

**AS I REMEMBER  
THEM**

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As I Remember Them by C. C. Goodwin

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**C. C. GOODWIN**

**AS I REMEMBER  
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*W. G. Goodwin*

## PREFACE.

Within these pages are some pen sketches of men.

Some in their lives, to blinded eyes, were just plain people, who did their work here noiselessly and fell asleep.

Some were men whose learning ranged over every field, whose brows had been sealed by the signet of genius, whose lips and pens were tipped by celestial fire:

Some were heroes who held their fortunes, their sacred honor, life itself as nothing when a principle was to be vindicated.

Some were masterful souls, industrial kings, state and empire builders who went out exultingly to the conquest of the wilderness, to storm its mountains for their treasures, to drive back the frontier, to chase away the frown of the desert, to blaze and smooth the trails, that full enlightenment—or unsoiled sandals might come.

Some were absorbed in drying the tears from the cheeks of sorrow and in proclaiming the goodness of God.

These come back to me as I recall them to make me forget the roll and roar of the onweeping world. They have come across the gulf of the years, come with the old exulted step and old sparkle in their eyes and have hailed me with the old joyous voices, from which not one cadence is lost. Those voices are sweeter than harp or flute. I cannot catch and hold the voices or the music, but from time to time I have made rude sketches of the stately souls. To make clear how I have been favored, with all good will these sketches are presented.

CHARLES CARROLL GOODWIN.

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## AS I REMEMBER THEM.

### GENERAL JOHN A. SUTTER.

**W**HEN I saw him last he was on his "Hock Farm" on Feather River, about forty miles north of Sacramento. He had built a house there and cultivated a portion of his farm. The house was of adobe, the walls were, I think, three feet thick, as he explained that the house might keep out the heat in summer and the cold in winter. He must have been at that time something over fifty years of age, probably fifty-three. He was not tall, but heavy, weighing perhaps 200 pounds. His face was very strong but gentle as a woman's, his voice was soft and low. He impressed me as one who had finished his work, as one who, when his bark had been sailing smoothly, was caught by a tidal wave and tossed ashore, bruised and half shattered.

Save the resolute face there was no sign of the tireless energy and dauntless endurance and courage that had transferred him from a little hamlet in Germany to the golden coast before it was known that any gold was there, and had caused him to beat back both the barbarian and the savage, plant a home there and begin the transformation of the land.

He gave us gentle but cordial welcome, offered us all the hospitalities of his home, and the tender was that of the frontiersman, which, without words, seemed to be saying: "Everything is yours; why wait for formalities? You are welcome guests and that makes you masters while you stay."

But under that gentle exterior the soul of a hero had its tenement. We knew that before we saw him first, and for the moment his appearance was a little disappointing, and I said to my brother, who was with me: "He impresses me with a feeling that his high soul is taking its afternoon siesta." For I knew that the quiet man had braved every danger, coming in a frail craft over all the mighty stretch of storms and waves;

that he with a little band of followers, planted the first pioneer outpost, built a rude fort for a defense against the wild beast and savage man; that there, the pioneer of pioneers, he laid the foundation of what he fondly hoped would become a glorified state; with dauntless courage when necessary, maintained his place, and then, with his gentleness and justice, drew to him those who had been enemies, and showed them how much smoother were the paths of peace and progress than the stony trails of violence and cruelty.

He honestly acquired great grants of land, enough for an earldom; he built a rude little mill and in the race from that mill the first golden sands of California were washed. He was then forty-eight years old, and his shadow was turning to the east. He was yet hale and strong, but his energies had never been called into a direct competition with the sharp men who, a little later, came in a flood, began to work upon his generosity and whatever of cupidity he had. His estate began to shrink and before he realized it, he was poor. Whatever his thoughts were they did not disturb his stately serenity; he was a trained soldier; indifferent to danger and hardships, and had been all his life, and no false friends could rob him of his self-respect or lofty dignity.

He knew from the first that the house he had built was the first temple to civilization that had been upreared in that fair land; that in the chronology of California all time would date from him and his work. He had come there as the Patriarch of the region; the advance agent of civilization, and enlightenment; that every step that progress would hereafter make, every triumph that history might record for the golden state, the refrain of every speech, the word picture of every glorious advance, would still be incomplete unless it included the explanation that it had all dated from the work of the stalwart old pioneer who first planted the flag of freedom on California soil; built the first real home, the first rude temple to justice, and whose heroic soul was the guardian of all, until other brave souls came to hail him as the Pioneer of Pioneers, and to help pick up and carry on the work needed to round a glorious state into form.

## GENERAL JOHN BIDWELL.

**O**N the scroll which holds the names of the west-coast Pioneers, the name of John Bidwell should be close to the top of the stalwart list. In many respects his career was most wonderful.

When a boy he traveled three hundred miles on foot through the wilderness of Ohio and Indiana to obtain some rudiments of an education at a little old primitive academy. When nineteen years of age, he drifted down the Ohio from Cincinnati to the Mississippi, up the Mississippi to the Missouri, up the Missouri to Platte county, where he settled down and taught school for two winters.

The call of the wild had always been in his ears. He one day met a man who had been to the west coast, who told Bidwell of the wonders beyond the plains and the mountains. The result was that a little company was fitted out and started west. This was in 1841. Bidwell had a yoke of oxen, a flint-lock musket, a pair of old-time pistols and a little food.

The company had no map or chart; knew nothing of the route they were to travel except to go west. They wandered on, reached the Rockies, worked their way to about where Granger in Wyoming is, pushed through the pass to Soda Springs; then continued west and south to the north end of Great Salt Lake, then zigzagged into the Humboldt valley; followed it to the sink, then bore across to the Carson river, and found their way through the hills to Walker river, then scaled the almost impassable heights which surround the source of the Walker. They had become divided and in searching one morning for his last ox, Bidwell came upon the big trees, the first white man to ever see them, and stumbled his way down the Stanislaus river to the San Joaquin.

Of all the feats of all the pioneers this was the very greatest. There is nothing like it told in history. It could have been only through the mercy of God that it was accomplished.