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fhasgadh, agus ma bhios tu beo \*s ma thig thu as 's math, ??s mura tig chan'eil air-each air. Ach bha an t-each math gu le'r an lama mhaireach agus leig his na crai? cinn ris. Agus bha e cantail gu robh an t-each cho math 's a dh\*iarradh iad. Ach a null an toiseach an t-samuhraidh nuair a thigeadh am births gu robh e duilich dhaibh cus de dh\*obair a dheanamh leis; bhiodh e cho blath, gus an rachadh a\* chloimh a rusgadh dheth. Ach nuair a rachadh sin a dheanamh bha \*n t-each cho math \*s a dh\* iarradh iad. \*S thuirt e gur e an rud bu nebnaiche uile gu leir mim each a bha sin, gu faicte e shuas air a chnoc treis comhla ris na h-eich eile agus treis'eile thall air a\* chnoc cbmhla ris na caoraich. ??S bha sin, ors esan, a\* cur moran iongnadh air cuid a bhiodh a\* tighinn, nuair a chitheadh iad e 'na laighe comhla ris na caoraich. Ach bu shuarach sin seach an t-iongnadh a ghabhadh iad uile dhe nuair a rachadh iad suas Chun an aite anns an robh e \*na laighe agus a chitheadh iad an t-each sin a\* cn'h a chire. This young man was full of stories, he could make them up as fast as you could go a- long and he told a story about a young horse they had, one of the finest horses • and his father was plowing with this liorse and another horse, teamed up, and a certain man was walking down the road and he looked at the horse and shortly after that the horse laid down on the ground, couldn't get on his feet anymore. The old man sent his son down to a certain woman that was supposed to set back that witchcraft • if anybody put something over with the Evil Bye she could turn that back. And the roads were so bad and it took him so long to travel when he got down there she was away from home at the time. In the meantime it got so late in the evening that the horse was dead, and the old man took the hide off the horse. In the meantime I guess a ped? lar came along and he took the hide. The young fellow finally met this witch that could offset every evil doing, she went through some performance and then she gave him a bottle of water and she told him to shake that on the horse's head and if there was life still even in the tip of the ears, the horse would get up. So he got home late at night and when he got up to the field there, the horse was lying down. It was kind of dark and he never noticed that the hide was removed from the horse, because the horse was grey anyway and the hide was on the neck and the head • and he just shook the water on the head and after a while he told his father about what happened and his father said. Ah, the horse is dead. After a while they saw the horse standing at the barn door. They went down and sure enough the horse was there but the hide was gone. Oh, the old man figured he\*d do something with the horse. He went up to the barn where there were a lot of pelts, sheep skins. He got up and sheared them and then he found a little keg with some seal oil in it and he found a pot with some pitch, pine pitch • poured the oil in a pot and put it over a fire and warmed it • and the pitch melted and he stirred that in among the oil and he brushed the pelts and put them on the horse and tied them on and finally finished covering the horse and put the horse in the barn. By and by the pelts healed, stuck to the flesh and healed and the horse was as good as ever. And in the springtime of the year he said he was so hard to work, he'd be too warm with the



wool until he'd shear him along with the rest of the sheep. And he said that people were surprised to see the horse where he'd be laying up on the hill with the horses on the other hill • he'd be over with the sheep. But he said the people never got such a surprise at any- thing as when they went up close to where the horse would be lying down with the sheep, chewing his cud. Cape Breton's Magazine/13