

*Retrospective and Comparative*

EXHIBITION

*of Paintings*

by the late

GEORGE INNESS, N. A.

and a few examples by the late

A. H. WYANT, N. A.

from the

George H. Anslie Collection

569 Fifth Avenue

New York

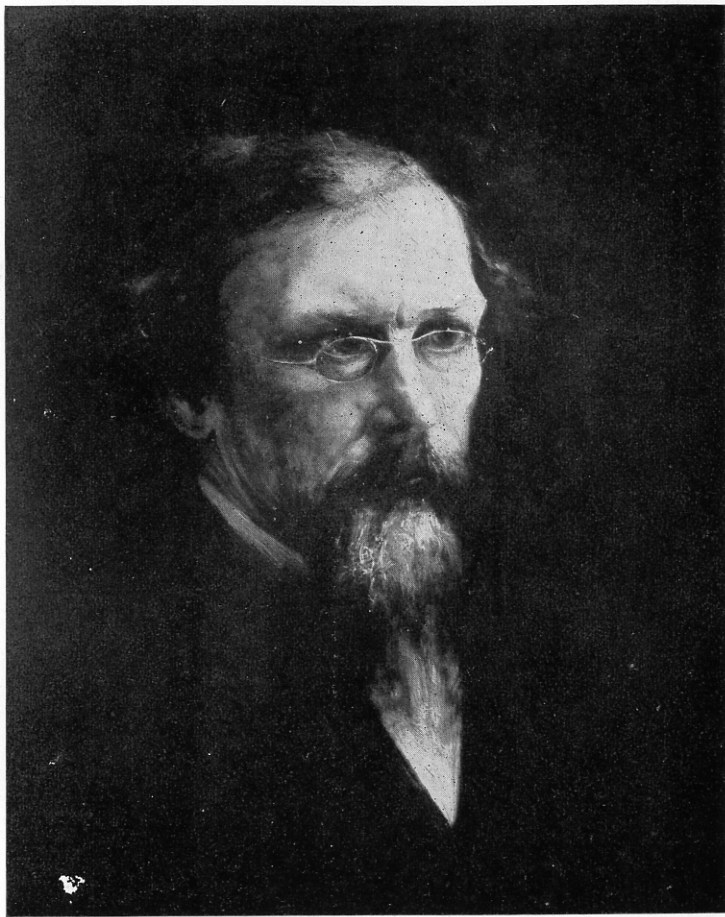


Nov. 1st to Nov. 30th inclusive, 1913

OPEN FREE

Week days 10 a. m. to 6 p. m. Sundays and Holidays 2 to 6 p. m.

**A**T times he is broad and powerful like Rousseau, at times delicate with the Elysian sentiment of Corot, here idyllically rustic like Daubigny, and here full of vehement lament like Dupre. All his pictures are tone-symphonies, broadly painted, deeply harmonized, and in perfect concord; and the history of Art must hold him in honour as one of the most delicate and many-sided landscapists of the century.—George Inness, by Richard Muther, in the "History of Modern Painting." Volume IV, page 316.



GEORGE INNESS  
BY GEORGE INNESS, JR.

# A List of Some of the Best Books and Articles in the Library on the Artists Represented in This Exhibition

WYANT, ALEXANDER HEDWIG.

CAFFIN. American Masters of Painting. 1906. P.  
143-152.

ISHAM. History of American Painting. 1905. P.  
261-262.

PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine, 1905. V. 110, p. 802.

INNESS, GEORGE.

BENJAMIN. Our American Artists. 1881. P. 36-40.

CAFFIN. American Masters of Painting. 1906. P.  
3-15.

HARTMANN. History of American Art. 1902. V. 1.  
p. 94-100.

ISHAM. History of American Painting. 1905. P.  
254-66.

MCSADDEN. Famous Painters of America. 1907.  
P. 111-139.

MUTHER. History of Modern Painting. 1896. V. 3,  
p. 484-486.

SINGLETON, ed. Modern Paintings. 1911. P. 92-99.

PERIODICALS.

Art Journal (Lond.) 1887. V. 29, p. 110-111.

Century, 1882. V. 2, p. 57-64.

Chautauquan, 1908. V. 50, p. 370-372.

Cosmopolitan, Sept., 1913. V. 55, p. 518-525.

Dial, 1912. V. 53, p. 42-44.

Outlook, 1903. V. 73, p. 535-544.

