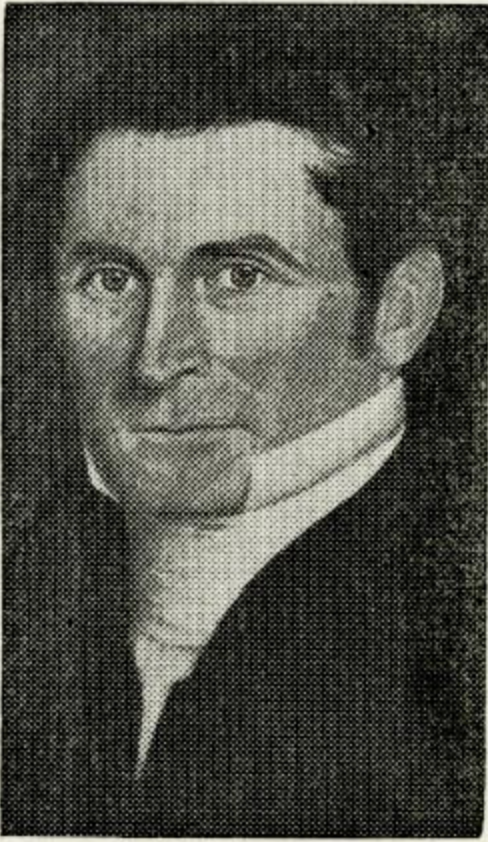


DIARY OF REV. MOSES HOW



PASTOR OF THE MIDDLE STREET CHRISTIAN CHURCH, NEW
BEDFORD, FROM 1819 TO 1826 AND FROM 1837 UNTIL
1844. CHAPLAIN OF THE SEAMAN'S BETHEL
FROM 1844 UNTIL 1859.

No. 59
In Series of Sketches
of New Bedford's Early History

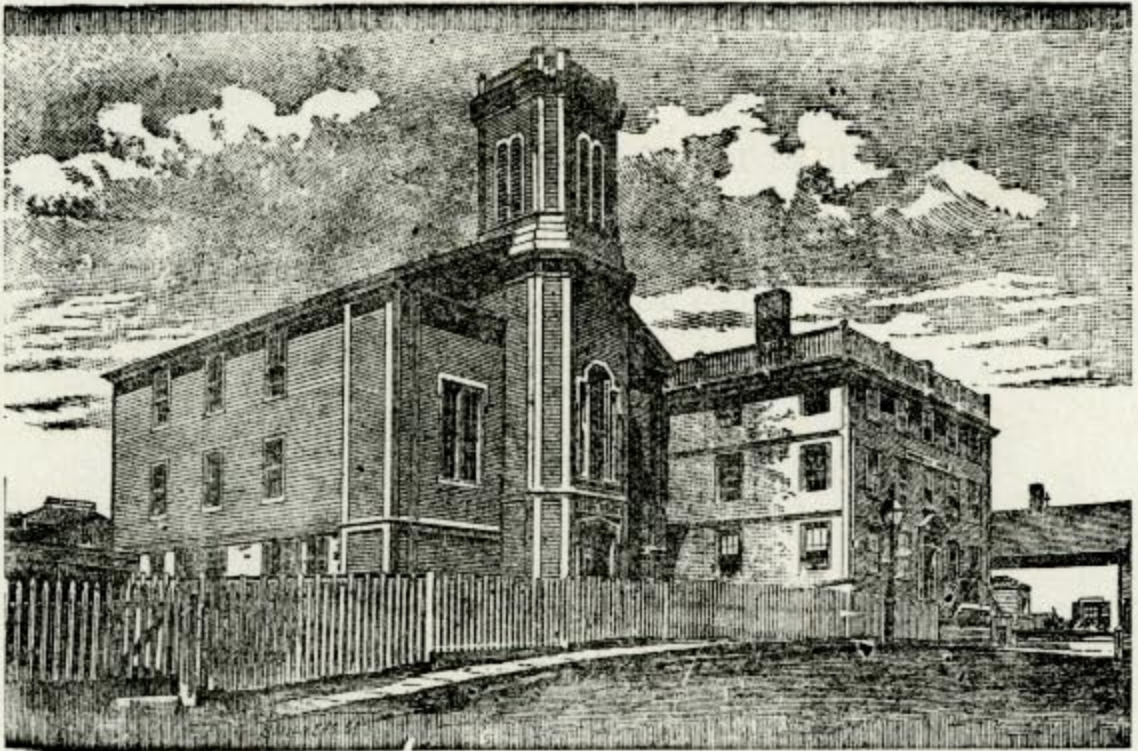


REV. MOSES HOW



MRS. MOSES HOW

From paintings hung over pulpit in Seaman's Bethel



SEAMAN'S BETHEL

MARINER'S HOME

of the New Bedford Port Society

THE DIARY OF REV. MOSES HOW

Rev. Moses How, whose portrait hangs alongside that of Mrs. How's on the walls of the Seamen's Bethel, is perhaps not otherwise remembered in New Bedford today. He was chaplain of the Bethel when the business of whaling was at the apex and when the rights of seamen in the settlement of their accounts, and maritime morality as well, called for strict surveillance. Rev. Mr. How was one of the men who seriously undertook these duties, but there has been no full account of his life until recently, when Fisher Howe, whose father was a second cousin of the minister, turned over to the New Bedford Free Public library, the private journals of his ancestors, along with a quantity of genealogical matter. Fisher Howe, now 81, lives at the University Club in New York. He visited the library several years ago and was shown about by George H. Tripp, the librarian. He was so pleased with the visit that he decided to give the journals to the library.

In living during the administrations of the first 20 presidents of the United States, Rev. Mr. How had perhaps an unparalleled distinction. His 93 years of life began in 1798 when George Washington assumed office, and ended in 1882 during the Garfield-Arthur regime.

His birthplace was Haverhill, from whence, as a youth, he came with a brother to Methuen where the two planned to establish a grocery business. While their enterprise was, to all accounts, successful, Moses, feeling the inner urge to preach, sold his share of the business, taught school for a few months while he studied for the ministry, and "preached May 1, 1814, at the house of Mr. Sawyer in Dracut for the first time."

After several years of substitution and errant preaching all over New England, including a visit to New Bedford in 1817, he settled here as pastor of the Middle street Christian church in 1819. Fortunately he had a small outside income to supplant the slight reward of \$300 a year and an overcoat from 'Capt. Terry' for his faithful ministrations over a period of seven years.

Becoming dissatisfied with his unappreciative parishioners, he left in 1826 to become pastor of the First Baptist church of Portsmouth,

N. H., where he remained until 1837 when he was asked to return to his former church in New Bedford, and although his Portsmouth flock induced him to remain with an additional \$100, he apparently longed for New Bedford. He was pastor of the Middle street church for another seven years, and in 1844, the New Bedford Port society invited him to succeed the renowned Elder Mudge as chaplain of the Seamen's Bethel. He accepted immediately and held the office for 15 years, resigning on account of poor health.

