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Good Government; Honesty in Public Office; Equal Justice to All--Special Privileges to None.

Biggest Tarpon Ever Caught on Coast of Fla.

In the Capture of Which Tallahassee Gentlemen Unwillingly Figured Near Historic St. Marks.

The following fish story was recently printed in the columns of the Nashville Tennessean, and was written by Mr. W. F. DuBoise, who once lived in Tallahassee, being known to quite a number of our people.

The True Democrat vouches for its truthfulness, for the Tallahasseeans named are still residents of the city, and assure us that the thing actually occurred:

(Some time since, J. H. Fall & Co. offered handsome prizes for the best three fish stories, placing no restrictions on the contestants as to location or otherwise. There were twenty manuscripts submitted. The following won the first prize. The committee of award was: Mrs. John W. Thomas, Dr. Duncan Eve, and Mr. Ben Allen.)

"The hero of our story is Major Austin Fisher, of Tallahassee, Fla.; the time, 1866; and the place, St. Mark's Bay, near the mouth of Wakulla river. At the age of nineteen Austin Fisher enlisted in the First Florida Regiment, and by his courage he soon rose to the rank of Major. Six feet two inches tall, he tipped the beam at 265 pounds, nor was there an ounce of surplus flesh on his big frame. A born commander of men, firm as Gibraltar, without fear of man or beast, and reveling in daring adventures. To him the cannon's call was a fascinating call to danger; yet within this great physique there was a heart as big as the world and as tender as that of a woman.

"Consider a moment the environments of the brave sons of the South during the reconstruction period; used to daring adventure and fierce conflict, now stinging under the lash of defeat, and forced to submit quietly to the arbitrary rule of a horde of carpet-baggers and petty federal officers, who seemed to take a fiendish delight in elevating the liberated slaves to positions over their former masters. These facts are not stated to awaken sectional animosities, which have long since gone to sleep, and for which every part of our great country is now heartily ashamed, but to show the conditions succeeding the surrender, which produced a feeling bordering on desperation, when men would face dangers which otherwise the bravest heart might shun.

BY NATURE A FISHERMAN.

"As his name might indicate, Major Fisher was by nature a fisherman, and to those familiar with the sport it is quite natural that a man of this kind would regard fishing for tarpon the next best thing to actual service on the firing line. Hence to get a short respite from the painful surroundings and ennui at home, it was any easy matter to make up a party of old comrades for a month's camping on the coast, fishing for big game. Besides the Major, there were H. W. Demilly, now living somewhere in South Florida; Alston Walker (dead), J. W. Coles, and Frank Damon, still residing in Tallahassee.

"With the lighthouse as a base, a week's splendid sport had been enjoyed, but the equinoctial period was now at hand, and for several days a continual southeast wind had been banking up clouds, and there could be distinctly heard that weird moaning of the distant sea. These ominous signs kept even the brown old fishermen close in to shore. Then came the fiercest storm ever known to the coast. For two days the wind blew with terrific force bringing landward a tidal wave, the like of which had never before been seen in those parts. For eighteen hours the waves seemed mountains high, continued the work of destruction. Then came a calm, and the receding water carried out to sea relics of the destruction it had wrought. Riding the waves could be seen furniture, pianos, bedding, etc., and our fishermen had become a salvage crew, gathering in not only these, but several persons clinging to drifts had been saved by their efforts.

"The work was not only arduous but attended with great risk, as the wind had now shifted and was blowing almost a gale from the land. Darkness found Major Fisher and his tired crew still out in their skiff, when a sudden and prolonged flash of lightning brought to their view a house-top floating out, upon which were clinging a woman and two children. Even the stout hearts of the old soldiers became sick, but the ex-Confederate officer gave the command to follow the wreck. Inspired with new life, every man bent to his oars. If it was a matter of a few minutes to overtake the object of their quest, when in fact a needle could almost have been found in a haystack.

OWN BECAME MOTIVATOR.

"Members of this and that their own was in imminent peril did not their social efforts. After

battling with the waves for several hours in the inky darkness, and worn out after their long day's work, the men began to argue with their commander that they abandon the fruitless search and take the one slender chance for their own lives. Major Fisher tried to persuade his squad that duty called them to press on after the helpless people. At last the crew became mutinous and threatened to lay down their oars. It was then that the officer arose with an oar uplifted, and began a tirade in the most profane and abusive language, denouncing the men as renegades who would cowardly surrender in the face of danger and fatigue, closing his harangue with an oath that he would kill and throw overboard the first man who laid down his oar. When four brave men submitted to one more brave and renewed their efforts in the forlorn chase. It should be stated that the officer himself allowed no one to do more hard work than he.

