

10TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

# *Summer Reading 2015*

AMERICAN PAINTINGS & AMERICAN PROSE



HAWTHORNE FINE ART

## *Dear Reader*

I HOPE you will forgive this catalogue's indulgence in a selection of poetry even though the title clearly indicates prose as our feature. I hope you will also forgive the repetition of the following Henry David Thoreau poem used in a previous edition of this series:

I was born upon thy bank, river,  
My blood flows in thy stream,  
And thou meanderest forever  
At the bottom of my dream.

Not only does this poem perfectly describe the imagery of the Hudson River School landscapes we offer and the sentiment of the artists in their description of their subject, but also my personal experience with the Hudson River. I was born in a hospital that borders the Hudson at its origin, went to college at a northern part of it and now live in a town on the Hudson at a point in between. As I have followed the length of this beautiful body of water, I've also traced its journey in the paintings and movements it has inspired. As this catalogue marks the 10th anniversary of our business, I look forward to continuing to do so in the decades that follow, finding the best works this period has to offer and building collections of great quality and importance. I would like to sincerely thank all who have been and continue to be supportive of our gallery's efforts.

I look forward to hearing from you with your reaction to the exquisite works illustrated within and to being of service.

With best regards,  
JENNIFER C. KRIEGER  
Managing Partner, Hawthorne Fine Art, LLC

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The fullness of our early dreams,  
Tho' fresh and pure and sweet  
When the glad earth with beauty teems,  
Soon trembles to our feet;  
Richer, tho' rarer, comes the fruit  
To crown a golden prime,  
Fulfilling pledges proffered us  
In apple-blossom time.

—ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN, *Apple-Blossom Time*



CHARLES COURTNEY CURRAN (1861–1942)

*The Scent of the Apple*, 1911

Oil on canvas, 22 x 18 inches

Signed and dated 1911, lower right

Now the autumn shudders  
In the rose's root,  
Far and wide the ladders  
Lean among the fruit.  
Now the autumn clammers  
Up the trellised frame  
And the rose remembers  
The dust from which it came.

Brighter than the blossom  
On the rose's bough  
Sits the wizened, orange,  
Bitter berry now;

Beauty never slumbers;  
All is in her name;  
But the rose remembers  
The dust from which it came.

—EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY, *Autumn Chant*



WINSLOW HOMER (1836–1910)

*Autumn Trees*, 1878

Watercolor on paper, 13<sup>5</sup>/<sub>8</sub> x 20<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> inches

Signed and dated 1878, lower left



[ . . . ] And presently the sky is changed; O world!  
What pictures and what harmonies are thine!  
The clouds are rich and dark, the air serene,  
So like the soul of me, what if 'twere me?

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON, *The Adirondacks*



FRANK ANDERSON (1844–1891)

*Hessian Lake, Bear Mountain, NY*

Oil on canvas, 13<sup>1</sup>/<sub>8</sub> x 10<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> inches

Signed and dated July 18, 1878, lower left









Winding its way among countless islands, and imbedded in mountains, the “holy lake” extended a dozen leagues still further to the south. With the high plain that there interposed itself to the further passage of the water, commenced a portage of as many miles, which conducted the adventurer to the banks of the Hudson, at a point where, with the usual obstructions of the rapids, or rifts, as they were then termed in the language of the country, the river became navigable to the tide.

—JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, *The Last of the Mohicans*



BRADLEY A. BUCKLIN (1824–1915)

*Sunset over Lake George*

Oil on canvas, 17 x 30 inches, Signed lower right





Nothing stirred about the vine-clad villa, except the curtains swaying in the balmy wind, that blew up from a garden where mid summer warmth brooded over drowsy flowers and whispering trees.

—LOUISA MAY ALCOTT, *A Modern Mephistopheles*



EDWARD L. CUSTER (1837–1881)

*Italian Villa with View Toward Albano*

Oil on canvas mounted to board, 6<sup>3</sup>/<sub>8</sub> x 15<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> inches

Signed at lower right



How still it was, with only the voice of the sea whispering through the reeds that grew in the salt-water pools! The long line of little gray, weather-beaten houses nestled peacefully among the orange trees. It must always have been God's day on that low, drowsy island.