Mrs. How, the former Frances Dearborn, whom Mr. How married in Portsmouth in 1823, died in 1874. Shortly after, Mr. How disposed of his home and goods here and spent the rest of his life with his son, Moses, G., in Cambridge. He died there in 1882.

The private journal he kept for nearly 70 years contains many interesting accounts of the life of that period. Following are some of the entries:

August 16, 1819. I have received a letter from New Bedford signed by John Perkins, Hervey Sullings, James Cannon, James Taylor and Watson Ellis inviting me to come there and preach to them at a salary of 300 dollars pr. year, one half to be paid at the commencement of my labors and the other half in six months. I have for some time had thoughts of going to Boston or New Bedford or of going into the southern or western states, and now which of the three I had best do, I can hardly tell. May the Lord direct.

Nov. 25, 1819. Attended a church conference in Fairhaven in the afternoon. Few out and a cold time. I very reluctantly consented for notice to be given that I would preach in the evening. To my surprise the house was filled. I told the people how dejected I felt and therefore could say but little to them. I named for a text Ep. 2.8.

Soon after I began to preach, the cloud began to break, light began to shine, the arrows began to fly, tears began to flow from many eyes and good signs of a revival appeared.

Dec. 7, 1819. Preached with freedom and the cries of many for salvation are heard from many a broken heart and the next evening many cried aloud for mercy and one precious soul found comfort and three others before they came to meeting. Some were in such distress that the brethren had to go home with them about 10 o'clock.

Jan. 16, 1820. At noon we went to the water, and having a suitable place cut in the ice which was very thick, I led in nine converts and baptized them in the presence of an immense number of people assembled on the occasion. Names as follows: Wing Spooner, Elija Macomber, Jr., Eliza Burdon, Eliza Sullings, Mary Warren, Electra Blye, Phebe Hart, Eliza Dennis and Martha James. Not one of them appeared to fear the cold water. The time was glorious. The meeting house was crowded in the evening. Between 20 and 30 came up for prayers.

Sept. 25, 1825. I visited Capt. Morton today who has for a few weeks been unwell and is some embarrassed in his worldly circumstances. For six days he has not taken any food. Tears and entreaties of his friends cannot prevail upon him as yet to abandon a resolution formed never to eat any more. He is a Deist and converses freely about his views and resolution never to eat any more. He is 63 years old and has a lovely wife and daughter who do all for his comfort in their power. He has no fault to find with them. I had a weeping time in talking and praying with him.

June 18, 1826. (Portsmouth). I arrived here yesterday and rejoiced to see Mrs. How and the family and to find them all in the usual health. Today I have preached three times in the meeting house which has just been deserted by Mr. Dunbar who treated me so unkindly on the 7th of April last.

Sept. 22, 1826. (Portsmouth). In the meeting I met a committee of the church and society, and have agreed to become the pastor of the First Baptist church in Portsmouth, for so it is called in their incorporation, and they have agreed to give me 400 dollars pr. year—not enough to pay our board.

Oct. 1, 1826. In the morning I preached in New Bedford and in the afternoon in Fairhaven and had a very full and solemn meeting. As this is my last meeting here for the present, it was thought best to take up a contribution for me, as a compensation, I suppose, for my labor for them night and day in the seven years past. \$3.33 was contributed by the large meeting, and my numerous, and many of them rich, friends — three dollars and thirty-three cents. This sum will help pay my tolls over the bridge for seven years that I have labored for them more or less and attended funerals and meetings. I hope

they may be rewarded even for this, and for the coat Capt. Terry gave me nearly seven years ago — and should they be needy hereafter and wish for a contribution I will enjoy to give the church and society more than \$3.33. I must not despise the day of small things, for they have all received me at their houses, and I believe, entertained me by night and by day freely and perhaps is all I deserve. In the evening I preached in New Bedford. Many were out doors who could not get in. It was a solemn time.

Oct. 7, 1826. I had no thought that the people here should be so unwilling I should leave. Had they expressed it before, I might not have left . . . As I had supplied two Sabbaths over my year, a contribution was taken up for me with what I received from individuals, \$25. The meetings have been full and weeping.

Oct. 9, 1826. I visited 79 different families today and had many a weeping time in conversation and prayer. The thought of parting is painful to them and me. I believe I have a great many friends in this place and in the towns around, and I believe my journal will show that I have tried to do them good, and they know out of town that I have received but a very small trifle from any of them for it. Having something of my own, I have not suffered for want of food or raiment.

Nov. 1, 1836. (Portsmouth) I laid before the church the situation of the church in New Bedford and their anxiety for my return to that place. A committee was chosen to inform the church in New Bedford that they could not consent to my leaving them, and the next day I received an invitation from the church in Boston to become their pastor. I should be glad to serve the three churches if I could, but I can be in only one place at a time.

Dec. 11, 1836. (Portsmouth) After preaching three times I informed the brethren that I must go to New Bedford and to this they kindly consented. Mr. Peabody's society offered to give a hundred dollars if I would stay. Duty, with me, is before money. I feel grateful to the society for their kind offer and for their Christian regard for me and for our society.

I have also received a letter today from Fall River inviting me to become their pastor, but duty calls and I must go to New Bedford first.

Jan. 29, 1837. I was joyfully received by my friends of both churches (New Bedford), and today have preached to the two churches on Middle street three times. Two manifested their desire for religion.

March 24, 1838. I attended the funeral of Mrs. Hix and today I am called upon to attend the funeral of her husband, Elder Daniel Hix of Dartmouth. A large member met at the house, and after prayer by Elder Luther Baker, we removed to his meeting house where a great many had assembled which was proof of their love and respect for their deceased pastor. After reading the scriptures and prayer by Elder Morgridge, I preached to the people * * * * and had a free time in speaking to a weeping congregation. After prayer by Elder Morgridge, the body was removed to the burying ground nearby and deposited in a grave near the gate as he requested, for he wanted to be the first out.

April 28, 1839. Mr. Holmes, Congregational minister, preached for me. This is a new thing under the sun.

July 22, 1841. Attended with Mr. Roberts the funeral of Capt. Joseph Dunbar, John Avery Parker's son-in-law. I visited him in his sickness watched with him the night before he died, and was with him when he died and sung to him by his request a part of the hymn, "Weep Not My Friends," and he appeared to be in a very happy frame of mind, and has, I doubt not, gone to the rest prepared for the people of God.

Sept. 3, 1843. Preached twice and broke bread and Wednesday preached at the camp meeting held at Myricks, and when I got into the carrs to come home, I found Mrs. How and Lyman in the carrs. This was unexpected to me. It was a happy meeting.

