neighbors looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and good-will; and, when any madcap prank or rustic brawl occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads, and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it. This rantipole hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries, and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is, his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire, who felt no inclination to cross a lion in his amours; insomuch, that when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's paling, on a Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting, or, as it is termed, "sparking," within, all other suitors passed by in despair, and carried the war into other quarters. Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and, considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack--yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away--jerk!--he was as erect, and carried his head as high as ever. To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours, any more than that stormy lover, Achilles. Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing-master, he made frequent visits at the farmhouse; not that he had anything to apprehend from the meddlesome interference of parents, which is so often a stumbling-block in the path of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and, like a reasonable man and an excellent father, let her have her way in everything. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage her poultry; for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things, and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus, while the busy dame bustled about the house, or plied her spinning-wheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior, who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn. In the mean time, Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight, that hour so favorable to the lover's eloquence. I profess not to

know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point, or door of access; while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter, for man must

battle for his fortress at every door and window. He who wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette is indeed a hero. Certain it is, this was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones; and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former evidently declined: his horse was no longer seen tied to the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually arose between him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow. Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare and have settled their pretensions to the lady, according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore,--by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him; he had overheard a boast of Bones, that he would "double the schoolmaster up, and lay him on a shelf of his own schoolhouse;" and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery in his disposition, and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones and his gang of rough riders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains; smoked out his singing school by stopping up the chimney; broke into the schoolhouse at night, in spite of its formidable fastenings of withe and window stakes, and turned everything topsy-turvy, so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took all opportunities of turning him into ridicule in presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's, to instruct her in psalmody. In this way matters went on for some time, without producing any material effect on the relative situations of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool from whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that sceptre of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails behind the throne, a constant terror to evil doers, while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins, such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper gamecocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master; and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the schoolroom. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro in tow-cloth jacket and trowsers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making or "quilting

frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message with that air of importance, and effort at fine language, which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission. All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet schoolroom. The scholars were hurried through their lessons without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves, inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green in joy at their early emancipation. The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and indeed only suit of rusty black, and arranging his locks by a bit of broken looking-glass that hung up in the schoolhouse. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and, thus gallantly mounted, issued forth like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plow-horse, that had outlived almost everything but its viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck, and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral, but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from the name he bore of Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a favorite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken-down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country. Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a sceptre, and as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called, and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horses tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight. It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day; the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into

brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory-nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble field. The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fullness of their revelry, they fluttered, chirping and frolicking from bush to bush, and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cock robin, the favorite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud querulous note; and the twittering blackbirds flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and splendid plumage; and the cedar bird, with its red-tipt wings and yellow-tipt tail and its little monteiro cap of feathers; and the blue jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light blue coat and white underclothes, screaming and chattering, nodding and bobbing and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove. As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast store of apples; some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees; some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market; others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty-pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields breathing the odor of the beehive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slapjacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel. Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down in the west. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air. It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Heer Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country. Old farmers, a spare leathern-faced race, in homespun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter

buckles. Their brisk, withered little dames, in close-crimped caps, long-waisted short gowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pincushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside. Buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribbon, or perhaps a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovation. The sons, in short square-skirted coats, with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an eel-skin for the purpose, it being esteemed throughout the country as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair. Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite steed Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck, for he held a tractable, well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit. Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero, as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white; but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty doughnut, the tender oly koek, and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple pies, and peach pies, and pumpkin pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and moreover delectable dishes of preserved plums, and peaches, and pears, and quinces; not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens; together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly teapot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst--Heaven bless the mark! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty. He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer, and whose spirits rose with eating, as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor. Then, he thought, how soon he'd turn his back upon the old schoolhouse; snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper, and every other niggardly patron, and kick any itinerant pedagogue out of doors that should dare to call him comrade! Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good humor, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to "fall to, and help themselves." And now the sound of the music from the common room, or hall, summoned to the dance. The

musician was an old gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head; bowing almost to the ground, and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start. Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fibre about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought St. Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes; who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window, gazing with delight at the scene, rolling their white eyeballs, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? The lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner. When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who, with Old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war. This neighborhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly favored places which abound with chronicle and great men. The British and American line had run near it during the war; it had, therefore, been the scene of marauding and infested with refugees, cowboys, and all kinds of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each storyteller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and, in the indistinctness of his recollection, to make himself the hero of every exploit. There was the story of Doffue Martling, a large blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old iron nine-pounder from a mud breastwork, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a mynheer to be lightly mentioned, who, in the battle of White Plains, being an excellent master of defence, parried a musket-ball with a small sword, insomuch that he absolutely felt it whiz round the blade, and glance off at the hilt; in proof of which he was ready at any time to show the sword, with the hilt a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in the field, not one of whom but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy termination. But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighborhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered, long-settled retreats; but are trampled under foot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places. Besides, there is no encouragement for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarcely had time to finish their first nap and turn themselves in their graves, before their surviving friends

