Henry Few Smith, Philadelphia Artist, 1821-1846

My dear little brother you must be a good boy and learn your lessons well and mind your teachers at school and your parents at home and do your duty to your Maker Father of heaven and earth. You must set a good example to all your little brothers and schoolmates and then you will have the esteem not only of your father on earth but in Heaven too and when we all have to appear before the great Judge you will find yourself surrounded by all your friends and will enjoy life eternal these will be the fruits of a good little boy.

So in the austere pious days of our Republic, on a spring morning in 1830, Ellen Smith, eleven-year-old daughter of a wealthy Philadelphia merchant, wrote from her school in Delaware to her nine-year-old brother, Henry FewSmith. If through all the years of his life Henry had chosen to follow this excellent advice, the code of an ancient and respectable family, he would have breathed in with his dying breath the fragrance of approbation from a large circle of relatives—merchants, ministers, bankers, pioneers, and sea captains; but perhaps he would have found no laborer willing a century later to piece together the fragments of his obscure life, and offer “the passing tribute of a sigh.” As it turned out, his death, so prematurely adumbrated by the little girl, brought agony and alarm among those left behind, and dreadful, if polite, speculations as to his whereabouts through eternity.

Very early indeed the gentle unconventionality characteristic of him made its appearance. He was destined never to fit exactly into the sober pattern his father would have liked, and already as a schoolboy he was a trouble to his father’s thoughts. In Wilmington, when he was away at school for the first time, he persisted in being bitterly unhappy and homesick despite all his father’s reasonable consolations or parental thunders:

You state in the commencement of your letter that you are not happy. I should like to know the reason. I should suppose you have all that a Boy should wish;

1 The paintings and drawings, as well as the furniture, unpublished letters and other family documents, on which this essay is based, are in the possession of descendants of Henry FewSmith’s sister, Anna. I am indebted to the following persons for permission to make use of material in their homes: Mrs. Henry B. Hanford of Haddonfield, N. J.; Mr. William S. Doughten of West Philadelphia; Mrs. Alfred Cramer and Miss Alice B. Doughten of Moorestown, N. J.
pure and unalloyed happiness, my child, is not to be enjoyed in this world, it
is reserved for us in the next. Read your Bible, follow the precepts of the New
Testament, and you will be happy anywhere.

His father was obliged also to be stern with regard to his coming home
from school at Christmas. The child heard in the following way that it
was not to be permitted:

My dear brother, As sister Ellen has promised to instruct me I thought I would
attempt to write you a short letter although you have never written to me. I
think Papa will not let you come home at Christmas. We have plenty of apples
at home. Mother will send you some figs apples chesnuts and gingerbread and
a pair of stockings. It is getting quite cold and Christmas will soon be here.
I am very glad of it are not you? No more at present.

This was from brother William, aged six, who later became a Latin
grammian with a long white beard. Henry ventured once more to
write imploringly and his father replied as follows:

I have read your letters to your sisters wherein you have solicited their influence
with me to allow you to come home at Christmas, but to this I cannot give my
consent, and for a very good reason: It would cause a break in your studies and
unsettle your mind. I consider your annual vacation sufficient. As a Christmas
and New Year's present I enclose you a one dollar note, which I hope you will
not appropriate to any improper use.

There were other matters that tended to disturb his father's method-
ical mind, and make him afraid lest his son turn out reckless and
frivolous. His attitude toward possessions was disquieting:

I am sorry to see you have lost another Pocket Handkerchief. This will not do.
You must be more careful. It also appears somebody took the greater part of
your mint stick. There must be some unprincipled boys among you. Let this be
a warning to you never to take anything that does not belong to you.

He was not careful enough in playing:

I am extremely sorry to learn you have hurt yourself in falling. This should
teach you a lesson of caution not to put yourself in danger unnecessarily. I have
frequently advised you upon this subject when at home, and it appears to me
you are a victim of contingencies, as you often injure yourself falling.

Most eccentric, however, in this offspring of sobriety, was his early
manifested devotion to art. When he was only eight years old his
family recognized his special interest in painting by tactful inquiries
as to his progress, and in October, 1830 from his school in Wilmington
he proudly sent a picture to his three-year-old brother, Albert, along
with a fraternal kiss. After he transferred in 1832 to the famous Gum-
mere School in Burlington, New Jersey, painting became the central
passion of his life. He enclosed in a letter to his father the earliest
design that has come to us from his hand, a delicately tinted water color
of a glorious and heroic Indian, bearing witness this early to the strong
romantic streak in his character. The letter is full of pride and joyful
excitement:

As one of my schoolmates is going home I thought I would send a small picture
for you, it is of an Indian, I drew it myself. I would send another, only the
boy has no convenient mode of carrying it. I will soon have some more, in fact
I have one more and am doing a second. I am very well at present. We have a
lecture this night at Samuel Gummere’s. I will send some more pictures pretty
soon for mother and sister. Please excuse the shortness of this letter. I am in
great haste.

It is easy to see that it was not Latin, or mathematics, or evening lec-
tures, that occupied his heart and mind that November day in
Burlington.

A gilt and green leather album kept by Anna, an older sister, pre-
serves for us two other of Henry’s tiny childish masterpieces. Both in
themselves and in the contrast that they make with the bulk of the
volume (sentimental verse and graveyard water colors typical of the
taste of the day), they throw light on the quality of the boy’s imagina-
tion, on the luminous visions that were moving quietly through his
mind. In one through a shadowy arch of dark green trees we see a
sloping lawny beach, the blue water of a cove, a ship with three crim-
son banners and full white sails flying, and three people, one waving
farewell, about to push off in a masted dinghy for a long voyage
through strange seas. It is a day of pale sunlight and blue sky veiled
with white. The scene might well have been on Delaware Bay from the
shores of which he had many a time watched his uncle’s ship march
slowly along with the tide. The second water color is a more visionary,
if no less vivid, landscape of hills and high lonely pastures, autumnal
grass, and low white flowers growing by a rock. Under a blasted tree
sits a sad-faced lovely lady of classical profile, Ceres, no doubt, seek-
ing through the world her ravished child. She is dressed in a low-cut
white tunic and a crimson velvet skirt, and in one hand holds a delicate
sickle. A wreath of flowers is upon her dark curls, and a precocious rosi-
ness upon her arms and bosom.