July 2, 1844. Elder Mudge is about to leave the Seamen's Bethel and I am invited to take his place, and hoping that I may be more useful in that important field of labor, I have concluded to go.

July 5, 1844. I have this day entered upon the responsible duties of pastor and agent of the Seamen's Bethel * * * * *

Elder Mudge has had two meetings on the Sabbath and a prayer meeting on Monday evening and advised me not to have any more as there is no church connected with the Bethel. Elder Mudge was present this evening and took leave of his friends and fellow laborers who were present. It was a good meeting.

August 22, 1844. Attended the funeral of another Kanaka who died at Mr. Carter's, a number more are sick and no doubt will soon

die. I carry them gruel and other things to make them comfortable and spend much of my time in taking care of them. Poor creatures! They ought never to have been brought here. They are about sure to die of a consumption that come to this cold climate.

Jan. 6, 1845. Capt. Shockley and his crew who have just returned from sea made up a purse of 33 dollars for Elder Mudge and handed it to me to send to him in Lynn and I did so. This is expressive of their love for him.

May 20, 1845. I have bought of Capt. J. C. Delano the house we live in for 4,000 dollars and have paid him one thousand and the other three am to pay Sept. next.

Oct. 4, 1845. Friend Rotch and wife, Elder Mudge and wife and Mrs. How and myself took tea at James Arnold's. Had a very pleasant time. And Sunday 5th Elder Mudge preached for me all day.

March 15, 1846. Nine men arrived here last Tuesday in the whale ship Samuel Robbins in very distressed circumstances who report their names to be as follows—Luther Darby, Leander Delano, Owen W. Smith, James Fero, James Coble, Robert Marsh, Nathan Whiting, Joseph Thompson and John Grant. All, I understand, are professors of religion. They, with others in Canada, attempted to throw off the British yoke and to make themselves free, but failed and were taken prisoners and sent to Vandermand's land, after they had been condemned to be hung. After laboring there about 7 years they were pardoned and came here as before stated. In a meeting appointed for them to give a history of their undertaking, capture and sufferings, Smith, who appeared to be their chief speaker, spoke over an hour and all were very interested in their story. When he had done, an Englishman, a stranger, arose and said he was aboard the British ship at the time these men came on board at Quebec and helped land them at Vandermand land. This unexpected proof of their honesty was very gladly received.

We raised 73.13 dollars for them. 7 dollars was given to each and 10.30 was paid Mr. Ashley for their board.

Oct. 27, 1846 . . . In the evening, by request of the family, visited John Avery Parker who is very sick and sees his need of religion. Something more than wealth is wanted at the close of life.

Nov. 20, 1846. Preached twice at the Bethel. Our meetings are so crowded full that many without complain and the Port Society has yielded to the wishes of some whose meetings are not full and conclude to prevent a crowd at the Bethel by letting the pews on one side of the house. This will be an injury to us at the Bethel, but I cannot help it. I think everybody ought to be allowed to come to the Bethel who has friends at sea. The house pews and aisles and pulpit are usually full. We are very careful to see that sailors have a seat. I like to see the house full.

June 22, 1848. Should have named the death of a sailor at Mrs. ——— this morning. The town was applied to for a coffin and the poor sailor was put into it, just as he died, and without being laid out, and she insisted on his being carried away immediately. I called in the afternoon to see what was to be done about the funeral, and, to my surprise, found the sexton just carrying the coffin out at the back door. I inquired where he was going to carry the corpse, and he said to the grave. The woman said she could not have it there. I ordered it to be carried to the Bethel and I went round and collected a number together and we had a meeting and found a few sailors to follow him to the grave.—Such a woman! I never saw before, so destitute of every feeling belonging to civilized society, and yet that woman has a son at sea.

Oct. 1, 1848. In the afternoon a funeral sermon on the death of Capt. Cornell of the ship Lancaster who sailed from this port in June, 1848. He was a young man and married just before he went to sea and this was his first voyage as captain. His death was occasioned by the fall of Jackson P. Thomas from a loft. As Capt. Cornell was leaning on the rail of the ship, that man fell upon him and occasioned his death in about nine hours afterward. The man has his wrist broken, but otherwise was but little injured. Death, in such a way, I never heard of before.

Oct. 4, 1848. In the afternoon attended at the Bethel the funeral of John Bastock of Detroit, Michigan. This man was in the ship Lancaster that Capt. Cornell, who was killed, was in. He went on board the ship James Allen laying at the wharf and not minding where he stepped, fell into the ship's hold and the fall was so severe that he lived but 1½ hours afterward. He was 24 years old; has a father and mother living. Mr. Nye, I am informed, has written to his par-

ents. I spoke at the funeral from, "What is Your Life"—solemn time. The young man whose fall occasioned the death of Capt. Cornell was at the funeral this afternoon.

Oct. 15, 1848. News has come that the ship Mobile was wrecked at sea Sept. 23 (sixteen days out) and that the captain, mate and eight of the crew are lost. I have just been to see the wife of the mate, who has lost a husband before at sea. This with her other trouble is greatly trying. We but little realize the amount of suffering endured by seamen. The capt. had a number of bones broken before he was swept from the wreck. Twelve, in all, were saved by lashing themselves to the rigging and were taken off the wreck one week after the accident. Their sufferings in that wreck were great, having nothing but leather to eat for more than three days.

Nov. 13, 1849. I was called upon to open the court this morning by prayer. The judge remarked when I had finished, "I thank you sir. I have," said he, "great faith in prayer." He looked and talked like a Christian man, more so than any judge I have seen for a long time.

Dec. 30, 1849. In the evening delivered a temperance address in the Washington hall — a good meeting. Last week a man by the name of Shaw came into Mr. Wm. O. Brownell's store with a piece of iron to sell. Inquiry was made if he wanted some groceries for it. He answered no. Do you want some nice rum? He quickly answered yes. After a moment's pause I began to talk to him, setting forth the consequences of drinking rum and then addressed him to quit it and promised him 5 dollars if he would sign the pledge and keep it for one year, and Mr. Brownell promised him 5 dollars if he would not drink any more spirits for 8 months. I left him without being able to get a promise of reform from him. This evening after my lecture he came forward and took me by the hand and said he was the man I conversed with in Mr. Brownell's store, and now said he wanted to sign the pledge, which he did to my joy and to the joy of his wife who was with him.

Sept. 1, 1850. Mrs. Arnold has given to the Port Society the Mansion House when removed on a lot by the Bethel for a sailors' home. House and lot called worth \$8,000, may be \$10,000. Blessings upon that generous lady. The citizens will raise 3,000 to furnish the house.