International Studio, 1911. V. 43, sup. p. 37-43.

Masters in Art, June, 1908. V. 9, p. 215-254.

Scribner's Magazine, 1908. V. 44, p. 509-512.

March 21, 1912

MR. GEORGE H. AINSLIE

1140 Dean Street, Brooklyn

My dear Mr. Ainslie

You gave me a very great pleasure in seeing the group of Inness paintings now in your Brooklyn home.

More than any of our painters he was intensely dramatic and versatile, and one can only judge the mastery of the great painter by seeing a group of his works. I may go further and say that all men who wish a knowledge of Inness, and all citizens who have a patriotic impulse at all should see these pictures. There are five, at least, of them which show us the fullness of his power, and all of them are so precious as indicating his ability, his methods, and his growth, that no praise is too great. The five or six greater ones are splendid enough to give to his name that fame which is sure to attach to it in the swiftly coming years—the greatest and most significant landscape painter the world has known. You are to be heartily congratulated upon the possession of these pictures.

Very sincerely

ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD

# FOREWORD

BY ALBERT STERNER

**G**EORGE INNESS was an honest painter. That is saying a great deal and does not mean that he only copied conscientiously the nature he studied constantly. It rather means that, as clearly as he could, as directly as his means would permit at a given time of his career, he endeavored to put down in his own way his impressions of nature. His results are successful, in varying degrees. At times a great spontaneity and glowing passion leads him to give a very finished performance with the simplest means, at others, a tortured and complicated technique shows him to be in the throes of experimental metamorphosis, the habit and pleasure of the true artist.

In his early work, Inness, avid for knowledge of the thing seen, uses his brush and pencil restrainedly, and shows a somewhat photographic fidelity to the piece of nature depicted; in his middle period a desire for sense of solidity of the forms and weight of the earth, the rocks, the tree trunks, led him often to heaviness and blackish or muddy color, but in his last and great canvases where he seeks to give but the essential mood of nature, moonlight mist, sunset gloom or glow, the pigments he uses and his methods have become his slaves, and, whether before nature, or turning for his pictorial matter to the stored knowledge of years, his performance has the rare quality of artistic unity, and reaches the spectator to hold him by its untainted emotion. This power alone suffices to place an artist among the great masters.

# GEORGE INNESS

BY ARTHUR HOEBER

THE late George Inness was not only the greatest landscape painter that America has produced, but he was one of the greatest artists of the modern world, fit to rank with the best of all nations. He may also be said to have come under the head of that much-abused word, *genius*. He loved his nature and he saturated himself with it, painting best from his memory of the scene, in the quiet of his studio, where, taking his own unconventional way, he might wander into strange paths and experiments, in the end—and this is the secret of the great artist—making himself part and parcel of the performance, so that the result was nature seen through an artistic temperament. It is this that gives the lasting value to his work, that distinguishes it from the mass of excellent technical performances on all sides. Furthermore, Inness possessed a fine sense of the pictorial, knew to a nicety the value of balance, of light and shade, and he had the anatomy of nature at his finger tips, so that in later years every brush sweep was full of meaning. This was the result of a long and serious apprenticeship before nature, the making of hundreds, even thousands of sketches where every branch and leaf were depicted with extraordinary fidelity and for the purpose of study. The road that led to his success was no royal one, flower strewn. He richly deserved all that came to him, for he had fought the battle and had been in the forefront of the fray from the start.

George Inness, of course, had an extraordinary success toward the end of his life, but in truth he was really never

without a serious patronage almost from the beginning. He always sold fairly well and had strong admirers, but perhaps it was not until the early nineties that there came to be a highly serious demand for his work. Then it was that Thomas B. Clarke, Richard Halstead and other prominent collectors, seeing the large import of his efforts, began to buy all they could get from Inness, and their reputation was such that others followed in their footsteps. Finally, in 1899, at the sale of Mr. Clarke's collection, came the staggering sensation of a buyer paying \$10,150 for Inness's "Gray, Lowery Day," and the public sat up and took notice, for never before had such a figure been offered for an American landscape at auction. That same evening another splendid example fetched \$6,100! It was his "Clouded Sun." Happily these sums were not the result of hysteria, excitement or the nervousness of ill-advised bidders. George Inness had been publicly recognized, and his work stood with the best of all ages. Since that time collectors have vied with each other in their efforts to secure his work, and while naturally the man is better at some times than he is at others—for no artist can be always at concert pitch—the general excellence of Inness is universally admitted. The gods had called him.