Henry’s alien brightness emerged from a solid, respectable, even
sombre background. His ancestry shows the familiar American fusion
of nationalities. His mother’s people, the Lehmans of Germantown,
had been Lutherans since the early sixteenth century, and by means
of family papers traced with pride the wanderings of their ancestors through Bohemia and Saxony until some great-grandfather at last found peace and wealth in Pennsylvania. German was still spoken by the older generation of Henry's Lehman relatives. The Smiths, on the other hand, were English. They were well-known as Friends in Yorkshire in the early days of the ministry of George Fox; at last the torments, injustices, and fines stung them to an adventurousness unusual to their nature. They came in the late seventeenth century to New Jersey, bringing with them a sweet and solemn piety, a gentle respectability and refinement which was handed down even to the day of Henry and his brothers, and a deep sense of public responsibility and service that died away in the withering commercial air of the American nineteenth century. Henry's Burlington ancestors and collaterals belonged to the Quaker ruling class, and among them were members of the King's Council, a treasurer, a surveyor general, the first historian of the colony, assemblymen and justices, a doctor, a delegate to the Constitutional Convention, and friends of James Logan, Anthony Benezet, John Woolman, and Benjamin Franklin. Also strangely enough there was a grandfather who was read out of meeting because he had not taken the pains before his eldest daughter was born to marry the lady who later did become his wife and the mother of Joseph FewSmith, Henry's father. It was for this reason that the devout religion of the FewSmiths was not Quaker, but Episcopalian and Lutheran. Burlington was and is a delightful town with a beautiful old meeting house, narrow streets, ancient trees, secluded gardens, and graceful, mossy-roofed mansions of brick near the river. From here Henry's father went out at an early age to make his way in Philadelphia where soon through thrift and industry he garnered considerable wealth from trade in flour and whisky.

Henry FewSmith was born September 28, 1821. His mother, Eliza Lehman Smith, died two years later in the thirty-sixth year of her life after having given birth to her sixth child. After a decent interval Joseph took unto himself a second wife, Eliza's sister, Maria Louisa Lehman, who bore him in her turn three children. The contrast between the two wives became a family legend. The first was bright-haired and quiet, and spoken of as "lovely"; the second was dark, quick to anger, resentful, and outspoken.

Henry's childhood was passed in two houses; his earliest years in Philadelphia in a house near the river, so that among his deepest memories was the low skyline of the city with its steeples and roofs and
docks, and the towering masts of the shipping. But it was around their country house, to which they moved permanently about 1835, that family affection and family mythology clustered especially. This was Graseberry, a solidly built, well proportioned, eighteenth-century farmhouse of brick, on the White Horse Pike not far from the ancient village of Haddonfield in New Jersey and a short drive from Philadelphia. Here amid his wheatfields, his forests, groves, orchards, and gardens, his horses and dogs, old Joseph found more joy than anywhere else in his life. More and more he loved to retire from the increasing trouble of his waning business into the far-stretching peace of that lowland, and to ease his beating mind with the genial cares of ploughing and sowing, harvesting and threshing, and with what one of his sons called “the poetical work of hog-killing.” Henry along with his brothers took part in the labor of the farm, and throughout his life was to view with the eye of an amateur the subtle differences of agricultural technique he was to see in other lands.

Graseberry was filled with many treasures. There were furnishings inherited from the past, or reflecting the exquisite Sheraton mode fashionable at the time of Joseph’s first marriage: curve-fronted bureaus of light radiant mahogany, beds with attenuated graceful posts, a lordly sideboard with fluted pilasters, a tall clock that shone with brass and bright wood. Then there were the Empire things that Joseph bought for his second marriage when taste had become more opulent: rush-bottomed chairs painted green and decorated with golden swans, claw-footed tables inlaid with satinwood or bronze, a great dark bedstead ample enough for two couples, heavily carved with leaves and fruit, supported by columns like young trees, and hung with crimson-and-gold draperies. There were chests filled with silver, other chests filled with cashmere shawls, orange, blue, white, and scarlet, brought from abroad by Henry’s sea captain uncle. The mantlepieces gleamed with crystals, the closets with gold-and-white china.

There must have been a constant stir about the house, what with eleven in the immediate family, a constant stream of visitors, some of whom were semi-permanent, servants and bondservants, laborers and tenant farmers, a coachman, and even a little Negro boy one of whose duties was to mitigate during meal hours the heat and flies of summer by winnowing the air with a huge fan of peacock plumes. Henry’s life here during his vacations from school was pleasant indeed: in winter he took to skating, or sliding down the gentle hills; in summer he
roamed the fields and lanes with his father's favorite dog, Doctor, on foot or on horseback.

In the spring of 1837 commenced a great business depression, the effect of which was to haunt Henry through the rest of his life. He was now sixteen, old enough to be interested in the attractions of a certain Miss Musser and of cotillion parties, and to be gallanting his sisters about to evening companies and concerts in Philadelphia. He was also looking for a job, with no great anxiety, I suspect, despite "the times," for he boasted of his leisure, and wrote letters to his brother Joseph at Yale full of roguish and exuberant merriment of spirit, in which he insisted that he was "getting sober fast," and which yet drew tears of laughter from the unaccustomed eyes of that student of a stern theology. At the same time he shocked his brother into a long discussion of the value of other-worldliness by putting into words the commercial philosophy of his family, a philosophy ever present amid the decorum of that circle but rarely so frankly expressed: "I want to make money and be a gentleman," he said, although it was the last thing he really wanted to do, and in fact he might well have remained penniless had his father not given him a job as assistant in his flour store.

But there was more to Henry's life than this gay heedlessness; he was forming the quality of his taste by wide and eager reading in history, romance, and poetry. "Are not Hannibal and Napoleon the greatest generals that ever lived," he wrote to his brother at Yale, and showered him with questions about battles and warriors and kings, and the gods of Greece. He ransacked Shakespeare. He devoured all kinds of medieval lore. He read ballads and Froissart, made a neat list of all the books in the Philadelphia Library that contained illustrations of ancient costumes, and filled page after page of a notebook with sketches of banners, battle axes and helmets, and definitions of details of armor and tournaments. He bought a complete set of the novels of Scott, and charged a horde of ragamuffins that attacked him in the streets of Philadelphia with the ardor of a crusader against Saracens. While his family was urging him to think on the state of his soul and to read his Bible, he was dreaming of maidens of ancient Britain, bare-breasted and scarlet-robed, and copying such matters as this from historical novels:

Philip Augustus wore, when in state, a wide tunic of purple silk, a golden belt, from which hung the sword of state, the neck and sleeves tied with gold cords.
From his shoulders hung a mantle of crimson sendall, lined with ermine. On his head was a jewelled crimson cap.

His heart was certainly not in running errands and being polite to customers. In the summer of 1839, in his free time from the store, Henry painted a portrait of his brother Joseph. This fact, and the increasing interest in artistic matters revealed in Henry's letters to him, began to make young Joseph uneasy. In two letters in the winter of 1839 he warned Henry that although their discussions of literary and artistic subjects were very delightful in their place, he must by no means allow them to encourage him to neglect business: "Far from it," he said conscience-smitten for fear he had led his brother astray, "this, next to religion, must be your chief concern—the object of unremitted effort." After receiving these warnings Henry allowed a long silence to fall on the interchange of ideas that had meant so much to him.

