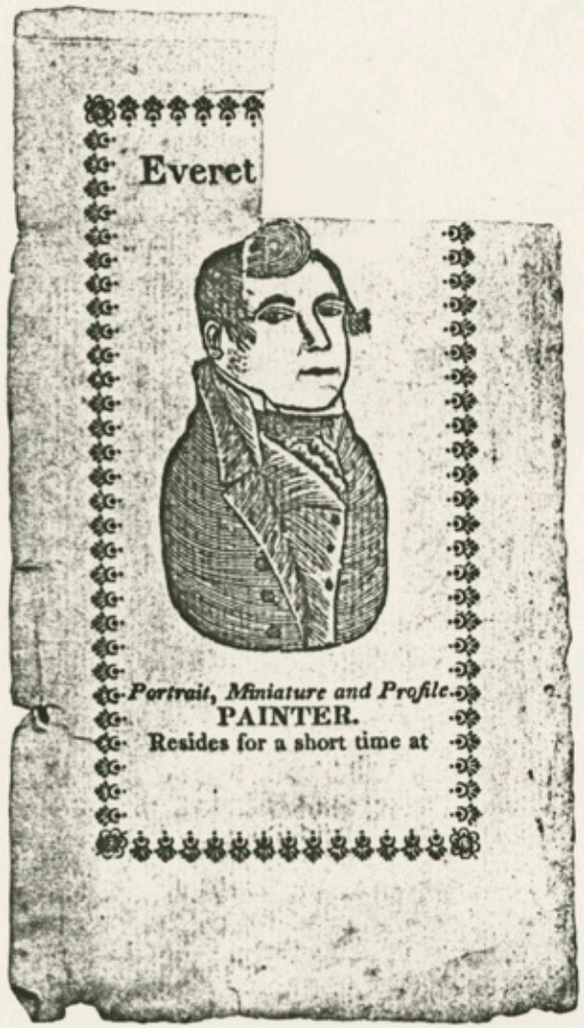


Advertisement of Everet Howard, painter. *Owned by Lester Ward Parker.*

The Sleeping Sentinel

William Scott

by Lorna Beers

On February 11, 1861, Abraham Lincoln in his black suit and tall hat boarded the train in Springfield, Illinois, and began the long slow trip to Washington.

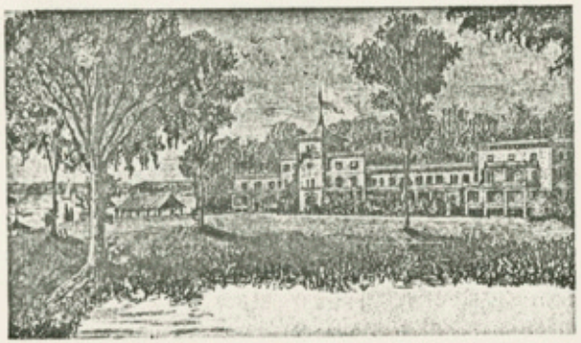
At the time there were five brothers, George, Daniel, Joseph, John, and William, sons of Thomas Scott, living on a hill farm in Groton, Vermont. The somber man on the way to Washington, moving into his destiny, was to touch their lives in an uncommon way and shed a fragment of his immortality on them. Today there stands on the bare site of the Scott homestead a granite shaft informing any who pause to read, that here was the home of William Scott, the Sleeping Sentinel pardoned by President Lincoln.

The farm was large, the fields stretching down the long slope to a brook, on the yonder side of which was Thomas Scott's first dwelling. The house by the road was a later prosperity. The thin soil on the granite hills had not yet worn out. Timber went to the mills. The Merino sheep were fine as those in Roxburyshire, Scotland, from which Thomas had come with his father thirty-five years before.

It was a patriarchal society. A boy's time belonged to his father until he was twenty-one. There was an advertisement in the St. Johnsbury paper by a father who formally granted his son his "time" until his majority and disavowed responsibility for his debts. William worked out, and dutifully gave his wages to his father.

