AN EXHIBITION OF
Eighteen Pictures &c &c
by the American Master of
Landscape Painting, the late

George Inness, N.A.

The entire collection of paintings illustrated in this brochure were recently sold by us to Mr. Edward B. Butler of Chicago, and presented by him to the Art Institute of Chicago, where they are now on exhibition.

At Henry Reinhardt's Galleries
232 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
During March, Nineteen-eleven
THIS collection of pictures by the late George Inness, which is for sale, has been recently acquired by the firm of Henry Reinhardt from the galleries of a well-known New York amateur. It is a gathering containing many masterpieces, representative to the last degree of the art of the great American genius.

March, 1911.
THE series of pictures which constitute his (Inness's) record of American landscape, and which form the crowning production of his career, are part of our national chronicles, as well as masterpieces of our national art. In his studio at Montclair, among the Orange Mountains, he is writing history with his brush as surely as a Prescott or a Bancroft ever wrote it with their pens.—Catalogue of the Thomas B. Clarke Collection, Philadelphia, 1891.

ALL his pictures are broadly painted, deeply felt and full-souled symphonies of tone. The history of art must welcome him as one of the most varied and finest landscape painters of the century.—Richard Muther, Geschichte der Malerei im Neunzehnten Jahrhundert.

WHEN the time comes—and it will come sooner or later—to do full justice to George Inness I shall be glad to be one of the first, perhaps, who felt an artistic emotion in contemplating his paintings that so clearly show the impression ability of a thorough artist, a lover of nature and an executor of rare merit.—Benjamin Constant, in New York Times, 1895.
BY WAY OF PREFACE

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 $6,000! 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.

It is a unique happening that the firm of Henry Reinhardt, of Chicago and New York, has been able to secure the present collection of eighteen 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 and sale 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 investment 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.

This collection, which the firm of Henry Reinhardt is enabled to offer for inspection and sale, is singularly representative of the great artist under many varying moods and manners, and it contains pictures now famous among such as follow art happenings in this country. Such a work, for example, as “Threatening,” enjoys a large reputation among collectors, while 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.

Arthur Hoeber.
THE REINHARDT COLLECTION

The collection of pictures by the late George Inness, which the firm of Henry Reinhardt is here cataloguing, 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, may, 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 swaddle—the word is
a good one—of black, apparently hopeless in its confusion, be-
came 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. It is interesting to follow some of these
thoughts in the particular canvases here shown. For its clear
objectivity and directness of vision let us take the No. 15,
"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? And much of
this sort of analysis, with equal truth, can be said of the other
early works here shown.

Let us progress a few years and examine the No. 9, "In the
Valley," where much the same problem presented itself; that is,
the vision of a valley seen from a gentle near-by hillside. The
little figure is there, a note to hold by, so to speak, tying shadow
and light together; the beautiful placement of trees, with their
graceful, drooping branches, the further trees partly hiding the
houses, luring one on to the broad valley lying still under the
shadow of a stormy sky. The storm clouds stoop low, and the
upper stratum is wet with the wealth of rain which makes the
fertile valleys glad. 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.
The thoughts suggested in regard to "In the Valley" may be
employed with equal interest and truth in the picture called
"Twilight."
The two richly colored canvases, "Sunset in the Valley" and "Landscape—Sunset," are highly important works and very significant. 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 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 fulness 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.

We come now to 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 contrast 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 is very precious; truly its name if not its title should be “Inness’s Swan Song.” 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.

Elliott Daingerfield.
1—AFTER A SUMMER SHOWER

(THE RAINBOW)

SELECTING essentially an American theme Mr. Inness chose in this canvas a field near a village. A group of trees to the left are of rich, summer greens and to the right a bare tree trunk catches the glow of the afternoon sun filtering through a stormy sky, out of which emerges a rainbow. It is evidently a record of the country near Montclair. The light illuminates some houses to the right and the distant hills are tenderly indicated, the foreground being in shadow. Through the field runs a roadway and by it a cow grazes. White clouds are piled up in the sky to the left, and the canvas presents a charming scheme of diffused light and shade, admirable in arrangement.

The Thomas B. Clarke Collection, 1899.
Signed at the right, dated 1894.
Height 32, width 42 inches.
3—THE HOME OF THE HERON

(THE SUN'S LAST REFLECTIONS)

A STREAM makes its way through the left center of this picture, reflecting the warm light of the declining sun. Settled on its surface is a black heron, its dark tones intensifying the brilliancy of the twilight glow. Slender trees rise up on all sides and their somber foliage comes strong against the sky, which is of luminous warmth. A line of blue distance and the silhouette of a house add interest, while the painting has been executed with engaging simplicity and straightforwardness, the artist permeating his entire canvas with light and air. It is a true impression of nature which Mr. Inness obviously painted with great enthusiasm, for it shows little traces of labor.

Signed at the right, dated 1863.
Height 30, width 45 inches.
A VERITABLE poem of the American autumn, we have in this rarely beautiful canvas a brilliant red maple to the left, standing against a rich sky of deep blue streaked with white clouds, full of light. In the center of the composition lies a lake, the quiet waters of which reflect the shadows of the trees beyond, while a boatman is crossing in his small craft. To the right the felled trunk of a large tree lies on the ground. The work was shown in Paris, at the Exposition Universelle of 1900, where it attracted enormous attention.

Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1900.
The Thomas B. Clarke Collection, 1899.
Signed at the right, dated 1889.
Height 37½, width 29 inches.
4—PATH THROUGH THE FLORIDA PINES

Tall pine trees in this upright canvas rise up against a sky of gray, blue and white, while the light of the afternoon sun illumines their trunks with a warm glow. Under these stately trees runs a path along which wander a woman and child. The red and white roofs of some dwellings are seen in the middle distance and in the foreground a wooden foot bridge crosses a gully, by the side of which is some luxuriant vegetation in vivid greens, with here and there a note of red. Two large birds hover in the sky to the upper left.

The Thomas B. Clarke Collection, 1899.
Signed at the left, dated 1893.
Height 42, width 32 inches.
5—THREATENING

A SLENDIDLY painted sky, full of ominous clouds, with a burst of light to the left, dominates this dramatic composition and, with its dark masses, brings out the peculiar tenderness of a line of bushes and trees that divide the picture through the center. Mr. Inness had a remarkable talent for obtaining the delicacy of these green tones, which are here full of reflected light. To the left is a sheepfold with a straw roof, and, standing by it, a farmer gazes at the weather. It is a simple, rural American scene, eminently characteristic, yet full of dramatic power. A tall factory chimney in the middle distance emits smoke and to the right a mass of white buildings stand luminously out against the dark sky. The work is sympathetically rendered, with the master's engaging directness, and the fleeting effect is caught in an impressive manner.

The Thomas B. Clarke Collection, 1899.
Signed at the left, dated 1891.
Height 30, width 45 inches.
6—AUTUMN WOODS

A HOUSE, standing lonely at the edge of a heavy woodland, is illumined by the late afternoon sun and glows brilliantly white. Immediately in front is a sparse growth of trees, under which, in the tangle, a cow grazes. It is the fall season and the foliage takes on a rich yellow against a warm sky. The work is superbly felt and rendered with delightful simplicity, while there is admirable drawing to all the tree forms, the interlacing branches making a handsome pictorial pattern. It is evident the theme appealed strongly to Mr. Inness, for there is a feeling of the work being done con amore, and there is suggestiveness in every brush stroke.

Signed at the right.
Height 29, width 44\% inches.
7—LANDSCAPE—SUNSET

THE difficulty of securing brilliancy with reds has always been a stumbling block with the painter. In this remarkable canvas Mr. Inness achieved the seemingly impossible, getting a luminosity few men have ever obtained with pigment on canvas, for the picture gives the impression of being artificially lit. A group of trees to the left rise from the edge of a pond and near by is a marsh, while peaceful meadows stretch back to the line of distance, interspersed here and there with tree growth. Into the pond is reflected the brilliant reds of the sunset sky, which itself fairly exudes light, and through the tangle of the undergrowth one may see glimpses of the water. It is all a fine achievement, full of poetry, and is admirably rendered with rare technical distinction. Above all, the canvas is appealing in its suggestiveness, for the spectator is permitted to enter with the artist into the scene and participate, as it were, in the creation.

Signed at the right, dated 1889.

Height 22 1/2, width 36 inches.
THE scene represents a field at night in which, to the right, near a house, is some burning brush, the smoke arising therefrom mingling with the dark clouds of the sky. Silhouetted against the sky is the stately trunk of a tree, and back of this is the moon, of great brilliancy. A man's figure stands watching the fire and lights glow in the habitation, while to the left a mass of trees come impressive against the heavens. Despite the low tones of this midnight effect the painter gives a sense of diffused light and the sentiment of the mysterious hour, with all its poetry and suggestiveness.

Signed at the left, dated 1890. Height 33, width 20½ inches.
Filmy clouds are scattered over the distant blue hills, half obscuring them, while coming directly toward the spectator is a sunlit valley, with lines of trees and the roofs of a distant village, now catching the sunlight, now in deep shadow, making a most interesting variety of agreeable tones. Some farm hands are in the fields in the immediate foreground and the contrast of warm and cool tones is well thought out. Fleeting effects of this kind appealed strongly to Inness and he was singularly able in recalling them when in the quiet of his studio. This work is eminently characteristic and shows the man in one of his most attractive moods.