It was the silence before a storm, a period when the tempests that had long been simmering in the depths of his being were gathering their strength, a time of anxiety and trouble while he was trying to make the most important decision he had had to make. The explosion came at the end of May in 1840, when Henry was eighteen, and shattered the mould into which his family was so painstakingly trying to insinuate the young man:

Father [he burst out], I want to be an artist. I write to you, sir, because I know that the name of Artist and poverty are with you always joined, and when I speak to you on the subject you won't listen calmly and fairly.

I always had a desire to be a painter, but have been heretofore deterred from choosing that profession because of the impression that I had received that Painting and poverty were joined as I said before.

I went on Monday last to Mr. Neagle, the Portrait Painter (second only to Sully) to have a conversation with him. He told me to bring up some of my paintings which I did. He said I'd succeed. That practice and instruction would improve me very much. I spoke to him fully and minutely about my chance of making a livelihood; he appeared to think I would not have much difficulty in doing so. All that he tells me with regard to the art may be relied on.

And sir, I'm sick of Business. Business is Baseness, pretty near. The merchant is but the slave of others all his life. His time must be at the disposal of everyone who wishes to traffick with him. And then he must fawn and cringe to those persons called customers. Why sir: I think lying and cheating are necessary parts of business. Of what use to a Merchant is it that all nature is clothed in "Bright Array"? What to him are the balmy days of Spring. They bring him no dollars nor cents, he feels them not.

Now sir, I suppose your greatest objection to my turning Painter is the fear that I'll not be able to make a living. What Mr. Neagle said, and all the bright examples we've had in past days, show that talent can support itself. Portrait
painting, you know, appeals somewhat to the vanity of man, and that is a great unloosener of the Purse strings.

I don’t like Business. It don’t lay in my line, I don’t think I’ll ever make a good business man.

I know sir that you’ll have many objections to this course. Will you let me know them? Write to me, if you do not have time to talk with me. Your son, H. FewSmith.

Henry estimated that it would take two years and about $700 before he could begin to support himself. As a matter of fact, it took six years and $3000. It is eloquent testimony to the father’s admiration for the son’s talent, to his tolerant and generous nature, to his profound, surprising, and rather tragic agreement with Henry’s bitter criticism of the life of a businessman, that he should have spent, with patience if not always without murmuring, so vast and so unexpected a sum; that he should have given his son what was nothing less than a magnificent artistic education, two years under the well-known artist, Neagle, and then four years in the chief European centers, Düsseldorf, Munich, Paris, and Rome. This was in direct contradiction to all the principles that Joseph’s reason and experience could set forth.

Henry spent the next two years in Philadelphia working harder and more devotedly than he had ever done before. Week after week he went faithfully to Neagle. He rented a studio on Chestnut Street, which he furnished sumptuously with crimson curtains and with a Chinese Chippendale armchair, reupholstered at the cost of $7 in rose-and-yellow Brussels carpet. He hung out a sign, and became acquainted with the artistic circles of the city. The continuing effects of the depression prevented Henry from getting many remunerative customers; even so he painted a number of portraits, the majority of relatives and friends: his Grandmother Lehman looking like a formidable Hausfrau, his father an intellectual, urbane, ruddy-faced North English gentleman, his brother Albert mischievous and good looking, Ellen “quite romantic and in the style of the Walter Scott heroines,” so that her lover was delighted. A score of Philadelphia houses were decorated with his paintings, and visitors were taken proudly to view them.

“Age-20; Forehead-Medium, Eyes-Brownish grey; Nose-Medium length; Mouth-Moderate; Chin-Small; Hair-Brown; Complexion-Rather dark”: this description on a passport dated 2

FewSmith painted a number of portraits of Philadelphians, some of which may still survive anonymously in attics or on the walls of descendants of the original sitters.
May, 1842 and bearing the signature of Daniel Webster gives us a picture of Henry FewSmith when, having exhausted the artistic resources of his native city, he was preparing to go abroad. At two o'clock in the afternoon of May 27 he received his father's "farewell grasp of the hand, and his sister Ellie's farewell kiss," at Graseberry. He then was driven to the dock in the city with his great iron-bound trunk and his other luggage to board the barque Philadelphia for a thirty-day crossing. After a brief pause at Bremen he set out by diligence for Düsseldorf, "the long wished for resting place."

After the stir and tumult of Philadelphia the handsome well-gardened little town that Düsseldorf then was, appeared as dull as a country village to Henry, although delightful music seemed always floating on the air from military bands or from groups of people singing as they returned home from work. Henry's first lodging was with four other American students at the Academy, one of whom was Emanuel Leutze, the future painter of "Washington Crossing the Delaware." The five young men shared a sitting room so that in winter the same fire and lamp could serve for all. There is extant a pencil sketch that shows four of the young artists standing about in their common room. A buxom maid is setting the supper table, and on the tall iron stove a simmering soup tureen throws up a thin cloud of steam. A chair is heaped with a tangle of coats and cloaks, crowned with a single stovepipe hat precariously perched. The top of a large wardrobe is crowded with plaster nudes and a Greek vase. One of the young men, wearing a smock and an artist's beret, is holding a live coal to the bowl of a long-stemmed pipe. Another stands with his right leg pushed awkwardly out in what is meant to be the manner of a man of the world. The third young man, playing a violin with closed eyes and rapt romantic expression, overflows with abundant hair; the point of his nose seems almost to bury itself in the long gracefully drooping mustache. Henry is lunging stiffly at the door with buttoned foil and left hand flung up. The face shown in profile is young, yet not immature; the jaw is firm and strong; the square head is set solidly on the neck and the broad shoulders. His environment is typically that of an art student of the time: warmth from the glowing stove, fragrance from the simmering soup, music from the passionate fiddle, and Bohemian good fellowship from his compatriots. Another likeness of Henry taken about the same time by his friend Leutze, a full-face painting in oil, depicts a more subtle and complicated character. Sensuousness is there and seriousness, grace and strength, wise humor
and the charm of youth. Henry sent this portrait home to an admiring family. His little niece looked at it, and said without prompting, "It is Uncle Henry!" One of his Philadelphia friends wrote to him that he had found it hung and cherished in his father's counting house, "your laughing quizzical eye, peering through your glasses right at me." As for Joseph FewSmith, "When I look at it," he said, "I shall pray that the original may become a righteous man, living for eternity."