The present collection of pictures, all of which represent the man at his best, while some of them are among his undisputed masterpieces—and the word is used with full realization of its significance. The display of the pictures is a chance that this generation will never live to see again. That this exhibition should be offered to the general public is the citizen's great opportunity, for the show is a liberal education in itself, while in all probability there will never again be such an occasion for the collector to augment his possessions with such representative American examples. Happily, too, the collector is beginning to fully appreciate the advantages of an invest-



ment in the best of native art. It is no longer a hazard but an admitted fact that our own men are worthy to stand with the best in the world. It is not necessary to recall such names as Homer Martin, Alexander H. Wyant, Winslow Homer and others to note the increase in values which in a decade have gone up by leaps and bounds. Already the advance in prices is almost unbelievable, and the men being dead and gone, no longer capable of reproduction, is a factor that adds materially to the values.

The marvelously beautiful "Mill Pond," shown at the Paris Exposition Universelle of 1900, created a sensation and instantly placed Mr. Inness in a high position in his profession. But after all, it is a matter of individual choice largely, so admirable is this aggregation of works, and the dispersal of the collection is a distinct art event, the like of which will, it is safe to predict, never occur again in the present generation.

# A WORD ON GEORGE INNESS

BY ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD

**T**HIS collection of pictures by the late George Inness is most comprehensive, and especially interesting. More than almost any other modern master Inness may be traced in his development with great certainty by his technical methods, in his color and in that transition which progressed from the firm and orderly objective renderings of his youth to the subtle, suave and wholly synthetic works of the last year or two, and again there are those of us still alive who have a personal knowledge of most of these particular canvases, and who are able to say that a given work was executed at a particular time and under certain conditions. This group of works is quite complete, running, as it does, from very early examples, through the later periods, to the heights when he painted with fullest power, and then on to the sweet singing which is prophetic of the final effort—even as a wave seen far away is urged onward, with ever-increasing power, lifts itself into fullest crested height, to break and lose itself in the infinity of the sands.

The poet, the scientist and the technical master are all here, and the colorist. What more can be said to make one know the value of these works as a group, except it be to express the wish that leaps into being—has leaped before when other groups have been dispersed—that the entire collection might be placed in one great museum where the American people could look upon them, live with them, love them and come to know that we, too, have produced a world master, that there has lived with us, worked beside us the peer of

those of other lands whose names long since became familiar, even household words, and no one of whom combined such versatility or commanded a virility with a sweetness so great as this man, our own George Inness. As I write of him—and it has been my good fortune to do so often—I call upon my memory and see the active, energetic figure, the clean-cut face with its flashing eyes, the head topped with long, even shaggy locks; I see the swift attack upon the canvas, the spread of great waves of color and the magical transformations taking place under the touch that was unlike that of any painter who ever lived. His was a process of evolution in paint (I speak of his later years), not the creation by painting on of objects. Somewhere I have seen it said—perhaps I said it myself—that Whistler's flowers seemed to bloom from his brush—and so with Inness; his forms seemed, nay, the idea did flow from the brush as one watched. What a moment ago was but a spread of cadmium now became broad sunlight, filling meadow and hillside, or, again, the strange swabble—the word is a good one—of black, apparently hopeless in its confusion, become in an incredibly small space of time a splendidly rolling sky, filled with a wealth of billowy form and tender cloudlets—all magic, if you will, but ordered—and his very own, himself the master, and the brush and pigments merely the instruments with which he created. For its clear objectivity and directness of vision let us take the "Delaware Valley" (he painted many pictures with this title). How direct the vision and how sure yet simple is the drawing, where the few well-chosen lines give all the compositional flow that is necessary, and the darker trees, stretching out from the sloping, near hillside, sustain the sense of horizontal and impose a consciousness of perfect balance. Consider, also, this hillside with its two little fruit trees, and mark the unerring accuracy with which he has placed the little forms of haystack and house gables, so that the observer passes down

the far slope of the hill to the nestling farm in the valley—the river flows safely in its bed and the far hills reach a sky line at once elusive and alluring. This is art, and when we consider that this is an early picture, are we not already in the presence of a master?

Some day some one is going to write of Inness's truth of skies, his knowledge of cloud forms, his perfect choice of *idea* in the sky represented in a given theme. We shall then see more of beauty than now when we merely say, "a good sky." Usually it is more with Inness—it is a right sky.