No nervous rebellion shows in the young face looking out so solemnly from the photograph. Dull, perhaps. His letters are filled with pietism, and suggest he was molded by a strict family. A farm boy, good, generous, well-meaning, and limited. What made him enlist?

The compulsive spirit of the time and place can be understood by reading *The Caledonian*, published each Friday in St. Johnsbury, the county seat. The fairgrounds were



Raritan Bay Union Building, Perth Amboy, N.J., where Buffum spent his last years.

character of anything I have ever seen," said Arnold.

Yet he missed seeing his dream of emancipation come true. At Eagleswood he died on March 13, 1859.

Henry David Thoreau, the Concord naturalist, while surveying at Eagleswood wrote his sister an often quoted and apt description:

> Sunday I attended a sort of Quaker Meeting . . . There (was) Mr. Arnold Buffum, with broad face and . . . white beard, looking like a pier-head made of the cork tree with the bark on, as if he could buffet a considerable wave.

Arnold once wrote Garrison, "I rejoice if I have been a humble instrument in the hands of God." Although he had borne much buffeting, he believed that "the Lord on high is mightier . . . than the mighty waves of the sea." His "cork-tree" qualities gave him a buoyancy and resilience that endured.

"Honorable Sir:

I remember, when I was a young man, I heard of a famous well digger, who, when he was to dig a well in any place, could tell, almost at any depth, whether there was a rock in the way that would interrupt his passage to the springs. The method by which he made the discovery was, by laying his ear close to the ground, while somebody smote the ground pretty strongly with a beetle, & by the different hollow sounding of the noise from that which the firm ground would make, he found out a rock beneath."

Letter from the Rev. John Barnard, probably to Sir Wm. Pepperrell, 27 Feb. 1744/5. Jeremy Belknap Papers, Massachusetts Historical Society.

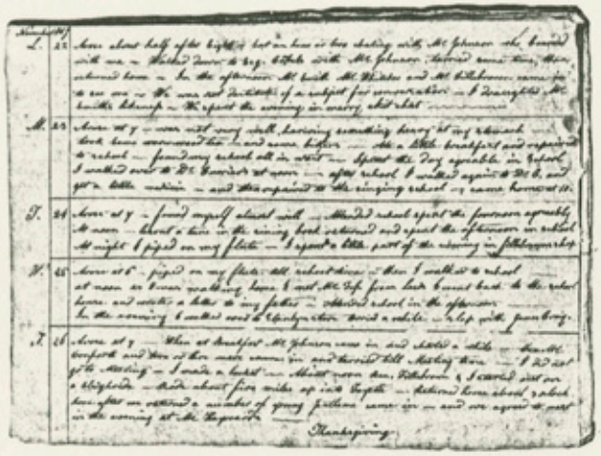
Diary of a Young Man, 1807-08

by Lester Ward Parker

An old tin trunk filled with family papers, found in Hollywood, California (of all places), yielded the usual miscellany of letters, wills, clippings, photographs, and so on that every New England family accumulates and passes on from generation to generation. Nothing very interesting here, we thought, until suddenly a small book came to light — obviously homemade, its pages stitched together with coarse thread, in a brownish paper cover marked with intricate patterns of "doodling." A diary or journal, to be sure, and the date 1807; now this is something! But who wrote it, and where, and how did it get here after more than a hundred and fifty years? Obviously we must read the diary. And this is how it begins:

> November 1807
>
> S 22 — Arose about half after eight — Sat an hour or two chating with Mr. Johnson who boarded with me — . . . In the afternoon Mr. Whicher, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Fillebrowne came in to see me — We was not destitute of subjects of conversation — I draughted Mr. Smith's likeness — We spent the evening in merry chit-chat.
>
> M 23 — Arose at 7 — was not very well, having something heavy at my stomach — took some wormwood tea — and some bitters — Ate a little breakfast and repaired to school — I walked over to Dr. Currier's . . . after school and got some medicine — and then repaired to singing school — came home at 10.
>
> T 24 — Arose at 7 — found myself almost well — attended school — at noon learned a tune in the singing book — spent the afternoon in school — at night I played on my flute.