have travelled away from the neighborhood; so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds, they have no acquaintance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts except in our long-established Dutch communities. The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts, was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the very air that blew from that haunted region; it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major Andr  was taken, and which stood in the neighborhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white, that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the Headless Horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country; and, it was said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard. The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust-trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent, whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which, peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it, even in the daytime; but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. Such was one of the favorite haunts of the Headless Horseman, and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever

in ghosts, how he met the Horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge; when the Horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree-tops with a clap of thunder. This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvellous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the Galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but just as they came to the church bridge,

the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire. All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvellous events that had taken place in his native State of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow. The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter, until they gradually died away,--and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a tîte-à-tîte with the heiress; fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chapfallen. Oh, these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks? Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival? Heaven only knows, not I! Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a henroost, rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth, on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover. It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crestfallen, pursued his travels homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight, he could even hear the barking of the watchdog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farmhouse away among the hills--but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bullfrog from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably and turning suddenly in his bed. All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and

darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by; and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights, and doleful lamentations, told concerning it. As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle; he thought his whistle was answered; it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white, hanging in the midst of the tree: he paused and ceased whistling but, on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan--his teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle: it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him. About two hundred yards from the tree, a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grape-vines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark. As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot: it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the

brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller. The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents, "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness. Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind,--the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless!--but his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of his saddle! His terror rose

to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping by a sudden movement to give his companion the slip; but the spectre started full jump with him. Away, then, they dashed through thick and thin; stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight. They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong downhill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story; and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church. As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase, but

just as he had got half way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind,--for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches; and (unskilful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder. An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones's ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash,--he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind. The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast; dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the schoolhouse, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod, and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin. The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half; two stocks for the neck; a pair or two of worsted stockings; an old pair of corduroy small-clothes; a rusty razor; a book of psalm tunes full of dog's-ears; and a broken pitch-pipe. As to the books and furniture of the schoolhouse, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton

Mather's "History of Witchcraft," a "New England Almanac," and a book of dreams and fortune-telling; in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper; who, from that time forward, determined to send his children no more to school, observing that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed, and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance. The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the Galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him; the school was removed to a different quarter of the hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead. It is true, an old farmer, who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time; had been admitted to the bar; turned politician; electioneered; written for the newspapers; and finally had been made a justice of the Ten Pound Court. Brom Bones, too, who, shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell. The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means; and it is a favorite story often told about the neighborhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe; and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the millpond. The schoolhouse being deserted soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue and the plowboy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

#Tam O Shanter ñ A Tale! By Robert Burns, 1790A classic tale in Scots English with a translation in British English. Burns penned hundreds of poems, esp. love poems, but this is his longest story, the one most often read. Many of his poems were set to music by Jean Ritchie. His most famous song is Auld Lang Syne, for New Yearís Day, and one used to close parties of all kinds in Scotland. Tam o' Shanter (Original) #Tam o' Shanter (Translation) ##### When chapmen billies leave the street, #When the peddler people leave the streets, ## And drouthy neibors, neibors meet, #And thirsty neighbours, neighbours meet; ## As market days are wearing late, #As market days are wearing late, ## An' folk begin to tak the gate; #And folk begin to take the road home, ## While we sit bousing at the nappy, #While we sit boozing strong ale, ## And getting fou and unco happy, #And getting drunk and very happy, ## We think na on the lang Scots miles, #We donít think of the long Scots miles, ## The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles, #The marshes, waters, steps and stiles, ## That lie between us and our hame, #That lie between us and our home, ## Where sits our sulky sullen dame, #Where sits our sulky, sullen dame (wife), ## Gathering her brows like gathering storm, #Gathering her brows like a gathering storm, ## Nursing her wrath to keep it warm, #Nursing her wrath, to keep it warm. ##### This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter, #This truth finds honest Tam o' Shanter, ## As he frae Ayr ae night did canter, #As he from Ayr one night did canter; ## (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses #Old Ayr, which never a town surpasses, ## For honest men and bonie lasses.) #For honest men and bonny lasses. ##### O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise, #Oh Tam, had you but been so wise, ## As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice! #As to have taken your own wife Kate's advice! ## She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum, #She told you well you were a waster, ## A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum; #A rambling, blustering, drunken boaster, ## That frae November till October, #That from November until October, ## Ae market-day thou was nae sober; #Each market day you were not sober; ## That ilka melder, wi' the miller, #During each milling period with the miller, ## Thou sat as lang as thou had siller; #You sat as long as you had money, ## That every naig was ca'd a shoe on, #For every horse he put a shoe on, ## The smith and thee gat roaring fou on; #The blacksmith and you got roaring drunk on; ## That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday, #That at the Lords House, even on Sunday, ## Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. #You drank with Kirkton Jean till Monday. ## She prophesied that late or soon, #She prophesied, that, late or soon, ## Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon; #You would be found deep drowned in Doon, ## Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk, #Or caught by warlocks in the murk, ## By Alloway's auld haunted kirk. #By Alloway's old haunted church. ##### Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet, #Ah, gentle ladies, it makes me cry, ## To think how mony counsels sweet, #To think how many counsels sweet, ## How mony lengthen'd, sage advices, #How much long and wise advice ## The husband frae the wife despises! #The husband from the wife despises! ##### But to our tale:-- Ae market-night, #But to our tale :- One market night, ## Tam had got planted unco right; #Tam was seated just right, ## Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely, #Next to a

