

Summer Reading 2016

AMERICAN PAINTINGS & AMERICAN PROSE



HAWTHORNE FINE ART

Dear Reader

I PUT TOGETHER the selections for this year's *Summer Reading 2016* catalogue drawing solely from our new acquisitions. I thought it might provide a window into where our interests lie and as such reflect our enthusiasm for the finest landscapes of the Hudson River School, Impressionist and Ashcan periods, lush still-lives as well as life-like and engaging genre and figurative scenes. I also realized that a common thread throughout these divergent works is the theme of nature's bounty. I enjoy seeing these paintings as a celebration of the fullness of life, whether as a rich expression of color, light and texture in a landscape or of relatable feeling in a human subject. It is my hope that in selecting the strongest examples and offering them at the right values we can through your patronage continue to unearth the best of what this period of American Art has to offer. Thank you for the opportunity.

With best regards,

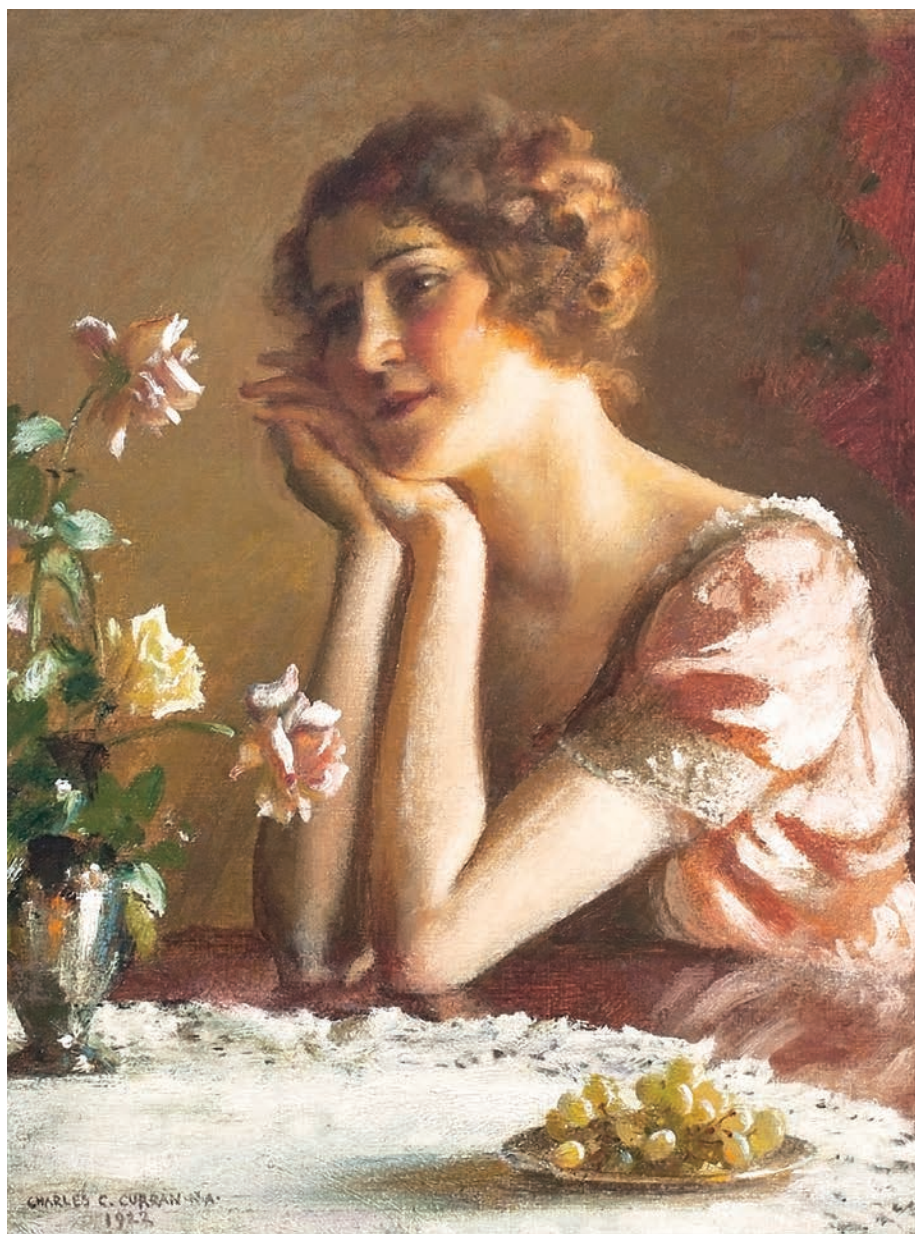
JENNIFER C. KRIEGER

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Gaze in thine eyes, my darling,
Gaze deep in thy lovely eyes —
I see the light of thy girlish grace,
Of tear and smile a vanishing trace,
Thy dreamy fancies, thy thoughts refined,
The depth and strength of thy noble mind;
Yet, deepest of all, thro' the quivering maze
I pierce with an earnest, steady gaze,
Deepest of all, my image lies
In the pure, true calm of thy speaking eyes!

—ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN AND
DORA READ GOODALE, *Love's Image*



CHARLES COURTNEY CURRAN (1861–1942)

Reverie, 1922

Oil on canvas, 10 x 8 inches

Signed and dated 1922, lower left

This lakelet was, perhaps, a hundred yards in diameter at its widest part. No crystal could be clearer than its waters. Its bottom, which could be distinctly seen, consisted altogether, of pebbles brilliantly white. Its banks, of the emerald grass already described, rounded, rather than sloped, off into the clear heaven below; and so clear was this heaven, so perfectly, at times, did it reflect all objects above it, that where the true bank ended and where the mimic one commenced, it was a point of no little difficulty to determine. The trout, and some other varieties of fish, with which this pond seemed to be almost inconveniently crowded, had all the appearance of veritable flying-fish. It was almost impossible to believe that they were not absolutely suspended in the air. A light birch canoe that lay placidly on the water, was reflected in its minutest fibres with a fidelity unsurpassed by the most exquisitely polished mirror.

—EDGAR ALLEN POE, *Landor's Cottage*



ERNEST PARTON (1845–1933)

Twilight, Fall Scenery, 1868

10 x 16 inches, Oil on canvas

Signed and dated 1868, lower right





The fragrance of the apple blossom reminds me of a pure and innocent and unsophisticated country girl bedecked for church.

—HENRY DAVID THOREAU, *The Journal of Henry David Thoreau*



SAMUEL LANCASTER GERRY (1813–1891)

Apple Blossoms, c. 1860

Oil on board, 12 1/2 x 18 inches

Signed lower right

Carl sat musing until the sun leaped above the prairie, and in the grass about him all the small creatures of day began to tune their tiny instruments. Birds and insects without number began to chirp, to twitter, to snap and whistle, to make all manner of fresh shrill noises. The pasture was flooded with light; every clump of ironweed and snow-on-the-mountain threw a long shadow, and the golden light seemed to be rippling through the curly grass like the tide racing in.

—WILLA CATHER, *O Pioneers!*



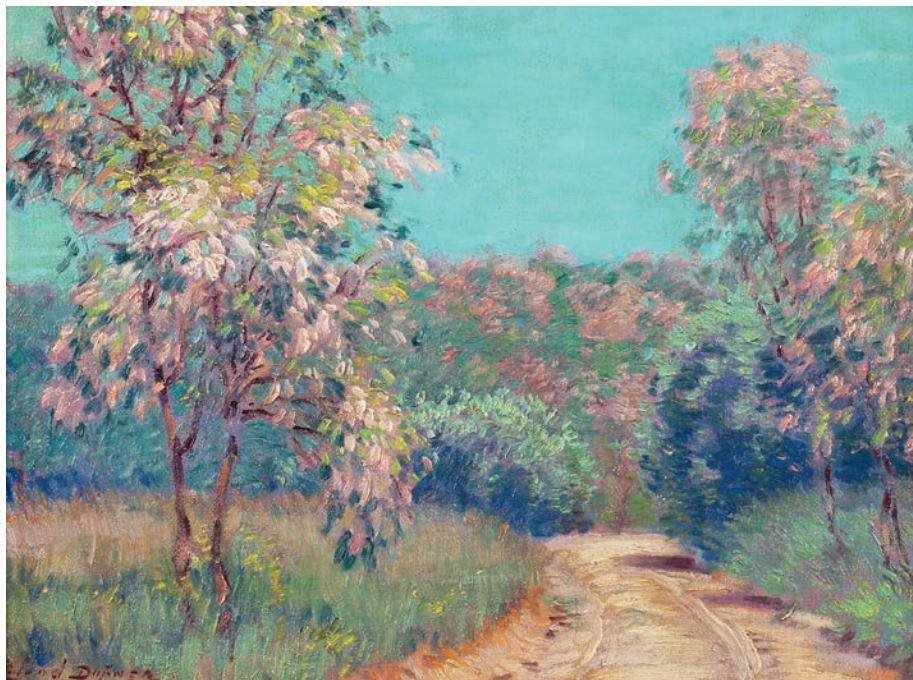
ARTHUR FITZWILLIAM TAIT (1819–1905)

Chickens, 1866

Oil on board, 9 x 12 inches

Inscribed and dated 1866, verso





The morning sun looked softly down upon the broad green earth, which like a mighty altar was sending up clouds of perfume from its breast, while flowers danced gayly in the summer wind, and birds sang their morning hymn among the cool green leaves.

—LOUISA MAY ALCOTT, *Flower Fables*



EDWARD DUFNER (1871–1957)

Springtime

Oil on canvas, 11 x 15 inches

Signed lower left





Bushes of sweetbrier grew in fragrant little forests as tall as the fences. Clumps of wild roses sprang up at every turn, and over all the stone walls, as well as on every heap of rocks by the wayside, prickly blackberry vines ran and clambered and clung, yielding fruit and thorns impartially to the neighborhood children.

—KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, *Rose O' the River*

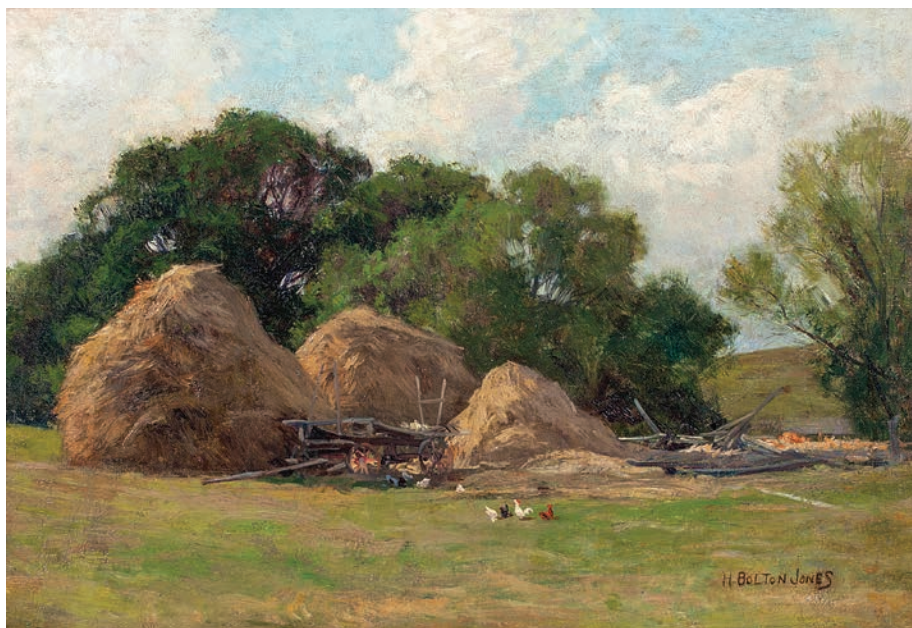


ABBOTT FULLER GRAVES (1859–1936)

Roses in a Field

Oil on canvas, 14 x 10 inches

Signed lower right



I cannot tell you how many delicious hours I have passed lying on the cocks of new-mown hay, on the pleasant slopes of some of those hills, inhaling the fragrance of the fields, while the summer fly buzzed above me . . .