But who was this young schoolmaster who draughted likenesses of his friends, played on his flute, and went to singing school? In the fourth day's entry the author mentions meeting a man from Leeds, Maine, which was the home of our branch of the Howard family for several generations. This clue and further reading in the diary led to his final identification as Everet Howard, a hitherto unknown great-uncle of my wife, Katharine Howard Parker, who now owns the diary. After all this was established, we discovered in the "doodling" on the front cover a barely recognizable



Page from Everet Howard's Diary.

signature, *Everet Howard — his Book*. And since the young man himself always spelled his name with one t, we might as well leave it that way, especially since his frequent misspellings are part of the charm of his diary.

The casual first entries of the diary, without the usual preamble or introduction one expects in such a journal, suggest that this is a continuation from previous volumes, and that Howard probably began another as soon as the last page of this book was filled about nine months later. One wonders what happened before and after, and how it came about that this particular volume survived a century and a half while the others, if they ever existed, have long since disappeared.

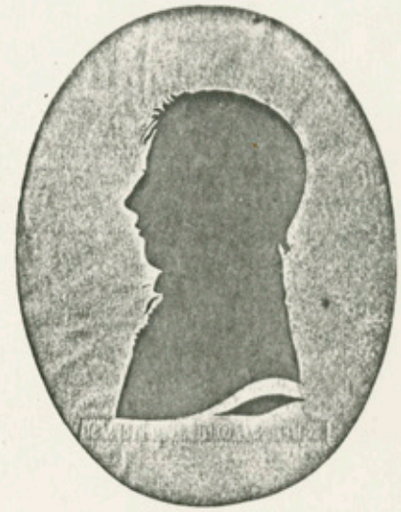
Everet Howard made his first entry on November 22, 1807, his twentieth birthday, although he didn't consider that fact important enough to mention. It was Sunday and some of his friends dropped in to spend the evening with him at his boarding place; he "draughted a likeness" of one of them, a Mr. Smith. This odd phrase, which occurs frequently in the diary, reveals a hobby that was to lead eventually to a lifetime career as a portrait artist. Unfortunately the only examples of this early draughting technique we have discovered are the tiny pen and ink profiles on the covers of the diary.

Reading on, we learn that young Howard was a schoolmaster in the town of Readfield, in what was then the Province of Maine, about twenty miles from his home in Leeds, that he found his job "agreeable," and that he still had time and energy for indulging his musical and artistic tastes and for an amazing variety of social activities.

The recorded facts about Everet Howard are bare indeed. The family genealogy, *Descendants of John Howard*, contains this item about the second son of Seth and Desire Bailey Howard: Everett, b. Nov. 22, 1787; d. in Georgia, Nov. 23, 1820. Not married. He was an artist.

Except for the fortuitous discovery of his diary, this might well have been the beginning and the end of the story of Everet Howard.

The Howard family in this country dates back to the John Howard who was listed as able to bear arms in Duxbury in 1643. He had come to Duxbury as a lad of fifteen and lived until manhood in the home of Miles Standish. Later, with Standish and others, he took part in the settling and founding of Bridgewater, where a special wing of the Historical Society's Museum is a memorial to him and his descendants. Five generations later Seth Howard and his wife, Desire Bailey, with the first seven of their nine children, removed to Leeds, Maine, in 1801, the year that town was incorporated. Everet was the second of five brothers, three of whom, Stillman, Ward, and Seth, Jr., are mentioned frequently in the diary. Everet and at least some of the others were sent back to their hometown of Bridgewater to continue their education beyond what the town of Leeds afforded. Everet must have finished his schooling at Bridgewater Academy some years before 1807 because his diary refers to previous teaching in Jay and Topsham; it seems probable that he began his teaching career at the age of seventeen.



