

This is a copy of a diary written by Isaac A. Flint to his sister's husband, Benjamin Bishop. Benjamin Bishop married Isaac A. Flint's sister, Mehitabel (Betty)

It was written on board a boat sailing from San Francisco, Calif., to Portland, Ore. Nov. 27, 1849. It was written in a small tan leather-bound book, which was 4 by 6 inches.

The address on the front was:

Nessositer (word faded) not more correct) Mill, Oregon November 10, 1851 Paid 18 cents

Benjamin Bishop

Vernon

Waukeesha Co.

Wisconsin

On the inside of the front cover is written:

Isaac A. Flint's
Journal of Memoranda
San Francisco
November 27, 1849

Home Sweet Home - Dedicated to Benjamin B. Bishop

There is nothing in this book worth writing or reading.

Harbor of San Francisco

November 27, 1849

On board Bark "KeoKa"!! getting ready for sea. Passengers have been coming on board all day. All the berths in the cabin are taken.

Now I will study the character of some of them. Here are some Frenchmen one of them has a very sour countenance more gloomy than any storm I wish to meet on the way to the Columbia. I'll notice that young man with the small narrow forehead keen black eyes and slightly roman nose.

There is one man who has fallen under the suspicion of dishonest, His countenance is rather fallen. The conversation is on potatoes. The weather is cloudy. "Ind No." expect to sail on Thursday.

26th Ship receiving ballast and water. Wind high this morning, Some harbor sick passengers. Cleared up this evening. Conversation in the cabin neither moral mental nor religious. A feeling of uneasiness in the passengers on account of delay in sailing. 2 o'clock got under way with a light breeze, at sundown 10 miles off shore. Five sail in sight.

Sat. Dec. 1st Last in sight this morning, wind ahead, one sail a Bark in sight to the south standing in. The passengers amuse themselves by catching birds which follow the ship and bite a hook. 3 p.m. wind rising with signs of a storm. I am seasick today.

The crew consists of Capt. 1st & second mates, steward cook and seamen passengers in cabin 23, deck 25 house forward 2 women and 3 children.

(These lines were written at the bottom of the pages in the margin of the diary soon after the trip was over)

We expect to make the Columbia in 10 days. The Capt. says the ship is provisioned for a month. She has 13 casks of water.

Dec 2nd.-- A furious N Wester all day. Spray flying all over us. Some are playing cards many are sick. No religion on this ship. The most of the passengers are from the state of Missouri. The Capt. is a green un.

Dec. 10th--Monday up to this time a rough sea and abundance of discomfort made but little headway Wind North. We are running N.E. We may see the Columbia in 10 days. No prospect sooner.

Sun. 23rd Dec.--Still at sea. Since the 10th there has been a constant succession of furious gales and contrary winds. We have been once nearly in the mouth of the Columbia with deep regret again stood out to sea. We are enveloped in a thick fog provisions are scarce and water scarcer still. Three or four are sick. Wind ahead. No hope of getting in without better wind. The vessel rolls so I can scarcely write. The first mate is some of a gentleman and navigator. He is verry sick. The Capt. has missed his longitude 60 miles.

Thursday 28th--We are about 12 miles to the west by north of the cape which has been the scene of much disappointment to us. The sea is verry calm scarcely a puff of wind. We have just buried a man (Riley Miller, age 23) in the sea. Three are sick on board. Water nearly gone. A solemn gloom rests in the countenance of nearly all on board. Some appear to care for nothing. 3 miles astern is a brig with all sail set and nearing us verry slowly. Ten miles on our

Our greatest distance from land was 970 miles. We have been under close reefed main top sail forty hours at a time. We sprung our fore mast and fished it with a spar.

I broke one wheel of my wagon in the Umpqua canyon and lay there 2 nights. The canion is verry narrow in many places 2 wagons cannot pass. The mountains are 6 to 8 thousand feet high on each side and verry steep. It is 12 miles through and the worst road of the same length in the world.

"windward quarter is another sail so we have company. I think the old adage (misery loves company) is true. "e cannot stand it much longer without distress. Our rations a e one spoonful of wormy beans once in 24 hours.

