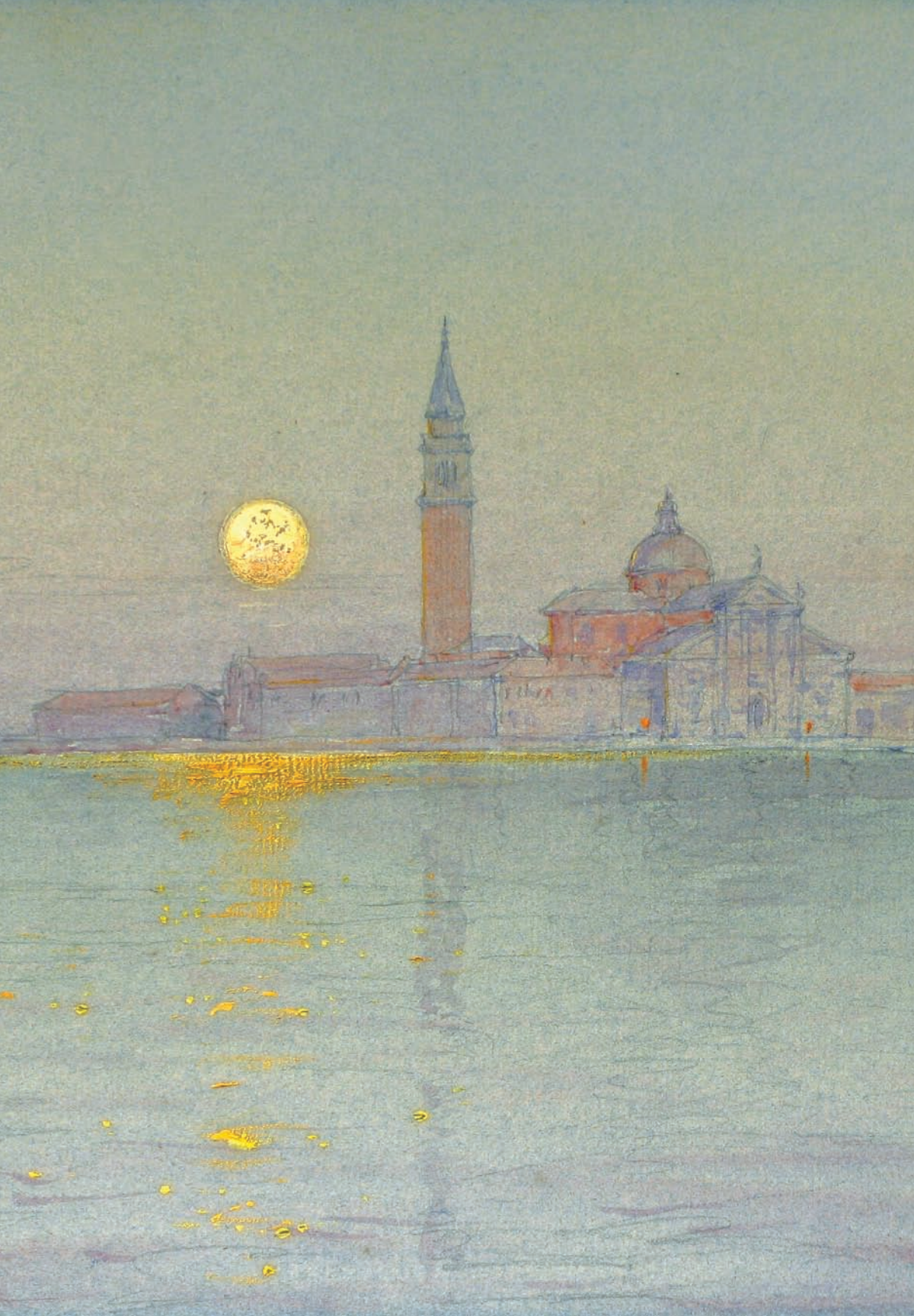


Summer Reading

American Paintings & American Prose



HAWTHORNE FINE ART



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"The production of a work of art throws a light upon the mystery of humanity. A work of art is an abstract or epitome of the world. It is the result or expression of nature, in miniature. For although the works of nature are innumerable and all different, the result or the expression of them all is similar and single. Nature is a sea of forms radically alike and even unique. A leaf, a sun-beam, a landscape, the ocean, make an analogous impression on the mind. What is common to them all,—that perfectness and harmony, is beauty. Therefore the standard of beauty, is the entire circuit of natural forms,—the totality of nature; which the Italians expressed by defining beauty "il piu nell' uno." Nothing is quite beautiful alone: nothing but is beautiful in the whole. A single object is only so far beautiful as it suggests this universal grace. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the musician, the architect, seek each to concentrate this radiance of the world on one point, and each in his several work to satisfy the love of beauty which stimulates him to produce. Thus is Art, a nature passed through the alembic of man. Thus in art, does nature work through the will of a man filled with the beauty of her first works."

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON, *Nature*, 1836



Dear Reader

When creating this catalogue, we hoped to embody Emerson's words that so beautifully convey a deep reverence for the unity of the arts and for all forms of beauty. By pairing our recent acquisitions with iconic passages from American literature, it is our wish to reflect the extraordinary times and places that inspired these works and to transport you back to the moment of their formation.

