





K.C. 1892.



Kate Greenaway



Kate Greenaway

CATALOGUE OF AN EXHIBITION OF
ORIGINAL ARTWORKS AND RELATED MATERIALS SELECTED FROM
THE FRANCES HOOPER COLLECTION AT THE HUNT INSTITUTE
WITH ESSAYS BY MISS HOOPER, RODNEY ENGEN AND JOHN BRINDLE
AND A SUMMARY REGISTER OF THE FULL COLLECTION

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PREFACE

It was a complete, and completely delightful surprise. Those of us now at the Institute knew Frances Hooper, of course, but mainly in connection with her effort to build a collection of Linnaeana in English for the Chicago Horticultural Society. Not only did we not expect an offer of her Kate Greenaway collection, we did not know she had one! Our founding Director, Dr. Lawrence, knew Miss Hooper from an earlier period and surely was aware of her collection, but never had occasion to mention it to us before his much-lamented death in 1978. More remarkable is that, as best any of us can recall, Miss Hooper herself never chanced to mention it during her contacts with us in recent years. Considering her passion for Kate Greenaway, this forbearance must have required great effort—or else her keenness for things Linnaean, the concern of the moment in those contacts, must have temporarily overshadowed the longer-standing one. (Like Mrs. Hunt and Dr. Lawrence, Miss Hooper holds back nothing by way of commitment when she decides to undertake something—Linnaeus was and is getting full measure and more from her apparently bottomless store of enthusiasm.) So, when a call from Miss Hooper was announced last November, I picked up the phone anticipating nothing other than one of our pleasant Linnaean interludes.

She soon came to the point, but in an uncharacteristic, almost timid fashion, rather like a driver backing a car into a parking space of problematic dimensions. She had this little collection, she said... this accumulated evidence, as it were, of an extended self-indulgence (I am putting words to her implications, not in her mouth)... perchance I had heard of Kate Greenaway? (charitably allowing me what would have been, but fortunately was not, a colossal ignorance)... just perhaps, we might be willing to consider her giving it to the Institute... Greenaway did flowers too, as well as all those lovely children... she had thought to call on the off chance we might think her little collection not incompatible with ours; we needn't fear hurting her feelings if we didn't want it (!!). Indeed we would love to have it, I quickly assured her, with what grace I could muster in the aftershock of surprise.

Forthwith Miss Hooper put her lawyer to the details of preparing papers and arranging for an appraisal. Not too long after Sotheby-Park Bernet had finished the latter, and just as spring was underway, we went to Miss Hooper's home in Kenilworth for three hectic but exhilarating days of reviewing, sorting and packing the collection—and of her unstinted hospitality. Well before that we had come to realize just how consequential, just what sort of treasure, is this "little" collection of hers. (The only thing "little" about it is the diminutive scale of Kate Greenaway's art.) As we have noted elsewhere, it was surely the best and most extensive such assemblage in private hands anywhere. Among institutional collections, it must yet be counted in the first rank, and we are exceedingly proud to have it at the Hunt Institute. We are grateful for this fine compliment to Mrs. Hunt, Dr. Lawrence, and their creation—for this ultimate accolade at Miss Hooper's bestowal. We, too, trust that the collection is well placed here, in an active research environment which reflects still, we hope, something of Mrs. Hunt's dignity and elegance.

This catalogue and the exhibition it accompanies mark the formal installation of the Frances Hooper Kate Greenaway Collection at the Hunt Institute. As well, they are meant to convey a realization of the Collection's extent and diversity, of its aesthetic and historical richness. As a context for more fully appreciating these materials and their assembly, we here include two invited essays, as well as a briefer retrospect by our own John Brindle.