—KATE CHOPIN, *The Awakenings*



EDWARD L. CUSTER (1837–1881)

*New England Coastal Landscape*

Oil on canvas, 10<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> x 16<sup>1</sup>/<sub>8</sub> inches, Signed at lower right





I started on a lonely road.  
A few companions with me went.  
Some fell behind, some forward strode,  
But all on one high purpose bent:  
To live for Nature, finding truth  
In beauty, and the shrines of art;  
To consecrate our joyous youth  
To aims outside the common mart.  
Till I am lost amid the crowd.

—CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH, *Ars Longa, Vita Brevis*

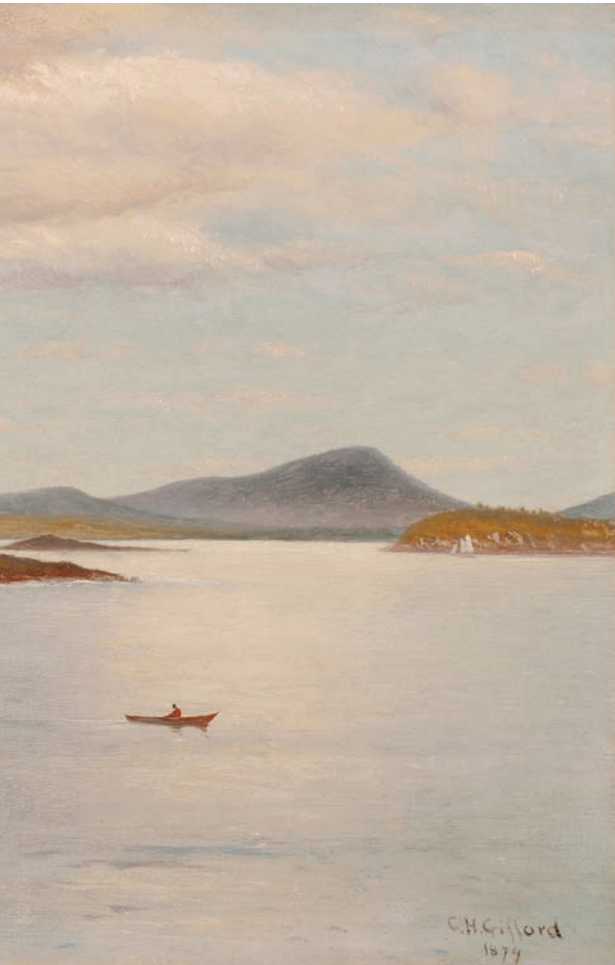


EDWARD L. CUSTER (1837–1881)

*The Old Gate, Albano, Italy*

Oil on canvas, 15 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>8</sub> x 12 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>8</sub> inches, Signed at lower left





To me the sea is a continual miracle,  
The fishes that swim—the rocks—the motion of the waves—  
the ships with men in them  
What stranger miracles are there?

—WALT WHITMAN, *Miracles*



CHARLES HENRY GIFFORD (1839–1904)  
*Near Bear Island, ME, 1874*  
Oil on canvas, 8½ x 15 inches, Signed lower right

And though all the years since then have been for me one long story of a harbor, restless, heaving, changing, always changing—it has never changed for me in this—it has never seemed a haven where ships come to dock, but always a place from which ships start out—into the storms and the fogs of the seas. . . . For so I saw it when I was a child, the threshold of adventures.

—ERNEST POOLE, *The Harbor*, 1915



EDWARD GAY (1837–1928)

*Sunset Over New York Harbor*, 1875

Oil on canvas, 15 $\frac{1}{4}$  x 12 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches,

Signed and dated 1875, lower left









The corners of the last available sail being stretched out upon the yard, the bustle of getting under weigh presently subsided. The ropes about deck were coiled up, and the sailors, one after another, as they finished their several tasks, disappeared from the deck, to arrange their kit in the forecastle.

—JOSEPH C. HART, *Miriam Coffin, or, The whale-fishermen: a tale*



GEORGE HERBERT MCCORD (1848–1909)

*Great Point Light, Nantucket*

Oil on canvas, 18<sup>1</sup>/<sub>16</sub> x 30<sup>1</sup>/<sub>8</sub> inches, Signed lower left





The morning sun has pierced the mist,  
And beach and cliff and ocean kissed.  
Blue as the lapis-lazuli  
The sea reflects the azure sky.  
In the salt healthy breeze I stand  
Upon the solid floor of sand.

