

An impressionistic painting of a city harbor scene. The foreground shows several multi-story buildings with varied colors like red, blue, and white. A large plume of white smoke or steam rises from one of the buildings. In the middle ground, a large body of water is filled with several sailing ships and a steamship. A long bridge spans across the water in the background. The overall style is characterized by visible brushstrokes and a rich, somewhat muted color palette.

CITY LIVING & COUNTRY REFUGE

# *Summer Reading*

*American Paintings & American Prose*

HAWTHORNE FINE ART • 2013





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# Dear Reader

**H**istoric American painters and writers moved between the city and the country with great fluidity in both their art and lifestyle. In the city, they cultivated patrons, forged relationships with their colleagues, observed a steady stream of humanity and contemplated the rise of modern architecture and surrounding industry. It was in the country that they sought a balm to urban activity, allowing the amplitude of space and quiet to expand their minds and senses and, ultimately, to heighten their discernment of beauty in nature's forms.

In looking at the paintings included in this catalogue and the accompanying literary excerpts, I began to see how much the experiences of these artists in an urban environment colored their perception of a rural expanse and vice versa. Once they found themselves alone in nature, they imagined all sorts of drama enacted within it. Conversely, when depicting modern urban life, they often sought scenes that were graceful and still echoed the solitude one might find in a forest of trees rather than in a jungle of tall buildings.

One of the most fulfilling elements of pairing fine art with literature is honing in on the grand and complex ideas that penetrate both disciplines. We hope you enjoy this third edition of Summer Reading both visually and intellectually. We welcome any and all inquiries into the exceptional works we continue to acquire with the highest standards of quality and value and to offer with utmost professionalism.

I would also like to take this opportunity to invite you personally to make an appointment to see the enclosed paintings firsthand in our elegant new gallery space at 12 East 86th Street, between 5th and Madison Avenues in Manhattan, situated at close proximity to other great masterpieces of 19th century thinking and ambition, such as the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the National Academy of Design and, of course, Central Park.

Sincerely,

JENNIFER C. KRIEGER

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Even in early youth, when the mind is so eager for the new and untried, while it is still a stranger to faltering and fear, we yet like to think that there are certain unalterable realities, somewhere at the bottom of things. These anchors may be ideas; but more often they are merely pictures, vivid memories, which in some unaccountable and very personal way give us courage. The sea-gulls . . . at certain seasons even they go back to something they have known before; to remote islands and lonely ledges that are their breeding-grounds. The restlessness of youth has such retreats, even though it may be ashamed of them.

—WILLA CATHER, *Obscure Destinies*, 1932



EDWARD HOPPER (1882-1967)

*The Family House at Nyack*, 1906

Pencil on paper, 12<sup>13</sup>/<sub>16</sub> x 10 inches

Signed and dated 1906, lower right





At the water's edge one finds the long ledges covered with barnacles, and from each rough shell a tiny, brown filmy hand is thrust out, opening and shutting in gladness beneath the coming tide, feeling the freshness of the flowing water. The shore teems with life in manifold forms.

—CELIA THAXTER, *Among the Isles of Shoals*, 1873



ALFRED T. BRICHER (1837–1908)

*View of Mount Desert*

Watercolor on paper, 15 x 21 inches (sight size)

Signed lower right





Softly they take their being, one by one,  
From the lamp-lighter's hand, after the sun  
Has dropped to dusk . . . like little flowers they bloom  
Set in rows amid the growing gloom. . . .

Who he who lights them is, I do not know,  
Except that, every eve, with footfall slow  
And regular, he passes by my room  
And sets his gusty flowers of light a-bloom

—HARRY KEMP, *Street Lamps: Greenwich Village*, 1912



PAUL CORNOYER, (1864–1923)

*Park Scene in Lower Manhattan*

Oil on canvas, 12 x 16 inches

Signed and inscribed "New York," lower right





As night drew on, and, from the crest  
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,  
The sun, a snow-blown traveler, sank  
From sight beneath the smothering bank,  
We piled, with care, our nightly stack  
Of wood against the chimney-back,—  
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,  
And on its top the stout back-stick;  
The knotty forestick laid apart,  
And filled between with curious art  
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,  
We watched the first red blaze appear,  
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam  
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,  
Until the old, rude-furnished room  
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;  
While radiant with a mimic flame  
Outside the sparkling drift became,  
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree  
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.