Miss Hooper herself has kindly provided a very personal view of the Collection's making, of her motivations, experiences and concerns in that regard. Her account affords a variety of vignettes charmingly revealing of ideas, times, places, occurrences, other people—above all, of Frances Hooper the impassioned collector and concerned donor. Without collectors like her—bent on very personal satisfactions in avowed partiality—we should have far less such material aggregated to any consequence; without patrons like her we should have many fewer such collections held intact for future study and edification. (In this case, "edification" is perhaps too staid; "delight" is more apt.) We are also fortunate to have Rodney Engen's scholarly survey of Kate Greenaway's life and work, which draws upon his extensive research for a forthcoming biography of the artist, and upon his already published studies of other Victorian illustrators. Taken together, Miss Hooper's contribution and Mr. Engen's betoken the complementarity of two quite different but equally rewarding approaches to the subject of such a collection: that of the impassioned partisan and that of the objective researcher. A collection like this one, approached from both directions, supports a kind of cultural symbiosis, one in which passion becomes ever more informed, dispassionate inquiry ever more appreciative.

As with all our other holdings, the Frances Hooper Collection will be not a dead but a living one, actively maintained and used. It will be available for consultation by all qualified researchers whose uses are legitimate

and appropriate. For the broader public's enjoyment of this treasure, we are planning other exhibitions drawn from it, to be shown periodically both here and elsewhere in North America. Another major goal is to produce an annotated catalogue of the entire Collection as soon as possible. For general reference until that work is completed, we have here supplemented the suite of entries for the exhibited items with a summary register of the Collection's full content. Upon request, we will be happy to provide more detailed information about any of the materials listed there. As time goes on, we also expect to be publishing a variety of other works drawing upon the Collection's rich resources; almost surely those will include an edition of the unpublished autobiographical notes and a volume devoted to the Greenaway-Ruskin correspondence.

It belabors the obvious to note that we could be doing and planning none of all this were it not for Miss Hooper's magnificent generosity in giving these wonderful materials to the Institute. Less immediately obvious, perhaps, but none the less crucial, are the 30 years of dedication and effort, fitted into an otherwise amazingly busy life, that are integral to the Collection as well. Along with the tangible items, Miss Hooper has bestowed a portion of herself, also in perpetuity. And she remains yet actively involved with the Collection, now that it is here in Pittsburgh. This makes especially appropriate her appointment as Honorary Curator of The Frances Hooper Kate Greenaway Collection, which I am most pleased to record here.

For Miss Hooper's beloved collection, we intend the best of care, the most appreciative and productive of use. For Miss Hooper herself, ever youthful of spirit, we wish an unending Kate Greenaway springtime.

Robert Kiger, *Pittsburgh, September 1980*



Kate Greenaway (1846-1901). From a photograph taken about 1880, original print in the Hooper Collection.

COLLECTING, KATE GREENAWAY, AND ME

"How did you happen to collect Kate Greenaway?" I might begin an answer to this familiar question by saying that I hardly know who collected whom—whether I collected Kate Greenaway or she collected me. She came to fascinate me—her endless capacity to create the new and different on her recurrent and inseparable themes of children and flowers. Her creative ideas and elegant delicacy entranced me—those thousand-and-one expressions of the new and beautiful, her jets of fancy, her many ways of bringing smiles to both grownups and children. Of one thing I am very sure: I did not set out to build a Kate Greenaway collection; I only wanted to accumulate some of her best, most characteristic work. There is a big difference between an accumulation and a collection.

Long before I started accumulating, then finally *collecting* Kate Greenaway materials, I had known of her work. In fact, rather early in my adult life I had inherited a copy of Spielmann and Layard's definitive work on the artist.¹ From owning and reading that book, as well as from a general acquaintance with Kate Greenaway's published works, I knew her art and knew I liked it. But it was to be a long time before my interest in her became an active one, before my Spielmann and Layard volume had a collection to belong to.

From those pre-collecting years, I also have Gladys Clarabell's hat, a leghorn after the manner of Kate Greenaway. It was made by a modish Detroit milliner for a little Michigan girl's doll. The little girl, her mother and Gladys Clarabell were customers of the milliner. All five—the doll, the little girl, the mother, the milliner and Kate Greenaway—were Victorians when the artist was all the vogue for adults as well as for the very young in England, France and Germany, and here in our own country.²

Harriet, the little girl, grew up. The doll and her Kate Greenaway hat came to me. Harriet's brother, Clarabell's "uncle," grew up too, and became Governor Comstock of Michigan. The pink plume on the hat I suspect of being no more than a plain old feather salvaged from among odds and ends in the milliner's workroom. By the time it became mine, mice had nibbled at it until it was almost eaten up. The mice wouldn't have quibbled over "plume" or "cast-off feather," but that hat might appear in more pristine condition if they had quibbled and not nibbled.