Signed Howard silhouette of unknown subject. *Owned by Mr. & Mrs. Bertram K. Little. James C. Ward photo.*

Everet's father, Seth, was a prosperous farmer and stock trader who bought and sold timberlands and farms. Everet served as his secretary and bookkeeper whenever he was at home and, as we learn from his diary, developed considerable skill as a trader himself. Seth Howard was also interested in local politics and represented his district in the Massachusetts General Court of 1806. This required traveling to Boston when the court was in session, and the boys naturally followed their father's political activities with interest and excitement.

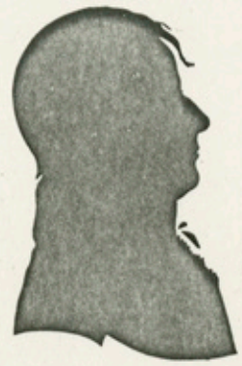
They were all eager readers of whatever books and newspapers came their way, and Everet frequently mentions his reading both in reference to current events and to the literature of the period. Several of the family were interested in music. Everet himself played the flute, and singing was very much in the family tradition.

With two or three years' teaching experience behind him, Howard's school duties seem not to have bothered him unduly, and we read a good deal about his social life. On Thanksgiving Day he went for a ten-mile sleigh ride with a friend. In the evening all the young men met at the Haywards', a popular meeting place for the young folks, probably because there were daughters in the family, although Everet never mentioned them by name. "We spent a few precious hours in merry chit-chat and jocose conversation with many pretty girls and agreeable young gentlemen. We danced some, &c. We retired with a greatful and thankful heart." There is no mention of Thanksgiving dinner, and what the use of &c. implies will have to remain a mystery. Howard was a bit more specific when recording another party some two weeks later: "Returned to my boarding house at noon where I found a couple of young ladies on a visit from Fayette — In school till after dark — In the evening James Fillibrowne and I went to Mr. Craig's, took supper with the ladies, after which we danced, played, and I do not know but some or all of us bundled."

After his school term ended on January 2nd, Everet was asked to teach the winter term of the "Town School"; with misgivings which turned out to be well justified he accepted. When the new term began on January 11, he "had a great number of scholars"; on the second day, when he had managed to count them, the number proved to be over eighty. At the beginning of the second week the enrollment had increased to ninety, and by the end of the third week he was bravely trying to cope with one hundred scholars, many of whom were undoubtedly as big and almost as old as he. He admitted that he had "trouble enough" and that he "ferruled a number of the scholars but whipping did not much good."

Sunday brought some relief from his difficulties, and a sleighing party up and down the four-mile length of Readfield Pond, with two stops at Fairbanks' Tavern for food and flip, helped to restore his courage. But his scholars continued "ungovernable" and he decided to quit. And so on Saturday, February 6, he recorded:

Dismissed my school this day about 4 *forever* — I felt exceeding well pleased — quite different from my feelings when



Another Howard silhouette of an unknown subject. *Courtesy of The New-York Historical Society, New York City.*

leaving any school I ever taught — After school a company of us pitched coppers for diversion — read the newspaper in the evening.

Thus ends the career of Everet Howard, Schoolmaster. The way is now clear for the beginning of his career as an artist, although there is no evidence in his diary that he planned it that way. Draughting pictures, profiles, and landscapes had been an almost daily pastime for Howard during the early weeks of the diary. He draughted likenesses of his friends, pictures for his scholars, a landscape for Mrs Hayward, and profiles of her daughters, in each case apparently as a gesture of friendship and with no thought of recompense. On one of his visits home he "took a likeness" of his brother Stillman's wife Lydia, which he said "looked very much like her." He was not so successful when he tried to do a similar one of his brother. Like most artists of the period, Howard tried his best to draught a true likeness of each subject and was disappointed when he did not succeed. After his return to Leeds he continued draughting pictures in his spare time: a picture of his father's farm which occupied him for many days during bad weather; a "Love Knot" which he presented to a girl cousin; and an especially ambitious composition, or series, which he called "The Minister Lawyer Officer & Farmer." So far no example of Howard's art of this period has been found, although some of them may still exist.

