

[Page 50 - 2 Gaelic Tales: John Dan MacNeil & Mickey MacNeil](#)

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Off he went, and she then took a knife that was on the table and made for the barn. There was a ram there and great horns on him. She cut the head from the ram and took the head with her. She set out and arrived where the man was buried. She removed the bit of dirt that was put on him and removed him from there. She lifted the corpse and pulled it further into the forest. She placed the big ram's head into the graveyard... the grave, and threw dirt on it. She returned home. She got home before he returned with the churn. When he got home she started on the butter. It wasn't necessary, but this would do as an excuse to send him away. Och, that was all right. The next day he was out getting wood. Who appeared but law? men: two of them. They would be called police. They asked him, did he see anyone around today. "Oh, I didn't." "Did you see anyone yesterday?" "Oh, I didn't," he replied. "I didn't see a soul." "Were you about in any place?" "I was," he said. "I was in the village a few days ago and I killed that fellow," he said, "that will be coming around." "Do you know what day you killed him?" "Well, I can't," he said, "tell you very well what day." "Try." they said, "and remember what day you did the killing." He answered saying, "As well as I can tell, I am very sure," he said, "it was the day it was raining cornmeal." "Oh," said the man to the other one, "leave him alone." he said, "the damn fool. Don't you know he's crazy anyway." "Hold on." he said to the other fellow. "I'm going," he said, "to ask him one more question before we leave. Do you know where you buried him?" "I do," said Donald. "Will you go with us?" "'Tis I will go," he said. "Stop till I get a spade." He went to seek a spade and he took the spade with him. When they reached the place where the peddler was, he started to delve in the grave. He didn't have to go very far anyway and he came across the horns. He lifted the beast's head. "Well, I can't," he said, "tell you." he said, "that there were horns on that man the day I killed him." The other fellow said. "Let him go. We've lost enough time on account of that damn idiot." And I'm sure that man and his mother are still there at home. These stories were collected by James Watson and Ellison Robertson, and are part of the Nova Scotia Highland Village Gaelic Tape Collection. Marie MacLean of Washabuck and John Shaw of Glendale assisted in transcription. As part of this on-going project. Ellison is creating a series of portraits of some of the people involved. A further selection from these interviews and portraits is available in the book Sealladh Gu Taobh (Oral Tradition and Reminiscence By Cape Breton Gaels)--on sale in stores or directly from University College of Cape Breton Press. Box 5300. Sydney, N.S. BIP 6L2. The price is \$6.95. ' Wayne Weatherbee, Director SHOULD YOU PRE-ARRANGE "" ?? tID [Hi FUNERAL? Today, more than ever before, people are thinking and doing something about the future. Among those concerns for the future is the matter of their plans for their funeral. Sydney Memorial Chapel Ltd. respectfully suggests that it is a good idea to visit your Funeral Director, and together talk these matters over quietly and calmly. He can help you with information as to the different services and their costs, and then he will confirm your arrangements in writing so that your family will know what you want. Si'cinei' JX'rrvorioi Chapel Ltd. 49 Welton Street, Sv'cCnei' A



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