

REMINISCENCES  
OF  
AN OLD TIMER.

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A RECITAL OF THE  
ACTUAL EVENTS, INCIDENTS, TRIALS, HARDSHIPS,  
VICISSITUDES, ADVENTURES, PERILS,  
AND ESCAPES  
OF A  
Pioneer, Hunter, Miner and Scout  
OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST  
TOGETHER WITH  
His later Experiences in Official and Business Capacities, and a Brief  
Description of the Resources, Beauties and Advantages  
of the New Northwest; the several Indian  
Wars, Anecdotes, Etc.  
BY  
COLONEL GEORGE HUNTER.

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THIRD EDITION.

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REVIEW AND HERALD.  
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Well, we traveled, and arrived at our destination, perhaps worse scared than hurt.

The vigilantes "cleaned out" that country subsequently.

We took another partner in with us, named Stephen Allen. Allen had lost his wife some time before, and his daughter Elizabeth (or Libby, as she was called), with her baby brother, were left in the care of my sister. But, having obtained Libby's consent, I thought I was the most capable of caring for her; so I married her. Shortly after being married, I, in company with my father-in-law and another partner and our packers, were on the trails to Boise and had encamped for a night at Washoe springs, on Snake river, at which place many other pack-trains and some ox-teams were also camped, as this was a favorite camping place. In all there were forty or fifty packers and teamsters assembled.

Just after we had turned out our stock, and while we were arranging cargo and *aparajos*, an expressman rode up; as I was acquainted with him. He said, "Here, Hunter, is something that will interest you;" handing me a newspaper that was dressed in mourning. At a glance, I saw that it contained an account of the assassination of President Lincoln, and, at an exclamation from me, all gathered around the cargo on which I had seated myself and requested me

to read aloud so that all could hear, as none of them had heard of this. I proceeded to read the account as published; and, when I had finished, a man who owned an ox-team threw his hat in the air and shouted, "Hurrah for the man that killed him! I'd like a steak out of the old s—— of a——for my supper, or of any man that sympathizes with him."

For a minute all were painfully still. I supposed some Republican would take up this challenge, but all seemed too much stunned to do so. At last I sprung from the cargo; and to my saddle where my pistol was in my holster; jerked it out and cocking it, told him I would give him just half a minute to take that back and apologize to the gentlemen present; and that it had been my experience, that a man who wanted to eat steaks from a murdered man, had not the grit to attempt to cut one from a live one.

A hasty glance told him, that if he hadn't become tired of living, he had better "crawfish," and apologize, which he did in good shape and then walked off to his wagon.

Then I found that nearly all were ready to lynch him, as the most of those present were Republicans; and, as an old friend of mine put it, "blamed black" at that. This will give the reader some idea of how the news of President Lincoln's assassination was received in many places in Oregon and Washington.