Drawing was only one of several active interests, and Everet quickly adapted himself to the routine of farm and household. He did his share of farm chores, gave special care to the horses and sheep, kept his father's books and often took part in his trading, took sleigh loads of grain to the gristmill, and, with the approach of spring, he helped fertilize, spade, and plant the vegetable garden. During these four months at home he also found time for a great deal of reading and some political activity at election time; he went to church occasionally, although religion seems not to have been a major concern. He also did some studying, especially in

English grammar and geography, perhaps with some thought of going back to teaching. Soon it was evident he had other plans.

On April 25 he made a horse trade by which he "got a good horse to ride to the Westward." The secret was now out — he had decided to go West. His brothers Stillman and Ward had recently returned from a journey of two or three months "through New Hampshire and Vermont to the upper part of New York State," where they visited their maternal uncles in or near Poughkeepsie. Everet recorded his pleasure in their account of their travels; no doubt they encouraged him to go West himself. Elaborate preparations were made for the journey. He went to Hallowell, where he ordered a new suit of clothes and shirts to be made up by the tailor from materials he chose; to complete the outfit he called for a new pair of boots a local shoemaker had been making for him. He also bought a "pare of Portmantoes," luggage suitable for horseback travel.

Then, a few days before the time set for his departure, on May 25, 1808, Howard recorded an entirely new idea and activity, although he must have been considering them for some time:

> I began on a new invention — a Profile Machine — I had heard of Thompson's machine to take profiles by the shade and I concluded there must be an easier way — therefore I formed a wooden thing from my own invention — It took me some time to form and invent it to my liking — but I finally got it so that by moving a rod round a person's face I could cut the profile exactly like them in a smaller compass.

The next day, Thursday, he worked on his machine until noon and "took some profiles." On Friday "rode to Mr Freeman's and had the woodwork of my machine done, then rode to Mason's and got my iron work." On Saturday "Arose early in the morning and sent for my machine and put it together — in the afternoon took some profiles," and two days later "studied a better fashion for my machine."

Within the space of a week Everet Howard had "invented" and perfected a "profile machine" and had become almost overnight a "profile artist," accomplishments all the more remarkable because he had never before used the word profile in his diary nor mentioned even trying the technique of cutting profile portraits. Such profiles (the word silhouette was not used until about the year 1825) had been popular as early as 1750, and Howard must have been familiar with them even while he continued his own technique of "draughting." His schooling in Bridgewater and visits to Boston en route to and from his home in Maine made it likely that his artistic experience and taste were more sophisticated than one might expect in a farmer's son who had grown up in the small town of Leeds. But where did he learn about "taking profiles by the shade"? What manner of machine was this which he invented? Did he really invent it?

Certainly he was no self-satisfied inventor. Eight days later he wrote:

> I forgot to mention that yesterday about the middle of the afternoon I heard that one Moor from Farmington was at Levett's with a profile machine — I rode directly there and had my profile taken — I found the gentleman Mr. Moor was a smooth man and of a clever lively disposition — I made part of a bargain for this machine and he concluded to ride with me to my father's the next morning early — I then rode back to Barrell's, put up, hired Mr. Barrell's horse for Moor to ride.

Since Farmington is a good twenty miles from Leeds, they started at daybreak, Moor riding the rented horse, and arrived at the Howard farm in time for breakfast. Evidently Howard believed Moor's machine was enough of an improvement over his own to be worth buying, but as usual he felt the need of his father's advice as well as his financial backing. Moor apparently needed or wanted a horse to ride and for some reason also wanted to get rid of his profile machine, so they made a deal; Moor got his horse with saddle and bridle and a few picture frames thown in for good measure, and Howard got the machine. The trade left the young man without a horse, but his father could be depended on to supply that need, so Moor rode away on his new horse. What happened to the barely finished profile machine Everet had already made will probably never be known unless it should turn up sometime in a Maine attic or museum. And since he obviously did not "invent" his machine in the ordinary sense of the word, where did the idea come from?