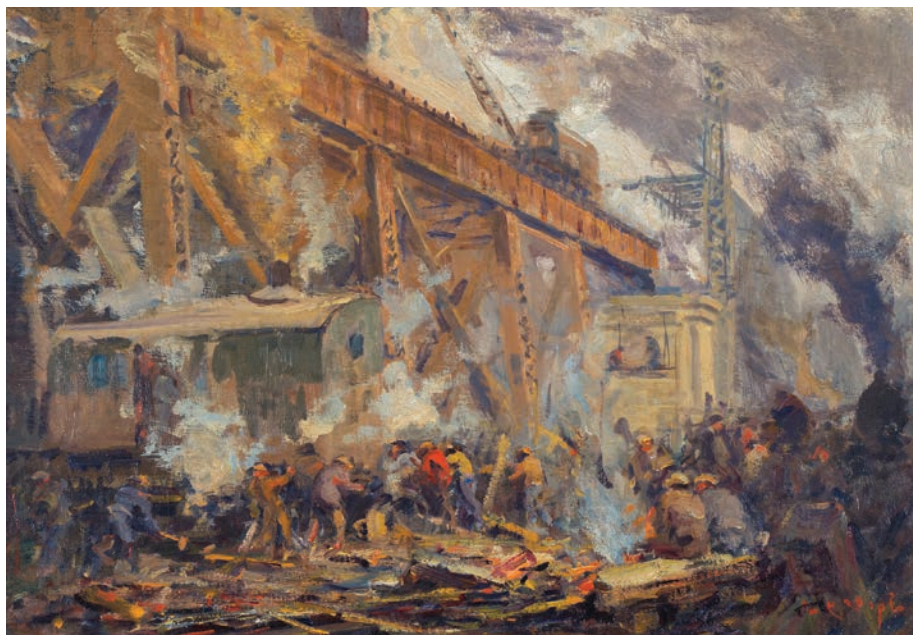
—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER,  
*Snowbound [The Sun that  
Brief December Day]*, 1866



JERVIS MCENTEE (1828–1891)

*Vermont Sugaring*

Oil on canvas, 20 x 30 inches, Signed lower right



. . . We stood before this vast structure, gazing in a kind of awe. These arches! How really beautiful they were, how wide, how high, how noble, how symmetrically planned! And the smaller arches above, for all the actually huge size, how delicate and lightsomely graceful! How could they carry a heavy train so high in the air? But there they were, nearly two hundred and forty feet above us from the stream's surface, as we discovered afterwards, and the whole structure nearly twentyfour [sic] hundred feet long. We learned that it was the work of a great railroad corporation—a part of a scheme for straightening and shortening its line about three miles!—which incidentally was leaving a monument to the American of this day which would be stared at in centuries to come as evidencing the courage, the resourcefulness, the taste, the wealth, the commerce, and the force of the time in which we are living—now.”

—THEODORE DREISER, *A Hoosier Holiday*, 1916



LOUIS CHARLES VOGT (1864–1939)

*The Building of the C&O Railroad Bridge, Cincinnati, OH*

Oil on canvas, 14<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> x 20<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> inches, Signed lower right





Consider the subtleness of the sea; how its most dreaded creatures glide under water, unapparent for the most part, and treacherously hidden beneath the loveliest tints of azure.

—HERMAN MELVILLE, *Moby Dick*, 1851



JOHN WILLARD RAUGHT (1857–1931)

*Coast of Maine*, 1905

Oil on academy board, 6 x 9 inches

Signed and dated 1905, lower left





Never had the Maypole been so gayly decked as at sunset on midsummer eve. This venerated emblem was a pine-tree, which had preserved the slender grace of youth, while it equaled the loftiest height of the old wood monarchs. From its top streamed a silken banner colored like the rainbow. Down nearby to the ground the pole was dressed with birchen boughs, and others of the liveliest green and some with silvery leaves, fastened by ribbons that fluttered in blossoms of the wilderness, laughed gladly forth amid the verdure, so fresh and dewy that they must have grown by magic on that happy pine-tree. Where this green and flowery splendor terminated, the shaft of the Maypole was tainted with the seven brilliant hues of the banner at its top. On the lowest green bough hung and abundant wreath of roses, some that had been gathered in these sunniest spots of the forest, and others, of still richer blush, which the colonists had reared from English seed. O, people of the Golden Age, the chief of your husbandry was to raise flowers!

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, *The May-Pole of Merry Mount*, 1836



JULIUS HERMANN KUMMER (1817–1869)

*May Day*, 1859

Oil on canvas , 33 x 28 inches

I laid me down in solitude, but not alone:  
The night was with me, and the stars above me shone;  
The Earth, my mother, pillowed me, and to her breast  
I nestled as a weary child that yearns for rest.  
The drowsy ripple of a stream that murmured near  
With lispings leaves made lullaby to soothe mine ear;  
But o'er the mystery of calm my brooding mind  
Hung as an eagle motionless upon the wind,  
Till stirred with energy of thought, on pinions strong,  
Through swift-receding centuries it swept along,  
Far out of space and period, where yet of time  
No wave had drifted to disturb the depth sublime.