fireplace, blazing finely,##Wi' reaming swats, that drank
divinely#With creamy ales, that drank divinely;##And at his elbow,
Souter Johnny,#And at his elbow, Cobbler Johnny,##His ancient,
trusty, drouthy crony;#His ancient, trusted, thirsty crony;##Tam
lo'ed him like a vera brither--#Tom loved him like a very
brother,##They had been fou for weeks thegither!#They had been drunk
for weeks together.##The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter#The
night drove on with songs and clatter,##And ay the ale was growing
better:#And every ale was tasting better;##The landlady and Tam grew
gracious,#The landlady and Tam grew gracious,##wi' favours
secret,sweet and precious#With secret favours, sweet and
precious;##The Souter tauld his queerest stories;#The cobbler told
his queerest stories;##The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:#The
landlordís laugh was ready chorus:##The storm without might rair and
rustle,#Outside, the storm might roar and rustle,##Tam did na mind
the storm a whistle.#Tam did not mind the storm a whistle.#####Care,
mad to see a man sae happy,#Care, mad to see a man so happy,##E'en
drown'd himsel' amang the nappy!#Even drowned himself in ale.##As
bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,#As bees fly home with loads of
treasure,##The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:#The minutes
winged their way with pleasure:##Kings may be blest, but Tam was
glorious.#Kings may be blessed, but Tam was glorious,##O'er a' the
ills o' life victorious!#Over all the ills of life
victorious.#####But pleasures are like poppies spread,#But pleasures
are like poppies spread:##You sieze the flower, its bloom is
shed;#You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;##Or like the snow
falls in the river,#Or like the snow fall on the river,##A moment
white--then melts for ever;#A moment white - then melts forever,##Or
like the borealis race,#Or like the Aurora Borealis rays,##That flit
ere you can point their place;#That move before you can point to
where they're placed;##Or like the rainbow's lovely form#Or like the
rainbowís lovely form,##Evanishing amid the storm.--#Vanishing amid
the storm.##Nae man can tether time or tide;#No man can tether time
or tide,##The hour approaches Tam maun ride;#The hour approaches Tom
must ride:##That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,#That
hour, of nightís black arch - the key-stone,##That dreary hour he
mounts his beast in;#That dreary hour he mounts his beast in##And sic
a night he taks the road in#And such a night he takes to the road
in##As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.#As never a poor sinner had
been out in.#####The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;#The wind blew
as if it had blown its last;##The rattling showers rose on the
blast;#The rattling showers rose on the blast;##The speedy gleams the
darkness swallow'd#The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed,##Loud,
deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:#Loud, deep and long the thunder
bellowed:##That night, a child might understand,#That night, a child
might understand,##The Deil had business on his hand.#The Devil had
business on his hand.#####Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg--#Well
mounted on his grey mare, Meg.##A better never lifted leg--#A better
never lifted leg,##Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire;#Tom, raced on
through mud and mire,##Despisin' wind and rain and fire.#Despising

wind and rain and fire;##Whiles holding fast his gude blue
bonnet;#Whilst holding fast his good blue bonnet,##Whiles crooning
o'er some auld Scots sonnet;#While crooning over some old Scots
sonnet,##Whiles glowering round wi' prudent cares,#Whilst glowering
round with prudent care,##Lest bogles catch him unawares:#Lest ghosts
catch him unaware:##Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,#Allowayís Church
was drawing near,##Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.#Where
ghosts and owls nightly cry.#####By this time he was cross the
ford,#By this time he was across the ford,##Whare, in the snaw, the
chapman smoor'd;#Where in the snow the pedlar got smothered;##And
past the birks and meikle stane,#And past the birch trees and the
huge stone,##Whare drunken Chairlie brak 's neck-bane;#Where drunken
Charlie broke his neck bone;##And thro' the whins, and by the
cairn,#And through the thorns, and past the monument,##Whare hunters
fand the murder'd bairn;#Where hunters found the murdered child;##And
near the thorn, aboon the well,#And near the thorn, above the
well,##Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel'.--#Where Mungoís mother
hung herself.##Before him Doon pours all his floods;#Before him the
river Doon pours all his floods;##The doubling storm roars thro' the
woods;#The doubling storm roars throught the woods;##The lightnings
flash from pole to pole;#The lightnings flashes from pole to
pole;##Near and more near the thunders roll:#Nearer and more near the
thunder rolls;##When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,#When,
glimmering through the groaning trees,##Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a
bleeze;#Allowayís Church seemed in a blaze,##Thro' ilka bore the
beams were glancing;#Through every gap , light beams were
glancing,##And loud resounded mirth and dancing.#And loud resounded
mirth and dancing.#####Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!#Inspiring,
bold John Barleycorn! (whisky)##What dangers thou canst make us
scorn!#What dangers you can make us scorn!##Wi' tippetny, we fear nae
evil;#With ale, we fear no evil;##Wi' usquabae, we'll face the
devil!--#With whisky, we'll face the Devil!##The swats sae ream'd in
Tammie's noddle,#The ales so swam in Tamís head,##Fair play, he car'd
na deils a boddle.#Fair play, he didnít care a farthing for
devils.##But Maggie stood, right sair astonish'd,#But Maggie stood,
right sore astonished,##Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,#Till,
by the heel and hand admonished,##She ventured forward on the
light;#She ventured forward on the light;##And, vow! Tam saw an unco
sight#And, vow! Tom saw an incredible sight!#####Warlocks and witches
in a dance;#Warlocks and witches in a dance:##Nae cotillion brent-new
frae France,#No cotillion, brand new from France,##But hornpipes,
jigs strathspeys, and reels,#But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and
reels,##Put life and mettle in their heels.#Put life and mettle in
their heels.##A winnock-bunker in the east,#In a window alcove in the
east,##There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;#There sat Old Nick, in
shape of beast;##A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,#A shaggy dog,
black, grim, and large,##To gie them music was his charge:#To give
them music was his charge:##He scre'd the pipes and gart them
skirl,#He screwed the pipes and made them squeal,##Till