It was in the famous Academy of Düsseldorf, of course, that Henry's interest was centered, and many were the tribulations and the joys that he experienced there. For the first two years of his stay he worked under the portrait painter, Sohn, in the so-called Antique and Painting Classes, drawing from plaster casts of Greek and Roman statues, and becoming inoculated with the rather drab coloring of the Düsseldorf School. He worked from six in the morning until ten at night, including among his tasks at various times lectures in anatomy, and private lessons from Sohn. Study of Scriptural and Historical Painting, "Composition" as it was called, under the Director of the Academy, von Schadow, was the climax of the course there, and Henry tortured himself a good deal about getting admitted to this class. At length proof by examination of his knowledge of perspective was all that kept him from the goal. On the eve of the examination he was very downcast:

I'm in a fix. I don't know much of this confounded perspective, and this Professor examines very strictly. I have a good mind to leave the Academy altogether. Hang the thing. Oh, I get vexed once in a while. Everything looks blue before me. Coleur de rose is gone entirely. Confound perspective. Never mind. I'll try it and if it doesn't go—Good bye to the Academy. I'll forsake it, and shake off the dust from my shoes against it.

The next day he passed the examination.

Composition Henry found uncongenial and difficult. His first attempt was on the subject of Queen Eleanor forcing fair Rosamunda to drink poison, and occupied him for a year and a half. He made a study of each figure first naked from life; then each individual piece of drapery had to be studied and drawn from models, each hand, foot, head, muscle got its share of careful and individual study. The hiring of models for this through the long months was expensive, and he called the whole matter "a killing business." The completed canvas has vanished, but a sketch remains to give an idea of what it must have been like. The Queen stands frowning ferociously, her eyes starting from the sockets, her pointed high breasts taut with fury. Rosamunda,
her hands clasped pleadingly before her, moves forward so swiftly that her veil floats out behind her. A soldier stands over and behind Rosamunda as she kneels, and the powerful muscles in his only visible leg bulge with the effort of his threatening posture. The picture has the merit of being uncrowded; the figures stand out strongly against the simple spaces of the Gothic background. The effect, however, is so full of unrestrained dramatic action as to be highly sentimental and romantic. One spring evening in 1844 Henry wrote to his father of his great discouragement because of this picture:

Ah! dear me. I begin to think I don't do things any better than other people. The other day I received a most disheartening blow. Old Schadow came into the atelier where I was painting. He honored my picture for a few moments with a full stare, and then turning to me shook his head with a most disheartening motion and smile, and said—nothing. It nearly extinguished all my desire to go on with the picture. The old coot! Nobody can bear him. He's a horrible rude man. One of those people whose excessive frankness leads them to say all manner of unpleasant truths to one. He's quite old, and a poor, or at least not a first rate painter.

Henry's real joy and most entertaining adventures came from his profitable work in portraiture. His best customers and supporters in this line were his vivacious friends, the Walkers, a large family of Irish gentry living in Düsseldorf away from their lands to save money. Henry became so intimate with them that his family felt he was in danger of matrimony, or worse, and hinted criticisms of what they considered to be their irresponsible gaiety. There are records in his account book of presents to the girls: a crocus for Mary, a teapot for Annie, a birthday gift for Lizzie. Among his papers are to be found copies of two erotic poems in the hand and under the name of the genial and magniloquent Thomas Walker. The first portrait he painted for this family was of young Johnny Walker, by his particular desire in shooting costume with gun on his shoulder:

He is more pleased at the painting of the gun than at the face. To use his own expression, "The gun is bloody well done."

Thereafter he was commissioned to paint the rest one after the other: Thomas Walker, "strong, but not well painted"; Mrs. Thomas Walker, "small, good likeness, much flattered, and very much set off by a handsome frame"; and old Mrs. Walker:

I'm also in great hopes of being able to cozen round Mrs. Walker to sit. I'm flattering up the old lady pretty heavy, in order to bring her up to the point. Of Mary Walker's portrait he wrote as follows to his father:
Ah! But what things the women are! How she did stand up for the taper waist, the round white shoulders, fair bosom, and delicate, white, lily-white hands. I learned something by that portrait both in painting and in woman kind.

It was due to the Walkers that he came to paint their friend, Captain Bernhard, in his British uniform, "bright scarlet coat, gold lacings, sword, and scarf," and his daughter. Miss Bernhard had the misfortune to ask for a last minute change in her portrait:

Miss Bernhard wants me to paint a purple scarf in hers. But I stood out stoutly against the whole Walker family, seed, breed, and generation, even with Capt Bernhard and his daughter to help. I consider the picture done, finished. And that should be enough for them. I will not do any more. The people order this and order that, as though one was a Tailor or something of that kind. An artist ought certainly to know what is good for a picture, better than others, and with my coolest judgment I think this confounded scarf unnecessary. If I intended staying here, I don’t know but what it would be more politick to put in the scarf, but as I leave here and say good bye to them, I don’t know why I should do violence to my own judgment by doing it. No, no! they are unreasonable.

Sometimes at the hour of twilight after a day of passionate labor, a longing would stir in him for the recreation that too frequently he denied himself, he would sigh gently and regret that he had buried himself alive in the quiet town, and would attempt to solace himself by having "a little chat with my Goddess of Painting." And then when the blustering, drizzling winter and the muddy pathways of the Hofgarten made exercise and outdoor refreshment infrequent, he was turned in upon himself too much, and from time to time lifted up his voice in the familiar melancholy strains of many a sensitive brooding person:

Ah dear me! how the years roll away. Here I’ll soon be 23. They slip away quietly and fleet, and when one looks up one marks how time is flown, and is astonished at his flight. Often times an idea, perhaps a foolish one, has crossed my mind, that I should never live to be very old, and I think somehow time slips away quick from me. I think I’m older than I ought to be; and yet I don’t know as much as I should for my years.

This mood of Weltschmerz is sometimes the prelude to disease, and it is not surprising to learn that Henry had several attacks of illness during his stay at Düsseldorf, one of which lasted for seven weeks and almost killed him. Henry called it "a bilious fever," and apparently it was some sort of profound intestinal upset which left him at first almost blind, "thin as a rail," so weak that he could barely jump over a gutter filled with winter rain, and susceptible for many weeks to throbbing headaches, giddiness, and nausea.
Nevertheless it would be a mistake to conclude that the general tenor of his life in Düsseldorf was sad or dull. An analysis of his account book reveals that he enjoyed many quiet little pleasures. Beer gardens and winebibbing, the taste of Irish whisky and Jamaica rum attracted him occasionally. He took dancing lessons and attended many a subscription ball. We learn from a small elegant "Tanz Ordnung" that has come down tucked away among his papers that Henry and his circle warmed themselves through the winter months with the waltz and the polonaise, the galoppade, the mazurka, and the polka. And who can doubt that the items for ten pairs of white gloves bought in two years, the pot of pomatum, and the single crocus for Mary Walker had something to do with this evident delight in the social gaiety of the dance? A guitar and lessons to learn to play it, sheet music to sing to its accompaniment, lessons in fencing, a pack of cards, the circulating library, short trips to Elberfeld, Altenahr, Bonn, and even as far as England and Ireland, an athletic exhibition, the circus, the opera, the theatre, and the concert—all these were means of diminishing his small hoard of Thaler and Groschen, and increasing the native stock of merriment in his spirit.