We purposely made this volume of travel size so that it may accompany you wherever you may go. It can rest by your side or in your hand as you witness and encounter the varying tones and textures of the present. In this way, we wish to create an intimate connection between the artworks and you, one in which you sense their fascinating past and where they can serve as companion in your present.

I hope that you enjoy this juxtaposition of word and image and welcome your response to the beautiful paintings offered herein.

Sincerely,

JENNIFER C. KRIEGER

Managing Partner, Hawthorne Fine Art, LLC

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ALFRED T. BRICHER (1837–1908)

In the Adirondacks, 1865

Oil on board, 9 x 19 inches

Signed and dated 1865, lower left



"I mounted a tree and sat for an hour looking on the silent wilderness. Not an opening was to be seen in the boundless forest except where the lake lay, like a mirror of glass. The water was covered by myriads of the wild-fowl that migrate with the changes in the season; and while in my situation on the branch of the beech, I saw a bear, with her cubs, descend to the shore to drink. I had met many deer, gliding through the woods, in my journey; but not the vestige of a man could I trace during my progress, nor from my elevated observatory. No clearing, no hut, none of the winding roads that are now to be seen, were there; nothing but mountains rising behind mountains, and the valley, with its surface of branches enlivened here and there with the faded foliage of some tree that parted from its leaves with more than ordinary reluctance."

—JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, *The Pioneers*, 1823



"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. At the foot of these fairy mountains the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape."

—WASHINGTON IRVING, *Rip Van Winkle*, 1819



JASPER FRANCIS CROPSEY (1823–1900)

In The Berkshires, 1880

Oil on canvas, 10¹/₄ x 8¹/₄ inches

Signed and dated 1880, lower right



WILLIAM FREDERICK DE HAAS (1830–1880)