roof and rafters a' did dirl.--#Till roof and rafters all did ring.##Coffins stood round, like open presses,#Coffins stood round, like open presses,##That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;#That showed the dead in their last dresses;##And by some develish cantraip slight,#And, by some devilish magic sleight,##Each in its cauld hand held a light.--#Each in its cold hand held a light:##By which heroic Tam was able#By which heroic Tom was able##To note upon the haly table,#To note upon the holy table,##A murders's banes in gibbet-airns;#A murdererís bones, in gibbet-irons;##Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;#Two span-long, small, unchristened babies;##A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,#A thief just cut from his hanging rope -##Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;#With his last gasp his mouth did gape;##Five tomahawks, wi blude red-rusted;#Five tomahawks with blood red-rusted;##Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;#Five scimitars with murder crusted;##A garter, which a babe had strangled;#A garter with which a baby had strangled;##A knife, a father's throat had mangled,#A knife a fatherís throat had mangled -##Whom his ain son o' life bereft,#Whom his own son of life bereft -##The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;#The grey-hairs yet stack to the shaft;##Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',#With more o' horrible and awful,##Which even to name was be unlawfu'.#Which even to name would be unlawful.##Three lawyers' tongues, turn'd inside out,#Three Lawyersí tongues, turned inside out,##Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout;#Sown with lies like a beggarís cloth -##Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,#Three Priestsí hearts, rotten, black as muck##Lay stinking, vile in every neuk.#Lay stinking, vile, in every nook.#####As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,#As Thomas glowered, amazed, and curious,##The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;#The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;##The piper loud and louder blew;#The piper loud and louder blew,##The dancers quick and quicker flew;#The dancers quick and quicker flew,##They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,#They reeled, they set, they crossed, they linked,##Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,#Till every witch sweated and smelled,##And coost her duddies to the wark,#And cast her ragged clothes to the floor,##And linket at it her sark!#And danced deftly at it in her underskirts!#####Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,#Now Tam, O Tam! had these been queens,##A' plump and strapping in their teens,#All plump and strapping in their teens!##Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,#Their underskirts, instead of greasy flannel,##Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen!#Been snow-white seventeen hundred linen! -##Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,#The trousers of mine, my only pair,##That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,#That once were plush, of good blue hair,##I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,#I would have given them off my buttocks##For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!#For one blink of those pretty girls !#####But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,#But withered hags, old and droll,##Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,#Ugly enough to suckle a foal,##Louping and flinging on a crummock,#Leaping and flinging on a stick,##I wonder did na turn thy stomach!#Its a wonder it didnít turn your stomach!#####But Tam kend what was what fu'

brawlie:#But Tam knew what was what well enough:##There was ae winsome wench and waulie,#There was one winsome, jolly wench,##That night enlisted in the core,#That night enlisted in the core,##Lang after ken'd on Carrick shore;#Long after known on Carrick shore##(For mony a beast to dead she shot,#(For many a beast to dead she shot,##And perish'd mony a bonie boat,#And perished many a bonnie boat,##And shook baith meikle corn and bear,#And shook both much corn and barley,##And kept the country-side in fear.)#And kept the country-side in fear.)##Her cutty-sark, o' Paisley harn#Her short underskirt, oí Paisley cloth,##That while a lassie she had worn,#That while a young lass she had worn,##In longitude tho' sorely scanty,#In longitude though very limited,##It was her best, and she was vauntie,-#It was her best, and she was proud. . .##Ah! little ken'd thy reverend grannie,#Ah! little knew your reverend grandmother,##That sark she coft for he wee Nannie,#That skirt she bought for her little granddaughter,##Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches),#With two Scots pounds (it was all her riches),##Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!#Would ever graced a dance of witches!#####But here my Muse her wing maun cour;#But here my tale must stoop and bow,##Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;#Such words are far beyond her power;##To sing how Nannie lap and flang,#To sing how Nannie leaped and kicked##(A souple jade she was, and strang),#(A supple youth she was, and strong);##And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,#And how Tom stood like one bewitched,##And thought his very een enrich'd;#And thought his very eyes enriched;##Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,#Even Satan glowered, and fidgeted full of lust,##And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main;#And jerked and blew with might and main;##Till first ae caper, syne anither,#Till first one caper, then another,##Tam tint his reason ' thegither,#Tom lost his reason all together,##And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"#And roars out: ë Well done, short skirt! í##And in an instant all was dark:#And in an instant all was dark;##And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,#And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,##When out the hellish legion sallied.#When out the hellish legion sallied.#####As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,#As bees buzz out with angry wrath,##When plundering herds assail their byke;#When plundering herds assail their hive;##As open pussie's mortal foes,#As a wild hareís mortal foes,##When, pop! she starts before their nose;#When, pop! she starts running before their nose;##As eager runs the market-crowd,#As eager runs the market-crowd,##When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;#When ë Catch the thief! í resounds aloud:##So Maggie runs, the witches follow,#So Maggie runs, the witches follow,##Wi' mony an eldritch skriech and hollo.#With many an unearthly scream and holler.#####Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin'!#Ah, Tom! Ah, Tom! You will get what's coming!##In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!#In hell they will roast you like a herring!##In vain thy Kate awaits thy commin'!#In vain your Kate awaits your coming !##Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!#Kate soon will be a woeful woman!##Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,#Now, do your speedy utmost, Meg,##And win the key-stane o' the brig;#And beat them to the key-stone of the