Sept. 4, 1850. At 9 o'clock attended the funeral of a child in the Factory block — and when I returned found Mr. Phipps with dog a run mad, and by their request, I killed the little creature.

March 16, 1851. This morning a report came that a steamer from Boston with 200 United States soldiers on board was on its way to this place to assist slave holders in catching fugitives in this city. The bell rung to call the people together to consult on measures best to be taken in case the report should prove true.

Jan. 17, 1852. James B. Congdon Esq., Dear Sir — Presuming a detailed account of my labors for the past year are not called for, I have only furnished an outline of my feeble efforts to serve my fellow citizens and promote the happiness and welfare of seamen.

I have intended to put in every ship sailing from this place 4 Bibles and 12 Testaments, and as many books, tracts, magazines and newspapers as my means would allow. In the last year there have been put in ships 534 Bibles, and 1608 Testaments and more than eleven thousand papers, tracts, etc. and with a letter addressed to the Capt. of each ship, requesting him to see that they were distributed among his crew. In the same time 30 Bibles and 24 Testaments have been given to individuals, and mostly seamen.

The name, place of birth, age, complexion, color of hair of 183 ship's crews amounting to 4869 men, have been recorded in the Seamen's Register this year, and each name, when in alphabetical order, will have been written three times, and the reference pages twice to each name.

It has occupied all the leisure time of my son for more than three months to complete the register and alphabet for the year.

As agent for the ladies' branch, I have, with a great deal of pleasure, done what I could to carry out the designs of that benevolent society, by reporting to them the wants of destitute seamen, whether sick or well, and with the aid, and under the direction of the committee, have the pleasure of believing that all their immediate and actual necessities have been supplied.

We have engaged a double reeded melodian for the Bethel at an expense of 100 dollars and hope soon to improve our singing and make our meetings still more interesting than they have been.

We have reason to believe that seamen have felt perfectly free to call at our house when they wished to see me, or wanted my assistance, for in the months of March, April and May, we have had more than 500 hundred calls from them, but 14 was the greatest number at any one time. To make their calls pleasant they have been invited into the parlor to hear the piano, with which, Kanaikas in particular, have appeared remarkably pleased, having never heard or seen one before and your agent has not neglected to give them, on all proper occasions, the best counsel and advice in his power in reference to their money, their health, their moral character and the salvation of their souls, and it is believed that these labors have not been altogether in vain.

In addition to the foregoing, I have, in the year past, preached in my feeble manner, 179 sermons, attended 180 funerals and settled 86 voyages amounting to \$28,397.25 as they were made up, but on settlement, received only \$17,350.01.

March 1, 1852. Toward night I was called upon to visit a sailor No. 78 Kempton street. I found him quite unwell and very destitute. On inquiry what physician they had, was told he did not have any. They had no money to pay for one and no means to pay for medicine, if they had a physician.

March 2, 1852. I have this day engaged a physician to attend the above sick man and to furnish all the medicine the doctor may order for him. May the Lord bless the means to the good of the man and my advice to the salvation of his soul.

Last Saturday, just at night, a poor sailor that had been castaway called on me for assistance. He had nowhere to go for food and shelter. I gave him a good supper and then sent him to the Sailors' Home with orders, by my son, to charge his board to me and to-day I have paid it and sent the man to Boston with two others that came in here last week from a whale voyage with nothing due them. Gave 2 a pr. of shoes and to the other a pr. of socks and cap.

In the afternoon went to Mrs. D—s to see about sending others of the above crew to Boston, and then to Mrs. — on Union street to see about another of the same crew, all destitute. Mrs. — and her two daughters (one of them with a child at the breast) said

they hoped Mrs. D. was not so poorly off as they were. They had not a stick of wood nor any coal, nor any food in the house, nor anything to buy food with. They had burned up their chests and barrels and had nothing to eat since morning and what to do they did not know. I gave them a half dollar and went out and called on a few friends and got for them \$4.50 more and carried to them. Their joy on receiving it may better be imagined than I can express it.

Dec. 10, 1852. Charles H. Mullen and sister of Lynn are at our house on a visit. Elder Holland is also here—came last Monday. Thus we have company all the time. More company is expected next week from Lowell. I need a fortune to meet all my expenses. As yet, I have, by the blessings of my heavenly Father, been able to pay my way so far, but should I leave the Bethel and preaching, all business that will help me to some income, I shall find it difficult to meet my expenses, which are increasing every year. However, I will not feel the want of outward good, but rather fear the want of inward devotedness to God.

Feb. 5, 1853. This evening our streets are lit up with gas for the first time. Is it not strange that New Bedford which is emphatically the oil factory of the world, should abandon oil which is for their own interest to burn, and follow the example of other cities in the use of gass? but so it is. The cost of lighting our city and stores with gass, will, no doubt, be considerable more than the cost of oil, but yet the light, it is hoped, will be enough better to pay for it or justify the change. This is an age of improvement in almost everything but religion.

(Mr. How wrote a great many verses, which nearly fill a large manuscript volume. Among them is a poem of "Advice to Young Ladies" to guide them in selecting a husband. A young lady searching for such a young man today would, we venture, have a long walk—Editor of The Mercury).

My poetry, if such, I may it call
Is very plain and understood by all.
No flowery, needless, useless words are there,
But plain and common, as are used in prayer.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

"Don't get a man that smokes his pipe,
Nor yet segars by day or night
Nor one that drinks the lager beer
At any time, in all the year.

"Don't get a man that chews his cud
He's sure to wallow in the mud
Nor one whose language is profane,
No matter what his wealth and fame.

"Don't get a man that drinks his rum.
His die is cast. For time to come
He's sure to fight, to scold and rave,
And find at last the drunkard's grave.

"But get a man of sober mind
Whose dress is neat, whose words are kind,
Who reads the Bible, loves to pray,
And goes to meeting Sabbath day.

"With such an one you'll happy be
Both on land and on the sea.
Your love for each will stronger grow
The longer you remain below.

"If both are pious both will have
A home in heaven beyond the grave.
There with the millions round the throne
Will live, where death has never come."

April 2, 1853. At 4 P. M. went with Rev. Mr. Thomas to the House of Correction and saw him sprinkle a little baby. I got him because I could not do it myself.

Dec. 8, 1855. I am more and more convinced that any man who will be a true friend to the sailor and look out honestly for his temporal welfare will be unpopular with most of this trading community. If I had known as much about the duties and difficulties attending a pastor at the Seamen's Bethel, as I do now, I am confident I should have never consented to go there, and now I see the wants of seamen,

and their need of a friend they can confide in. I cannot bear the thought of leaving them, and yet, I sometimes think I cannot stay there any longer. I hope my heavenly Father will teach and guide me in the way I should go.

