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the horses. His two eyes, John Simon said, his two eyes was a fire as big as buckets and fire coming out of his nostrils and out of his mouth. The wagon was across the horse stable door, little ways from it. This animal was coming out and John Simon start backing out • and the stretcher of the wagon caught him right in the knees, and turn a somersault on him. He said that beast went right through the wagon; he said it went right down into the brook. The next morning I was going over and John Simon was out* He had a bottle and he was slashing at the barn with this* I seen him in a couple of days* I said, "What were you doing when I was going over the other morning there, you had a bottle*" "Aw," he says, "you had the truth, John R* The devil came out of there. You'll never catch me again in the barn*" Bessie: He was splashing holy water. John R.: Yeah. He thought he was going to put the devil away, but I don't think he did. And in two days time John Simon packed up and moved and went up to Cape Mabou. (Do you have any idea what it might all mean?) John R.: No, I do not. (Do you feel any of it was trying to do you harm?) John R.: No, not a bit. Didn't hurt me, didn't do nothing....Fred MacIsaac, himself and Joe MacRae was up there. They're both dead. When we'd go to bed, we'd take the lamp with us upstairs. And when we'd put the lamp out, they'd watch, 'en we'd blow the lamp out they'd know, well, they're in bed. Down the kitchen and front room and dining room would all light up. What was doing it I don't know. They didn't know. (What finally happened to this house?) Bessie: It was torn down. John R.: I tore it to pieces. I found a glass jar, down in the sillings. Full of ashes. I took it up here. And they went out of their minds. They said, "Throw that in the brook* Get out, get with it, get, get* That's some? body that died* And he was burnt*" I said, "You're crazy." I went and I threw it in the brook and the bottle went to pieces and the ashes went down the brook. I hauled a piece of the house up here. I had it below there, had it for a barn. Tore it a- part. All went. Nothing ever happened. The old barn fell down. Nothing ever happened. Bessie: Whatever it was, it was somebody that was...troubled* Our Thanks to Donna Davis and Frank MacDonald for their help in making this article possible* They, along with Pat MacFarlane, Alastair Dixon. Patsy Cameron, Delores Feehan. Eileen MacQuarrie • worked in summer 1973 on an Opportunities for Youth Project in Inverness county, gathering history and folklore* Annie MacPhee's stories of the fairies and of boards through a window heard as a forerunner' and Bessie MacLeod's story of the mattress no one could sleep on • came from materials they gathered. and helped us find further information. They plan soon to publish the project materials in a book. MR. TIRE LTD. 267 Prince Street Sydney The Radial Tire People specializing in IIII-IIINIIJ and the World Famous Bandag Re-treading Fully Equipped Mobil Unit PHONE: 539-5670 Cape Breton's Magazine/8 Coai-busting songs, poems and ballad-type stories of adventure of the men who work in the mines* Recording and Songbook produced and published by Waterloo Music Company, Ltd, and available locally or direct Waterloo Music Company. Ltd* Box 250, Waterloo, Ontario from