bridge;##There at them thou thy tail may toss,#There, you may toss
your tale at them,##A running stream they dare na cross.#A running
stream they dare not cross!##But ere the key-stane she could
make,#But before the key-stone she could make,##The fient a tail she
had to shake!#She had to shake a tail at the fiend;##For Nannie, far
before the rest,#For Nannie, far before the rest,##Hard upon noble
Maggie prest,#Hard upon noble Maggie pressed,##And flew at Tam wi'
furious ettle;#And flew at Tam with furious aim;##But little wist she
Maggie's mettle -#But little was she Maggieís mettle!##Ae spring
brought off her master hale,#One spring brought off her master
whole,##But left behind her ain gray tail;#But left behind her own
grey tail:##The carlin claught her by the rump,#The witch caught her
by the rump,##And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.#And left poor
Maggie scarce a stump.#####No, wha this tale o' truth shall
read,#Now, who this tale of truth shall read,##Ilk man and mother's
son take heed;#Each man, and motherís son, take heed:##Whene'er to
drink you are inclin'd,#Whenever to drink you are inclined,##Or
cutty-sarks run in your mind,#Or short skirts run in your
mind,##Think! ye may buy joys o'er dear -#Think! you may buy joys
over dear:##Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare. #Remember Tam oí
Shanterís mare.###

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#Dr. Druid A column for medical questions, concerns and confusions with answers from Dr. Druid. Submit your questions to: Doc.Druid (at) Gmail (dot) com. Please keep sending the questions and controversies to him.

#3 More Druidic Podcasts Many of you have MP3 and Ipod players out there and have music on them. I'm sure that you may also heard of podcasting, by which you can set up automated downloading of recorded audio or video broadcasts from certain websites. Some of these websites are quite informative and useful for the Druid. I hope you can suggest others to me or write a brief review about them for the second installment of this article. Each of them has numerous back-broadcasts that you can pick and choose from. Here are a few below that I recommend.

#The Northern Druid Podcast# [HYPERLINK "http://www.northerndruid.net/"](http://www.northerndruid.net/) ##<http://www.northerndruid.net/> # I believe I've heard about Scott Schumacher since the late 1990s running his Reiki services from Duluth MN. Then I believe he ran another Druid order of some type. Now he has the RDG Druid Sigil on his banner and states he is a Reformed Druid, so he probably is, but I don't know him yet, but seems like a nice guy. Anyway, he is running a podcast that begins broadcasting on October 18th. Program Notes for the first episode: * Intro music ñ ìLullabyî by _ghost (Creative Commons via CCMixer) * Song: ìThe North Woodsî ñ by Robi Meyerson * Introductions and Goals of NorthernDruid.net Podcast * Brief History of Reformed Druids of North America ñ Carleton College, Northfield, MN * Song: ìThe Cedar and Pineî ñ by Robi Meyerson * Book Reviewed: New Moon Astrology ñ The Secret of Astrological Timing to Make All Your Dreams Come True ñ by Jan Spiller * Forgotten announcements (this is my first podcast, and they somehow leaped from the final edits!): Samhain Labyrinth Activation ñ October 31 Rooted Folks Community Wellness Open House ñ October 29 Bohemia Arts Dia de los Muertos ñ November 1 Bohemia Arts Day of the Dead Celebration ñ November 6 * Meditation music by Kathy McTavish, CelloDreams.com #Classic Tales Podcast# [HYPERLINK "http://theclassictales.com/"](http://theclassictales.com/) ##<http://theclassictales.com/> ## [HYPERLINK](http://theclassictales.com/) "http://classictales.libsyn.com/" ##<http://classictales.libsyn.com/> # Delightful and clever stories read by an erudite and distinct speaker, drawn from 19th and early 20th century stories like Poe, Shelley, Dickinson, Hawthorne, Lewis Carrol, Wodehouse, Stoker, Burroughs, Kipling etc. Some short, some quite long. Back episodes can be purchased at a pittance. #Ancient Tales of Wisdom Podcasts# [HYPERLINK "http://talesofwisdom.com/"](http://talesofwisdom.com/) ##<http://talesofwisdom.com/> # True, these are primarily drawn from Chinese legends, but they are peaceful with new age background, and very relaxing to listen to. Might be a Falun Gong organization sponsoring them.