March 2, 1858. In the afternoon attended at the Bethel the funeral of Mr. Slocum who fell through the ice in attempting to pass from West island where he has lived with his family to Sconticut Neck on Friday night last. Text James 4.14. A full and solemn time.

May 25, 1858. A sailor has just left me who arrived here a few days ago and bought his outfit at ————'t, and is charged, I see by his bill, 66 dollars. One article is a watch \$24, not worth \$8, and everything in that proportion. When will sailors learn to look out for themselves, or to listen to those who are their friends.

August 17, 1858. This morning about 1½ past 10 the news of Queen Victoria's message to the President has been transmitted on the telegraph wire, has been announced, and the bells are now ringing and cannon roaring to express the joy felt at the success of this great and wonderful enterprize.

Oct. 17, 1858. The following is a copy of my resignation sent to the Port society:

Oct. 21, 1858.

To the president and members of the New Bedford Port Society. Gentlemen: More than fourteen years have now passed since by your invitation I entered upon the responsible duties of chaplain at the Seamen's Bethel. Although my expenses in the time have been far beyond all I have received for my services, I do not regret any sacrifice I have made to promote the welfare of seamen, nor have I the vanity to suppose that in all things I have met your wishes, yet be assured I have tried to the best of my ability to do so, and to carry out your designs in establishing and maintaining this institution, which is, if I understand them, to produce the sailors' spiritual and temporal welfare and I am pleased to say that so far as seamen are concerned I have never, in a single instance, received from them an unpleasant word or a word of complaint on account of what I have done or not done for them in the whole 14 years of my labor. However, I can serve them but a little while longer. My age and infirmities

make it necessary to retire from the field and give place to another who I hope will serve the cause of seamen with greater success than I have done. I therefore most respectfully ask you to give my discharge to take place on the 15th day of January or the 15th day of April next, as will be most agreeable to yourselves. You will please receive my sincere thanks for all the assistance rendered me in my feeble efforts to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of seamen.

I shall retire from my field of labor at the time you may designate, but not without feelings of deep anxiety for the prosperity of the Bethel, the Ladies Branch and the Mariners' Home, and earnest prayer that the abundance of the seas may be yet converted unto God. I am, Gentlemen, yours most Respectfully,

Moses How.

Jan. 13, 1859. In the afternoon attended the funeral of Mr. Eaton on Water street at the Hazzard house. At the evening prayer meeting I heard that the Port Society had voted to invite me to continue my labors at the Bethel until the 15th of April next. This was in the Mercury handed me as I went in by Mr. Cleveland and this was the first time I knew of it. I read the notice to the meeting and told them it was news to me, that I knew nothing about it before, but on the strength of it, I appointed my usual meetings when I arrived home. I learned the same by letter from James B. Congdon. I shall endeavor to comply with their request but wish I could have known it before. I have preached my farewell sermon and it has gone all over the country that I expected to leave the Bethel the 15th of January. I hope people will understand it is not my fault, if any fault exists, that all could not have done before by the Port Society, that has been done at this late hour. Perhaps, however, all is for the best.

I have settled while at the Bethel, and after, 951 voyages for seamen amounting to \$223,045.67.

I put in ships whilest at the Bethel, 5,211 Bibles and 15,228 Testaments, I gave away 368 Bibles and 328 Testaments. I sold 391 Bibles and 1,089 Testaments. Making in all 5,970 Bibles and 16,645 Testaments.

May 21, 1859. I have this week had our dining room painted and papered and all whitewashed. Quite a job all well done.— Paper for dining room cost 50 cents per roll, 10 pr. cent discount for cash — Border 5 cents pr. yard.

June 6, 1859. Went with Mr. Pierce to Mount Hope. The prospect of the country around from the top of Mt. Hope is grand. On and about that mountain King Phillip the celebrated Indian chief had his residence. I sat down in the chair that it is said he sat in. I drank from the beautiful spring which he no doubt drank from and brot home some small pieces of stone broken from his chair. In the afternoon I returned home well pleased with my visit and labors in Bristol. Found my family well.

July 17, 1859. In the morning I preached for Bro. Edmonds from Psa. 37.16. In the afternoon heard Father Taylor preach. Just before he finished his sermon, he paused a moment and then said, "If I mistake not I see the shadow of an old friend hidaway in the corner, that I became acquainted with about 40 years years ago, and suspect that the substance is not a great way off?" I arose and said it is. He then said to the congregation, that is Brother How of New Bedford. He then said, "Will you preach for me in the évening?" I told him I was engaged.

He then proceded and finished his sermon, after which he invited me to the pulpit and met me at the altar, put his arm around my neck, kissed me and invited me to take a seat in the desk. I did so and by his request pronounced the benediction at the close.

Our meeting was pleasant, I believe, to ourselves and to all who were present. In the evening I spoke again for Bro. Edmonds from Luke 12.32. Good time.

Aug. 12, 1862. In the afternoon I attended the funeral of Mr. Roger's child in the Gideon Howland house on Water street, and he gave me three dollars. This is so strange an occurrence that I thought I must make a record of it. In very few instances, in the 43 years of my ministry, have I ever received anything for tending a funeral, more than my expenses for going out of town.

Sept. 30, 1864. Business is quite dead in New Bedford. The expense of fitting a ship is so great and the rate of insurance so high, but

few have courage enough to send out their ships. Some whales are 100 feet long. Sperm whales have 45 teeth in the under jaw and none in the upper. Some of them have 30 Bbls. of oil in the head and 60 Bbls. in the body. That is, a 90 Bbl. whale gives 30 Bbls. of head oil. Some right whales make 300 Bbls. of oil and 3000 lbs of bone. They average 10 lbs. of bone to the barrel. I think I should not be very anxious to go near such a monster in a frail boat and throw a harpoon into them. It must be dangerous, or it seems so to me.

Oct. 24, 1864. I have sold 22 lbs. grapes to-day for 2 dollars. My best grapes I keep for my own use and to give away. I sell the second quality.

Nov. 13, 1864. This evening is a time of great rejoicing in this city and the country over on account of the overwhelming vote given to Abraham Lincoln over McClellan. The bells are now ringing and guns are firing. The band of musick is playing. Rockets are flying and the largest procession is moving through the streets I ever saw here before.

This may be called the great revival of Reformation. The slaves are, or will be, free, and the nation has repented of her sin of slavery which is the cause of this awful war, cannot much longer exist in this country.

The deep-laid plans by copper-heads to ruin this country have been brought to light and the whole company of them are condemned at the ballot box last Tuesday the 8th to an everlasting overthrow. The tree of liberty stands up strong and there is caught on one of its limbs by the hair, a young Absalom, Mr. McClellan, who has none to mourn over him, his fate, and the fate of his party, but foreigners and southern slave-holders — like the original copperhead, they will be compelled to crawl on their bellies and lick the days of their life. The bruise received on the head can never be healed.