The answer is fairly obvious. The first mechanical arrangement "to take profiles by the shade," as Howard put it, was a device by which the subject's shadow, made by candlelight, was thrown on a paper screen on which it could be traced. This profile was life size and had to be reduced to the desired proportions by a pantograph, popularly called a "Stork's Beak" or "Monkey." This machine had been invented in France and brought to America in 1795 by the artist Feret de Saint-Mémin who called it a *Physionatrace*. No doubt Saint-Mémin's machine was copied in the United States, legally or otherwise, and probably the man Thompson used Saint-Mémin's technique.

A second type of profile machine had been invented by an English-

man, John Isaac Hawkins, and patented in the United States in July 1803. Descriptions of this machine, called *Physiognatrace* (adding a g to Saint-Mémin's word), correspond almost exactly to Howard's description of his invention as well as to that of several others known to have been in use about that time. Its most ingenious feature is its combination of tracing mechanism and pantograph, making it possible to trace the subject's features in any degree of reduction in a single operation. How and where Howard could have seen such a machine or even read about it, we cannot know, but it is certain that both his own machine and the one he bought from Moor were more or less copies of the Hawkins invention.

After a few days' practice taking profiles of his family and friends with the new machine, Howard was ready to start out on his journey, a quite different one from that he had planned. On Wednesday June 8 he wrote

> Fixing my affairs all the forenoon — in the afternoon after receiving advice from my parents I started on a long journey — I rode to Wayne — set my machine up and took three profiles — Took tea at Esq. Lamson's — after tea walked down to Mr. Wickses having sent my horse before — there took three profiles before I went to bed.

Although Wayne was only ten miles from home, it was the first lap of a long journey indeed; it was the beginning of Howard's career as an itinerant portrait artist that was to continue for the next twelve years and to take him even farther from home than New York State.

Hallowell was the next brief stop, still on familiar ground, and here Howard "did considerable business." Then twenty miles south along the Kennebec River to Topsham, where he had taught school two or three years before and had made many friends. He spent three days with a family with whom he had boarded and took profiles, probably gratis, of everybody who came to see him, then "put up at Tucker's Tavern where they had good accomodations." Now really on his own, "I had severe trials in my mind with regard to setting up with so much expense on business of an unknown aspect." But after making all the necessary preparations, including "setting up advertisements," he took four profiles during the afternoon and "was much encouraged." The following day he "began to feel very contented and easy and spent the day very agreeably — Took five profiles in the course of the day and set them in frames." At the end of the week he recorded with obvious satisfaction, "I cleared 7 dollars in 5 days past"; this was probably a good beginning for a young artist.

The following Monday Howard packed his things, mounted his horse, and "rode for Brunswick," from there by turnpike to Bath, and then on to Wiscasset, "a place I was never at before." Here for the first time he was on unfamiliar ground, beyond contact with family and friends. He decided to spend a week at Wiscasset, established himself at Dow's Tavern, had some handbills printed, did some profiles the first day, and spent the evening "agreeably" with other boarders at Dow's, losing "almost a dollar in gambling."

This was the beginning of an exciting week. Beside doing a satisfactory business with his profiles, he went on board several vessels in the harbor, attended the "Poppet Show" of an itinerant Frenchman at Dow's Tavern, followed by dancing till one o'clock, spent an evening playing cards although he "had almost sworn against it," and seems to have enjoyed himself thoroughly. He visited Esquire Woods "to see some of Brewster's Portrait Likenesses." These portraits, undoubtedly by the artist John Brewster, may well have given Everet Howard some inspiration; at least he was exposed to the work of one of the competent painters of that area.