In some of these landscapes, Turner alone would have presumed to use such color, and in them the problem being similar and the interest exactly in the same place—the splendor of the sunset sky—Inness has dared to reach into the very heart's blood of the palette, and balances the western glory with a wealth of broken tone that is superb and masterly. I saw him working upon some of these pictures and know precisely what his puzzles were—to go down into the little valleys and up the far slope, keeping at all times the fullness of color in the sky. In the one case he uses a lovely green meadow, through which moves a stream vivid with the blood of the sky; and in the other a still pool gives the opportunity to catch the eye with the promised glory of the sky. Of all other objects he has sacrificed just enough—synthecized—to bring out fully the beauty of the sunset.

Two pictures which seem to stand as treasures—pictures which for their own beauty and for their method technically are without fault or hitch. They seem to have breathed themselves into being from the master's brush in swift, subtle flowings of color. In both cases they are almost if not altogether in transparent color. Drawn and painted with a consummate knowledge of theme and form, of value and mass, and executed with a love that gives them rare importance,

“The Autumn Woods,” and the “Home of the Heron,” both masterpieces—it is not necessary to say that either is the finer—they are equally representative of those rare periods in the great painter’s life when he painted without strain the thing he felt, speaking to us in the language of line, form and color of the beauty his own soul felt, and bequeathing to all who came after him his love of the woods, the grace of trees and the charm of solitude.

If we have doubted this, is it not dispelled by the sight of such a form as the noble tree in “The Mill Pond”? How gracefully its branches drape toward the earth and how subtle and dramatic is the character in the gnarled and broken stump or log on the ground. Old tree, old tree, you, too, shall put off all that royal show of crimson robes and lie stripped, naked and broken; you, too, shall be but a log upon a damp shore! Ah, but meanwhile its autumn splendor glorifies the pond and the dimly seen mill lures us across the mirroring water to other trees and other colors, noble and beautiful! From first to last I saw this canvas painted and know how it was valued by Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, into whose hands it passed at once. And if further example be needed, both of his love and his knowledge of tree forms, shall we not be satisfied by the great canvas, “The Florida Pines”? We who know them best as turpentine pines, or long-leaf pines, know, also, the extreme difficulty of managing the straight, slender trunks, which lift themselves to great heights ere a limb leaves the stem. How skilfully has the artist massed them and how perfectly has he indicated the character in the slender near-by trees, the monotony of straight lines broken by the play of sun and shadow. Such canvases are too precious to be estimated. They are of the nation’s treasure, to be loved of the people.

We have also but to look at the great canvas, “After a Summer Shower, with Rainbow,” to see him in one of those

intense, dramatic moods which draw him so close to nature, and to have revealed again his power over the strange, weird light that is the accompaniment of the drama of breaking storm. No man knew storm better, and in this picture that knowledge is fully expressed. The one moonlight is superb. It was originally planned to become a part of the Potter Palmer collection, and through some change of plan it remained in the painter's studio, to be dwelt upon, changed and brought to its final perfection. It is so easy to do the pretty, sentimental moonlight—the thing that pleases. No such mood was upon Inness in creating this picture. It was the majesty of the night, its mystery and its color, that he essayed, and as the canvas grew day by day, losing under his touch all needless detail, it became a veritable poem—a moonlight sonata, indeed, and in my view one of his great successes.

It was almost his last work, and for this and for its own beauty it is very precious. Those who love Inness will dwell long with these pictures; those who would know him may learn the lesson quite perfectly among them, and those who have felt inclined to harsher criticism may well be silenced in their presence.

## INNESS (GEORGE), N. A., DECEASED

“**H**OW much the American art world owes to the late George Inness can never be computed. At a time when men were painting anæmic, emasculated transcripts of nature or rather studio recollections of the great world outside, he had the courage to break away from traditions, to set out on a path he had blazed for himself, and to stand on his own theories, evolved after serious thought, analysis, and experimenting. His life was given to his art as truly as ever anyone consecrated existence to one special study. With him painting was the single animating impetus. His brain, ever active, was occupied day and night with new schemes, fresh theories, and endless plans, and all were to one end—picture making. Mr. Inness was born in Newburg, N. Y., in 1825, and as a youth was apprenticed to an engraver. Never possessing much physical strength, he was obliged soon to give up the profession, and occupy himself with that which was less confining. Thus it was he began to paint. A few lessons from Gignoux was all the study he had with a teacher. After that he made his own way, hampered, it should be remembered, by ill-health, poverty, and uncongenial surroundings, for art in America in his youth was not inspiring. At twenty-five he went to Europe, where the “men of 1830” were working in a direction that at once appealed to him. The rest is soon told. He saw, as he had never seen before, the possibilities of his profession, and he returned to his native land to paint in a manner that at once marked him as an innovator, which, if it pleased the few, did not find instant public favor. But his independence, his belief in himself, and his passionate love of good art carried the day. No man ever cared less for public opinion than did George Inness. The aim of his life was fixed; his ambition concerned itself only with progress.