"It was past midnight when exhausted nature was about to give a command which even the intrepid officer could not ignore. Physical endurance had al-

the crew was alongside of the floating house upon which were crouched the mother and her children, who had abandoned all hope and were quietly awaiting their doom. The poor creature clasped her hands and exclaimed, 'Thank God,' and this was all she could utter, but every man felt that this was a sufficient reward for his night's work. 'The wind had now subsided, and some little distance away, Major Fisher noted another object, which he recognized as the top of what was known as Ten Mile Tree, so the party had their bearings, and the commander arose and said, 'Madam, you and your children are safe, rest easy, but we have hung an immense tarpon; would you mind if we land our big game? These brave men have toiled hard all night.'

"God bless you, sir, I will wait as long as you wish," she replied.

"In the meantime the tired fish continued to circle the house, evidently seeking an entrance. Suddenly there was a crash and the poor woman shrieked as her craft reeled. The tarpon had broken in through a window and remained still. Major Fisher or-

Frank Damon being the smallest and most active in the party was the first to enter. This he did by stepping lightly on an organ, floating on the dry side, and from this jumped to the stairway, throwing a line back to the boat. Three of the men followed, but Major Fisher was unable to squeeze through the narrow passageway and remained on guard outside, armed with the gaff to meet the monster should he attempt to escape. The water was then about five feet deep. A jerk of the line brought the tarpon to the surface, and finding himself cornered, his fury became terrific. The stairway was snapped into splinters, while kindling wood was made of the organ and other furniture. The splashing of the water and the destruction being wrought sounded as if a hurricane was raging inside the house. In vain did the men in the attic attempt to use their gaff, and for nearly an hour the battle raged furiously without a moment's cessation.

"At last Major Fisher declared that he could stand it no longer, but must be admitted to the inside. To do this

Two Interesting Old Papers.

Issued in Savannah Just Prior to and During the War--Tallahassee Man Wants His Slave.

Mr. J. D. Cay brings to the office of the True Democrat copies of two old Savannah papers, which were transmitted to him by his father, Mr. Raymond Cay, of Walthourville, Liberty county, Georgia, which are full of interest.

One of these papers, The Evening Express, of May 15th, 1860, was edited by Ambrose Spencer and published by J. Holbrook Estill, who later became editor and proprietor of the Savannah Morning News. The sheet was the official paper of the county, is liberally full of advertising and some of it would be exceedingly singular and be severely criticised if inserted in the papers of today.

Snuff is given a very prominent position for the benefit of ladies.

E. C. Corbett advertises as a broker and dealer in slaves.

We learn from this paper that the ladies then wore bonnets instead of hats.

The Georgia State Lottery, authorized by a special act of the legislature, advertised its monthly drawings, the capital prize being \$5,300.

The leading dry goods establishment of the city advertises under the name of 'The Pantechnetheca.' (As the name is not in the dictionaries the True Democrat would like to know what it means.) This house prominently advertises the receipt of 500 dozen hoop skirts at 50 cents to \$3.00 each.

While the paper contains only one editorial, from the tone of it we judge it to have been an anti-secession organ; and it contains notices of several anti-secession meetings throughout the South.

The leading article in the paper is a letter from Mr. B. Gauden, who was a delegate to the Charleston convention, explaining to his constituents the reason for his vote against severance from the National Democratic party. He claimed that a continuance with this party would have resulted in each state being permitted to regulate the slave trade. He denounced in a very emphatic way the \$2,000 slave trade of Virginia.

The other paper is a copy of the Savannah Republican, of August 31st, 1863. The sheet at that time was enjoying a good old age of 62 years. It was published daily at \$10 per year, weekly \$6.

This particular issue contains an advertisement over the signature of V. M. Johnson, of Tallahassee, Fla., offering \$100 reward for the return of a servant boy, Edward, who had ran away and was thought to have gone to Charleston.

The paper tells that at this time the war was at its height, but little information was obtainable.