Nov. 23, 1864. I have this day afternoon finished my book case made of black walnut and this evening been bringing* my books from my study in the chamber and filled the casefull and have a large number of books left in my study yet. I feel pleased and thankful that I have lived to complete it. I think it a good piece of work for a man 75 years old and never learned the trade or never worked at any business of the kind until after I had been preaching a number of years.

I presume I could not buy so good a one for less than a hundred dollars, and my writing table and top is worth \$50 more.

Dec. 21, 1864. I have made two little bedsteads of black walnut for children, and they are beauties.

April 10, 1865. This is a morning long to be remembered in the history of this country. About 5 this morning I heard the bell ring and thought there was a fire but on hearing a gun fire, concluded we must have news from the army, and soon learned that yesterday Lee and his whole army had surrendered to Major General Grant. This is good news and I must say glory to God in the highest. This will soon be followed by the news of peace, which I said last week, would, I thought, take place before this week was over. This will be a joyful day to all the friends of the country.

April 15, 1865. My last book closed with a record of the good news that Lee had surrendered his army to Grant, and little thought the nation's joy was so soon to be turned into mourning. This morning early we heard the bells tolling and were soon informed that President Lincoln was shot last evening by an assassin by the name of Booth, in Ford's theatre about 10 o'clock. We afterwards learned that he died this morning 22 minutes past seven. About the same hour Secretary Seward was stabbed in several places, his oldest son was wounded and his other son thought to be mortally wounded by another assassin.

These awful crimes have thrown the nation into mourning. People hardly know what to say or do. These crimes show us and the world what is the spirit of slavery and what the enemies to the Union would do had they had the reins of government in their hands. I hope this gang of murderers will be caught and punished according to their deeds.

ANOTHER OF ELDER HOW'S POEMS.

I love a stranger Friend to meet
When walking slowly on the street
And speak to him a friendly word
And ask him if he loves the Lord.

And if I find him free to talk,
I like to lengthen out the walk,
And talk of Jesus on the way,
Who taught his saints to watch and pray.

I love to talk about the truth.
I learned to read when but a youth.
It taught me Jesus came to save
From sin and from the grave.

I like to talk about that home
To which the dear Redeemer's gone,
To which one day I hope to go,
When called to leave my friends below.

With such a friend 'tis hard to part
We're one in Christ and one in heart;
We have a hope to meet again
In heaven, forever, to remain.

Feb. 2, 1865. This is indeed a joyful day and such a day as I did not expect, a few years ago, to see. Congress has, by a 2/3 vote adopted the amendment to the Constitution, prohibiting slavery from this time forth in the United States. Three quarters of the states, I doubt not, will adopt the same. This will end one great cause and trouble and that for which the South commenced this bloody war. Now, I trust, it is so far removed that it can never be restored. Like the dog in the fable they have let go what they had and got nothing but the shadow and meat are both gone. — The bells are ringing merrily. Truly this is a good day and we do not well to hold our praise. Let us rejoice and be glad!

May 16, 1865. Last week when thinking of Jef Davis and what would be done with him, the thought occurred to me that the government would do with him what Daniel Webster did with his scythe, "Hang him on a tree." This is, I presume, an original figure or thought. I told it to Elder Pike Sunday noon and in the afternoon he made the same remark in his sermon and it set the people to stamping. It produced quite a shock in the meeting. All appeared to say Amen.

Sept. 12, 1865. The present generation does not appear to feel that deep interest in the welfare of Zion their fathers and mothers used to, and the consequence is, our churches and meetings are feeble, and unless something more is done soon, they will disappear and be forgotten.

July 7, 1868. In the evening had a large company. Expected 80 but had only sixty all told. I bought 33 boxes of strawberries and 16 Qts. ice cream. Strawberries were 20 cents per box and ice cream 60 cents per quart. A very pleasant time. I engaged my ice cream for 60 cents per quart but had to pay \$11.60 for it all because they molded it. This they did without saying there would be any extra expense for so doing.

Oct. 26, 1869. I have, with the help of Capt. Cook, made 58 quarts of grape wine at a cost of 11 cents per quart for the sugar. Had 21 quarts of fine juice then added 21 quarts of water that we put into the grapes after they had been squeezed, then over again. Then added to the two when put together 40 pounds of brown sugar, cost 16 cents per pound. Put all into two kegs, one 38 quarts and the other 20 quarts. This is the first grape wine we ever made and no doubt will be the last.

March 23, 1873. In the morning went to hear Mr. Julian of the Trinity church on Fourth street. He appears to be a smart, active young man who thinks well of himself. I think people will be likely to think more of the preacher than of the Saviour.

August 1, 1874. About half past 11 A. M. President Grant arrived here from the Vineyard and was received by our city authorities who did all they could to make his stay, until the afternoon train to New York, pleasant and agreeable. A vast multitude of people came into the city to see him. I believe he is the first president that has visited our city.

May 1, 1881. Sixty-seven years ago, and at this time of day, 11 A. M., I was preaching my first sermon in the house of a Mr. Sawyer in Dracut, a larger number than I had seen to hear Mr. Peasley, assembled . . . Since then, I have preached over 8,000 times, attended more than 2,500 funerals, married 3,840 persons and up to July 1844 baptized 725.

I never preached more than five times a day, have preached four funeral sermons in a day and was invited to two more. I usually preached three times on the Sabbath when I had no help and often four times, and have married four couples in a day and baptized 26 at one time.

CONCLUDED.

(Another Poem by Elder How.)

OLD PREACHER

*Pity the man that's lost his wife;
That has no house or home.
His is, indeed, a mournful life;
He sighs for one to come.*

*His house has been a pilgrims home;
His table has been free;
Room has been found for all that came,
Both from the land and sea.*

*But now, in his declining years
Of over ninety-one,
There's scarce a friend of former years
Invites him to their home.*

*In churches where he's labored long
And preached for many a year,
There's scarce a one, of old or young,
That cares his voice to hear*

*But there's a thought that cheers his mind—
He has in heaven a friend
That always has been good and kind
And will be to the end.*

(The Morning Mercury, March 21, 1932)

ELDER HOW'S DIARY

Fisher Howe of New York, who gave the Free Public Library the diary of Rev. Moses How (the former has added an e to the spelling of his name), writes in appreciation of the publication of extracts in the Mercury. "No future historian of your fine old town," he writes, "can fail to devote ample space to the life story of the Elder. If ever mere man was an example of a philanthropist, in the mellow, divine, classic import of that word — his name was Moses How."