—JOHN BANNISTER TABB, *Repose*, 1894



GEORGE INNESS (1825–1894)

*Pompton, NJ [Pastoral Landscape with Reclining Male Figure]*, c. 1877

Oil on canvasboard, 12<sup>1</sup>/<sub>8</sub> x 17<sup>7</sup>/<sub>8</sub> inches

Signed lower right





He rejoiced in the human ocean that flooded the thoroughfares and eddied through its squares and courts; he greeted as old friends its cathedrals, rivers, its bridges, its tower, its inns, its temple, its alleys and chop-house,—so strange were they and so familiar . . . He cast himself adrift upon the great city, and cruised withersoever the current took him; and when he could keep his feet no longer, he would hail a hansom and trundle homeward in happy weakness, to begin his explorations afresh the next morning.

—JULIAN HAWTHORNE, *Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife*, 1884



CHAUNCEY RYDER (1869–1949)

*Jefferson Market, New York City*, 1942

Oil on board, 10 x 8 inches

Signed lower left and inscribed verso,

“Police Court and Women’s Prison / C F Ryder / January 21, 1942.”





And the leaves break out on the trees, and the petals drop from the fruit trees and carpet the earth with pink and white. The centers of the blossoms swell and grow with color: cherries and apples, peaches and pears, figs which close the flower in the fruit. . . . Behind the fruitfulness are men of understanding and knowledge and skill, men who experiment with seed. . . . These men work endlessly to perfect the seed, the roots.

—JOHN STEINBECK, *The Grapes of Wrath*, 1939



ALFRED CORNELIUS HOWLAND (1838–1909)

*A Dicker for the Calf*

Oil on canvas, 15½ x 21½ inches, Signed lower right





I saw a man pursuing the horizon;  
Round and round they sped.  
I was disturbed at this;  
I accosted the man.  
"It is futile," I said,  
"You can never—"

"You lie," he cried,  
And ran on.

—STEPHEN CRANE, *I Saw a Man*, 1905



LAUREN SANSARICQ (B. 1990)

*Twilight in the Mountains*, 2013

Oil on panel, 7 x 11 inches, Signed lower left



Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Catskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

—WASHINGTON IRVING, *Rip Van Winkle*, 1819



WORTHINGTON WHITTREDGE (1820–1910)

*A Catskill Brook*

Oil on canvas, 21<sup>3</sup>/<sub>8</sub> x 15 inches

Signed lower right; inscribed with title, verso



When the Europeans first landed on the shores of the West Indies, and afterwards on the coast of South America, they thought themselves transported into those fabulous regions of which poets had sung. The sea sparkled with phosphoric light, and the extraordinary transparency of its waters discovered to the view of the navigator all that had hitherto been hidden in the deep abyss. Here and there appeared little islands perfumed with odoriferous plants, and resembling baskets of flowers floating on the tranquil surface of the ocean. Every object which met the sight, in this enchanting region, seemed prepared to satisfy the wants or contribute to the pleasures of man. Almost all the trees were loaded with nourishing fruits, and those which were useless as food delighted the eye by the brilliancy and variety of their colors. In groves of fragrant lemon-trees, wild figs, flowering myrtles, acacias, and oleanders, which were hung with festoons of various climbing plants, covered with flowers, a multitude of birds unknown in Europe displayed their bright plumage, glittering with purple and azure, and mingled their warbling with the harmony of a world teeming with life and motion.

—ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE, *Democracy in America*, 1835



NORTON BUSH (1834–1894)  
*Tropical Landscape at Sunset*, 1885  
Oil on canvas, 16 x 24 inches  
Signed and dated 1885, lower left





As the boat bounced from the top of each wave the wind tore through the hair of the hatless men, and as the craft plopped her stern down again the spray splashed past them. The crest of each of these waves was a hill, from the top of which the men surveyed for a moment a broad tumultuous expanse, shining and wind-riven. It was probably splendid, it was probably glorious, this play of the free sea, wild with lights of emerald and white and amber.

—STEPHEN CRANE, *The Open Boat*, 1897



CHARLES HENRY GIFFORD (1839–1904)

*Near Bear Island, ME, 1874*

Oil on canvas, 8½ x 15 inches, Signed lower right





Every day I go among the people of Manhattan Island, Brooklyn, and other cities, and among the young men, to discover the spirit of them, and to refresh myself. These are to be attended to; I am myself more drawn here than to those authors, publishers, importations, reprints, and so forth. I pass coolly through those, understanding them perfectly well and that they do the indispensable service, outside of men like me, which nothing else could do. In poems, the young men of The States shall be represented, for they out-rival the best of the rest of the earth.