Fishermen Off Beavertail Light, 1875

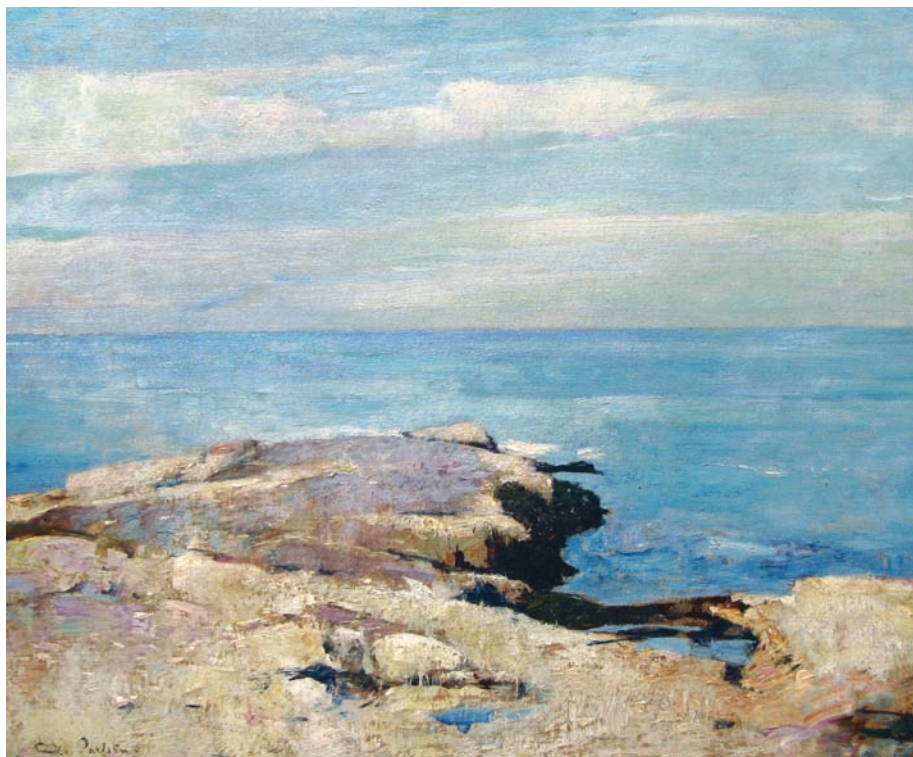
Oil on board, 8 x 12 inches, Signed lower left

Signed again, dated 1875 and inscribed with title, verso



“In some of those matchless summer mornings when I went out to milk the little dun cow, it was hardly possible to go farther than the doorstep, for pure wonder, as I looked abroad at the sea lying still, like a vast, round mirror, the tide drawn away from the rich brown rocks, a sail or two asleep in the calm, not a sound abroad except a few bird voices; dew lying like jewel-dust sifted over everything,—diamond and ruby, sapphire, topaz, and amethyst, flashing out of the emerald deeps of the tufted grass or from the bending tops.”

—CELIA THAXTER, *Among the Isles of Shoals*, 1869



SOREN EMIL CARLSEN (1853–1932)

Barnacled Rocks, 1920

Oil on canvas board, 15 ½ x 19 ½ inches, Signed lower left

Titled and dated 1920, verso



“Why upon your first voyage as a passenger, did you yourself feel such a mystical vibration, when first told that you and your ship were now out of sight of land? Why did the old Persians hold the sea holy? Why did the Greeks give it a separate deity, and own brother of Jove? Surely all this is not without meaning. And still deeper the meaning of that story of Narcissus, who because he could not grasp the tormenting, mild image he saw in the fountain, plunged into it and was drowned. But that same image, we ourselves see in all rivers and oceans. It is the image of the ungraspable phantom of life; and this is the key to it all.” —HERMAN MELVILLE, *Moby-Dick*, 1851

“I see that the word of my city is that word up there,
 Because I see that word nested in nests of water-bays, superb,
 with tall and wonderful spires,
 Rich, hemm’d thick all around with sailships and steamships—
 an island sixteen miles long, solid-founded,
 Numberless crowded streets—high growths of iron, slender, strong,
 light, splendidly uprising toward clear skies;
 Tide swift and ample, well-loved by me, toward sundown,
 The flowing sea-currents, the little islands, larger adjoining islands,
 the heights, the villas,
 The countless masts, the white shore-steamers, the lighters,
 the ferry-boats, the black sea-steamers well-model’d;
 The down-town streets, the jobbers’ houses of business—
 the houses of business of the ship-merchants, and money-brokers—
 the river-streets;
 Immigrants arriving, fifteen or twenty thousand in a week;
 The carts hauling goods—the manly race of drivers of horses—
 the brown-faced sailors;
 The summer air, the bright sun shining, and the sailing clouds aloft;
 The winter snows, the sleigh-bells—the broken ice in the river, passing
 along, up or down, with the flood tide or ebb-tide”
 —WALT WHITMAN, “Mannahatta,” from *Leaves of Grass*, 1855



COLIN CAMPBELL COOPER (1856–1937)
Bowling Green, A Blizzard, 1907
 Watercolor and gouache on card, 13⁷/₈ x 10³/₄ inches (sight)
 Signed lower right; dated January 17, 1907, lower left
 Title inscribed on verso



"Sometimes, after staying in a village parlor till the family had all retired, I have returned to the woods, and, partly with a view to the next day's dinner, spent the hours of midnight fishing from a boat by moonlight, serenaded by owls and foxes, and hearing, from time to time, the creaking note of some unknown bird close at hand. These experiences were very memorable and valuable to me,—anchored in forty feet of water, and twenty or thirty rods from the shore, surrounded sometimes by thousands of small perch and shiners, dimpling the surface with their tails in the moonlight, and communicating by a long flaxen line with mysterious nocturnal fishes which had their dwelling forty feet below, or sometimes dragging sixty feet of line about the pond as I drifted in the gentle night breeze, now and then feeling a slight vibration along it, indicative of some life prowling about its extremity, of dull uncertain blundering purpose there, and slow to make up its mind."

—HENRY DAVID THOREAU, *Walden*, 1854



WALTER LAUNT PALMER (1854–1932)

Moonlight on the Hudson, 1884

Pastel on paper, 24 x 18 inches

Signed and dated 1884, lower left





WALTER LAUNT PALMER (1854–1932)

Venice Moonlight, 1903

Mixed media on paper, 10⁵/₈ x 15³/₈ inches

Signed, dated 1903, and inscribed "To S.S.," lower right

"I came into Venice, just as I had done before, toward the end of a summer's day, when the shadows begin to lengthen and the light to glow, and found that the attendant sensations bore repetition remarkably well. There was the same last intolerable delay at Mestre, just before your first glimpse of the lagoon confirms the already distinct sea-smell which has added speed to the precursive flight of your imagination; then the liquid level, edged afar off by its band of indiscriminated domes and spires, soon distinguished and proclaimed, however, as excited and contentious heads multiply at the windows of the train; then your long rumble on the immense white railway-bridge, which, in spite of the invidious contrast drawn, and very properly, by Mr. Ruskin between the old and the new approach, does truly, in a manner, shine across the green lap of the lagoon like a mighty causeway of marble . . . Meeting in the Piazza on the evening of my arrival a young American painter who told me that he had been spending the summer just where I found him, I could have assaulted him for very envy. He was painting forsooth the interior of St. Mark's. To be a young American painter unperplexed by the mocking, elusive soul of things and satisfied with their wholesome light-bathed surface and shape; keen of eye; fond of colour, of sea and sky and anything that may chance between them; of old lace and old brocade and old furniture (even when made to order); of time-mellowed harmonies on nameless canvases and happy contours in cheap old engravings; to spend one's mornings in still, productive analysis of the clustered shadows of the Basilica, one's afternoons anywhere, in church or campo, on canal or lagoon, and one's evenings in star-light gossip at Florian's, feeling the sea-breeze throb languidly between the two great pillars of the Piazzetta and over the low black domes of the church—this, I consider, is to be as happy as is consistent with the preservation of reason."

—HENRY JAMES, *Italian Hours*, 1909

"Then she opened her new book and began to read. Jo put her arm round her and, leaning cheek to cheek, read also, with the quiet expression so seldom seen on her restless face.

'How good Meg is! Come, Amy, let's do as they do. I'll help you with the hard words, and they explain things if we don't understand,' whispered Beth, very much impressed by the pretty books and her sister's example.

'I'm glad mine is blue,' said Amy. And then the rooms were very still while the pages were softly turned, and the winter sunshine crept in to touch the bright heads and serious faces with a Christmas greeting."

—LOUISA MAY ALCOTT, *Little Women*, 1868



WALTER LAUNT PALMER (1854–1932)

Brook in Winter

Pastel on paper, 24 x 18 inches, Signed lower right





"Never had the May-Pole been so gaily decked as at sunset on mid-summer eve. This venerated emblem was a pine tree, which had preserved the slender grace of youth, while it equalled the loftiest height of the old wood monarchs. From its top streamed a silken banner, colored like the rainbow. Down nearly 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 fantastic knots of twenty different colors, but no sad ones. Garden flowers, and 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 May-Pole was stained with the seven brilliant hues of the banner at its top. On the lowest green bough hung an abundant wreath of roses, some that had been gathered in the 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



CHARLES WARREN EATON (1857–1937)

Group of Pines, Bloomfield, NJ

Oil on board, 7⁷/₈ x 10 inches, Signed lower left

Inscribed with title on label, verso

"In the woods too, a man casts off his years, as the snake his slough, and at what period soever of life, is always a child. In the woods, is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God, a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. In the woods, we return to reason and faith. There I feel that nothing can befall me in life,—no disgrace, no calamity, (leaving me my eyes,) which nature cannot repair. Standing on the bare ground,—my head bathed by the blithe air, and uplifted into infinite space,—all mean egotism vanishes. I become a transparent eye-ball; I am nothing; I see all; the currents of the Universal Being circulate through me; I am part or particle of God."

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON, *Nature*, 1836



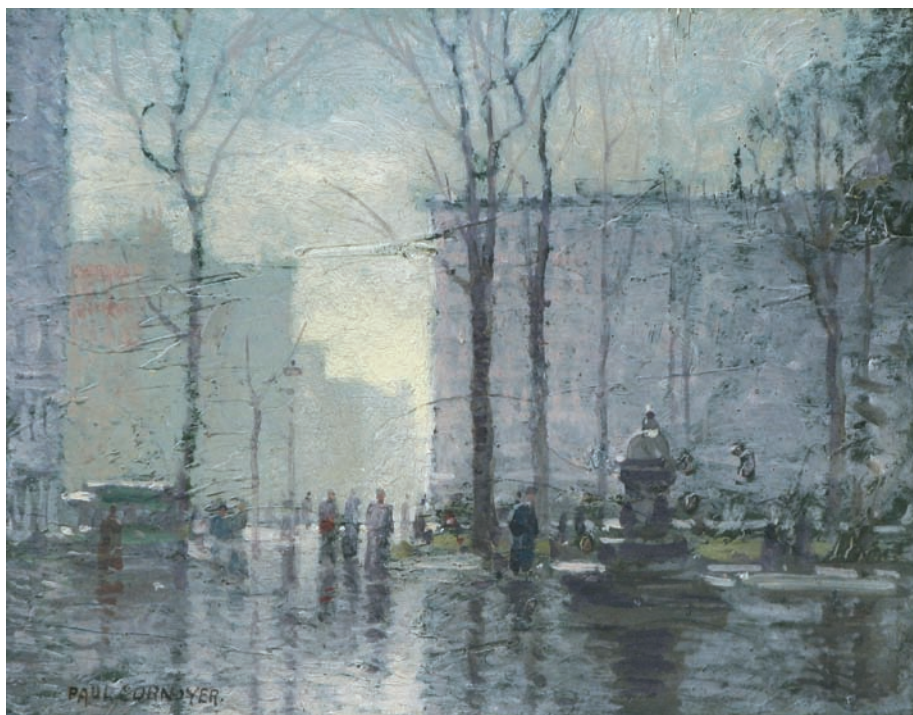
JOHN FABIAN CARLSON (1874–1945)

Winter Hickories

Oil on canvas, 25 x 30 inches, Signed lower left

Signed again and inscribed with title on stretcher





PAUL CORNOYER (1864–1923)

Rainy Day, Madison Square Park, New York City

Oil on panel, $5\frac{3}{4} \times 7\frac{3}{4}$ inches, Signed lower left



“She hesitated a moment, looking down the street toward the angle of Madison Square, which was visible from the corner where they stood.

‘Will you walk back to the square with me? Then we can sit down a moment.’

She began to move as she spoke, and he walked beside her in silence till they had gained the seat she pointed out. Her hansom trailed after them, drawing up at the corner.”

—EDITH WHARTON, *The Age of Innocence*, 1920



GEORGE INNESS (1825–1894)
Homeward Bound, ca. 1864–1865
 Oil on canvas, 25 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 36 inches
 Signed and dated 1865, lower right



“Adam stood up and strode out of the room. He went to the back door and looked out on the afternoon. Far off in the field his brother was lifting stones from a sled and piling them on the stone wall. Adam looked up at the sky. A blanket of herring clouds was rolling in from the east. He sighed deeply and his breath made a tickling, exciting feeling in his chest. His ears seemed suddenly clear, so that he heard the chickens cackling and the east wind blowing over the ground. He heard horses’ hoofs plodding on the road and far-off pounding on wood where a neighbor was shingling a barn. And all these sounds related into a kind of music.”