But time was... Time was when the doll was new and the plain everyday feather on her hat could have passed for a pink plume. Makes me think of Eugene Field's "Little Boy Blue." Remember it?

*"The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue..."*³

It was furthest from my mind, as I said, to build a Kate Greenaway collection. I just began to accumulate some examples of her finest work. Then came the day I had to call in a carpenter to add shelf space in my library to accommodate the Greenaway accumulation. And after some time, I bid him

return to build a row of bin-like cupboards for the larger scrapbooks of original study sketches and first drafts and art in finished and unfinished form. Also there were the larger watercolors, mounted with wide gold mats and thick, carved, gilt Victorian wood frames, in bulky bundles, the frames padded for protection. After five or so years I felt that what I had should be file-catalogued, and I was able to persuade the earnest, sincere, scholarly Laurence Gomme of New York to come to Chicago for the task.⁴ He had been closeted with the accumulation for only a day when he began to refer to it with dignity and great respect as "Your Collection" or "The Collection." I fell in line, referring to "My Collection" or "The Collection," and I began to be very much interested in the enjoyment of building it consistently and constantly.

That was in 1957, and after Mr. Gomme's return to New York, no one could have been more surprised than I when in a summary he sent to me he wrote, "Let us say at the outset that this is the most important and comprehensive collection of this artist's work ever to be brought together in private hands." Much more recently, when my collection went to the Hunt Institute, Sotheby-Parke Bernet's appraisal called it "matchless." And the Institute, in announcing its acquisition of these original artworks, books, letters and other manuscript materials, characterized the collection as "one of the finest and largest of its kind in the world." It is as exciting as it is unexpected for the attainment, or dare I call it achievement, of my Greenaway collection to be held in such high regard. But I did not make it alone.

The great Walter M. Hill was my bookman, and while I have also had other bookmen along the way, there has been only one Mr. Hill. How did I meet him? Was an appointment made, an introduction arranged? Or what?

Here let me digress to speak of the affection and admiration felt for Mr. Hill by J. Christian Bay of the John Crerar Library, who called him "The Old General." Mr. Bay wrote that "of two of our country's greatest bookmen, one was Dr. Rosenbach of Philadelphia, other other, Walter M. Hill in Chicago." The house of Hill, we learn, was for almost half a century "hospitable to all friends of the literary arts. It created many friendships and much pleasant cheer and it was instrumental in helping to build up a number of very important collections of books."⁵ Mr. Hill didn't have Dr. Rosenbach's million, but many among his coterie of clients did have such means. One of them was our own brilliant, bookish Chicagoan Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick. The magnificent wrought-iron grill that surrounded her mansion on Lake Shore Drive was worth as much as a king's ransom (once the symbol of *real* worth). Her home was a museum, with its signed furniture, its tapestries and chandeliers. Her staff included footmen and butlers, in livery—velvet tailed coats with gilt braid, velvet knee breeches, white stockings, shoes with buckles. At her dinners there was a butler behind every chair. When the occasion warranted it, her magnificent Pauline Bonaparte silver service for 24, which was one of the showpieces of the Chicago Art Institute, was brought out and returned under guard. At the Chicago Opera she appeared in her box wearing a stomacher set with Catherine of Russia's emeralds. This was living in fashionable elegance.

To resume the story about how I came to meet Mr. Hill: There was no appointment, no arranged introduction. The meeting was ordered by a just-right juxtaposition of the stars; it was a work of perfect serendipity. What happened was that by mistake I got off on the wrong floor of a Loop office

building. The doors closed behind me, I heard the elevator continuing on up, and there I was in the hall opposite an enticing bookshop. Its door stood invitingly open, and I stepped in to look around.

