

HORACE 'BUCKAROO' MULDOON

By

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PREFACE

The term 'Buckaroo' was the original term used to describe a Broncbuster in the early 1830's and thereafter. A Broncbuster was your typical individual, usually a young male, whose chief duty it was to break broncos to the saddle.

Broncos were mainly known as wild Mustangs, which were found in the Western United States.

The name Buckaroo was later replaced with the more familiar name of today, that of Cowboy. By

the late 1860's, 'Buckaroo' was seldom used anymore. Over time, the word 'Cowboy' had grown to encompass the full scope of what true Cowboy's grew into.

Your average cowboy had little or no book learning, but his word was his bond. A handshake made many a deal, never to be broken without dire consequences indeed.

They were very accomplished riders, and as hired hands, ranchers used their expanded skills not only to break broncos, but to now tend to cattle and horse herds.

These herds ranged from small to extremely large. Cowboys' were known for their great bravery while tending herds on the open range. From the 1860's to the 1880's the vast open range saw many trail drives, mainly cattle, to railway stations in up and coming new towns. Cattle were then shipped east to growing markets of the larger cities.

Many in the Eastern United States, and later those in the West saw the Cowboy as folk heroes, due to their self-reliance and courage in the face of danger.

After the 1880's, the open range ended because of railroad expansion, which brought in settlers and farmers who fenced off their land with barbed wire. The original Cowboy died out by the turn of the new century.

This here is the story of Horace 'Buckaroo' Douglas Muldoon, his peaks and valleys during his time spent in the old West.

In order to better understand who he was, and how he came to be, the first part of this here book will tell of his Grand Pappy—Nathaniel

*Horace Muldoon—and then of his
parents; Bernard Douglas and
Victoria Elizabeth Muldoon,
touchin' on his sister's and brother's
as need be.*

*So sit back in your easy chair,
pour yourself a sweet drink, and
enjoy his life and adventures.*

GRAND PAPPY MULDOON

*Nathaniel Horace Muldoon
(Buckaroo's Grand Pappy) was born
in the heart of winter in 1786, in
Jefferson County located within the
great state of Tennessee. No one
remembers much about Nathaniel's
parents, but some rumored they ran
a small trading post not far from the
main county road. Said his pappy
was a white man and his mammy
was an Injun squaw. Yet he showed
no sign of an Indian bloodline for*

his skin was white as snow and no Indian would mistake him for anything else but a paleface.

His parents most likely dealt in the sale of homemade spirits, and tradin' for furs and the like. They also would have had the basic wares of coffee, flour, sugar, tobacco, cornmeal, dried meats and such on hand for trappers and weary travelers passin' through the county.

As a youngster, Nathaniel went by the nickname of 'Ox,' due to his large, oversized frame. Stood almost six-feet at age eleven, and would

reach six-foot seven-inches at full growth. His sandy-red hair caused him many a ruckus in later years and gave way to folks talkin' about his temper bein' that of a red-hot poker which they likened to his red hair. Ox sported a full red beard, which made his green eyes seem intense indeed. Only the drunken or fool-hardy dared to challenge this giant who was more than willin' to take on several scoundrels at a time. Fists or knives seem to make no difference to Ox, for he was ready to dish out a right sound beatin'

whenever the need should arise to those mindless mud heads.

In 1796 he was fortunate enough to meet up with a young lad who had just migrated to the Jefferson County area. David Crockett was the name of this little runt as Ox saw him; most folks just called the boy Little Davy. Ox and Little Davy were both just ten-years-old at the time, yet they were full of spunk and vinegar, as such wilderness youth are prone to be. A couple of real-time rascals all around, and both

seemed set on findin' the nearest trouble to occupy their time.

Little Davy was born in the middle of August in 1786, in old Greene County, which was also in the great state of Tennessee. The boys became instant best friends for nearly three years, going huntin' and fishin' in the lush green countryside. Climbing trees and skinny dippin' in the small lakes and meandering creeks occupied their time during the summer months, activities most country boys

partake of during adolescence in those parts.

In 1796 Davy's Paw owned and operated a small tavern, which provided adequately for their meager family. No one would have guessed at such an early age that Little Davy Crockett would one day be known as the most notable frontiersmen in all of American history; even if most of his young exploits were made-up tall tales and outright exaggerations on his part, but his story tellin' was honed to a fine art indeed. He was born with

the gift of oratory that would carry him to high places in later years.

At age twelve or thereabouts Ox was forced, by his parents, into attending the local equivalent of what could be called loosely by some folks a schoolhouse. But his attendance was only for a short time as other unknown events forced the Muldoon family to leave in haste late one dark and moonless night.

Some rumored that Nathaniel Muldoon's father was a wanted man and that he packed up his family in the middle of the night and

skedaddled when he heard the powers that be found out his whereabouts. Others said they were just lookin' for greener pastures. No one knows for sure the real truth of that late night departure, only that they left the area for parts unknown.

Ox never did learn to read, nor write, except to print his first and last names. The few times he did need to sign, he merely scratched an 'X' and then printed his last name only underneath his mark. Ox's hooky playin' over the few months he attended the small schoolhouse

caused great distress with his Paw, who was not opposed to takin' a large switch to his britches when he felt the need arise, and it often did arise.

Later when Ox reached the age of fourteen, he lit out for the hills one summer's eve after gettin' his Paw all riled up over refusin' to do some unnamed chores. It was some three years before he returned to face his father. His Paw welcomed the tall lad back home with open arms to his amazement, both men huggin' and cryin' at the short lived reunion. Ox

was pert near seventeen when he returned, now considered to be full grown in his day, and with his red beard and tall stature he looked to be ever bit a true man.

When asked where he'd been, he told some pretty wild stories of his youthful adventures. His braggin' on himself would only grow more exaggerated as his life progressed onward into the near future, somethin' he picked up from Little Davy no doubt.

Ox's reputation during his early years grew as a great fighter of

Indians, even though most was just his braggin' on himself or whatnot. Once he drew the cork on a jug of spirits, he was mighty fierce indeed, to hear him tell it. Some say he never had fought no Injuns, nor no truly bad men either, just wishful boasting from a man who seemed fearsome to the average man due to his enormous size.

Ox's later wanderings took him to a mid-sized township where just by chance he ran across his old friend, Little Davy, who was at that time the local magistrate. He was brought

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