Mon. 31st--Still at sea. Cape 25 miles on our windward bow. It is under circumstances the most discouraging ~~under~~ which ever was placed that I write these lines. I have to help the capt. get the time and reckoning. We ~~ae~~ on our last legs. Two or three days of provisions and water. Water is worth more than gold. We are in great distress. Wind is against us and without a change of wind we must all perish. The passengers are getting peevish. If I ever get in shore I shall long remember this morning when I received my glass of water for a day's allowance. If not starvation and thirst will soon put an end to life. Bread is forgotten; in the absence of water. It is impossible for pen or pencil to convey an adequate idea of our feelings at this time.

Every flaw of wind is watched with intense anxiety some 10 or 12 times we have been steering toward the cape with a prospect of getting in and have been as often baffled. God in mercy regard our almost hopeless condition.

Tues. Jan. 1 1850 This morning our anxious eyes are strained to discover the long wished for land yonder it is. The bald peaks of saddle mountain loom up in the mist and fog. The sun is showing it's pale cold sickly face to tell us we have passed another night of horrid gloom and darkness. We took a sea over the starboard

On the 27th we saw the ship Magnolia nearly on her beams end. Her top masts were all gone. Mainsail split and she was in 7 miles of lee shore in a dreadful storm. We were 2 miles to the windward of her. She was out 52 days and ran back to San Francisco.

side last night which went through the gallery carrying the cook's coppers down to the lee scuppers. The old negro cook half drunk down the main hatch head foremost.

At about 10 o'clock p.m. run over a large fir tree which nearly away our rudder. Our larboard rigging is very slack. The Bark looks as if she had been neglected a year. The sailors hands are very sore from the sold. Our fire wood was all gone long ago. One of the passengers whipped the captain last night and they intend to make him run the vessel on the beach tomorrow morning at high tide or throw him overboard. He came to me and said you are the only friend I have on board you have stuck by me to the last what shall I do. I advised him to run into the little bay south of cape lookout and try to land the passengers there to which he agreed and I went below to pacify the passengers and crew telling them they would be guilty of ~~mutiny~~ mutniy.

"ed. Jan 2 1850 "e are 10 miles to windward of Cape lookout. We are willing to land any place. The jolly boat and the canoe have started for shore and they are out of sight. One o'clock p.m. the jolly come back. The two passengers have reached land in the canoe 20 miles south of the Columbia. We envy them their good fortune. They have plenty of the greatest beverage this world can afford (good water)

4 p.m. "e have launched the long boat and are off for the shore. The passengers are half crazy every one telling what and how to do. The boat leaks faster than a man can throw it out with a bucket so we

" murder was committed in Portland a few days since by the lover of a girl. He stabbed a young man who kept her company. He is now in jail and will hang unless he should escape.

Our ballast was sand. "e have pumped it nearly all out and the Bark 200 tons of burthen and 3 masts is now so top heavy that the end of the foresmain yards is frequently under water.

must hoist her aboard and caulk her. Got her up and stopped the leaks. I caulked her myself. Dark heavy squalls are coming. Nothing to eat and nothing to cook it with.

Mid-night got a sea over the starboard quarter nearly carrying away the main at the wheel staving in the companion door and washing me out of my berth. I feel like a drowned rat and no chance to dry. Thurs. 3rd. Wind still against us. We hope to reach the shore today. The wind has lulled and we are standing in under all sail. At 3 o'clock p.m. came to anchor 4 miles off the shore. Preparations are making to try it again the long boat.

At length we shove off. We intend to affect a landing at the mouth of the Neocoxa if possible. The men at the oars are practicing steady strokes well knowing that the utmost steadiness and skill will be requisite in a few minutes--a mountain sea is running and along the whole line of breakers from south to north not a single opening presents itself----we might as well jump the falls of Niagara as to cross the outside breakers 30 ft. high and a whole generation of Genesee's and Niagara's would sound like gentle murmers compared to its thunder. We can count nine consecutive lines of breakers between us and the beach. Our boat rudder is unshipped.

One rowlock is gone and with heavy hearts and with parched throats we return to the ship.

Fri. 4th Cape in sight this morning (to windward as usual) But what is that small white speck on our weather bow. A

I have not tasted tobacco for the last 15 days. It would increase thirst. I was seasick 10 days

There is an ocean current up this coast in the winter time 2 1/2 miles per hour. We have been drove 130 miles to the NW of Puget Sound by the current and wind together. And we have sailed by the log 2,700 miles.

small foreand aft- schooner. Up goes our colours union down. We are in distress and this is our signal. "A spark of hope is kindling in our bosom. The schooner sees us and answered by sending her flag up to her peak and is bearing down upon us in gallant style. Two hours more and she will be alongside. Here she is. We hope she can supply us with water.