Howard's next stop was Woolwich, where he put up for one night at Day's Tavern, "a very good house," and "took five or six profiles of Mr. Day's family," perhaps by way of payment for his bed and board. Next morning he "looked with a spy glass at a number of vessels coming up the Kennebec, took dinner and then crossed the ferry to Bath." Expecting to spend about two weeks in this thriving city, he "hired a room and board at Hodgkins' Tavern," "spread handbills about town," and again was ready for business.

By now his activities were following an established pattern: getting acquainted with the town and meeting as many people as possible, doing profiles for all who responded to his publicity and persuasion, and enjoying to the full every new experience that came his way. In Bath he found a well-stocked stationer's shop where he "bought a quantity of frames and carried them to the painter's for black glass," and "a large quantity of paper and a new cutting board." These purchases indicate something of Howard's technique of framing his profiles, and the fact that such materials were readily available is a measure of the popularity of this type of likeness in the early 1800's.

On the day of his departure from Bath, the diary records

> Took some profiles in the morning — went after my horse — had to look a great while before we found him — paid a round price for the keeping. After walking around town considerable on business, dining, squaring my bills, &c., I started from Bath, rode to Topsham, having sent my things by water, hired my board at Crosby's, and sent my horse to pasture at old Uncle Wilson's.

This return to Topsham was partly for the purpose of having made a case for his machine that would prevent people from "fingering it," partly because he felt the need of "recreating himself" in familiar surroundings after an exhausting month at his new business. Refreshed by his vacation and with a neat new box for his machine, he "rode in a chaise to Brunswick — made a stand at Owen's [Tavern]," and again was ready for business.

He found the town of Brunswick "a pleasant place with streets as level as a house floor," and noted that "both Brunswick and Topsham are places of great business even in embargo times." He lost no time in making contact with students and professors of Bowdoin College, who soon became his friends and customers. He even moved his lodging to a boardinghouse near the college. Business was very good indeed. On July 26 he "did very well this day for wages — took as much as Congressmen — *Six Dollars* — took the profiles of men, women, and children." This prosperity encouraged him to have made, at a cost of two dollars, a stamp embossed with his name which he probably used on all his work from that time on. He also decided that he could no longer get about conveniently by horseback; finding a chaise for sale, he contracted to buy it. This transaction involved making a trip home to secure his father's help.

Although Everet had been away only two months, this was no ordinary homecoming. His family "were all exceeding glad" to see him; "a good many of the neighbors came in before night." Seth Howard turned over thirty-five dollars worth of stock in part payment for the new chaise. Everet was to pay the rest.

After a brief visit with his family, Everet, accompanied by his younger brother Seth, started for Brunswick soon after midnight and arrived in midafternoon after a long hard ride. The newly purchased chaise was waiting, and the new horse his father had given him "went very well" when hitched to it for a trial run. Seth returned alone to Leeds taking with him the saddle and bridle for which his brother would have no further use. It is hard to imagine Everet Howard without a horse to ride, and even the new dignity of riding in his own chaise like the doctor or squire or minister could not long have compensated for the freedom of the saddle. But Everet was a congenital trader and could always get what he wanted or needed by swap or by barter.

On August 16 he settled his bill in Brunswick and drove off to Freeport, where he planned to spend a few days. At first business was dull, but on Friday a Major Means who kept a tavern nearby invited him to his house to take profiles; before the day was over he "had taken about twenty profiles likenesses" and spent a social evening at the tavern. The next day he "rode on six miles to Yarmouth, took a room at Ordway's, put up, and early retired to rest."

And there the diary ends, as casually as it began.

Everet Howard doubtless had the diary habit and kept a journal, as he probably called it, before and after the period covered by this single volume. Keeping a daily journal was a common composition practice in academies and grammar schools of this period, and "scholars" were encouraged to make it a habit. Everet mentions his enjoyment of his brother Ward's journal; the two young men undoubtedly shared their experiences in this way. Everet's keen appreciation of everything that happened to him, his lively interest in people of all sorts had to be expressed somehow, and recording his impressions in a journal must have given him some satisfaction. Sometime, somewhere, we hope other volumes of his diary will come to light.

