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was taking him home, in a sleigh. Coming down Salmon River he says, "Donald John," he says, "do you want the double sight?" I don't know what he was thinking of. I says, "No, grandpaw. My sight is good." So it was then. Good yet, thank God. But it was damn good then. He said, "I've got the connivers." I put ray left foot over his right foot and I'd put my right hand over his left shoulder • "and you're going to see what I see. You'll look at it." I said, "I don't want to see what you're looking at. Go ahead. Have a good look at it Grandpaw. I don't want no sight. No, no, no. I got plenty sight." "Oh, well," he said, "that's good enough. But I'll give you the double sight." Well I shaved people and I dressed them and watched them and put them in the casket • there was all kinds of them dying out back • but I never seen anything interfering with myself...at no time. Donald John: There was one man I knew • not myself • he was cutting coal out Port Mor? ien • that's f'ay out on the eastern coast of Cape Breton • and he was living down what we call here Sydney Forks. I saw the man. There was two or three of them. They were all pretty able but this fellow v/as pretty able anyhow. Fine looking man • big, red face. And they were seeing things down what they call Blackett's Lake Road. I don't blame them for seeing things cause I was coming there with a horse and wagon when the cars came out a good many years ago. Car went straight instead of going around a turn and went into trees and there was two men killed. So, no doubt, they may have seen things. But this man was walking home after working this day • walking home from Sydney and he had a bottle of rum and he was taking a few drinks of rum but at the Forks Bridge • 7 Mile Bridge we call it • he took a drink. He was scared of what was ahead of him. Foggy black night. You couldn't see a damn thing. But he was walking along, coming handy that little brook. That's where they used to see things. And all of a sudden he heard a brrr-brrrrr, in the alders. He couldn't see nothing and he could hear the alders cracking. And that's all he heard, sort of a growl. He said, "You're after frightening a lot here but you're not frightening me tonight." He said, "Gome out where I'll get ray hands on you." So the thing was coming out. He felt around and he could see nothing. But he found hair and small horns. Well he thought he had the devil all right. And the thing pushed him, into his guts. And he came on with his fists and then he came on with the kicks and never quit till he figured he had killed the devil. Left him dead in the alders. Early Stmday morning when most people would be walking up to East Bay, somebody called in. "Did you see doxvn Allan MacMullin's • did you see the loss? They found their year old black bull dead on the road." He had to pay for the bull, but he killed the devil. ywolco CAPE BRETON SHOPPING PLAZA SYDNEY RIVER ~ OIEN DAILY "TIL 10 P. M. DEHUmniT STORES A Oiyision of tb? F.W.Noolnotth Co. Lialted BUY WITH CONFIDENCE SATISFACTION GUARANTEED REPWCEMENTOR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED