

2012

Summer Reading

American Paintings & American Prose



HAWTHORNE FINE ART



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Dedicated with love to my father,
GERALD KRIEGER,
who taught me to see beauty everywhere—
whether in the hearts of people, the forms of nature
or the simplicity of each moment.



Nature is painting for us, day after day, pictures of infinite beauty.

—JOHN RUSKIN

The love of wilderness is more than a hunger for what is always beyond reach; it is also an expression of loyalty to the earth, the earth which bore us and sustains us, the only home we shall ever know, the only paradise we ever need – if only we had the eyes to see.

—EDWARD ABBEY, *Down the River*, 1982

Dear Reader

As I gaze upon the Hudson River from our gallery's new additional perch in Irvington, NY, I cannot help but feel a heightened correspondence between the world outside and that depicted within our paintings. The same passageway of water that gave birth to the Hudson River School movement flows ceaselessly through the natural landscape of New York State and continues to inspire us today. It is this interweaving of past and present, and of image and text, that generated the concept of Summer Reading. Back by popular demand, this edition offers literary and poetic passages that are not only enjoyable to read beside the illustrated paintings, but which also speak to the importance of conservation and environmental mindfulness. While we can still behold and appreciate the sites and vistas that attracted artists to paint our native scenery over a hundred years ago, we must strengthen our dedication to and our efforts in preserving them.

Most of all, we hope that the authors cited give a new voice and dimension to the accompanying artworks. As we continue to offer American paintings of the highest quality and gain increasing access to works of special rarity, it is our larger goal to cultivate a deeper interest in this period and to help build art collections that preserve these historic paintings. We welcome your participation in this dialogue and look forward to hearing your response.

Sincerely,

JENNIFER C. KRIEGER

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"The most interesting general fact of my life seems to me to be that it was not as a gardener, a florist, a botanist, or as one in any way specially interested in plants and flowers as such, or specially susceptible to the beauty of flowers and plants, that I was drawn to the work which is to give me the Harvard distinction. The root of all my good work is an early *respect* for, regard and enjoyment of scenery (the word tells much better of the fact than landscape), and extraordinary opportunities of cultivating susceptibility to the power of scenery. Not so much grand or sensational scenery as scenery of a more domestic order."

—FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED,
letter to Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, June 1893



WILLIAM LANGSON LATHROP (1859–1938)

View of a Path through a Glade at Dusk, 1889

Oil on canvas, 25 1/4 x 19 inches

Signed and dated 1889, lower left







"All the Western mountains are still rich in wildness, and by means of good roads are being brought nearer civilization every year. To the sane and free it will hardly seem necessary to cross the continent in search of wild beauty, however easy the way, for they find it in abundance wherever they chance to be. Like Thoreau they see forests in orchards and patches of huckleberry brush, and oceans in ponds and drops of dew."

—JOHN MUIR, *Our National Parks*, 1901



JERVIS MCENTEE (1828–1891)

Near Fort Halleck, 1881

Oil on canvas, 6 x 16 inches

Dated 6 July 1881, lower right

Estate Stamp verso



"Lake George is without comparison, the most beautiful water I ever saw; formed by a contour of mountains into a basin . . . finely interspersed with islands, its water limpid as crystal, and the mountain sides covered with rich groves . . . down to the water-edge: here and there precipices of rock to checker the scene and save it from monotony."