There was never a thought of the material side, never a lowering of his high standard. Work was his watchword; honesty to himself his most serious concern, and, to the last, a canvas never left his studio if he could help it. He thought always to better it, always to add a little something more. Frequently he would, in repainting, change the whole scheme, and destroy the original work in so doing; but it mattered little to him so the active mind was dislodged of the new scheme. In the early days of his study he gave himself up to a profound application to nature. There was not a tree but he analyzed exhaustively. He made a serious study of the anatomy of nature, and he knew her thoroughly. When this had all been mastered, he gave himself up to expressing his own sentiment before the scene. He went out of doors with the certainty of being able to put down his notions of the time and place unhampered by any technical difficulties, and the results were poems on canvas. It is no exaggeration to say that his work constituted the highest product of landscape art in this country in the present century, and from the beginning his progress was logical, sound, and brilliant. At sixty-nine years of age, just before his death in 1894, he was working in the full power of an unimpaired intellect, with a hand more certain than in his youth, more forceful than in middle age, as enthusiastic as the youngest student. The reason for his success is not difficult to find. In the first place, the man was a genius; nature had given him a wonderfully active mind. He might have been as great in any other profession as in art, because he brought to all he did so alert a brain and so intelligent a way of working. His views of life, of politics, of the various topics of which men talk, were expressed so tersely, so intelligently, that when he opened his mouth his hearers listened with the closest attention. With singular modesty, he found in the work of the youngest members of his profession that which he could admire and study; he was ever ready to be criticised, and thankful for suggestions if they contained soundness and intelligence. But appreciation of his work was not confined to his own countrymen. At the exhibitions in Europe he was received with great favor; applause came to



him from the greatest of his contemporaries on the other side of the water, and, though pleasant, it neither elated him nor made him vain. To-day his name stands the greatest among the landscape painters of his own land, and among the greatest of the world. His professional brethren have awarded him the foremost position, and high praise of his achievements rarely, if ever, evokes dissent. From a long and appreciative article on "George Inness," in Vol. XIX. of *Appleton's Annual Cyclopaedia*, we may quote the following passages: "He was an impetuous and passionate painter. A vision rose before him and no force could stay the hand outstretched toward the canvas. To understand his art we must refer again and again to the nervous force, indomitable energy, and perfect absorption of a true type of the artistic temperament. Although we have spoken of his various periods and change of manner, the fact that his last manner was at opposite pole from the first offers no special significance for those who recall the successive stages of Rembrandt, or Turner, or Rousseau." "Examples of Mr. Inness's art may be seen in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, the gallery of the Brooklyn Historical Society, the Chicago Art Institute, and the Century and Union League Clubs, New York; but a clearer idea of his work can be acquired from the study of private collections like those of Thomas B. Clarke, of New York; James W. Ellsworth and Potter Palmer, of Chicago; Thomas Wigglesworth and Mrs. S. D. Warren, of Boston; and Sir W. C. Van Horne and R. B. Angus, of Montreal. His bibliography is curiously limited. Aside from newspaper articles, it consists, for the most part, of a report of a conversation with the artist, published by George W. Sheldon, in *Harper's Magazine* for February, 1878; an article by Charles de Kay, in the *Century*; a brief biography by Montgomery Schuyler, in the *Forum* for November, 1894; a study of his life by the author of this article, published in the catalogue of the Inness Exhibition in 1884, and an account of personal characteristics by Mr. Sheldon, published in the *Century* for February, 1895."

# CATALOGUE

1. George Inness's Palette and Brushes.
2. Portrait of George Inness, by George Inness, Jr.

## PAINTINGS BY GEORGE INNESS

From the George H. Ainslie Collection.