Then there was the spring, Henry's favorite season, when his letters take on a new tone of cheerfulness, and the bitter discipline of January melts away:

The Hof Gartens are now most beautiful. The trees are very far advanced in leaf and all is a most beautiful and fresh looking green. The Nightingale has made its appearance, and performs its solos there every evening—I have been very lazy for the whole of this week. I've felt all the time more like roaming out into the open country than like being pent up in the house.

The glorious weather of April tempted him out for long walks, and once he was drenched in a hard-pelting thunder shower. Through May he delighted in a series of picnics, including a "going a-maying":

We commenced the afternoon by emptying two huge coffee pots, and eating a quantity of sweetbread and blackbread and butter. Then we gents amused ourselves and the ladies by various feats of running, leaping over tables, chairs, etc., and such like things, and after we'd had enough of that, we all adjourned to the house, where we had a Table sett out with a huge large Iced cake and two huge bowls of Mai Trank. I had the pleasure of escorting a Miss von Hymen; familiarly called Miss 42: because she has said for the last five years that she is only Forty Two. However I got good practice in German from her.

Henry's most intimate friends in Düsseldorf were Robert Hillingford, a young Englishman, and the beautiful Lady Kennedy, his mother. Hillingford was a cultivated, gossipy, romantic person, a
l起來 of nature and wine, and of gay parties. The two had a deep affection and admiration for each other, and kept up the fiction of being in a father-son relation, Hillingford calling Henry "o my sire," and himself "thy son." They discussed art and did their paintings together. In the afternoons they would meet for tea in Lady Kennedy’s drawing room. During lighter moments Hillingford would describe the course of his star-crossed love affair with Miss Hopper, the daughter of an English minister, and more than once their conversation took on a less correctly amorous tone. They celebrated many festive occasions together. Christmas 1845, for example, was an historic day for them, when they, the Walker girls, and several others of their friends pooled their resources to have a most delightful time. Candles were lit, the fire leaped on the hearth, and the wine flowed. Henry and Robert entertained with music, Henry playing on his guitar, and both singing together such songs as the "Widow Malone," the "Ivy Green," "To Ladies' Eyes," and the "Rheinweinlied":

Preiset die Reben, hoch preiset den Rhein
Schöner kann's leben im Himmel nicht seyn.

In forwarding news of the Walkers to Henry after his return to Philadelphia, Hillingford alluded to this occasion with especial tenderness:

Dost thou remember last Christmas day. Oh my father! and that "perfect gem" and the guitar, and the girls and the subsequent intoxication of the said gem? Hurrah for the light of other days!

Henry, Hillingford, a young American, John McMurtrie, and a young French Swiss, Albert de Meuron, formed a little artistic society, or "synod" as they used to call it. They met twice a week at Hillingford’s house, each contributing his share toward the refreshments and the fee for the servant. Of the artistic activity of the synod there are two relics, pencil drawings by Henry of the heads of Hillingford and de Meuron, which are among the three or four really delightful and perfect specimens of his work in existence. Hillingford’s overflowing hair and his drooping mustache are softly lustrous, and silken in texture. His nose is jutting and crooked. From the almond-shaped eyes, over which the languid lids droop with apparent impassiveness, flashes a gleam of watchful alertness and humor, private and oblique enough to be called almost sly. The portrait of de Meuron is even more exquisitely delineated. It is the face of a handsome young man, un-
mistakeably French, sensitive, artistic, humorless, almost sullen. The nose and the lips are drawn with the utmost purity of keen line. There is a dainty shadow of a mustache on the upper lip. No other details stand out enough to demand attention, and yet the effect is not commonplace, nor even of ordinary beauty. There comes forth indeed an impression of seriousness, cultivation, intelligence, and grace.

After three years of Düsseldorf Henry began to feel that he had exhausted the advantages of the Academy, and to long for “fresh woods and pastures new.” He packed up his great ironbound, brass-studded trunk, and on June 7, 1845 boarded the Rhine steamer with de Meuron. After a leisurely sun-flooded journey up the Rhine, visiting museums, castles, and cathedrals, and walking in the moonlight along the banks of “the blue Moselle,” they crossed the Suabian Alps, and descended into Munich. Henry remained in Munich for two months, and then made his way to Bel-air in Switzerland, eight miles from Neuchatel, the summer home of Monsieur Maximilien de Meuron, landscape painter and father of his friend, whom Henry considered “one of the nicest old gentlemen it has ever been my luck to meet with.” The chalet was perched among woods and gardens six hundred feet up the side of a mountain with a magnificent view of the Alps and the three lakes of Neuchatel, Bienne, and Murten.

Early in his visit there he went one day in search of a washerwoman to the village at the foot of the mountain. On his return he was caught in a tremendous storm of rain, hail, and wind, and had to walk back through a furious torrent of water that came rushing down the narrow road. The next day he was sick with a most excruciating headache and violent nausea. Dr. Imer of Neuchatel was called in, and prescribed emetics and purges, drenchings with warm and cold water, and Spanish flies applied to the neck for the headache. He forbade the patient to go out or to paint for more than an hour at a time, and talked to him seriously about the advisability of more recreation. “Hang their recreation! my greatest recreation is to paint,” was Henry’s indignant reply, and he scribbled over Dr. Imer’s pedantic prescriptions with sketches of mountain forests and valley lakes, the sublime views from the window of the chamber in which he lay. The disease continued for weeks with all its unpleasant symptoms of headache, violent abdominal pain, nausea, and mystery—for the doctor diagnosed it as a stomach cold, and kept pouring in his remedies in vain. Despite the sympathy and kindness of the de Meurons Henry grew bitterly homesick, and even desperate. It was the nadir of his life, and in the midst
of his bewildered anxiety he sent off to his father the saddest letter he ever wrote, expressive both of the nightmare in which he found himself entangled, and the courage that was a fundamental quality of his character:

My dear Father [he burst out in the midst of a letter on other subjects], I do not know what to do with myself. I thought when I left Düsseldorf that my illness had left me. Now what can I do? I have been miserable here, ever since that Fever, more than a year. I feel myself miserable, weak, broken in health, here am I, four and twenty years of age, the finest period nearly, and I'm weak, sickly, puling, child, nearly. But I will try, from this time, if I cannot by any means bring this sickness under by starvation, by care and exercise. If not—I'll—I don't know what.

Henry left for Paris on September 22, after a stay of eight weeks. His health gradually came back, and it was granted him to pass his remaining months abroad free from anxiety about himself. On the advice of the de Meurons he entered the studio of M. Gabriel-Charles Gleyre where there were about twenty students, "a hard set of beings, filthy and profane in their talk above anything I had conceived, far less polite and sociable than the Germans." Henry was not in sympathy with the qualities of the contemporary French school, and came to feel that its influence was pernicious for the education of a young artist:

They paint and draw and model better here than in Germany, but the pictures are not at all so well composed, nor does one find that beauty of thought and feeling which characterises the Germans.