Druid Media Section#Review of 4 Miyazaki Movies for ChildrenThis is part 3 of a total of 3 articles of the Druid Inquirer, in which I will review several of the most popular family anime movies of Japan, that have been translated and released in the English language. All of them will warm the cockles of your heart, even as they occasionally make you cry, laugh, or hold onto your seat as they twist dizzily on well-crafted storylines that children and adults can cherish. This trio of films delve into human greed, military conflict and ecological devastation. The director, Hayao Miyazaki is the Japanese equivalent of Walt Disney, with a nearly universal following in Japan since the 1980s, and a rapid following internationally, regularly winning awards at festivals for each of his painstakingly hand-drawn films. Nearly all of his films center on the travails and hardships of a young heroine, usually about 12 or 13. While never bloody or horrific, people do die in many of the movies from war, disease, old age, or accidents; but usually always in a touching or tragic fashion. You never know how it will really end until it is over, no guaranteed happy ending. Life is never simple, things go wrong, but the heroines always seem to find the best solution possible, despite the obstacles, with the help and wisdom of numerous characters in the films. Nearly all the films also have a little splash of magic and wonder in them. They can all be found on # HYPERLINK "<http://www.amazon.com>" #www.amazon.com# and are distributed by Disney, but they are not Disney-esque. Clips and trailers are to be found on # HYPERLINK "<http://www.youtube.com>" #www.youtube.com# All are dubbed into English for the American release. OVERLYING THEME: All four of these films deal with people who have a terrible curse upon them, and the difficulties and possibilities the curse imposes on their life and loves. #Porco Rosso (1992) An unusual story, in that the hero is a middle-aged male pilot (with a 13 year old female mechanic sidekick, though) who is cursed with the head of a pig, and fights fascist forces in Italy between WWI and WWII. There is a love story, silly villains, exciting dog fights in the sky, and a lot of cat and mouse with the bad guys. Princess Mononoke (1997) #This movie made it to America and stars a teenage forest girl who lives with wild semi-divine animals in a forest being destroyed by militaristic mechanized societies. She finds herself with a princely ally, cursed with an infectious creature in his arm that gives great power, but also threatens to subsume him. #Spirited Away (2001) One of the most delightfully odd movies. A young teenage girl and her family take a wrong turn and end up in a somehow deserted carnival town. Her parents pig out on the free food, and become bigs (Pinocchio anyone?) and soon the town is full of vacationing gods and monsters come for the food and the great hot baths. She manages to find employment in the baths which are run by a great witch. The work is hard and bizarre and onerous, and she tries to find the clues to the curse on her parents before they get eaten, but also assists the clients in overcoming their problems. #Howl's Moving Castle (2004) The last of these curse type films, this one deals with a teenage girl who is prematurely

aged by a curse, and finds employment with a wizard/mechanic who is also cursed with great power threatening to overwhelm him. Other folks have various curses, and evil forces seek to co-opt the wizard Howl. She befriends various peoples and learns the tragic secret of Howl and the only cure for his curse and those of the other people as she deals with being an old lady.

NEWS SECTION

Passing of a Legend David Carradine. Did the name make you flinch at the memory of dozens of bad movies? Or did it bring back fond memories? He was a polarizing figure for the Asian American community, on account of his taking away the role of Kane from Bruce Lee, for the epic cowboy TV series, "Kung Fu", about a Chinese monk looking for a relative in the wild west. Kung Fu was an entry point, stereotypes perhaps, but possibly better than nothing. The little snippets of exotic wisdom, asceticism, anti-magical realism, and his implacably calm demeanor in the face of danger and other's emotion (Spock anyone?) was fascinating to me at a young age. After Kung Fu, he made several other martial arts movies, even though he wasn't all that good at martial arts. The Iron Flute was an amazing allegory, if you get a chance to see it, of a young man seeking a great book of power, and being constantly tested by various animals and fighters (all played by David Carradine) to see if he was ready for great wisdom. The Warrior and the Sorceress was a redo of Fistful of Dollars and Yojimbo, with a giant octopus and a diaphanously draped sorceress walking around for most of the movie. Some interesting lines, but again, the sorceress was key. He was also known for the Death Race 2000 movie, best avoided, but still better than its remake. The new Kung Fu series, in a great reversal, rolled about in magic-as-true-things with even more hokey Chinese folk lore, much more commercially crass than the original's thin veneer of naivety and innocence. His rather embarrassing death at a hotel in Bangkok in 2009, not long after I left Laos, must have been a shocker for the consular officer assigned to his case, what with all the publicity and the sensational details. It cut short a career that had been picking up again after Tarantino's "Kill Bill" series. He had been in about 100 movies and TV shows over the years, often doing voice overs for cartoon series also. But again, he'll be most remembered for bringing China, and Asia, into the lives, even spiritual lives, of America in a captivating mass-media way, setting the stage to a debatable-degree for the investigation of Asian religion in the 1970s by counter-culture and then mainstream America.