Mr. Hill met me with a cordiality which I later learned was very characteristic, but at the same time there was an aloofness, which Mr. Bay said was to cover up a heart of wax.

Mr. Hill—"Is there anything in which you are particularly interested?"

Me—"No, I just thought I'd like to look around."

Mr. Hill—"Do so. You might find something you may want to get."

I went into another room lined with shelves filled with interesting-looking books arranged more as in a home than a regular bookstore. It didn't take long to realize I was in a rare-book place for bibliophiles. I was drawn to a slim green volume which I took off the shelf; upon opening it, I saw that the publisher had my own name, *Hooper*. It would be fun to have a book whose publisher had my name, and when Mr. Hill came into the room I told him I would like to get it. He cocked his head to see what book I was holding. He said, "Oh yes, Thackeray's essay on Cruikshank. You'll like this." I replied, "But not for that reason." While he was having the book wrapped, I continued to look. Upon his return, Mr. Hill brought with him a most attractive little five-volume set of Pepys diaries, which he placed on a table.

Mr. Hill—"I want to give these to you."

Mr—"In looking around, I've found this is a bookshop for book collectors. I'm not a book collector."

Mr. Hill—"Perhaps not now, but I know a book collector when I see one."

On the way up to my office, which was on Michigan Avenue at the River, I had to pass Kroch's book store. I was feeling in a holiday mood with my three interesting companions—Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Cruikshank and Mr. Pepys—and so we turned in at Kroch's. Miss Jones, my bookseller there, saw me come in the door and with a big smile came toward me. "I've been thinking of you today. I have something you'll just love." It was a self-portrait of Cruikshank. "Look," she demonstrated, "you turn the frame around and here is another self-portrait of him." I told Miss Jones I was indeed interested, and bought it. That night I read the essay, and enjoyed the many small black-and-white pen sketches and the two self-portraits.

The next morning was Saturday. The office wasn't open but I went down to it anyway to make up for all the playing I did the day before. The telephone rang. "It's Miss Jones. I took a chance you'd be there. I have something else you'll just love." She said she was sending it right up with a boy who would wait to bring it back in case I didn't want it. She must have dispatched him by breeches-buoy, he arrived at my door so speedily, carrying a package the size and shape of a shoe box. It held a complete set of Cruikshank's little almanacks, which I had been reading about just the night before. I told the boy I was keeping the package. What was going through my head was that all three of these Cruikshank items coming together like that seemed like a sign—something nudging me to collect Cruikshank. On a hunch I guessed that was what I should do, I would have a Cruikshank collection.

At this point you are undoubtedly wondering what all this has to do with how I happened to collect Kate Greenaway. As a matter of fact, I am not far afield, which I will explain presently. However, first let me say that on Monday I returned to the office building where I had gotten off on the wrong floor—this time to get off on the right floor. My business accomplished, I

went back to the wrong floor which had become a right floor and went into Mr. Hill's bookshop. And by an impossible coincidence, Mr. Hill had a Cruikshank pocket sketch-book he had put aside for me were I to return within a reasonable period. (Cruikshank always had a pencil at hand to sketch down notes he might use at a future date.)

I still had no idea I had been with the great Walter M. Hill. I doubt if I had ever heard of him. Instead of his giving me Mr. Pepys or thinking I might be interested in Cruikshank, for the sake of my story he should have "divined" something to do with Kate Greenaway. But this would have been truly occult. It was magical enough that I had met Mr. Hill. My not knowing who he was was not important; in due course that took care of itself. Meanwhile, I wasn't to begin my Greenaway collection quite yet. I had three more years of learning and growing before that came about.

Collecting Cruikshank's work, as I had set myself to doing, eventually proved not right for me after all. His work, though extremely interesting, was just too voluminous; I could not realistically expect to assemble any significant portion of it. But meanwhile I was learning from that and other experiences, and Mr. Hill, I believe, was trying me out. In his reserved but sensitive way, he was testing to see what I *should* collect—what *would* be just right for me.

