

filled, is kept by Nelson Small, a naturalized American, who came here about the time the southern war was raging, who began trading on a small scale; but by dint of perseverance and ingenuity has run the race of competition successfully with Mr. Fraser. There is also a cooper shop at this cove, under the skillful care of an industrious man by the name of George Anderson.

In 1867, quite an exciting scene was witnessed at Woodward's Cove. A whale that it seems had become exceedingly anxious to breakfast on some nice fat herring had quite unwittingly entered within the precincts of a brush weir, built for the very purpose of catching herring and all such comers. His whaleship, once in the weir, and having regaled himself to his heart's content, and touching bottom occasionally, began to feel apprehensive that all was not right, and so turned tail to the village and headed for the deeper waters of the bay. The stakes and the brush felt the unusual pressure, but refused to give way. He had entered as a great intruder, a bold robber, a rapacious monster of the deep, and, if possible, must be held in durance vile and be made pay the penalty of his temerity. The news spread over the island with astonishing rapidity that a whale was caught in a weir at Woodward's Cove and there was more excitement, more "hurrying to and fro," than there was in "Belgium's capital by night," where fair women and brave men had whirled in the voluptuous dance, till startled by the war trumpet's blast calling—"to arms, to arms!" Our islanders went for the whale on the run from many points of the compass. The late Lorenzo Drake made for the scene of action with the coolness and yet the speed of a regular whalesman. Armed with a harpoon—that weapon which art has made the most suitable wherewith to pierce the blubber-flesh of this monster of the deep, the whale—a large number of people having collected, the battle began in terrible earnestness. The harpoon struck the whale, he lashed mightily his tail, the weir gave way, oars were in play, he made for sea, boats gallantly headed him to the shore, where bleeding, he breathed no more. This great fish was towed up to high water mark at the cove, cut up, and the oil, when divided among the stockholders, proved to be quite a