Fisher Howe has in his possession another How journal, that of William S. G. How, Hanover, N. H., October 1, 1852. The first entry was made at New Bedford. Later this one of the three sons of Elder Moses How, entered Dartmouth College and most of the records relate to that institution. William How died in 1860. Here is one of the entries:

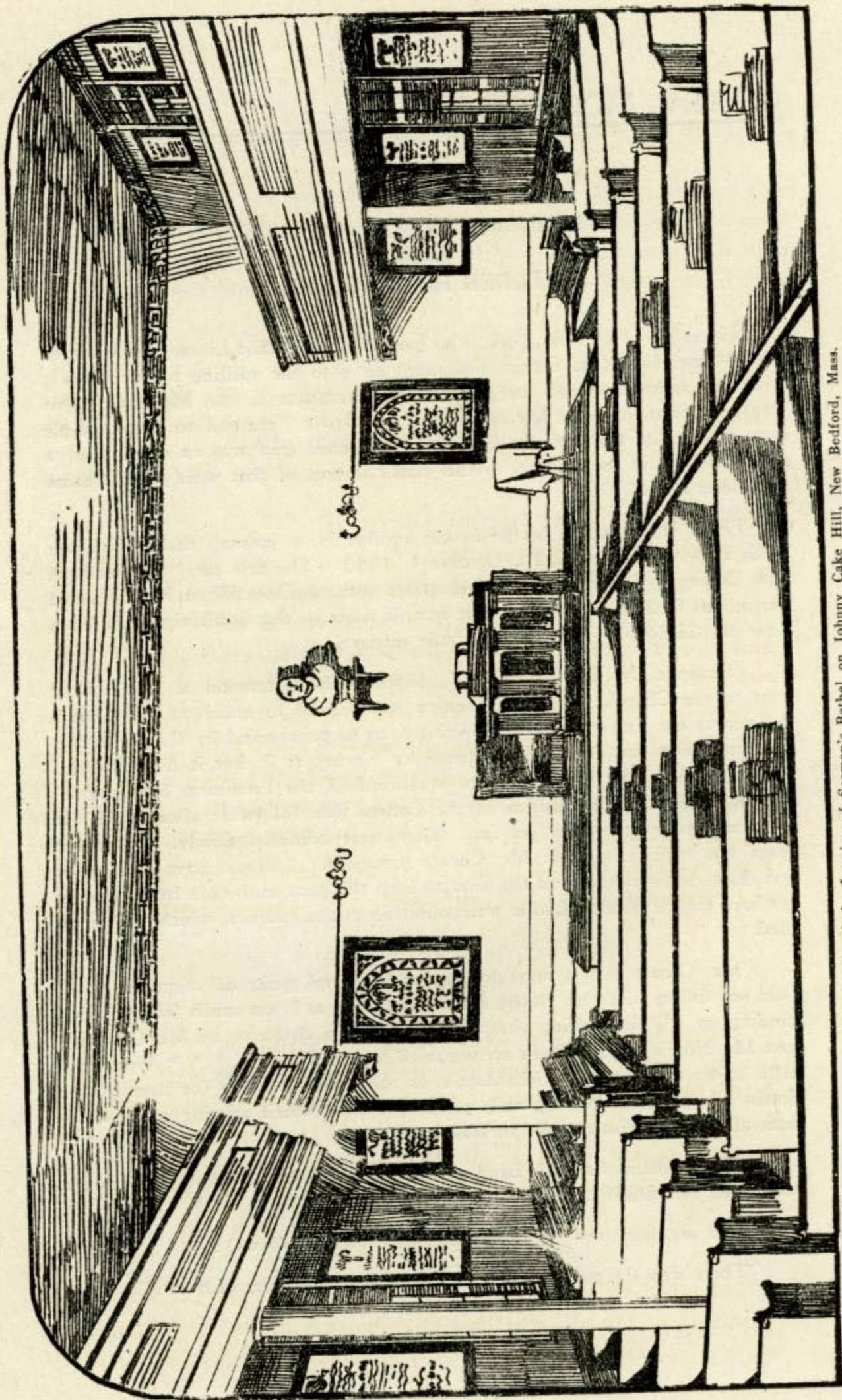
(Hanover, N. H.) "July 27, 1853.—This afternoon at 2 o'clock I went to the Chapel, where a procession was formed to march to the Church to listen to the Eulogy on Daniel Webster, to be pronounced by Rufus Choate. The procession was intended to commence moving at 2, but it did not until quarter to 3. The procession was composed of the Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors. The Alumni of the College then followed; after which the great multitude strove to get in. They were admitted slowly. After the house was sufficiently filled, Mr. Choate proceeded. I should have said before that chairs were stretched on the sides to keep the great multitude from pressing too hard on the doors. Ladies were admitted to the galleries, which were soon filled.

"Mr. Choate gave a very eloquent address, and spoke till a quarter to 7. I did not follow him very closely toward the close, as I was much fatigued with standing up. While waiting after the Eulogy, for a chance to see Mr. Choate, I meet Mr. Norris. Mrs. Norris accompanied him to Hanover. * * * After tea I called to see them at Mr. Richardson's, as there was no room for them at the Hotels. I spent the evening very pleasantly, Mr. Norris relating many anecdotes of Daniel Webster while at Washington.

"The Germania Serenade Band gave a concert in the Church. Tomorrow's ceremonies will finish up the exercises for the year."

(The detailed story of Commencement, 1853, follows):

"There were 21 pieces spoken; all were of a high order of merit."!



Old Sketch of the Interior of Seaman's Bethel on Johnny Cake Hill, New Bedford, Mass.

EXCERPTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF W. S. G. HOWE

(*Son of Rev. Moses How*)

1851

KANAKA.

Tuesday, June 3. This morning a Kanaka died at Mrs. Swain's boarding house. I saw that a coffin was provided, and also a sheet. He was buried from the Bethel at 3 o'clock this P. M.

LAUNCHINGS.

Wednesday, June 11. This afternoon, I went down to see Capt. Cook's new ship, the "Robert Hillman" launched. She went beautifully for a little distance, and then, wonderful to relate, stopped short, and in spite of all the efforts to set her going, she stuck fast, and would not budge an inch. And thus at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 I left her. There were a great many down there to see the launch, and many were aboard of her.

Thursday, June 12. This afternoon, I saw the launch of the new ship "Cornelius Howland", which took place at 7 o'clock. The "Sophia Thornton" which was on Mr. Howland's "Marine Railway" was also sent off. The C. H. went off very prettily, and when she reached the water, plunged in, and then rose up as though she did not relish the new element in which she was destined to remain through the whole of her after life. Success to her!

CORRECTION.

Sunday, June 29th. This morning, I went to the House of Correction in company with Elder Morton, who preached there. I played on the organ at the Baptist Church during the day. Of course everything was done up in style, or to speak plainly "Brown". I was rather frustrated at first, but soon got "hardened to it". In the eve, I went up to Mr. Chase's to see Benjamin Small, but he did not happen to be in.

