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he looked like. And he said he had high leather boots on. When he asked him if he wanted the drive, he said, "No." But right then, there was a kind of a...my father knew there was some? thing that wasn't just quite natural about this. This fellow said to my father, "No, I don't want a drive, but I'd like you to do something for me." My father told him he would, if it was possible. So he told him that he was on this ship, a Scottish boat that had been shipwrecked on North Harbour beach. And that they had been drowned and their bodies came ashore on the beach. And he said, "My body is buried down"--at that time there was a cemetery at Cabot Landfall. All my people were bur? ied there first. With the wearing away by the sea, erosion, their bodies were becom? ing exposed. So my people were moved up to the Aspy Bay cemetery. And this is what this fellow told my father: that his body was becoming exposed. And he asked my fa? ther if he would shift him in further. And he told him where he was from--Paisley, Scotland. And he told him his name was An? derson. And he told him where to get in touch with his people, his descendants. And my father told him he would sure look into it. And then the fellow was gone. (Disappeared or walked away?) I don't know, really. I heard my father say, but I don't remember. But he went home. And on the way he was wondering, did he dream that or have a nightmare--he was so certain that it was real. And when he went in the house his father, old John MacDonald, sitting at the end of the table, reading the Bible--and he told him what took place. His father, who they called Red Jack, was a pretty hot-tempered fellow. And he just didn't take too kindly to what my father told him. My father insisted that he have a look. Well okay. They went over the next morning and went over to the bank, and there were the two leather boots sticking out of the bank. And they took the ground from over him. He was wrapped into a canvas, and his uniform was on him just like my father had seen him, only if you would touch it, it would disintegrate. And there was a piece of money in his pocket, you could see it through the uniform--I expect it was a half crown, from what I've seen of English money afterward. They dug the body up and reburied him. (Did they mark the grave?) I don't think they did. I know I looked down there, and the only grave I can see there is a Mac? Donald fellow; he'd be a different Mac? Donald than I am. But there used to be-- well, the major Protestant cemetery for that area was down Cabot Landfall at that time. And I can remember myself going over there and looking and seeing a coffin sticking out of the bank. (And your father would tell this story?) Oh, yes. (And over the years, he never doubted?) No. (And was that the only thing that ever happened to your father.) Yes. That's the only thing supernatural I ever heard him mention. They moved the body in. And he wrote to the address in Paisley, Scotland. Sent the money, and got back a letter and a plaid shawl. Eddie Fraser, Bay St. Lawrence: We walked, me and Simon, we walked all over the Cabot Trail when there was no road, only to go by foot or snowshoes in the wintertime, and on horseback. Couldn't get there with a car. Simon Fraser: Just a little path. college of cdpe presents Songs & Stories from Deep Cove Cape Breton (Edited by Ron MacEachern). Twenty songs from earlier



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