Research has added some facts. My first concern was to find Howard profiles that could be identified without question by the embossing stamp he purchased in Brunswick. Unfortunately this stamp was not delivered until August 3, 1808, less than three weeks before the diary ends, so the only profiles taken during the diary period that can be identified by the stamp are those done during his last week in Brunswick and the few days he spent in Freeport. We spent a week following up clues and searching historical museums and libraries in most of the towns mentioned in the diary, a delightful experience but not otherwise rewarding. Visits to profile collections in the Beauport Museum in Gloucester, the Essex Institute in Salem, the Harrison Gray Otis House and Museum of Fine Arts in Boston all yielded nothing. The search was about to be abandoned when a single profile turned up in the private collection of Mrs. Bertram K. Little. Nothing is known of the subject or date of this profile, delightfully framed in mahogany with a delicate oval inlay, but the embossed stamp *Everet Howard* establishes its authenticity. Through the courtesy of Mrs. Little this profile is reproduced.

A second profile bearing Howard's stamp turned up most unexpectedly in the museum of the New-York Historical Society, New York City. The clue to this discovery was the listing in the *Dictionary of Artists in America* published by this Society: "HOWARD, EVERET. Portrait and miniature painter, silhouettist; working in NYC in 1813 and 1816, and in New England c. 1820. NYB[usiness] D[irectory] 1813, 1816 . . ." It is to be hoped that during the five years still unaccounted for between Howard's residence in Maine and his

appearance in New York City he may have found the means of developing his artistic talent to the point where he could properly be called a "portrait painter."

A thorough perusal of pertinent literature revealed just one collector-writer-critic who had discovered samples of Howard's work and, knowing nothing about him personally, recognized and appreciated his talent. This was the late Mrs. Alice Van Leer Carrick, author of *Shades of Our Ancestors* and articles on the art of profiles or silhouettes, and an acknowledged authority in this field.

In her book, in discussing the "Hollow Cut Profile," Mrs. Carrick lists several "Lesser Lights" and says this of their style: "It is surprising, since these shades were cut by a machine, how unstereotyped an effect enters into the final result. Each man had his own style; there is no confusing a Peale with a King, or a Williams with an Everet Howard." Mrs. Carrick judged Howard's work "far better technically" than that of several other profile artists working in New England during the same period; she mentioned as one of his identifying techniques his way of indicating hair "by little slits cut with a sharp penknife." She had discovered in an old scrapbook one profile bearing Everet Howard's stamp and with it a miniature hollow-cut profile, the smallest she had ever seen, which she identified as his. This tiny profile, measuring "just a hair's breadth over one half inch," became a much prized item in Mrs. Carrick's collection. Its present whereabouts is unknown.

Mrs. Carrick's final comment has served up to now as the last word on Everet Howard: ". . . but I haven't the faintest idea who Everet Howard was. I suppose just one of those wandering silhouettists whose fame today is so shadowy." Perhaps some of those shadows have now been removed by the discovery of *Everet Howard — his Book*.

Wiscasset Museum
invitability
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Jeremiah Colbath: C
of the Unitea

by Ernest A. M

The grinding poverty, the desolate countryside, the hut, the worthless father, the industrious mother, stock ingredients for a tale of triumph over trial, were there from the beginning. Abigail Colbath had her first baby in a hut on the bank of the Cocheco River, about a mile south of the village of Farmington, New Hampshire. It was a boy, and she named him, not too handsomely, Jeremiah Jones. The lonely shack among the hills made a bleak setting for the birth of a child at this bitter time of year, February 16, 1812.

Sixty-one years later, on March 4, 1873, Jeremiah Jones Colbath would take the oath of office as Vice President of the United States. This office topped a career as anti-slavery agitator, state legislator, party organizer, and United States Senator from Massachusetts. As a Whig, Free Soiler, Know Nothing, and Republican Colbath helped to make and break parties that did not fight slavery. Later, as Chair-