But no. Eighty gallons is all she can give and that is nailed up by common consent and kept for a time of greater need. We will make a distilling tomorrow to make fresh water if we have no better prospect of getting in the Columbia river.

But she is a pilot boat. Our hopes now are that she will take us off. The pilot Capt. White is aboard of us, animating the passengers and crew by his presence. He is crowding on the canvas with a vengeance.

Sat. 5th. The pilot boat is out of sight this morning. We are 25 miles off the Cape. Ten o'clock. Sail & where away. Ten miles on our weather bow. Here she comes and plays around us like a pilot fish about a crippled shark.

If our Bark cannot get in the river she will take us off before we starve to death. Wind is rising. Now for the bar. Koo-Ka do your best. Three o'clock p.m. the pilot Capt. White is walking the quarter deck with the air of one master of his business.

"We are within one mile of the bar. Bout Ship we go all braced up sharp. Knocked off as usual. Ready says the pilot.

Another trial for the channel. Tack ship away we go again.

We try it once more. The wind hauls one point in our favor. That is a slight

Our Christmas and New Year's dinner was some but not much no how you can fix it. We tried fishing but couldn't get a bite nor hardly a nibble.

change of wind but it is precious to us. Now she blows. We almost fly.

Hurraw, we are over the dreaded bar at last. Square the yards. Down goes the anchor in Bakers Bay. The pump is put in the cask and all are allowed to drink of the only remaining small cask of water and that was received from the Pilot boat. There comes a whale boat with provisions and water. A most timely relief. I am devouring a pound or two of raw pork. I can't wait for it to be cooked.

Another night of horrid tempest closes upon us but we are safe at anchor under the lee of Cape Disappointment. Four men from the Brig Forrest were lost yesterday on the beach and three from another vessel.

Sun. 6th Ship at anchor. At 2 o'clock p.m. I left the decks of the Keoka determined never to set foot on them again and in a whale boat with 6 other men set sail for Clatsop. The weather was heavy, the bay very rough and in 10 minutes was struck by a squall which nearly capsized us. We run before it some three miles and finally affected a landing on the north shore.

Mon. 7th. At day break made choice of crossing the bay rough or smooth rather than lay here and starve.

It is not more than 8 miles in a straight line but the way we must go it is 18 or 20 miles, so no time to lose, all aboard and off we go. sunrise.....a heavy fog on the bay. We can't see a boat's length ahead and we have no compass so we must go by guess

"The two men who landed in the canoe came with the whale boat to bring us water and would have crossed the bar that night if we had not got in the river.

Oct. 27th 1851 I have this evening heard that gold has been discovered on Queen Charlotte island. A vessel is fitting out at Portland with a party of miners on board. She will sail in a few days.

The open ocean on our right with breakers, and on our starboard bow and a sand bar and breakers on our lee. All at once the fog is blown off and we have a full view Scylla and Charybdis sort-of-a place relieving each other every 10 minutes or so. 12 M we are abreast of the point. The tide is running out, with a current of 8 miles per hour. A furious storm of hail and rain is coming down the river, we can't land here we can't anchor. We are obliged to make the south shore or perish. The men took the oars and I baling the weakest took the helm. The wind blew so that we could not carry a rag of sail. We could afford to be Blown four miles out of our course and still make land. Every man knew that his life depended upon his effort. Not a word was spoken.

Baker's Bay was as rough as wind could make water. We headed almost straight to the wind and in spite of the utmost exertions it soon became apparent that we should be swept out the south channel into the breakers. Still we stood on our course in hopes the wind would lull. But on the contrary it seemed to increase. Still we had two chances left. One was to get under the lee of Sandy Island and in case we should miss that to anchor just inside the breakers.

The Island seemed to be running up stream with the speed of two race horses we had but a few rods left, about a dozen rods to the breakers, between us and a watery grave. The anchor was dropped and though of only 251 lb weight it held on. You can picture our condition, thoroughly drenched with rain and spray completely exhausted in strength, a gale that no craft could make head against for a moment blowing

The Clackamas, Molalla, Pudding, Santiam, Calapooiat, Muddy Willamette, Lum-tum-buffla Mary's Lake Lackamute, Kickreall, Yamhill and Tualitin rivers rise and empty into the valley.

steadily out. Large trees floating us so near that we could touch them with an oar, and if one of those trees had parted our cable nothing could save us, and darkness shutting in.

