

[Page 5 - John R. and Bessie MacLeod: Stories of Their Old Home](#)

ISSUE : [Issue 12](#)

Published by Ronald Caplan on 1975/12/1

John R. and Bessie MacLeod: the!?! old Home Bessie: No, no, it wasn't this house. It was just down below here* That house is ta? ken apart* But I'm telling you, really, it was spooky. And then we moved out* I was never scared when I was there. I heard lots and lots and lots of things there. And after we left • we only moved up just across the road • I went down the next day for dishes that I left at the house and, it was so funny, when I got to the door • if there was a dish there covered with diamonds, I couldn't go in for it* I froze right at the door* And I just couldn't • and I was looking at the dish in the pantry, thru the window • just at the door I could see it* No, sir* I%was so scared I couldn't go in that house* And when I was in there I wasn't a bit frightened or anything. I'd stay alone there in the night. But when I left there, everything came, boy. That's the tirae I was scared. But I wasn't scared when I was living in it. I could go as far as the door and I would just freeze right there* I could not go inside. (But things were happening when you were living there?) Yes. But while I was there I was okay. It didn't seem to bother me* I used to hear walking* And if you'd be in the kitchen, in the dining room, you'd hear somebody coming downstairs. And you'd be in one room and you'd hear whatever it was walking into the other room, i'en you'd be in bed upstairs through the night you'd hear the walking down below, pulling dishes and opening the doors* That's what happened that night we heard that man coming in. John R, tell it. You tell it better. Tell him about the night the man came in* John R*: I'll have to tell that the last of it. We had just moved in. 30 vears ago. (Did you ever hear stories about this house?; The old people, yes, the old people did. Bessie: I think that's why they moved out of there, the family that owned it before. They never told till after they sold it that that's vrtiy. John R.: They used to see a woman coming down there. Bessie: Yeah* John R*: She'd go in the house. They couldn't see her. They'd see her going in, that's all* My aunt was over there one night playing cards. She'd be 150 years old if she were living. And Mr. MacDonald had a black horse. In the barn. There was an old kitchen there • Dr* Chisholm was born in it • the late Dr* Chisholm of Margaree Harbour, born in that kitchen. She was over then, and she looked out the window • an awful storm on • and she seen this black horse looking in the window • great big beautiful-looking horse • and she told Mr. MacDonald, "There's a black horse looking in the window*" "Oh, hell of it," he said, "the little black horse must have got out*" And he took the lantern and went out and went over the barn and he came in and he said, "Oh, I put the horse in." But the horse wasn't out • but Mr. MacDonald put it that way so the women wouldn't get scared. They were seeing, hearing things before I went there. (Take me back* Was there nobody living in the house when you moved in?; John R*: My uncle Joe MacKinnon bought that place* He came home from out north* He bought that farm, from MacDonald* I used to be over there with him. I wasn't married then. We were shingling and painting the barn* My uncle this day went to town • went on a lit? tle toot • he came back, he drove down to the place and he put the horse in the barn* He went over to the house, he opened the door* Sometime in the night • I don't



know when he came home • but whatever met him at the door, he didn't go in* He went out to the barn and he took the robe out of the wagon; and there was hay on the threshing floor • and I caught him there in the morning and I asked him what happened* "How is it you're sleeping here and a big, beautiful house over there?" "Look, John R.," he says, "I'll never, never sleep in it* Or go in it*" And neither did he. Bessie: And they were awful good people* John R.: The people who owned it were very, very good people • whatever was wrong there* John R.: Well anyway I moved from a place they call Egypt* Upper Margaree* Southwest Margaree, Egypt. Moved down and I wrote to my uncle and he gave me the house. And we moved in there. This noise was going on. When we'd go to bed we'd hear everything moving and going and a table move and dishes moving and • anyhow this night my Aunt Teresa made the card playing. Bessie says, "John R*, we're going to the card playing*" A snowstorm on* I didn't want to go* I was working in the mines and I didn't want to go* She coaxed me so we went* The storm was so bad we got as far as my father's* My father and mother were in, living alone* Went in* And my father said, "God, John R*, you getting crazy, out on a night like tonight*" I said, "Aunt Teresa got a card playing and I'm going to go*" "T?? hell," he says, "with the card playing • you'll get lost*" So my mother made tea and we were in talking* Went back over to the house* Walked back* Oh, we couldn't hardly see a hand ahead of us* We got down there* Went in and her mother was up and she had fires on and we had tea and went to bed* Her mother went upstairs ahead of us* And she told me, "John R., lock the door." "Maw," I says, "I'll lock it. The bodachean won't get in tonight." Bessie: That's the little old man. John R.: My uncle had a yale lock on the door. There was Cape Breton's Magazine/S