#October 31, 2009
On Religion
Paganism, Just Another Religion for Military and Academia
By SAMUEL G. FREEDMAN
New York Times (Submitted by Irony)
NARRAGANSETT, R.I. If personal tradition holds, just before sundown Saturday, Michael York will stand before a colonial-style wooden cabinet in his bayside town house here and light a candle. As night falls, it will illuminate the surrounding objects: tarot cards, Tibetan silver bowls, a bell and statues or icons of deities like the Greek earth-mother, Gaia, and the Lithuanian thunder god, Perkunas. While facing the altar, if past practice holds, Mr. York will invoke the names of the ancestors and loved ones who have died. He will often write down their names, too, and keep that piece of paper in the cabinet. One can mourn on any day, as Mr. York put it recently, but on this occasion, the veil between the worlds is understood to be thinnest. The day that most Americans know as Halloween, a commercial bonanza and secular holiday with only the faintest remnants of its pantheistic origins, Mr. York celebrates as Samhain, the autumnal new year for Pagans. And for Mr. York, Paganism is indeed a proper noun, connoting a specific religion that he has observed for decades. Shortly after Samhain ends, Mr. York plans to travel to Montreal for the annual meeting of the American Academy of Religion, an umbrella group for scholars from the United States and Canada. There, as a chairman of the Pagan Studies Group, he will help oversee three panel discussions, and present his own academic paper, "Idolatry, Ecology and the Sacred as Tangible." In both guises, as an individual practitioner and a credentialed expert, Mr. York embodies the increasing mainstream acceptance of Pagan religion. From academia to the military, in the person of chaplains and professors, through successful litigation and online networking, Paganism has done much in the last generation to overcome its perception as either Satanism or silliness. Academically, it is much more open and accepted and respected," said Mr. York, 70, who retired five years ago from the faculty of Bath Spa University in England. "And on a more personal level, we don't proselytize or anything like that, but most of my friends know that I'm Pagan and most of them are not, and we can discuss it. They understand that there is a Pagan spirituality, and the misconceptions about it have diminished." Because the federal census does not ask about religious affiliation, and because ridicule or discrimination tended to keep Pagans closeted in the past, statistics on the number of adherents in the United States are imprecise and probably too low. Still, the recent growth is evident in surveys done in 1990 and 2001 by the City University of New York. Over the course of those 11 years, the survey went from tabulating 8,000 Wiccans nationally — that branch of Paganism was the only one to turn up — to 134,000 Wiccans, 33,000 Druids and 140,000 Pagans. (Others identify as Heathens.) The sociologist Helen A. Berger, who is doing research on Pagan demography, said she believed that a more accurate current number would fall between 500,000 and one million. # Certainly, there is nothing new about Paganism per se. From Halloween to May Day to Yuletide, said Prof. Diana L. Eck of the Harvard Divinity School, "there is a way in which all of us, especially in the

Christian tradition, follow a religious calendar that is pegged to ancient Pagan festivals. But in the grand scheme of the Western world, polytheism was seen as being superseded by monotheism and faith itself by science, leaving Paganism as some kind of atavistic orphan of history. The fact that its practitioners lacked any formal denominational structure added to the religion's relative invisibility, except as the object of fears or the butt of jokes. In several ways, though, Paganism was waiting for modernity to catch up with it. The emphasis on the worship of nature in virtually all variations of Pagan faith, and the embrace of a female divinity in many, situated the religion to mesh with the environmental and feminist movements that swept through the United States in the 1970s. In the 1970s, Wiccan groups began seeking and obtaining tax-exempt status from federal and state authorities, said the Rev. Selena Fox, the founder and spiritual leader of an early, influential Wicca church, Circle Sanctuary in Barneveld, Wis. By the decade's end, Wicca was included in the handbook for military chaplains and had been written about in such popular books as "Drawing Down the Moon," (Penguin, 2006), by Margot Adler. Since then, Wiccans have served as chaplains in prisons and hospices, as well as in the armed forces. Just this week, Ms. Fox supplied the invocation for the daily session of the Wisconsin State Assembly. And, of course, the popular culture of the Harry Potter books, the television series "Buffy the Vampire Slayer" and the current zombie vogue have defanged Pagan religion for a mass teenage audience. Nothing did more to secure Paganism's place in the religious mainstream, though, than a highly serious, indeed somber, court battle. Brought by Americans United for Separation of Church and State on behalf of Circle Sanctuary and several widows, the decade-long litigation sought permission from the federal Department of Veterans Affairs to have the gravestones of deceased Wiccan soldiers marked with the symbol of the pentacle. Since winning that right as part of an out-of-court settlement two years ago, Wicca followers have marked more than a dozen military graves with the five-pointed star. "This got us the most widespread support and had the most wide-ranging import," Ms. Fox said. "Our symbol was literally being carved in stone and taking its place alongside the symbols of other religions. Our religion was at last getting equal treatment. It was one of those crossroads moments." E-mail: sgfreedman@nytimes.com