The parting of that little rope will sound our death knell. We knew we could not hold on till morning. The tide would turn in about an hour and be in our favor. The wind begins to lull and then comes in puffs. It hauls around a little; we up anchor and set the mainsail. The boat leaps from one sea to another like a frightened horse, one man wants to jump overboard with fear, we put on the main jib which makes it easier to steer. I never saw such rough water. We have gained half a mile when snap goes our spirit; and we are glad of it; for it would have run us under bow foremost. I locked my feet in the baggage to keep from being washed off the stern sheets. I was almost blinded by the water that flew in my face and in sheets over the boat. Four miles up the bay lay a ship at anchor, we must reach her. The men urged me to keep the boat more off the wind as we took such hard slaps at every plunge. It blows like a hurricane.

Our starboard stays; parts; the mast breaks at the thwart and the mainsail and jib goes by the board. But we are within 100 yards of the ship (Eliza) and under her lee. I left the helm (the handle being unscrewed from the rudder) to take care of itself and double banked an oar and in 15 minutes raised eleven blisters on my hands. We got under her stern; they threw us a line and helped us aboard. She was dragging her anchor and surging heavily.

The roads are good in summer and muddy in winter.

Pine, fire spruce alder, maple, balm of gilead, hemlock, cedar oak chinkpin, elder, yew, laurel, and several species of chestnut timber grow here. Lackamish and wappatoes (a kind of potatoes grow in the soft ground)

Capt. Nighton ordered supper for us dry clothes and dry berths, we ate, we drunk, we slept till sunrise on Tuesday the 8th day of January when we left his hospitable cabin in good cheer and with a fair wind came up to the little town of Lexington in good style having seen the Elephant as above described.

I will fill this book up with some thing of several sorts. I have no idea of sending you blank paper... 'Things I have seen.' ! ! I have seen a grizzly bear within ten steps and coming at me and then seen him running the other way, and carrying off 1-2 ounce of my lead to remember me by. I have killed a bird measuring from the end of one wing to the other 9 feet 4 inches (The Condor) and I have seen a pine tree in the mountains of such size that if it had been sawn into lumber and sold at a certain time in California would have brought \$15,000. I have seen the sun every day in six months. I have seen men shot, and drowned and hung. I have seen a shark, a porpoise, a star fish, a sea lion and a whale. I have seen some of the inhabitants of almost all civilized nations. I have seen .. a bloomer!!! I have traveled in regular journeys since I last saw you at least 9,400 miles. I have seen more lightning and heard more thunder in Wis. in one day and night than I have seen or heard since I left there. I have lived 7 months at a time without seeing a cat.

Pidgeons, partridges, pheasants, grouse, geese gray and white ducks, sandhill cranes, robins, hawks, owls, bats and blue birds, raccoons, wild cats, wolves, bears, panthers and pole cats around here, rattlesnakes, flies, mosquitoes, grasshoppers and bed bugs.

I have eaten green string beans on the 27th of Oct. Strawberries are now in bloom Oct 27-1851. Potatoes planted in the spring produce two crops before digging.

I have never owned a dog in Oregon. I have lived 9 months without tasting milk or eggs. I have at one time weighed on the scales only 125 pounds. I have rode on horseback 112 miles in one day. I have seen oats grow 8 feet high.

The e is a spruce tree in Oregon 26 ft in diameter. There is three steamers on the "illamette (pronounced "al-am-ette) accent on the second syllable) above the falls. I have seen natural wild oats, flax, timothy and clover and seen pine tree Sugar. I have seen 244 guests at one wedding. I have seen Gen. Joe Lane and Heard Jenny Lind, and Kossuth and the "elegraph and various other articles to numerous to mention.

0, I forget to say that I have a lump of beeswax which lay in the ocean 50 years and is as good as new. It came from China in a Chinese junk and went to the bottom along with the crew who brought it. I have never taken more than 4 doses of medicine in this valley. The disease called asthma is unknown here. I am building myself a brick chimney. Jus about now the Govmt. surveyor has stuck a mile stake on the township line in my field. The county will be sectionized until next summer.

