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With Margaret MacDonald of Glace Bay Margaret MacDonald talks here with CAPE BRETON'S MAGAZINE and her daughter, Anna Lamb. Margaret MacDonald: My husband is buried at Black Brook Cemetery. And all his people are. It's an old old cemetery. The starting of the cemetery--it was a dark, stormy night and this ship came in, and they knew it was a stranger. That ship was there a couple of days. Finally, the ship sailed away. And after the ship sailed away, they got curious and they went to this place off from where the ship was anchored, and they found a big grave and a small grave. So that was all right. They never knew who it was. But a year--just one year from that--this ship came back. It laid to for a couple of days, and then it left. And after it left, they went to find out what was going on. And there was a headstone there. The captain's wife had died, giving birth to a baby, and the baby's grave was there. They sailed away-- where, it's never been known. A year from that again, they went to see the grave again and there was an iron fence around it and a huge headstone. So this was the starting of the Black Brook Cemetery. After that, people started to use it. It's a Protestant cemetery. And my husband • Dan W. MacDonald--is buried there and all his people are. It's a beautiful spot. It's Black Brook--it's black water and it's coming around a kind of high bank, not terribly high. And there's a drive right around, and as you come towards the water, this grave is there. It's a pleasant place to go. When I go in that cemetery, something happens. It's not just that I'm imagining "this. I get a feeling that I'm in a good place. Maybe it's my nonsense, but I love to visit there perhaps once a year. And a lot of people say the same thing. I was born in Big Lorraine, about three miles from Louisbourg. I was a Fiander. All fishermen out there then. Small village • English and Scotch mainly. I met my husband in Louisbourg; he was from Broughton. They owned a farm out there. We moved to Broughton after we were married. Then, when Broughton closed, we moved to Glace Bay and I have been here ever since. Broughton today is nothing. When I went there to visit it was working, but when I went there to live, it was already closed down. Well, we had a farm--his father's farm--I've picked berries in around the mines. But he was still a miner. He used to walk across the woods to mine Birch Grove. He mined Broughton before that. Birch Grove closed down and we had to come to Glace Bay. Then he worked till he was killed in 24 colliery. He lived six hours after he was hurt. He was hurt around 10 o'clock in the morning and he died in the evening. Just one person in that accident. And he was a man who was never hurt in the pit, till that one. (How did you find out about the accident?) Margaret: I happened to be in town that day. I was in the doctor's surgery and apparently they were looking all over for me. The first thing I knew was when I came home. We had a black dog. And the dog was lying on the ground with the paws stretched out like that and her nose flat on the ground. And otherwise, that dog would run to meet me. But she never looked up. When I looked at her, I thought to myself, what's the matter with her? Till I walked in the house and found that he was in the hospital, just about gone. He lived five or six hours after. That's the way it goes. You have to face up to those things. (All



those years of having a man in the mine, did you worry?) Well, no. You get used to it.. You know, it's your living. You don't worry about things like that. Anymore than you worry about a fisherman. My father was a fisherman. He went out fishing, and he could have an accident out fishing same as he could have an accident in the mine. I didn't fear for him. I nev? er gave it a thought. He was supposed to go and that's the way he went. That's my belief. Anna, what year did your father die? Anna Lamb: 1952. (Of course, by 1952, I suppose there was help for widows of miners.) Anna: Yeah. She got 50 dollars a month, that • s the help she got. 50 dollars a month for a woman of 55 years old that had CAPE BRETON'S MAGAZINE, NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE WRECK COVE, CAPE BRETON, NOVA SCOTIA SECOND CLASS MAIL • REGISTRATION NUMBER 3014