The important influence of Paris upon him, as a matter of fact, was not artistic but moral. Paris seemed beautiful to Henry, but also the epitome of fascinating evil. He was by nature free from most of the Calvinistic-Evangelical restraints and fears of his family, and his education in Europe had liberated him still further. And yet in the presence of the seductive loveliness of that opulent and luxurious city lingering traces of the dichotomy that has troubled the spirit of Puritan America are revealed in him also:

I'm glad I came to Paris [he wrote to his father], but am also glad that I'm about to leave it. It is here that all temptation is loose. All temptation to turn one away from art, as well as from the path of right. I hear them talk of how they "enjoy life," of the contempt they have for those who do not "live." And I know these things are foolish, that they cost money, and waste time, and unfit one for anything like serious application, that they render the mind incapable of noble or poetic imaginations, and yet I say to myself, see, this is what the world for centuries has considered as living. Will you bury yourself? Will you not taste of the pleasures of youth. Necessity answers no! The art answers no! But "the man" answers Yes! And there is the strife.

"Were it not better done as others use"—one seems to see here the
same tormenting struggle that Milton expressed in *Lycidas*. It is no wonder that Henry's father, filled with middle-class American notions about Paris, exclaimed to his son in considerable agitation:

I hope you will be cautious and conscientious in forming your acquaintance in that gay and thoughtless and wicked city—oh stop and ask your blessed Master whether you have his approbation in what you do.

The museums and theatres, and the music of Paris which he counted "one of the greatest delights here on this earth," were real inspirations to him. Nevertheless he was not at ease among the French who seemed to him "a snippy race, the reverse of the Germans in all respects, no thought, no solidity, no poetry." Meanwhile Hillingford, who was now in Rome, was bombarding him with fascinating and enthusiastic accounts of the romantic glory of Italy, and of the "tall times" they could have again together, if Henry would come. Soon Henry was writing to his father of his longing for "das Land, wo die Zitronen blühm":

All painters always look forward to this glorious Rome as the great school where the student finishes and changes to master. Italy is the Holy Land of the Artist, from which he derives the real benefit which the pilgrim of old imagined when he traversed barefoot the weary way to the Sepulchre of Christ.

And so at noon on the fourth of January, 1846, after a stay of four months in Paris, he set out for Rome, and the happiest days of his life. The vernal air of the Mediterranean seemed to awaken his spirit to fresh poetic activity. The incubus of disease and the dark laborious winter were behind him. Almost everything he saw or did from now until his return to America filled him with joy.

Italy was all that Hillingford had promised it would be. Together they ransacked the treasures of Rome; together they enjoyed the color and tumult of the Carnival, paying afterwards for their share of shattered windows; and together they caroused with other friends at a wine shop on the edge of the city, conversing with a carefree gaiety upon which Henry was to look back with nostalgia as long as he lived. Henry was more enthusiastic about the Italians than he had been about any other Europeans:

I like the Italians very much, the people, the country, the climate, everything Italian. The Italian eyes sparkle so, that merely to walk up and down the street to look at them is an enjoyment not often to be met with.

Among this congenial folk, in the balmy air of "this golden climate," as he called it, he relaxed more than he had ever done before in his tense and disciplined life:
It is such glorious weather that I found it impossible to day to do anything, except walk about upon the Monte Pincio, and enjoy the warm sunshine, the pleasant breeze, and the distant view. It is not often such a thoroughly "good for nothing" feeling comes over me.

The sensuous impressions poured in upon him:

Here I am in Italy, in winter, but even now the colors that one sees in the skies, the clouds, the mountains, the earth itself, in the foliage, and in the houses is deeper and more vivid than in the north in mid-summer.

His letters sang of the magical atmosphere of "far famed wonderful old Rome":

It is different from every other country, from the sky to the houses, from the fine gentleman, wrapped up in his cloak, with one white gloved hand peeping out for the admiration of all beholders, to the lazy hound, free and independent, owned by nobody, that lies basking in the sun.

The profoundest influence on him during his stay in Rome was that of the Catholic Church, an astonishing fact when one considers the strictly Protestant background from which he sprang, and the deep-rooted, pervading spiritual control exercised by his pious family over each member, but not so astonishing, perhaps, when one considers that Henry's artistic nature had been rendered more acutely sensitive and responsive by the healing power and splendor of his Roman environment. To a father haunted by an image of the Pope as a sinister and evil being, Henry wrote of his pleasure in watching Gregory XVI bless the crowd from the balcony of St. Peter's on Easter Sunday:

This ceremony pleased me more than any other, the old man looked so good and noble, and he opened out his arms as though he would embrace the whole world in his benediction.

He did not by any means put aside all his Puritan skepticism or innate humor when faced with the ancient customs and rites of the Church, and yet he was profoundly affected by many things that he witnessed:

The Catholic Church knows how to manage such things. They know what is required to work upon the mind of man, and impress him with a sense of awe and reverence towards their own selves and to the Holy Mother Church.

The Grand Miserere in the Sistine Chapel at Easter time when the fifteen candles are slowly extinguished to the singing of psalms, the worshippers left in darkness, and the final candle hidden under the altar, seemed "very solemn and deeply moving":

The Pope and all the Cardinals knelt down and hid their faces; this moment is supposed to represent the crucifixion of Christ; all is still around, then rises up the cry, Have mercy upon us, O Lord, and the prayer is addressed to the Saviour dying for the salvation of men. The music is so beautifully adapted to
the subject, that it cannot fail to have great power upon the mind. As the last notes of music die away a noise is heard filling the chapel to represent the last groans of the author of nature, and then the people rise and depart in silence.

When Joseph FewSmith read this eloquent and disquieting passage, he decided that the time had come to issue a warning against "that dreadful Babylon that sink of iniquity":

Beware of Papacy, have nothing to do with it. There may be Catholic Christians, but I am a strong opposer of Popery—do not go into a church where they worship idols—worship the true and only God.