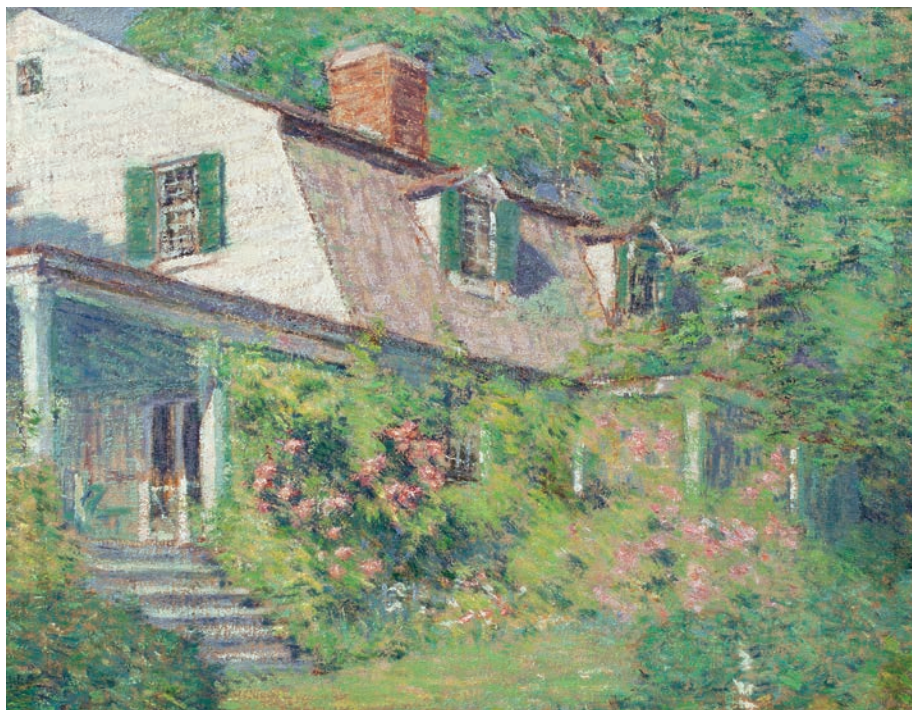
—CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH, *Sea Pictures*



CLARK GREENWOOD VOORHEES (1871–1933)

*Sand Dunes, South Shore*

Oil on board, 9 x 12 inches, Signed lower right



The high-fenced garden was bright with June flowers. Under the elms in the shady front yard you might see some chairs placed near together, as they often used to be when the family were all at home and life was going on gayly with eager talk and pleasure-making; when the elder judge, the grandfather, used to quote that great author, Dr. Johnson, and say to his girls, 'Be brisk, be splendid, and be public.'

—MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN, *Martha's Lady*



CLARK GREENWOOD VOORHEES (1871–1933)

*Springtime, The Artist's Home, Old Lyme, CT*

Oil on canvas, 15½ x 19½ inches, Artist's estate





More and more the mountains folded about us, and my Polly's ears nodded and winked as her feet rang merrily along. She had something on her mind evidently, and tweaked me round the corner by a sawmill as if she knew that the next turning across the brook would get us there which it did. . . . We climbed a short wooded rise out of the valley, and there was the farm, with its big maples, its mountain view, which farms always seem to have, the teams hitched in rows along its edges, and a slow crowd circling the porch.

—ANNE BOSWORTH GREENE, *The Lone Winter*



WILLIAM RICHARDSON TYLER (1825–1896)

*Camel's Hump, Vermont*

Oil on canvas, 8<sup>1</sup>/<sub>8</sub> x 13<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> inches, Signed lower left



He had sailed in New Bedford whale-ships and had steered a boat. All this I learned, and more too, before we reached the anchorage. The sea-breeze, coming in before long, filled the *Spray*'s sails, and the experienced Portuguese mariner piloted her to a safe berth in the bay, where she was moored to a buoy abreast the settlement.