—WASHINGTON IRVING, *Tales of a Traveller*



HUGH BOLTON JONES (1848–1927)

Summer Haystacks

Oil on canvas, 13½ x 19½ inches

Signed lower right



Across the lonely beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, but by bit,
The scattered drift-wood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I.

—CELIA THAXTER, *The Sandpiper*



CHILDE HASSAM (1859–1935)
Along the Coast [Perros-Guirec, Cotes du Nord, France], 1910
Oil on panel, 7 x 10 inches
Signed and dated lower right

There are few preliminaries and no formalities when the Person with a Story is found. The motherly little sister stands by the side of her chair, two or three of the smaller fry perch on the arms, and the baby climbs up into her lap (such a person always has a capacious lap), and folds his fat hands placidly. Then there is a deep sigh of blissful expectation and an expressive silence, which means, "Now we are ready, please; and if you would be kind enough to begin it with 'Once upon a time,' we should be much obliged; though of course we understand that all the stories in the world can't commence that way, delightful as it would be."

—KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN AND NORA A. SMITH, *The Story Hour*



GEORGE COCHRAN LAMBDIN (1830–1896)

The Gentle Sister, 1866

Oil on canvas, 24 x 20 inches

Signed, titled and dated 1866, verso





Luigi Carbone.



Dear, I send you this little bunch of flowers as my Easter token. Perhaps you may not be able to read their meaning, so I'll tell you. Violets, you know, are my favorite flowers. Dear, little, human-faced things! They seem always as if about to whisper a love-word; and then they signify that thought which passes always between you and me.

—ALICE DUNBAR NELSON, *Violets*



EMIL CARLSEN (1853–1932)

Violets

Oil on canvas, 10 x 12 inches

Signed lower right



Thee I hail, as thou dost pass,
Reflecting in thy watery glass
Wide spreading elms, and basswoods high,
And pines that kiss the ambient sky.
Thy stream, which runs like fancy's child
Irregular and sweetly wild,
Now through fertile meadows strays,
And pleas'd with beauties on each side,
Its downward course awhile delays,
And hardly seems to glide.

—JOSIAS LYNDON ARNOLD

Ode Written on the Banks of the Passumpsick River



ERNEST LAWSON (1873–1939)

On the Harlem River

Oil on canvas, 25¹/₄ x 30¹/₄ inches

Signed lower left



My heart is warm with the friends I make,
And better friends I'll not be knowing,
Yet there isn't a train I wouldn't take,
No matter where it's going.

—EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY, *Travel*



ALFRED T. BRICHER (1837–1908)

[attributed]

Along the Hudson River Railroad, ca. 1860s

Oil on canvas, 9 x 15 inches



The society of the animal world lent its gracious consolation; the great horses, the ponderous oxen, the doves fluttering and cooing about the barnyard, the suckling calves, the playful colts, all came to him as to a friend, and in giving him their confidence and affection awakened his own.

—CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS, *The Redemption of David Corson*



JOHN SLOAN (1871–1951)

James Dixon Sloan, Fort Washington, Pennsylvania, 1910

Oil on canvas, 9 x 11 inches

Signed and dated 1910, lower right

We took the book into the woods at the ends of the long summer afternoons that remained to us when we had finished our work, and on the shining Sundays of the warm, late spring, the early, warm autumn, and we read it there on grassy slopes or heaps of fallen leaves; so that much of the poetry is mixed for me with a rapturous sense of the out-door beauty of this lovely natural world. We read turn about, one taking the story up as the other tired, and as we read the drama played itself under the open sky and in the free air with such orchestral effects as the sighing woods or some rippling stream afforded. It was not interrupted when a squirrel dropped a nut on us from the top of a tall hickory; and the plaint of a meadow-lark prolonged itself with unbroken sweetness from one world to the other.

—WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, *My Literary Passions*



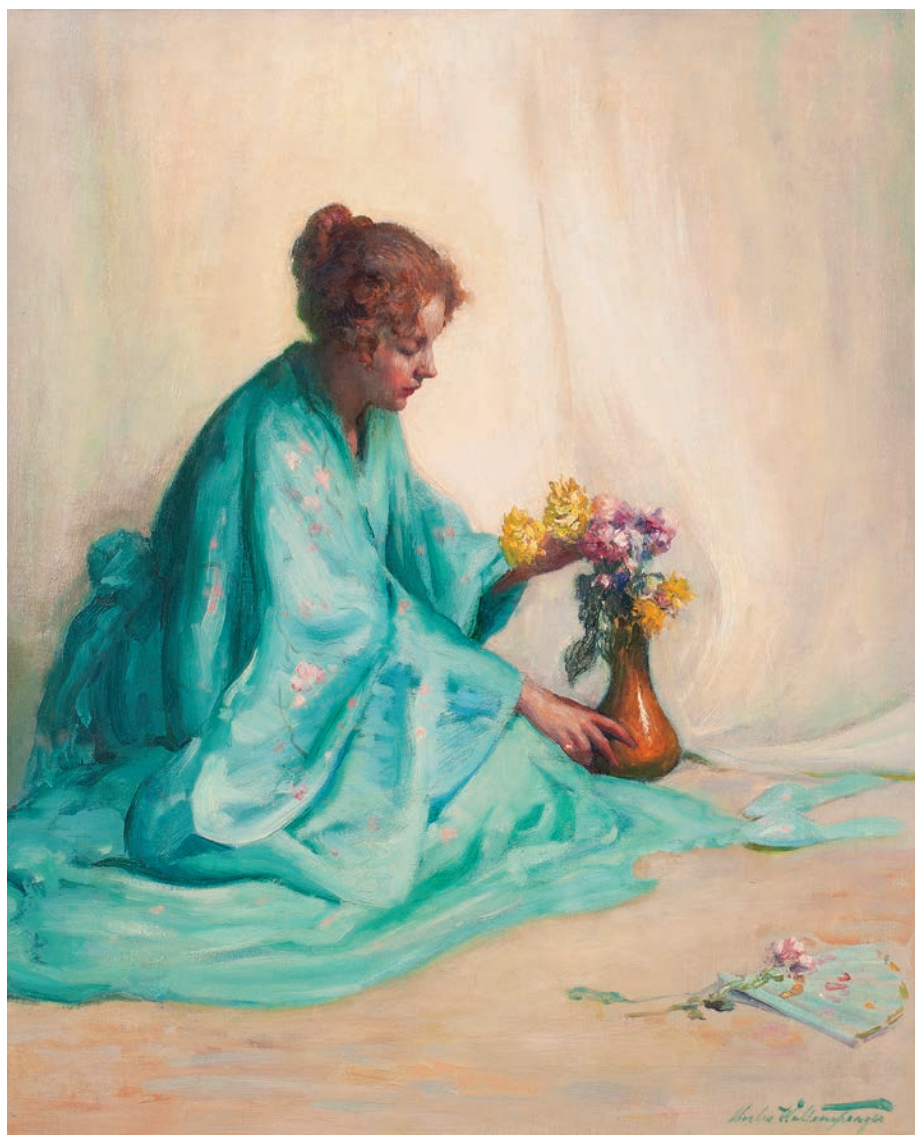
RUFUS WAY SMITH (1840–1900)

Falling Leaves

Oil on canvas, 29½ x 15½ inches

Signed lower left





Soon there emerged from under a sculptured portal the figure of a young girl, arrayed with as much richness of taste as the most splendid of the flowers, beautiful as the day, and with a bloom so deep and vivid that one shade more would have been too much.

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Rappaccini's Daughter



CHARLES WALTENSPERGER (1871–1931)

The Flower Arrangement

Oil on canvas, 24 x 20 inches

Signed lower right and verso

FRONT COVER: Ernest Lawson (1873–1939), *On the Harlem River* (detail), Oil on canvas, 25¼ x 30¼ inches, Signed lower left

INSIDE FRONT COVER: Rufus Way Smith (1840–1900), *Falling Leaves* (detail), Oil on canvas, 29½ x 15½ inches, Signed lower left

BACK COVER: John Sloan (1871–1951), *James Dixon Sloan, Fort Washington, Pennsylvania* (detail), 1910, Oil on canvas, 9 x 11 inches, Signed and dated 1910, lower right

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