These new and refreshing experiences were a great gain for Henry's art. The four months of his stay in Rome were not marked by a large quantity of work perfected, but they were important for him in that he completed "The Roman Girl," his masterpiece, the one picture that reveals the extent of artistic development brought about by his training in Europe. A little girl is sitting quietly on the stone base of a fountain, her hands resting in her lap. She holds a partly peeled orange in one hand, and another orange is beside her on the fountain's rim. She is dressed in peasant dress, brightly colored and trimmed with lace. The technique with which each detail of cloth and lace is exquisitely represented bears witness to an increase in concentrated and realistic observation without any loss of poetic freshness. In earlier pictures Henry had been inclined to blur such revealing details. Portraiture was Henry's great love, and this is one of his best portraits. He has caught an expression of subtle charm and shyness on the pale Italian face, with enough sentimentality of the Düsseldorf school for one to be able to speak of her prophetic soul "dreaming on things to come," and enough veiled merriment to prevent the sentimentality from cloying. The picture undoubtedly belongs to the school in which the artist had received his most impressive training, but his new experiences in Munich, Paris, and Rome, had enlivened his colors, and the humor with which he has distilled the charming essence of young girlhood is an individual and genuine contribution. But there is another unexpected element that makes this picture especially significant for us, the quality of the background and atmosphere. The background is the River Tiber with its bridges, and the many-domed, many-towered skyline of Rome, watched over and haunted, as Henry wrote, by the cupola of Saint Peter's, "the most magnificent church in the world." Everything is bathed in a rich golden light, a late afternoon radiance glowing down through the layers of the soft Mediterranean air, a reflection, subdued to suit the taste of that more decorous age, of
the brilliant skies and unclouded suns of those matchless spring days.

But every holiday must have an end, and in May, 1846 after a sadly affectionate parting from Robert Hillingford and his mother, his best friends in the world, he embarked at Marseilles on the New York packet Nebraska. Members of his family, gathering together at Graseberry from many corners of the continent to greet the traveller, found Henry changed, as he found himself changed, but the old intimacy was renewed. With his sisters he gossiped about Lady Kennedy until they fell quite in love with her; about the Walkers until their curiosity was much piqued and they declared that he and Robert must have been “very free with them.” With Albert, on vacation from Maine where he was learning the business of a textile mill, he argued as to the merits of the New Englanders whose ways Henry affected to despise.

He found himself a studio on Chestnut Street in Philadelphia, a large second-story room with three windows opening to the south. There was “good air” between the sitters and the background, and enough room “to take a run back and look at the picture.” He furnished with considerable elegance, a necessity “if you expect ladies,” and purchased carpets and window curtains, a mirror, mahogany straight chairs, an armchair for sittings, tables and a sofa, and a brass name plate for his door. When all was in readiness he sat down to wait for customers. “Well plague on it!” he cried out in a letter to Hillingford which was never finished or sent, “none of those people have come along yet to sit to me.” Nevertheless his hopes were high, and his courage of the best. As he waited he increased his acquaintance among artistic circles, and set to work on his most ambitious painting, “Tasso reading his poetry to the two Leonoras,” a composition ten feet by four feet, studies for which he had commenced abroad, but which he was destined never to finish.

By the time that he returned home Henry had made up his mind on two subjects, both of which were important to American artists at that time, and one of which has been a serious problem up to the present. Despite the strong advice of his father, despite all the influence of the Düsseldorf school, and after a long period of doubt and frustration, he decided to become primarily a portrait painter, and to practice historical composition only on the side. With regard to the other problem, whether he should seek a career in America or become an artist in exile like Benjamin West, he once again disregarded the counsel of his father who kept hinting that he would probably need to remain abroad.
in order to make a living. He had no illusions about the difficulties he was likely to meet in Philadelphia, the jealousies of fellow artists, the lack of generous sympathy, the dearth of artistic collections and means of study:

I oftentimes fear for my success, for the success of any artist in my own land. Our nation is not yet prepared for the art. It is not old enough, or settled or prosperous enough for that. People have not leisure enough. The most part must work to earn their own living, and the wealthy are not educated and cultivated enough to be patrons of the art.

Nevertheless the way of the rootless expatriate was not congenial to his home-loving and sturdy spirit:

For all that, I can't make up my mind to exile myself from home and spend my days here. Besides Art may be improving there. Perhaps one might help to improve it.

His artistic ambition was very high, and frequently, with what he called "a mania for the art," he aspired to real greatness. He was much interested also in the material rewards of the world; "I have a horror, a fear of poverty," he wrote. He possessed a good deal of his family's practical idea of the part played by wealth in the world, and the bourgeois feeling that since "all the world over, riches make a person respected," an artist ought to have enough money to give him the comforts and the standing of a gentleman. There was even a certain amount of humorous resentment in his attitude toward those who were richer than himself:

To my notions of American equality, I say I'm as good as they, why should they lord it over me in commanding all the fat of the earth. And I must stop and say, the purse, boy! the purse! The rich man, the ignoramus, the dunderhead rolls along in his carriage, and the poor artist must escape from his horses' feet as well as he can.

If Henry agreed with his family's desire for financial well being, in the actual handling of money there were at times disagreements that brought him unhappiness. Joseph FewSmith's attitude toward the money he gave his son was a human if slightly undisciplined combination of real generosity, parsimony, and pessimism. There was indeed an element of extravagance in Henry's spending, and yet when Joseph found out that Henry could not live on the two hundred dollars a year they had planned on for his Düsseldorf expenses he merely said quietly, "Well, this proves we were only mistaken upon our first setting out." He kept urging Henry to live as a gentleman, and advised him to get as much as possible out of his European stay even at the risk of spending extra money. But there was also a less agreeable
side. "You must economize all you can," was the keynote of too many a letter, and to hammer home his point the old gentleman would often proceed to paint a discouraging and gloomy picture of the economic state both of the nation and of his own business:

I have in my former letters stated the difficulty of the times, the sad and distressing, and depressed state in which these United States are now plunged. This young Republic has become corrupt and wicked beyond measure; and now the Almighty God is chastening it.

"My means are slender," he kept writing, although in the year 1846 he was set down in a survey of Philadelphia merchants as being worth $75,000.

Henry responded to this trend in his father's thought with a variety of emotion. When he was young he used to laugh at his father's gloomy prophecies. Once in Europe he was deeply hurt by a passage of criticism in one of his father's letters; "I don't know," he replied, "but always when I dream of my return home, I always find a cold reception." In one mood he was incredulous that affairs could be as bad as his father kept intimating: "Do you really feel that you may arrive at such a state as to be pinched by want?" he asked, probing for some definite calamity beneath the fog of his father's vague anxiety. Then one day rather impatiently he tried to throw the light of logic on some of his father's complaints. Joseph had spoken despairingly of the great drop in rents, and Henry responded shrewdly by inquiring whether his father now paid less rent on his store. He had clearly taken his father's measure in this matter, and it is a pity that Joseph Few Smith fell into the error committed by so many parents of allowing his son to spend with the air of a gentleman, and yet withering the bloom of his generosity by continuous warning and unconvincing complaint.