—THOMAS JEFFERSON, letter to his daughter, May 31, 1791

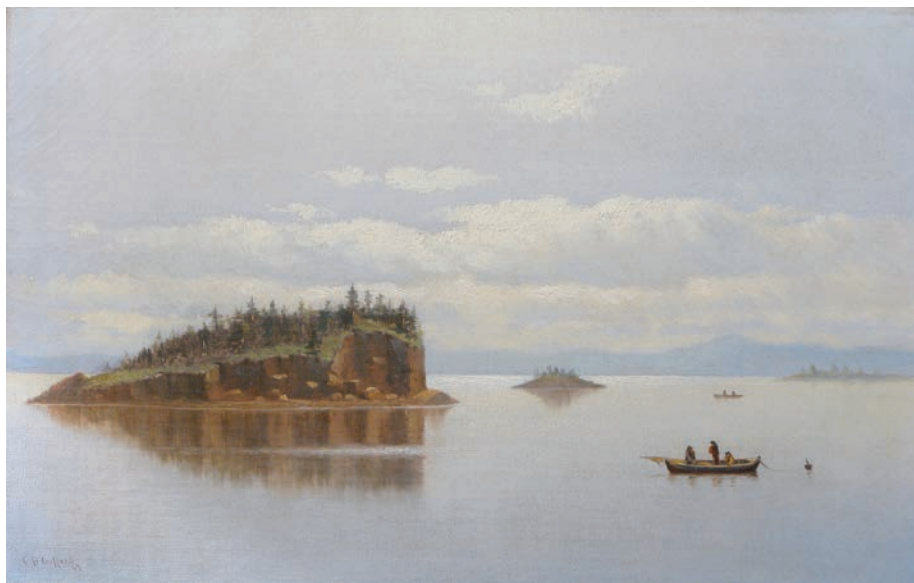


SAMUEL COLMAN (1832–1920)

Lake George

Oil on board, 5³/₄ x 8³/₄ inches

Signed lower right



"**B**ut May has passed; the arbutus and the Linnea are gone from the woods, and the pine tops have grown into young shoots, which wilt at noon under a direct reflection from sun and seam and the blue sky has a metallic clearness and brilliancy which distinguishes those regions, and the planting is at last over, and this very morning Moses is to set off in the Brilliant for his first voyage to the Banks. Glorious night he! The world all before him, and the blood of ten years racing and throbbing in his veins as he talks knowingly of hooks, sinkers, and bait, and lines, and wears proudly the red flannel shirt which Mara had just finished for him."

—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,

The Pearl of Orr's Island: A Story of the Coast of Maine, 1862



CHARLES HENRY GIFFORD (1839–1904)

Three Figures in a Moored Boat off Bear Island, Maine, 1869

Oil on canvas, 10 x 15³/₄ inches

Signed and dated 1869, lower left

"Twelve o'clock. The day we celebrate. Three cheers! Now we are after the iceberg. Upon getting near, we find it grounded in fifty fathoms of water, apparently storm-worn, and much the worse for the terrible buffeting of the recent gale. Masses of huge, glassy precipices seem to have been blasted off within the last hour, and gone away in a lengthy line of white fragments upon the mighty stream. We are now bearing down upon it, under full sail, intending to pass close under it. Our good angels bear us company as we pass.

What an exquisite specimen of nature's handiwork it looks to be, in the blaze of noon! It shines like polished silver dripping with dews. The painter is all ready with his colors, having sketched the outlines with lead. The water streams down in all directions in little rills and falls, glistening in the light like molten glass. Veins of gem-like transparency, blue as sapphire, obliquely cross the opaque white of the prodigious mass, the precious beauty of which no language can picture. Fragments lie upon the slopes, like bowlders [*sic*], ready to be dislodged at any moment, and launched into the waves."

—REV. LOUIS LEGRAND NOBLE, *After Icebergs with a Painter:
A Summer Voyage to Labrador and Around Newfoundland*, 1861