3.	"A Nook in Our Village"	30x42	1849
4.	"Land of Plenty"	38x50	1852
5.	"Mountain Brook"	7x12	1859
6.	"Orange Mountains"	20x30	1865
7.	"Delaware River"	10x8½	1866
8.	"Delaware Valley"	16x24	1869
9.	"Valley Road"	9x12	1870
10.	"The Hudson Valley"	30x45	1870
11.	"Lake Nemi, Italy"	12x18	1872
12.	"Albano, Italy"	17x25	1872
13.	"A Vista, Albano, Italy"	9x12	1872
14.	"Perugia and the Valley"	30x45	1874
15.	"North Conway, White Mountains"	13x19	1875
16.	"Pequonoc River, Pompton, N. J."	18x26	1876
17.	"Evening Glow"	31x56	1876
18.	"Friends, Milton on the Hudson"	16x20	1880
19.	"Etretat, Normandy"	9½x13½	1885
20.	"Springtime"	30x45	1886
21.	"Late Afternoon, October"	22x27	1886
22.	"Looking Over the Hudson, Milton"	22x27	1888
23.	"Twilight"	30x45	1889
24.	"Yosemite Valley"	25x30	1890
25.	"Pool in the Woods"	20x30	1890
26.	"Old Mill near Riverhead, L. I."	20x30	1890

27.	"Early Spring"	30x45	1892
28.	"Across the Meadows, Montclair"	32x42	1893
29.	"End of an Autumn Day"	32x42	1893
30.	"Two Rainbows"	20x30	1893
31.	"Autumn in Montclair"	29x36	1894
32.	"Woods in Summer"	42x27	1894
33.	"Montclair"	30x45	1894
34.	"Path Through Florida Pines"	30x45	1894

### PAINTINGS BY ALEXANDER H. WYANT

From the George H. Ainslie Collection.

35.	"Hopkins Peak, Keene, N. H."	10x14
36.	"Close of Day"	12x16
37.	"October Afternoon"	16x20
38.	"Evening"	9x13
39.	"Afternoon"	13x16
40.	"October"	10x13
41.	"A Vista"	12 $\frac{1}{2}$ x15 $\frac{1}{2}$
42.	"September"	14x18
43.	"The Brook"	12x14
44.	"The Storm"	9 $\frac{1}{2}$ x12 $\frac{3}{4}$

Information regarding these paintings can be had at the desk.

The Art Institute of Chicago owns the Emerson McMillin Inness collection (eighteen examples), presented by Edward B. Butler, Esq., of Chicago.

40 Water Colors by George Inness, being all the water colors painted by him excepting two or three examples belonging to George Inness, Jr.

45.	"Near Durham, Conn."	13½x20
46.	"Back of the Barn, Milton"	13½x20
47.	"Trout Stream"	14x19½
48.	"Early Spring, Montclair"	14x20
49.	"Woodland Brook, Hastings"	13¾x19¾
50.	"The River, Near Medfield"	11½x18
51.	"Niagara"	10½x15½
52.	"Leeds, Catskills"	10¾x15
53.	"The River Bank"	10x13½
54.	"Milton on the Hudson"	10¾x15
55.	"Barberini, Italy"	11¼x16¼
56.	"Perugia, Italy"	9¼x14¼
57.	"The Brook, Leeds"	10½x14½
58.	"Mountain Road"	10½x14¾
59.	"Brook in the Catskills"	11x14¼
60.	"Venice"	10¼x14½
61.	"The Orchard"	10x13
62.	"Tivoli, Italy"	9½x13
63.	"The Dolomites, Italy"	8½x11½
64.	"Venice"	5½x10¼
65.	"Venice"	5x9¼
66.	"The Lake"	4x6½
67.	"Tarpon Springs"	7x10¼
68.	"Italian Tyrol"	7x11½
69.	"Near Milton"	9¾x12
70.	"Cadori"	8¾x12
71.	"Tie de Cadori"	9x11¾
72.	"Albano, Italy"	7¾x10¾
73.	"Old Roman Road, Italy"	8x12¼
74.	"Village in the Tyrol"	8x12¼
75.	"The Stone Pines"	8¾x11¼
76.	"Old Doorway, Italy"	7¼x8½
77.	"Near Tivoli"	11½x8
78.	"View of the Campagna"	7x12
79.	"The Pond, Milton"	7½x11
80.	"Lake Nemi"	8x10½
81.	"Castello, Italy"	7½x10¼
82.	"Perugia, Italy"	8x10¼
83.	"Across the Campagna"	7x12½
84.	"Sunset"	4¼x9¼