—JOHN STEINBECK, *East of Eden*, 1952

“**W**hen spring came, after that hard winter, one could not get enough of the nimble air. Every morning I wakened with a fresh consciousness that winter was over. There were none of the signs of spring for which I used to watch in Virginia, no budding woods or blooming gardens. There was only—spring itself; the throb of it, the light restlessness, the vital essence of it everywhere: in the sky, in the swift clouds, in the pale sunshine, and in the warm, high wind—rising suddenly, sinking suddenly, impulsive and playful like a big puppy that pawed you and then lay down to be petted. If I had been tossed down blindfold on that red prairie, I should have known that it was spring.

Everywhere now there was the smell of burning grass. Our neighbours burned off their pasture before the new grass made a start, so that the fresh growth would not be mixed with the dead stand of last year. Those light, swift fires, running about the country, seemed a part of the same kindling that was in the air.”

—WILLA CATHER, *My Ántonia*, 1918



GEORGE INNESS (1825–1894)

Landscape, Montclair, NJ, 1867

Oil on canvas mounted to board, 10 x 16 inches

Signed and dated 1867, lower right





"They came back to camp wonderfully refreshed, glad-hearted, and ravenous; and they soon had the camp-fire blazing up again. Huck found a spring of clear cold water close by, and the boys made cups of broad oak or hickory leaves, and felt that water, sweetened with such a wildwood charm as that, would be a good enough substitute for coffee. While Joe was slicing bacon for breakfast, Tom and Huck asked him to hold on a minute; they stepped to a promising nook in the river-bank and threw in their lines; almost immediately they had reward. Joe had not had time to get impatient before they were back again with some handsome bass, a couple of sun-perch and a small catfish—provisions enough for quite a family. They fried the fish with the bacon, and were astonished; for no fish had ever seemed so delicious before. They did not know that the quicker a fresh-water fish is on the fire after he is caught the better he is; and they reflected little upon what a sauce open-air sleeping, open-air exercise, bathing, and a large ingredient of hunger make, too."

—MARK TWAIN, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, 1876



WILLIAM HART (1823–1894)

Mill on the Upper Hudson, 1846

Oil on canvas, 17¹/₄ x 21 inches

Signed and dated 1846, lower center

“We have just built our house in rather an out-of-the-way place—on the bank of a river, and under the shade of a patch of woods which is a veritable remain of quite an ancient forest. The checkerberry and partridge-plum, with their glossy green leaves and scarlet berries, still carpet the ground under its deep shadows; and prince’s-pine and other kindred evergreens declare its native wildness,—for these are children of the wild woods, that never come after plough and harrow have once broken a soil.

When we tried to look out the spot for our house, we had to get a surveyor to go before us and cut a path through the dense underbrush that was laced together in a general network of boughs and leaves, and grew so high as to overtop our heads. Where the house stands, four or five great old oaks and chestnuts had to be cut away to let it in; and now it stands on the bank of the river, the edges of which are still overhung with old forest-trees, chestnuts and oaks, which look at themselves in the glassy stream.”

—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, *Our Country Neighbors*, 1867



HUGH BOLTON JONES

The Old Swimming Hole

Oil on canvas, 16 ³/₄ x 24 ³/₄ inches, Signed lower left





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FRONTCOVER: William Frederick de Haas (1830–1880), *Fishermen Off Beavertail Light*, 1875,
Oil on board, 8 x 12 inches, Signed lower left, Signed again, dated 1875 and inscribed with title, verso

FRONTISPIECE: Walter Launt Palmer (1854–1932), *Venice Moonlight* (detail), 1903,
Mixed media on paper, 10⁵/₈ x 15³/₈ inches, Signed, dated 1903, and inscribed "To S.S.," lower right

CATALOGUE DESIGN: Rita Lascaro