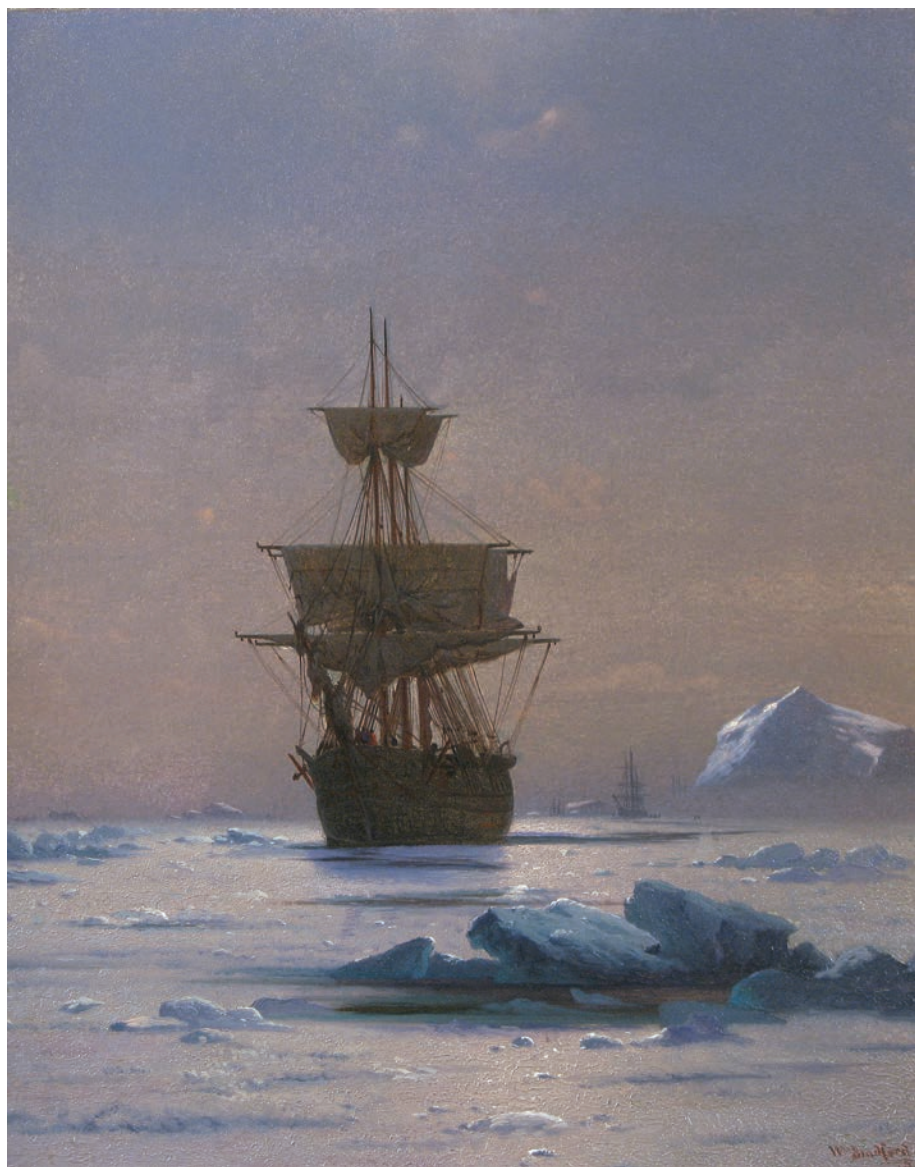


WILLIAM BRADFORD (1823–1892)

In the Arctic, 1875

Oil on canvas, 20 x 16 inches

Signed and dated 1875, lower right





"A conflict of ideas and interests seriously affects the Adirondacks. A misunderstanding or lack of agreement as to the main use of these lands must first be resolved; for unless we can agree on the main purpose or use of the Adirondacks there is, of course, no hope of agreeing on law or procedure to govern them.

Farsighted leaders many years ago decided that forests on the upper watershed of the Adirondacks were most valuable to the people and to the land by completing their natural cycle of processes while living and forming topsoil when dead. These conclusions were adopted by the Legislature in 1885 and expressed in our constitution of 1894, which required that the State Forest Preserve forests in the Adirondacks should be forever kept wild . . .

Strange as it may seem, when our ancestors settled this state, the land was covered with luxuriant forest, and there were no foresters. Now we have a host of foresters and very little forest. There was an abundance of game, and no game management. Now we are told we cannot have game without game management. There was plenty of fish and no fish culturists. Now we have fish culturists and very few fish. Many plausible explanations are made for these results, but the outstanding and important fact is that Nature's way of providing these important resources has been very successful, but we are forced to conclude by the evidence on the ground and from voluminous reports that man's methods have not been so successful."