Mr. Hill had soon perceived my long-standing love of illustrated works and fine printing (hence, for example, his picking out the Cruikshank almanacks for me). It only remained, as I am sure he realized more clearly than I, to discover what in that vein would especially suit my particular sensibilities and circumstances; then I would be on my way. And in good time, through my association with Mr. Hill, that happened.

A group of dedicated Midwest bibliophiles came together at Mr. Hill's, for literary banter and serious discourse. Different vocations and avocations were represented; the common denominator was that they were all book lovers and collectors. I came into the group very late, but was on hand to celebrate Mr. Hill's 77th birthday, for which Leon Godchaux arranged the collation. (He and Mrs. Godchaux owned a small, very fine Kate Greenaway collection, acquired through Mr. Hill, which in time became part of mine.)

Writing about this group in his *The Bookman is a hummingbird*, Mr. Bay described another of its members, Arnold Shircliffe, as "Chicago's foremost restaurateur, who collects menus, lectures on food in colleges and universities, a scholastic scholar, and still author of a monumental work on salads." What began to interest me was that Mr. Shircliffe had a small but exceptionally fine collection of Kate Greenaway watercolors. And it so happened that I generally had my lunch at the Wrigley Building Restaurant, over which he presided, and not infrequently he stopped at my table to exchange the pleasantries of the hour. One day I told him how much I would appreciate seeing his Kate Greenaways, and straightaway I received an invitation from him and his wife to visit their home.

On a wall at the Shircliffe's was a framed watercolor of a typical little Kate Greenaway girl in an old-time red pelisse, probably Kate's favorite child-model, her little Mary.⁶ She captivated me instantly; I wanted to take her right home. Then, after I saw the rest of the collection, I wanted everything. But no, Mr. Shircliffe wouldn't part with a single item, much less all of the collection, not for anything in the world. Arnold Shircliffe was a sparingly



Unpublished pencil and watercolor drawing signed "KG Sept. 1894," 83 x 60 mm. The first Kate Greenaway original artwork acquired by Frances Hooper.

built person like President Coolidge. In fact he looked like the President, and when he chose to say "No" he meant what he said. However, I was hooked and wasn't going to accept this—I would play the long game. I decided to mount a persistent campaign (with tact and delicacy), hoping that repetitive suggestion would eventually work to get me at least the one picture, if not the entire collection, and eventually it did.

My opportunity came on the first day of Spring after a miserable long winter—cold, blizzards and grey skies. A person could have wondered if the sun had abandoned our Midwest forever. But it finally returned on this particular miracle of a First Spring Day. The sky was blue, there was warmth in the air, and Mr. Shircliffe was Mr. Sunshine himself. In celebration he had decked the restaurant tables with yellow tablecloths, yellow and red tulips, and yellow daffodils. As jocund as the daffodils, he stopped by my table and set his own trap: "I feel so happy today, I feel like making everyone I see happy." I didn't lose a minute. "Perhaps then," I said jauntily, "this is the day you will make *me* happy by letting me have your Kate Greenaway watercolor of the little girl in the red pelisse." It was almost unbelievable, his immediate reply: "Yes! This is the very day. You can have the little red pelisse picture and all the rest of the watercolors. I'll see that everything is taken over to Mr. Hill for you, tomorrow." What a considerate, gentlemanly way to arrange the transfer of ownership! Never would either of us have to discuss the matter monetarily. We both had utter faith in Mr. Hill's fairness and judgement, and all three of us were made happy thereby and thenceforth (and forever, we hope).

I have always thought of the little girl in the red pelisse as the cornerstone of what became my collection's main edifice, its "showpieces," most of which were painted for exhibitions. Among them are watercolors heretofore unpublished, and three of the Surrey cottage paintings. In the latter connection, art critics have pointed out with indulgent smiles that Greenaway kept changing her sights, but I dare say each would have loved to own one of those Surrey cottages, with the little wildflowers in the foreground which remind people of "Botticelli's grass" (his tiny wildflowers no lovelier than hers) and, not dominating the picture, one of Kate's pretty young mothers with her little children on a happy outing in the sunshine, carrying small baskets for flowers they might want to pick.

