

# A Texas Cowboy

or fifteen years on the hurricane deck of a Spanish pony.

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THE AUTHOR,  
IN COW BOY UNIFORM.

Mother got up first with her right hand in my shirt collar, I pled manfully, and tried to tell her about the scores of men, but she was too mad to listen. She dragged me to where the big black strap should have hung; I knew she couldn't find it, therefore hoped to get off with a few slaps, but alas, no, she spied the mush stick and the way she gave it to me with that was a caution!

The crowd I saw proved to be Dr. Pierceson's company of rebels, who had been sent over from Matagorda to drill and be ready to fight the bluecoats when they came. It was then the summer of 1862. They located their camp on the beach, about a mile from our house, and I used to march with them all day long sometimes. The captain, Dr. Pierceson, gave me an umbrella stick which I used for a gun.

That coming fall about five thousand Yankees landed at Deckrows Point on the Peninsula and marched by our ranch on their way to the rebel camp which was stationed forty miles above, at the mouth of Caney Creek.

They camped one night close to our house and filled me up with hardtack, which was quite a treat to a fellow living on mush and milk.

They had a five- or six-day fight with the rebels, neither of them coming off victorious. We could hear the guns plainly from the settlement. Many dead men were washed ashore on the beach. My sister and I stumbled onto one poor fellow one day, shot through the heart. His clothes were gone and his wrist was marked "J. T." in India ink.

After the battle the Yankees marched back to Deckrows Point where they remained to the end of the war; the rebels still held their ground at the mouth of Caney. Every now and then a squad from each side would meet at the settlement and have a skirmish. I remember once after one of those skirmishes a crowd of Yankees rounded Mr. Williams up on the prairie—Billy and I being with him—and throwing their pistols in his face told him if they ever found him so far from home again they would kill him.

Their threats didn't scare Mr. Williams the least bit, for he afterwards slipped into their camp after dark and stole eleven head of their best horses and gave them to the rebels. But on his way back from the rebel camp, where he went to take the horses they caught him and took him aboard of a Yankee man-of-war to hang him. They had the rope around his neck ready to swing him when the general turned him loose, on account of his old age and bravery, telling him never to be caught from home again.