—JOSHUA SLOCUM, *Sailing Alone Around The World*



CHARLES HENRY GIFFORD (1839–1904)

*New Bedford View at Sunset*, 1875

Oil on canvas, 5 $\frac{1}{4}$  x 11 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches

Signed and dated 1875, lower left





[ . . . ] Lake George! Afar has flown thy name.  
In sunny lands beyond the sea.  
The fairest Beauty known to fame  
In all the land of Liberty.

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN LEGGETT, *An Idyl of Lake George*



JOHN WILLIAM CASILEAR (1811–1893)

*View of Lake George*

Oil on canvas, 11 $\frac{1}{4}$  x 21 inches, Estate stamp verso





Perhaps we repair our lodges  
As do the beavers close by.  
Our children swim like river otters  
And as their laughter reaches us,  
We join them for a while  
In these hottest of summer days  
—PETER BLUE CLOUD, *Summer Solstice*,



GEORGE INNESS (1825–1894)  
Keene Valley, Summer, ca. 1884–1885  
Oil on artist's board, 12 x 18 inches, Signed lower right

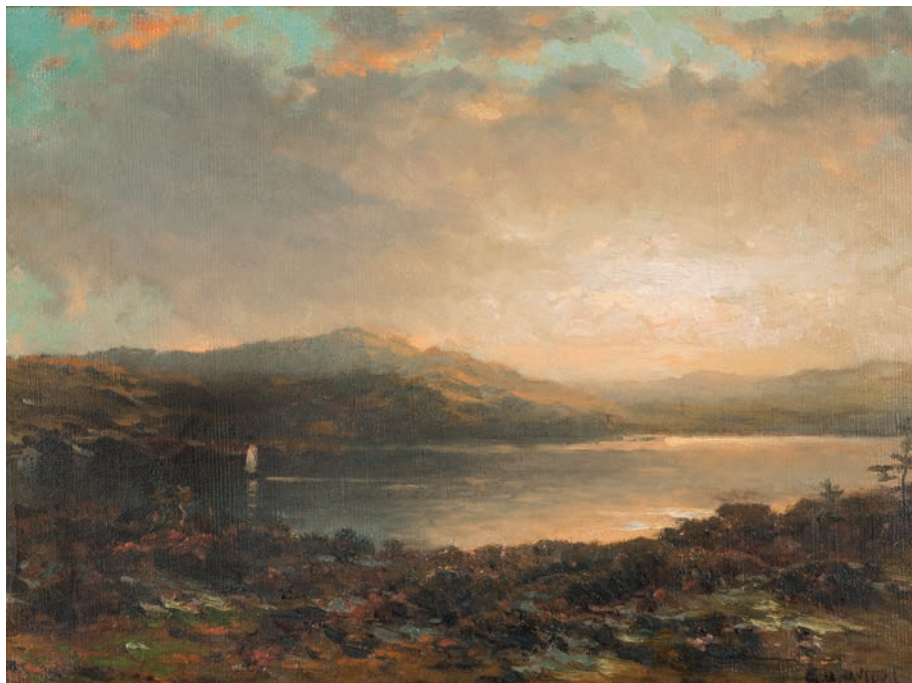


I was born upon thy bank, river,  
My blood flows in thy stream,  
And thou meanderest forever  
At the bottom of my dream.

—HENRY DAVID THOREAU, *I Was Born Upon Thy Bank, River*



LAUREN SANSARICQ (b. 1990)  
*Sunrise on the Banks of the Hudson River*  
Oil on canvas, 14 x 24 inches, Signed lower right



Off for Lake George! How the heart bounds and the pulse quickens at the very sound of the words that bring with them thoughts of the holy lake. In fancy we once again breathe the air, heavy with the odor of pines and cedar, or fragrant with the breath of blossoming clover.

—SENECA RAY STODDARD, *Lake George*



GEORGE HERBERT MCCORD (1848–1909)

*Sunset Over Lake George*

Oil on canvas, 12 x 16¼ inches, Signed lower right



Lo the leaves  
Upon the new autumn grass  
Look at them well . . . !  
To Be Closely Written On A Small Piece of Paper  
Which Folded Will Fit Any Girl's Locket.  
—WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS



SAMUEL COLMAN (1832–1920)  
*Autumn in the Hudson Valley*  
Oil on canvas, 9½ x 7½ inches, Signed lower left





HAWTHORNE  
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