I am divorced (Oct. 24 1851) by a decree of the court from the bonds of matrimony. I am a subscriber to the Weekly Union, a Washington paper.

I am a Democrat of course. The Emigrants are all in from the mountains, the marriageable girls included.

Keywords: child abuse; child sexual abuse; child sexual exploitation; child sexual abuse investigation; child sexual abuse assessment

A good crop. I have never caught a fish in Oregon. I believe there is no distillery in this territory.

12 heads of cabbage have been raised from one root in three years. Oats sown in the fall make a good crop and wheat may be sown any month in the year and produce.

There has been no rain of any amount this fall, yet, Oct. 27th 1851. I left N.R. Smith and Kellog at Shasta mines. I supposed they would be home by this time but I got a letter from Nelson without date (written about the 23rd of Sept.) in which he does not say when he ~~will be home by the 1st of Oct. or the 15th~~ would start for home. The half section of land as provided in the bill is marrying off all the girls down to 12 years of age. It is a perfect scandal. People are settling in the Rogue River valley already. Eggs are worth 50 cents per doz. here at this time.

There are 3 newspapers published in this territory and one plank road under contract. The cañon of the Umpqua mountain is 2 1-2 miles east of south of my house.

I received a letter from Hetty and Asa (his brother and sister) dated July 27-1851. Hetty says you would like to shake my arm. whew..why? Brother Benj. (husband of Hetty) do you think I am a bear or catamount and have a paw claws and all. No, sir; I have a thing to the end of my arm some folks call a hand which if it ever done any mischief worse than carry a little sugar to my jaws is more than I'll admit and it might puzzle you to prove even that. As you have got your corn house, done, and wish to rest, you may sit down and read such a bungled up composition as I never wrote before. All this in large hand and black ink with date of days of month and was written at sea; the other on shore.

I strictly forbid you to let Hetty read this for she won't believe half of it and then she will tell mother the whole yard about

Ladies fashions—Material the best in the market. Tight bodice's and sleeves, broad skirts, long waist, pleated or plain bosoms, tight and small collars, leghorn bonnets, few trimmings, dark gloves, gold finger rings and breastpins. Method of travelling: on horse back. NW wind brings clear weather. Daylight may be seen at 9 p.m. and 3 a.m. in the longest day and shortest nights.

the sea and the ship and the breakers and the whale boat; and no water nor bread or butter and all them things and then Mother will cry of course and think I have nothing to eat or drink yet.

I don't make any calculations of coming home until I get my land. As for living in Oregon I prefer to settle in this country for life. I had rather live here than in any other country I ever saw. The certainty of good health, if I may judge by the past, and the ease of obtaining a livelihood are of great moment and induce me to fix upon Oregon as my permanent home.

Nothing that could transpire would afford me greater pleasure than to visit you all but duty does not call two ways at once and I do not see how I can leave here until I get my land title secured and then, which I hope will be next summer, I will see you all in just as short a time as I can get there which would not be long. I shall write home as often as anything transpires worthy of notice. I hope you will write to me. Tell Asa to send me a Milwaukee paper occasionally.

I would like to see Alzina.

With a whole ship's cargo of love, regard and esteem.

I remain yours etc.

Isaac A. Flint

B. Bishop

N.P.A.B.

"In all life's lessons learn
That true men through their trials persevere
Winter but comes with all its storm severe
to hasten spring's return."

The Solar Compass is used to surveying here. The Aurora borealis is seldom seen. The south wind always brings rain.

Apples, peaches, pears, strawberries, raspberries, salmon berries, sallow and service berries, goose berries, cranberries and whortle berries, cucumbers, melons, radishes, beets, carrots, corn, pumpkin and squash, onions and tomatoes, rye and barley and babies all grow well here.

Lumber and brick is \$20 per M. Nails per pound at retail 15 cts. Hogs 6 cents gross weight. Butter 50 cts. per lb. Shingles \$10 per M. Shoes \$3 and boots \$7 per pair. Hats \$3 to \$5; common labor \$2 per day. Saddles with wood stirrups \$16. Fanning mills \$100 each.

If you want to know any more about things out this way just come and see for ourself.

"Philosophy may lift its head.

And find out many a flaw.

But give me that philosophy

That's happy with a straw..."

Oregon Territory

1851.