Editorially it calls upon the orators of Georgia to go among the people and let them understand "that peace and freedom can be won in no other way than by the triumph of our arms."

The editor announces that he will support no man for governor of the state unless he will give a generous support to the Confederate administration.

This paper also contains a letter from William B. Gauden protesting against the use of his name for any office, saying that he conscientiously opposed secession, but when a majority of his people decided otherwise he was with them in sympathy, but sought no official reward.

A Little Dollar.

Just a little dollar on its mission sent makes a lot of people glad each time the coin is spent. You pay it to the butcher to give you strength; he takes it to the grocer, from whom it goes at length for some pretty bit of cloth or lace his better half to buy, or helps to get her winter hat to make her rival sigh. The dry goods man sends on the coin to pay his market bill, and though the coin is often spent it stays a dollar still; and every time 'tis spent at home some act of good is done in "booming" local industries ere setting for the sun. But if you take that shining coin and break the local chain, the chances are that from afar 'twill not return again. If once it passes out of town, the butcher and the baker, the grocer, the dry goods man, the cook, the undertaker, the carriage wright, the blacksmith, everyone, will lose the chance to touch the coin ere the setting of the sun. Just keep the little coin at home; just keep it moving well, and every time it changes hands somebody's goods 'twill sell. That single dollar, it has thus a wondrous power to make somebody better a dozen times an hour. It pays the bills and wards off all ills, and ne'er its power relaxes to soothe, doctor, buy the coal and pay for the clothes.

FOR SALE--A parrot, with a yellow head, at a bargain, by W. W. Trammell.



HON. JOHN P. STOKES,
of Pensacola Elected as Speaker Pro Tem of the
House of Representatives.

most reached its limit and the boat was drifting on the waves. Suddenly there came a jerk of the skiff, then another and another. It seemed as if the strong timbers of the craft would be wrenched apart, then quick as thought the boat shot wildly through the waves and the slender chance the men felt they had for their lives was dissipated.

"This, however, did not receive a moment's concern, for everyone knew that they had hung an immense tarpon; it was then remembered that the party had before the storm been fishing from this same skiff, and had left a stout line and bait attached to the prow. Here and there the big fish darted through the white caps, and for an hour the men forgot everything in the exhilaration of the grand sport. Major Fisher would not permit any effort to capture the monster, for he said it was taking the place of the rowing and enabled the search to proceed.

AWAITING THEIR DOOM.

"When day began to dawn a speck was visible in the distance, to which the tarpon seemed to be making its way, instinctively realizing that the object, whatever it might be, would afford a hiding place or relief from its perilous position. It was not long before

dered two of his men to put the woman and children in the boat, and for them to remain on the house, making fast the line holding the fish. Then with the house in tow the craft moved to the tree mentioned, where they were made fast, allowing for the settling of the tide and keeping the body of the tree against the window so as to prevent any egress. It was decided that the attack should not be made until the house had rested on the ground and access could be had through the window.

"In the meantime the rescued persons were taken to the shore. Of course the tarpon could now have been caught without further effort, as within a short time he would have been on dry land, but the sportsmen had no idea of thus missing what promised to be a battle royal. The men were familiar with the game they had brought to bay, and knew that the capture would be attended with danger, for with one blow of the monster's tail one or more could have been cut in two.

CAPTURING THE TARPON.

"The house was one story with an attic, leading up to which there was a slender stairway. As soon as two feet of the window became visible, it was decided that the attack should begin.

the door was forced open, and seeing the daylight outside the big fish made a fierce lunge, striking and capizing the boat, but before he was dumped in the water, the commander landed a well aimed blow of his gaff into the brain of the monster, and after a few struggles the fish turned over dead. Towing their big catch, the party, with the rescued mother and children, reached the lighthouse about dark. The tarpon measured nine feet two inches, and was said to have been two feet longer than any ever seen on the Gulf coast."

It's a Top Notch Deer.

Great deeds compel regard. The world crowns its doers. That's why the American people have crowned Dr. King's New Discovery the King of Throat and Lung remedies. Every atom is a health force. It kills germs, and coids and lagrippe vanish. It heals cough-racked membranes and coughing stops. Sore, inflamed bronchial tubes and lungs are cured and hemorrhages cease. Dr. George More, Black Jack, N. C., writes: "It cured me of lung trouble, pronounced hopeless by all doctors." 50c., \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by all druggists. 6-1m