—JOHN S. APPERSON, President of the Forest Preserve Association of New York, "Withhold or Use? Conflict in the Adirondacks,"
a lecture given at the Adirondack Mountain Club, 1952



JOHN WILLIAMSON (1826–1885)

Lake George, 1874

Oil on canvas, 20⁵/₈ x 30⁵/₈ inches

Signed and dated 1874, lower right



"The sea was full of life and spirit, the tops of the waves flew back as if they were winged like the gulls themselves, and like them had the freedom of the wind. Out in the main channel we passed a bent-shouldered old fisherman bound for the evening round among his lobster traps. He was toiling along with short oars, and the dory tossed and sank and tossed again with the steamer's waves. I saw that it was old Elijah Tilley, and though we had so long been strangers we had come to be warm friends, and I wished that he had waited for one of his mates, it was such hard work to row along shore through rough seas and tend the traps alone. As we passed I waved my hand and tried to call to him, and he looked up and answered my farewells by a solemn nod. The little town, with the tall masts of its disabled schooners in the inner bay, stood high above the flat sea for a few minutes then it sank back into the uniformity of the coast, and became indistinguishable from the other towns that looked as if they were crumbled on the furzy-green stoniness of the shore."

—SARAH ORNE JEWETT, "The Backward View,"

from *The Country of the Pointed Firs and Selected Short Fiction*, 1896



CHARLES HENRY GIFFORD (1839–1904)

New Bedford View at Sunset, 1875

Oil on canvas, 5 1/2 x 11 1/2 inches

Signed and dated 1875, lower left



"... Our own interest lay in relationships of animal to animal. If one observes in this relational sense, it seems apparent that species are only commas in a sentence, that each species is at once the point and the base of a pyramid, that all life is relational to the point where an Einsteinian relativity seems to emerge. And then not only the meaning but the feeling about species grows misty. One merges into another, groups melt into ecological groups until the time when what we know as life meets and enters what we think of as non-life: barnacle and rock, rock and earth, earth and tree, tree and rain and air. And the units nestle into the whole and are inseparable from it."

—JOHN STEINBECK, *The Log from the Sea of Cortez*, 1951



CHARLES D. HUNT (1840-1914)

Carnarsie

Oil on panel, 5 1/2 x 10 inches

Signed lower left

"I will now conclude, in the hope that, though feebly urged, the importance of cultivating a taste for scenery will not be forgotten. Nature has spread for us a rich and delightful banquet. Shall we turn from it? We are still in Eden; the wall that shuts us out of the garden is our own ignorance and folly. We should not allow the poet's words to be applicable to us:

'Deep in rich pasture do thy flocks complain?
Not so; but to their master is denied
To share the sweet serene.'

May we at times turn from the ordinary pursuits of life to the pure enjoyment of rural nature; which is in the soul like a fountain of cool waters to the way-worn traveller."

—THOMAS COLE, "Essay on American Scenery," 1836



WILLIAM HART (1823–1894)
Summer Idyll in the Hudson Valley, 1849
Oil on canvas, 22 x 30 inches
Signed and dated 1849, lower right





I tried on the farmer's hat,
Didn't fit . . .
A little too small—just a bit
Too floppy.
Couldn't get used to it,
Took it off.
I tried on the dancer's shoes,
A little too loose.
Not the kind you could use
For walkin'.
Didn't feel right in 'em,
Kicked 'em off.

I tried on the summer sun,
Felt good.
Nice and warm—knew it would.
Tried the grass beneath bare feet,
Felt neat.
Finally, finally felt well dressed,
Nature's clothes fit me best.

—SHEL SILVERSTEIN, "Tryin' On Clothes," 1981



HOMER DODGE MARTIN (1836-1897)

Dusk on Lake George

Oil on canvas, 12 1/4 x 20 1/4 inches

Signed lower right

Rolling, rolling, o'er the deep,
Sunken treasures neath me sleep
As I shoreward slowly sweep.