Signed at the right, dated 1853.
Height 24, width 30 inches.
10—SUNSET IN THE VALLEY

SENDING forth a brilliant orange glow the sun sets over the horizon to the left center of this composition, and from a hill in the foreground the spectator looks over a valley half in shadow. Dark clouds in the sky catch a red glow here and there from the sinking sun, and scattered about through the fields are trees. The mystery and the poetry of the hour are admirably expressed, and the work possesses much subtlety. Particularly successful has the painter been in obtaining luminosity.

The Thomas B. Clarke Collection, 1899.
Signed at the left, dated 1895.
Height 22½, width 36 inches.
11—MOONRISE

A GREAT red moon, enormously brilliant, dominates the center of this upright canvas and is set in a sky of warm tones. To the left is a young tree rising from a field and to the right a clump of trees is massed in a vague, suggestive way against the sky. In the left center is a field hand. Very poetic is the conception and full of charm, the suggestive landscape, bathed as it is in a mellow, mysterious light, essentially of the hour. A picture full of the personality of the artist and indicative of one of his many moods.

Signed at the right, undated.
Height 30, width 25 inches.
12—NEAR MONTCLAIR, N. J.

One of the most joyous of the Inness canvases, this exquisite little landscape is full of the tender colors of autumn and shows a pool of water in the foreground, with, back of it, an opening through the trees that discloses distant fields and habitations. To the right the gable of a house catches the glint of the warm light which illumines the tree tops as well, in their fall coloring of reds and yellows, while the sky is tenderly expressed in warm violets, blue and orange tones. The work is a veritable little poem of the waning year, a glimpse of the "Summer of Saint Martin" that this artist loved so dearly to put on canvas, and it must be ranked among his highly successful performances.

Signed at the left, undated.
Height 15, width 26 inches.
13—LATE AFTERNOON

THROUGH an opening in the woodland is seen a mass of dark, rich tones of the forest, all under a sky running from deep purples to warm whites, which bring out the vivid greens of the foreground. The light trunks of the near-by trees are thus accentuated, are admirably drawn and constructed, and the picture is a gem in a color way, painted with contagious enthusiasm into which the spectator enters in spite of himself.

Signed at the right, undated.
Height 15, width 12 inches.
14—EVENING LANDSCAPE

BROAD meadow lands, caught by the orange glow of the afternoon sun, stretch down to the sea and are dotted here and there by lines of tree forms. The immediate foreground shows a clump of great trees shading a house, all being in deep shadow. A figure threads its way through these fields, and over all is a fine, dignified sky, with streaks of cool blue, warm clouds going into rich darks. The branches of the trees are illuminated by the setting sun and some sheep are scattered about, grazing. Unusually successful in his rendering of greens, Mr. Inness in this work obtained a high achievement, composing his canvas with rare discretion.

Signed at the left, dated 1890.
Height 20, width 30 inches.
FROM an eminence in the foreground, a field of yellow, there stretches out a great expanse of smiling, fertile country, through which winds a stream. Houses are dotted here and there in the landscape and there is a sky of brilliant turquoise, with many dark clouds all full of atmosphere. The light and shade are interestingly arranged, the whole being a genuine impression of an appealing bit of nature.

Signed at the left, undated.
Height 16, width 24 inches.
FLAT marshes stretching out to the sea catch the glow of the late afternoon. The foreground is a dark strip of green from which some dead tree trunks are outlined against a rich blue sky, broken by clouds of white. The distance is tender and effective and, scattered over the flatlands, are some habitations, a house and a fence being in the immediate foreground. The smoke of a vessel on the sea comes against the sky, the canvas having fine qualities of light and atmosphere.

Signed at right, dated 1874.
Height 10\(\frac{1}{2}\), width 9\(\frac{3}{4}\) inches.
17—SUMMER IN THE CATSKILLS

OUTLINED against a midsummer sky a tall, stately hill takes on the blue of distance, while, at its base, smiling meadows, rich with tree growth, stretch away under sunlight and shadow. Cattle graze in the foreground and the banks of a stream are seen in the center of the composition, where stands an unpretentious house. A road winds into the picture, which is full of pastoral simplicity and tranquil charm. It is an early example by the master of an American theme and is worthily representative of that epoch in his career. Here as elsewhere Mr. Inness demonstrated his absolute control of greens, which are expressed with sparkle and luminosity.

The William T. Evans Collection, 1900.
Signed at the left, dated 1863.
Height 30, width 30 inches.
FLOWING directly through the center of the picture is a stream, bordered on either side by a luxuriant growth of tree forms that are reflected in the water. Farther back is an old wooden, covered bridge crossing the river, and above is a sky with many clouds, catching the afternoon light. The work is a fresh impression of the scene with no little vigor.

Signed at the right with initials "G.I."
Dated 1877.
Height 10, width 14 inches.