The frank warmth with which Henry was attracted by the charm of girls was another quality by which he differed from the sobriety of his family's code. When he was twelve he centered his affections on the person of Emily Williams, and confided the story to his sister Ellen. As a young art student in Philadelphia he courted his cousin, Mary Bunting, by painting her portrait several times. While he was in Europe she married Captain Cobb of a Liverpool packet, but Henry continued to be interested, and was deeply grateful for fragments of news that Ellen kept sending him. Ellen saw Mary at a tea: "She is a very sweet girl," she wrote to her brother, "she says she often thinks of her 'sittings' to you." In Düsseldorf when Robert Hillingford...
would pour out the tale of his hopeless passion for Annie Hopper, Henry would respond with the tale of his hopeless passion for the lovely Mary Bunting. Then in the fall of 1843 she died in giving birth to her first child, leaving regret and sadness behind in more than one heart. Ellen sent the melancholy details:

Captain Cobb was absent at the time, but as he was expected every day she was kept in ice for nearly a week. Poor man! it was a great blow for him on his return to find his wife a corpse. Mary and her infant were buried in the same coffin in one of the most romantic parts of Laurel Hill.

Henry's father, in sympathizing with his son, wrote what may well stand as the final epitaph for this lady:

As you observe, I did esteem Mary Bunting, because she was amiable and gentle and pretty with all. She was an interesting woman, and had but short notice to appear before her Judge.

Like most lusty bachelors Henry was much affected by "slight shocks of young love-liking" for many a pretty face seen casually on his travels, the blue eyes and fair bosoms of peasant girls on the Rhine, the delicate charm of a fellow traveller on the Paris diligence. He talked a good deal about sex with his Düsseldorf friends. Hillingford teased him as the corrupter of his innocence, and de Meuron used to prophecy "der Smitz würde der erste seyn sich zu heirathen." To this Henry added piously, "so might it come true." Henry's father was aware of the hot blood that ran in his son's veins, and cautioned him tenderly: "Continue chaste and pure and serious—and may God bless you." As he grew older his thoughts turned more and more toward the happiness of marriage:

Joseph is going to be married! To take unto himself a wife, a rib, a spare rib. Hurra! for our side of the house. Leh! Joseph—Anna—Ellen—there I must stop. I can't put Henry, for Ah me! I fear Henry's chance of a wife is but small. Do you know Father, I've been thinking a good deal about wives, matrimony, housekeeping expenses, and extravagant children in the background, lately.

This worried old Joseph, and caused him to admonish his son to put such thoughts out of his head; Henry replied gaily: "I think after all, "I'll live to be an old bachelor, unless some rich young beauty should court me." After his return to America at the age of twenty-five he summed up his feelings on this interesting subject in an unfinished letter to Hillingford:

I tell you what it is, our American women are very engaging, there's no mistake about that matter. You don't often find a beauty with very regular and exactly chiselled features, but it lies more in their expression. They are much more
cultivated (or rather polished) than our men. They are fine and delicate in appearance, modest, but very warm (I think). Do you know I'm very much afraid of falling in love with some one of them, and then you know I can't get married, for where's the money?

If his family were concerned about what they considered Henry's extravagance and about his eagerness to be married, they were far more worried about the state of his soul. They were profoundly disturbed because, while he always observed the outward forms of the Protestant religion, he never expressed that emotional consciousness of rebirth, of conversion to Christ, which they all considered essential to salvation. Joseph Jr. constantly wrote to him in the following vein:

How I should rejoice to hear that you, my dear brother, were enrolled among Christ's followers, that your heart had, by God's Grace, been converted. Won't you think of it? Won't you pray for it? Every morning and night do I offer up my petition to the Throne of Grace for you. I hope the time is not far distant when this event, this happy event, will take place.

But not once in the long humane series of his letters did Henry respond to the impassioned pleas from the so utterly different world of his family, and toward the end of the assiduous campaign his father had sadly to confess: "I have never yet found out whether you have any anxiety for the salvation of your soul." Convinced as his relatives were of the paramount, the unique importance of this matter, indubitably assured, as most of them for some reason appeared to be, of their own salvation, they were pained by the thought that the family circle in heaven might be incomplete through all eternity because of the stubbornness of one member. Therefore in their letters young and old bombarded him with exhortations to read his Bible, to go to Church, to become a devout Christian. It was nothing less than literal hell fire that his family firmly and sorrowfully believed was reserved for Henry, unless he were changed.

With this in mind one can understand with what tragic power the events of October 22, 1846 were imprinted upon the consciousness of those who best loved Henry FewSmith. On the morning of that day Henry's mind was occupied with thoughts of the work and pleasure that lay ahead of him. The nip of autumn was to be felt in the clear bright air, and he rejoiced as he remembered the ton of Lehigh nut coal and the barrel of charcoal which the previous day he had had snugly stored away in the cellar against the coming frosts. He visited a shop or two, purchasing a pair of gloves and two concert tickets, for he had determined to live as elegantly and artistically in Philadelphia as he had in the richer centers of Europe. Then he sat down at his desk.
to work on a long letter to Hillingford, the letter full of merry gossip, of eagerness, ambition, and hope which I have already alluded to, but which the young Englishman never enjoyed. At eleven o'clock his father visited him, and they conversed until noon when a young man on whose portrait Henry was engaged came for a sitting. By one o'clock Henry was left unaccompanied in his room to receive his final visitor.

Early in the afternoon two ladies, attracted by the painting displayed in the window, ascended the stairs to Henry's studio, but startled by the sound of heavy breathing from the floor and alarmed lest they break in on the slumbers of an inebriate, they abandoned their errand without entering, and told a little girl of the house, and she went up quietly and saw him, and thought he was asleep, and did not disturb him, but went down and told Mr. Earl the owner of the house; who no doubt believed it to be the case, and so the thing rested until 5 o'clock.

Henry's whole life and character were evidence against the likelihood of his lying there in a solitary drunken stupor through the sunlight of that October afternoon, but his youth, his gaiety, his long sojourn abroad were all that these people needed to enable them to pass him by with a quiet conscience. When someone finally had the wits to examine more closely, "he was discovered a lifeless corpse," outstretched before the door of entrance, his arm extended above his head, his hand touching the threshold toward which in the agony of his last attack he had stumbled blindly for help. "Thus has it pleased God," wrote Joseph FewSmith in heartbroken accents, "to summon the young man into his presence."

The *North American*, in a friendly and admiring editorial on his career and talents, gave expression to the grief of the community that Henry had hoped to serve:

While thus he was giving promise for the future of uncommon excellence in his art, he was suddenly and unseen snatched from our midst! In the silence of his studio, with no one near him, the deadly breath of the destroyer placed the signet seal of the grave upon him. Art has lost an enthusiastic devotee; society an ornament, and his relatives one who was bound to them by many ties of worth and endearment.

It was an agony more overwhelming than grief, however, that Ellen's husband was trying to solace in his letter to the fear-torn father:

Let us only hope that between the hours of one and five on the fatal day, feeling conscious of the approach of death, he was enabled to cry mightily to the blessed Jesus, to repent of his sins and to cast himself upon the arms of His mercy.