Onward peacefully I roll,
Ever thoughtless of the goal,
Sea-bells round me chime and toll

There is peace above, below,
Far beneath me sea-weeds grow,
Tiny fish glide to and fro,

Now in sunlight, now in shade,
Lost within some ocean glade
By the restless waters made.

—ROBERT FROST, "Song of the Wave," 1890



AUGUSTUS VINCENT TACK (1870-1949)

Seascape

Oil on canvas, 15 x 18 inches

Signed lower right and lower left





"He who would share with the almost delirious ecstasy of enjoyment of this garden should go to it with the woman of his dreams upon a moonlit sky in early June. Then the mighty trunked tree is beplumed with masses of fringed snow-white flowers exhaling fragrance...with insidious oriental subtlety tempting men to excesses. There are indeed other blossoms that conspire to make of this garden an earthly paradise. There is heliotrope, reaching to high balustrades; there are bougainvilleas—billows of rose crimson surging to third floor windows; there are glossy magnolias with blooms pure as moonbeams. It is a garden which impels maidens to linger late on balconies. It is indeed a garden attuned to the mood of love.

—AMY OAKLEY, *The Heart of Provence*, 1936



GEORGE WALTER DAWSON (1870–1938)

White Water Lily, 1912

Watercolor on paper, 10 x 10 inches

Signed and dedicated by the artist,

"George Walter Dawson to Amy & Thornton Oakley," upper right



Ye mountains, woods and rocky, impetuous streams
 Ye wide spread heavens! Speak O speak for me!
 Have I not held communion close with you
 And like to one who is enamoured, gazed
 Intensely on your varying charms;
 And has it been in vain?

—THOMAS COLE, "Written on my birthday, Feb. 1, 1830"



LAUREN SANSARICQ (b. 1990)

Twilight after the Storm, 2011

Oil on panel, 16 x 20 inches

Signed lower left



I was born upon thy bank, river
 My blood flows in thy stream,
 And thou meanderest forever

At the bottom of my dream

I was born upon thy bank, river,

—HENRY DAVID THOREAU, *Journals*, 1837–1847



XANTHUS SMITH (1839–1929)

Fishing Scene in Pennsylvania, 1878

Oil on paper mounted on canvas, 10 x 15 inches

Signed and dated 1878, lower right



"In the depth of winter, when nature lies despoiled of every charm, and wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. The dreariness and desolation of the landscape, the short gloomy days and darksome nights, while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings also from rambling abroad, and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasures of the social circle. Our thoughts are more concentrated; our friendly sympathies more aroused. We feel more sensibly the charm of each other's society, and are brought more closely together by dependence upon each other for enjoyment. Heart calleth unto heart; and we draw our pleasures from the deep wells of living kindness, which lie in the quiet recesses of our bosoms; and which, when resorted to, furnish forth the pure element of domestic felicity."

—WASHINGTON IRVING, *Old Christmas*, 1896



WALTER LAUNT PALMER (1854–1932)

Early Snow

Pastel on board, 14 1/2 x 17 inches

Signed lower left

Yea, the glory of the shadow
of thy Beauty hath walked
Upon the shadow of the waters
In this thy Venice.
And before the holiness
Of the shadow of thy handmaid
Have I hidden mine eyes,
O God of waters.

O God of silence,
Purifiez nos cœurs,
Purifiez nos cœurs,
O God of waters,
make clean our hearts within us,
For I have seen the
Shadow of this thy Venice
Floating upon the waters,
And thy stars.

—EZRA POUND, "Night Litany," 1909



WALTER LAUNT PALMER (1854–1932)

Sailboats, View of Venice

Oil on paper, 13¹/₈ x 17¹/₈ inches

Signed lower right





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FRONTCOVER: William Bradford (1823–1892), *In the Arctic* (detail), 1875,

Oil on canvas, 20 x 16 inches, Signed and dated 1875, lower right

FRONTISPIECE: William Hart (1823–1894), *Summer Idyll in the Hudson Valley* (detail), 1849

Oil on canvas, 22 x 30 inches, Signed and dated 1849, lower right

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CATALOGUE DESIGN: Rita Lascaro