ADVERTISING SECTIONNo guarantees on the qualities of the following:
#Aontacht Magazine (now on its 2nd year, that is, the 6th issue)#
HYPERLINK "http://www.druidicdawn.org/taxonomy_menu/1/119"
##http://www.druidicdawn.org/taxonomy_menu/1/119# for the linkI hope
you enjoyed our latest edition of Aontacht (Druidic Dawn's online
magazine), where it has been announced that Druidic Dawn is now
officially a Community Interest Company (CIC) as from 1st September
2009. Little will change for our members; however Druidic Dawn has
big plans for 2010/2011 with regards to contributing back to the
Druid Community and what is considered important to Druids. Being a
CIC means we shall be in a position whereby it can demonstrate to
everyone in a transparent way, exactly what our altruistic objectives
are, and how funds are allocated.Druidic Dawn is a non-profit
organisation, and currently our volunteers have plundered their piggy
banks and looked under the settee with regards to paying the bills.
You may notice a little "Donate" button on the bottom of our website,
and we would welcome any funds in assisting us to maintain this
valuable service, plus contributing to our community projects once
announced.BlessingsNigel##†Afterlife Tourism, Inc.Prenote: It takes a
thief to catch one, so they say. While dealing with passport fraud,
I got to thinking, what would be a really good scam (major religions
excepted)? Offer a fake product that cannot be proven false while
the customer is alive. The following is for humor value only, please
don't try to scam anyone with it.Hey, folks! Perhaps you feel secure
that your trip to the hereafter is sewn up and assured? That's
great, but even paradise can become a bit boring. Maybe you might
want to take a little vacation and visit some of the other never
afterlife of other religious belief systems? Think of it, the
splendors of the Olympus, the rowdy beer halls of Valhalla, 99
virgins and a few camels, the unforgettable river Styx, the warmth
and sights of Hades, and so much more!If so, then you're going to
need an Afterlife Passport, and you better get one quickly, cause you
never know when this final journey is going to begin!! Order one now,
and for a short time, we'll offer a second one for a travel partner
of your choice, at no extra cost.How it works:Each afterlife,
according to its followers, has certain requirements for entry. True,
but that's usually for permanent residence, just like countries here
on the Earth. Surprisingly, most paradises have far more lenient
rules for short-term visitors who qualify for visas. Some of these
visas, like Tir nan Og of the Celts, can be gotten for little or no
expense, others like the realms of Phasmo of the Galatic Sene Church,
well, they're going to cost you a lot of time, money and effort. But
you needn't worry, our product comes with a convenient pullout chart
with the requirements to over 120 different afterlives, so you can
pick a schedule that suits your needs and interests.Can't take it
with you, they say, we'll that's only partly true. Our agents in the
afterlife will present you with a spiritual essence copy of the
completed passport (with attained visas) upon your arrival at the
Pearly Gates, or other pre-arranged locales. If you're worried you
won't have enough spiritualoso credit-chips in the hereafter, our

squad of mystics and monks will pray and do good deeds on your behalf here to ensure that you can travel in style through eternity. What is it made of: Fine red dragonhide. Blessed by starving homeless Tibetan monks. Yes that is right, don't ask from where. Its emblazoned with the symbols of dozens of religions, and bears your identity, submitted photo, and any aura-information you'd like to include. It has room for literally hundreds of pages of travel. What is it cost: Your wealth helped you here in this world for 70 to 80 years on average, how about for 70 to 80 million years, or all eternity? Well, since you can't take along all that money and real-estate, and your relatives will waste it with no benefit to you, why not have it work for you in your next existence? We have a gracious scale of 75% to 25% depending on the size of your estate, just call and talk to one of our testamentary planners. Of course, there is a money back guarantee if you are not satisfied with its performance! Why wait, operators are standing by! 1800 438 3853 Or e-mail us at # HYPERLINK "mailto:afterlifepassport@takemymoneyandrunk.com"

##afterlifepassport@takemymoneyandrunk.com# P.S. Related Sites for the amused: Google for "Heaven Passport" or "Kingdom of Israel" There are many varieties of "Camouflage" or "Fantasy" passports out there, and trust me, no self-respecting customs or immigration agent is going to be fooled by them, as long as they have the education of a 3rd grader. Publishing Information Title: Druid Inquirer: A Scrapbook of the Reformed Druid Communities Editor: Michael the Fool Published: 8 times a year. No mailed copies, just free on the internet, print your own. Submissions Policy: Give it to me! If you have news about your grove, written a little essay, like to write up a book or move, have a poem, saw an interesting news article in the paper, or have a cartoon, send it in to # HYPERLINK "mailto:mikerdna@hotmail.com" ##mikerdna@hotmail.com# I'll try to give credit to whoever the original author is, and they retain the copyright to their works, and we'll reprint it one day in a future binding also. Nasty works will not be published. Although my standards are not sky-high, incomplete works will be nurtured towards a publish-able form. Submissions are accepted from other publications and organizations, so you need not be a formal member of the RDNA to have your items published.