PANORAMA.

Monday, October 24. Today, the first snow storm of the season occurred. It rained quite hard last eve, and this morning turned into snow. It continued to snow until about 12 when it abated, the sky

clearing off by 3, leaving the weather quite cold. Dr. & Mrs. Fleming and Miss Spencer, who have been here for about three weeks, started for home by the Fall River train. This evening, accompanied by Aunt Kent, I went to see Brewer's Panorama of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. There were several other views connected with it, viz; Niagara Falls, Fairmount Water Works in Philadelphia, and scenes on the Western praries. The views were all very pretty, and well worth a "quarter".

BETHEL ORGAN.

Sunday, Dec. 21. This day is to be especially noticed, as being the time of the advent of an organ, or rather seraphine, to the Bethel. It sounded very well, although not quite loud enough.

WOMAN LECTURES, AND OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, AND CRAPO PARTY.

1852 --

Tuesday, Jan. 27. This evening I attended the 12th Lyceum Lecture which was delivered by Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith. The subject was "Womanhood". She treated the subject very ably, and did not go to by any means such lengths as some of the fair sex. This is the first time that a woman has ever lectured before this Lyceum, and consequently, the house was filled, so that the north gallery was opened.

Tuesday, Feb. 3. This evening, I attended the 13th Lyceum Lecture, which was delivered by that celebrated writer of funny pieces, Oliver Wendell Holmes. His subject was "Love of Nature," which was treated in his usual happy manner, although he did not come up to my expectations. We had about 20 to tea at home.

Thursday, Feb. 5. This evening, I attended a party given by Mrs. Henry H. Crapo. I took tea there. There were about 50 persons present. I had a very good time, as I always do, when I visit them. The girls of the family stood up in a row, according to their age, making a pretty sight.

BETHEL ORGAN.

Sunday, Feb. 15. Today, I had the pleasure of playing on the new organ for which Father had spoken. It cost \$110.00. It was

made by Packard, Foss & Co. of Campello. It is quite a large one, having 5 octaves, and two stops.

OLD PIANO.

Wednesday, March 17. Let all rejoice and sing aloud, for my piano is gone! Yes, the piano which we have so faithfully drummed on by day and by night, is at last departed, and its shadow now no longer darkens the walls of our dwelling. Its sounds probably will never greet our ears again, at least, within our walls, and a stranger of newer, and comelier make will take its place, and be our companion for our spare hours. To make a long matter short, Capt. Hunter has bought it, for which he gave the sum of \$ including the stool and the covering to the piano. I went up to Mr. Tripp's (where Capt. Hunter and his children board) to some 30 of young folks which the girls had, to spend the evening. I thought the piano sounded very well. It is not decided when I shall get the new one—probably not before next week.

NEW PIANO—SNOW STORM.

Wednesday, March 24. Today the long sought for stranger made its appearance at our humble residence 109 Middle St. It is 7 octaves long, clothed in a rosewood great coat with trousers of the same material. Its name is Chickering's Piano Esqr., aged about 2 days and a half. It is the 12395th son of Jonas Chickering of Boston, it being, therefore, a small miss from so many children. It was brought to this City under the friendly guidance of that kind and fatherly personage, Thos. B. White Esqr., who is very fond of children of this sort. On shaking hands with the youth, he answered in tones of the most musical and agreeable sound, at which I was much pleased, and to this day, (April 7) I do not regret that this child has been selected for us to bring up and educate. He does not speak quite so distinctly as some others, but then that is a fault to which all young persons of that tender age are addicted. But these observations, I hope, will suffice for the present, and when anything especial occurs, I will mention it.

Tuesday, April 6. This day, I suppose, may be chronicled an unusual one, on account of the great snow storm, which has happened.

It commenced snowing on Monday eve at 11 o'clock & continued snowing until about 8 this eve. The wind was out to the N. E. the whole time, and it blew quite hard. I was quite surprised, on waking in the morning, to find the snow blowing and coming down with such violence of an April morn, when the soft breezes of Spring should have been taking their place. We had no storm during the winter that was so severe.

JOHNNY CAKE HILL.

Monday, May 24. Today, the summer term of the Academy commenced. There are only about 60 scholars in. I suppose this will be the last term here, whether I shall get into College or not. I have got considerable to do, to be anywheres prepared as I should be. The future, as regards my reaching there, looks rather dubious. However, "Try" shall be my motto. At last the city authorities have commenced the sacrilegious act of levelling down "Johnny Cake Hill." The first charge on the ancient rock was made last Saturday afternoon. The time will not be far distant when all the landmarks so familiar to the present generation will, by the unsparing hand of Improvement be taken away from our view, and exist only in some ancient picture, or on the tablet of the brain, to be treasured up as memorials of former times. "Sic imus." Burnham and his new wife left us last Friday, the 21st.

1853

GAS IN NEW BEDFORD.

Saturday, Feb. 5. Today marks an epoch in this City's history, by the introduction, for the 1st time, of gas in the lanterns and stores. Quite a crowd followed the "Lamplighters" on their tour. The streets presented a brilliant appearance, and the stores were very much lighter than under the "old dispensation." The streets were crowded to see the effect of the new burning fluid, and all seemed to be pleased. May it be a long time before the inhabitants shall consent to go back to the old oil lamps, and wander through the streets in doubt as to the way they may be going.

LYCEUM LIGHTED WITH GAS.

Tuesday, April 22. This morning, Father, Mother and Aunt Chapman started for Lowell to attend Mrs. Beard's funeral. They left in the 20 m. past 10 train. Aunt Waldron did not go, but "kept house."—This evening I went to hear Mr. Dearbon of this City lecture before the Lyceum. His subject was "Manual Labor." It was nothing extra, although the last part of it was better than the first. The Hall was very brilliantly lighted with gas, it being the first time of a Lyceum Lecture. It seemed almost as light as day.

"FATHER'S REGISTER."

Thursday, Feb. 2. This morning, I finished the writing of father's Register. I have been employed on it nearly all my vacation. I feel glad to finish it, it is so much labor. I have been doing it for about 3 or 4 years. I first go to the Custom House where the ships clear, and take the names of the ships, the crew of each, with the place of birth, complexion, color of hair, and their age. After that is all done, I then copy each man's name in alphabetical order, with lead pencil, and then again with pen, in a book. I had about 3000 names to write off in this way.





SEAMEN'S BETHEL

THE "WHALEMAN'S CHAPEL"
OF MELVILLE'S "MOBY-DICK"

THIS TABLET PLACED
BY THE NEW BEDFORD
PORT SOCIETY
TO COMMEMORATE
ITS ONE HUNDREDTH
ANNIVERSARY

1830-1930

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