—WALT WHITMAN's letter to Ralph Waldo Emerson, August 1856



THEODORE EARL BUTLER (1861–1936)

*Brooklyn Bridge*, 1900

Oil on canvas, 30 $\frac{1}{4}$  x 40 inches

Signed and dated 1900, lower right

But the strongest influence of all was the love of the old premises where had run about when he was a boy, just as Tom had done after him. The Tullivers had lived on this spot for generations, and he had sat listening on a low stool on winter evenings while his father talked of the old half-timbered mill that had been there before the last great floods which damaged it so that his grandfather pulled it down and built the new one. It was when he got able to walk about and look at all the old objects, that he felt the strain of this clinging affection for the old home as part of his life, part of himself. He couldn't bear to think of himself living on any other spot than this, where he knew the sound of every gate and door and felt that the shape and colour of every roof and weather-stain and broken hillock was good, because his growing senses had been fed on them.

—GEORGE ELLIOT, *Mill on the Floss*, 1860



WALTER LAUNT PALMER (1854–1932)

*Birthplace of the Senator*, 1899

Oil on canvas, 25 x 35 inches

Signed and dated 1899, lower right







**I**t was bright as day. Coming up like this, the sheet of fire facing me, was a terrifying sight, and the heat seemed hardly bearable at first. On a settee cushion dragged out of the cabin, Captain Beard, with his legs drawn up and one arm under his head, slept with the light playing on him. Do you know what the rest were busy about? They were sitting on deck right aft, round an open case, eating bread and cheese and drinking bottled stout.

—JOSEPH CONRAD, *Typhoon and other Tales of the Sea*, 1902



LEMUEL D. ELDRED (1858–1921)

*The Captain Harris House, Fairhaven, MA, 1893*

Oil on canvas, 9 x 14 inches

Signed and dated 1893, lower right



There lies a somnolent lake  
Under a noiseless sky,  
Where never the mornings break  
Nor the evenings die

Mad Flakes of colour  
Whirl on its even face  
Iridescent and streaked with pallour  
And warding the silent place

—TRUMBELL STICKNEY, *In the Past*, 1905



WILLIAM HART (1823–1894)  
*Autumnal Landscape, Farmington, CT, 1871*  
Oil on canvas, 7 x 10 inches  
Signed and dated 1871, lower right



The mere use of one's eyes in Venice is happiness enough, and generous observers find it hard to keep an account of their profits in this line. Everything the attention touches holds it, keeps playing with it—thanks to some inscrutable flattery of the atmosphere. Your brown-skinned, white-shirted gondolier, twisting himself in the light, seems to you, as you lie at contemplation beneath your awning, a perpetual symbol of Venetian "effect." The light here is in fact a mighty magician and, with all respect to Titian, Veronese and Tintoretto, the greatest artist of them all. You should see in places the material with which it deals—slimy brick, marble battered and befouled, rags, dirt, decay. Sea and sky seem to meet half-way, to blend their tones into a soft iridescence, a lustrous compound of wave and cloud and a hundred nameless local reflections, and then to fling the clear tissue against every object of vision. —HENRY JAMES, *Italian Hours*, 1909



LOUIS ASTON KNIGHT (1873–1948)

*Sunlight: The Rio Sant'Apnonal Venice*

Oil on canvas, 32 x 25<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> inches

Signed and inscribed "Paris" lower right



I remember the sea when I was six  
and ran on wetted sands  
that were speckled with shells and the blowholes  
of clams  
bedded secretly down in black muck—

I remember the sun, fishy airs, rotting piers  
that reached far out into turquoise waters,  
and ladies in white who sprinkled light laughter  
from under their parasols. . . .

—FREDERICK MORGAN,

*I Remember the Sea When I Was Six*, 1982



GUSTAVE WOLFF (1863–1935)

*Figures on the Beach, New York City*, c. 1900

Oil on canvas, 16 x 20 inches, Signed lower right





FRONT COVER: Theodore Earl Butler (1861–1936), *Brooklyn Bridge* (detail), 1900,  
Oil on canvas, 30 $\frac{1}{4}$  x 40 inches, Signed and dated 1900, lower right

FRONTISPIECE: Charles Henry Gifford (1839–1904), *Near Bear Island, ME* (detail), 1874,  
Oil on canvas, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 15 inches, Signed lower right

PAGE 2: Louis Charles Vogt (1864–1939), *The Building of the C&O Railroad Bridge, Cincinnati, OH* (detail),  
Oil on canvas, 14 $\frac{1}{4}$  x 20 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches, Signed lower right

BACK COVER: George Inness (1825–1894), *Pompton, [NJ Pastoral Landscape with  
Reclining Male Figure]* (detail), c. 1877, Oil on canvasboard, 12 $\frac{1}{8}$  x 17 $\frac{7}{8}$  inches, Signed lower right

CATALOGUE DESIGN: Rita Lascaro



## HAWTHORNE Fine Art

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