Kate Greenaway could bewitch people—her imagination could beget such appealing children! Robert Louis Stevenson was inspired by her little pictures to create his delightful classic, *A child's garden of verses*.⁷ And Boutet de Monvel, the inimitable French artist, was inspired by Greenaway's books and pictures to try his own hand at doing books of children and flowers. One of the most charming is his *Vieilles chansons pour les petits enfants*. A copy came to me just this year from an artist friend, Eleanor Tobin, who had loved it when a child, literally loved it to pieces. Comparing it with Kate Greenaway's work is interesting; it is easy to see where and how Boutet de Monvel was inspired by her, yet each artist's work is plainly identifiable as his own—each has created in his own manner and style. De Monvel's youngsters stand on their heads, kick up their heels, aren't still a minute. (Even his beetles dance hilariously, and stand on their heads, too.) Kate Greenaway's are dream children. The illustrations of both artists have an elegant daintiness, and the costuming is of their own designs.

Whether de Monvel's flowers are accurate or not, I cannot say, but they do look as though they might be de Monvel hybrids. When the English botanist William T. Stearn and Mrs. Stearn visited me and were looking at my Greenaways, I asked him if Kate's flowers were accurate, for she was not a botanical illustrator. His reply was that they were "not inaccurate." We know Greenaway loved flowers and loved to work in her flower garden. Whether de Monvel had a green thumb, a garden, or thought much one way or another about rendering flowers accurately, I have no idea.

After luncheon one day with my friend Madeliene Mayer in her New York apartment, my eyes travelled to a small framed painting on the wall, of a little girl posed on the order of a Greenaway portrait, but unmistakably by Boutet de Monvel. "Madeliene, that must be a de Monvel!" "Yes, when he made a visit to Chicago we were living there; I was a little girl and my parents had him paint my portrait." Since I thought it one of the cutest things I had ever seen, Madeliene had a color photograph made for me. It is now part of a group of such Greenaway-related items in my collection. A drawing of "Little Dinkie," one of Locker-Lampson's characters in his book of popular poems *London lyrics*, is also there, as is a sketch by Randolph Caldecott, another Victorian illustrator supreme.

Greenaway and Caldecott, born in the same year, were friends and admirers of each other's work. Once when they were guests at the same country house, Caldecott appeared with a sketch done in the Greenaway manner. It amused Kate so greatly that she kept it the rest of her life—so it is said, and I believe it true. When I bought the sketch in London, the auction was sponsored by Kate Greenaway's grand-nephew, who had inherited it. In presenting the sketch, Caldecott is said to have told the company present that he had lost his power of working in his own style and everything came out Greenaways.

The Kate Greenaway revival that is going on today has spawned a number of new so-called "Kate Greenaway books." These are superficially attractive editions using her drawings, but enlarged (she was master of the Small, the Little, the Tiny), and the layouts are completely different and have nothing of the artist's originality or charm. I doubt if Kate would be pleased. She was so popular in her lifetime, and copyright laws were so lax, that she was plagued continually by being copied, others using her style and characters and claiming them as their own. Some of her works were actually pirated—stolen outright. There were periods when the fakes glutted the market, much to her financial hurt.

But back to the little girl in the red pelisse. She may be Mary, Kate Greenaway's favorite child-model, whose activities, like those of the Greenaway dog, Rover, were so often reported in letters to Ruskin and other friends. Working with this particular child was difficult: she talked incessantly, moved her little feet constantly. Here I can't resist quoting Kate's letter to Joanie Severn ("Saturday" 1887?) in which she described Mary's conversation while modeling one morning. It was monologue about the trials and tribulations of her parents' cab business, and it nearly drove the artist to distraction. But Kate's report reveals her sense of humor and understanding of the working of little person's mind:

"I have had little Mary this morning—and I think I have learned every detail of the Cab trade so that I could set up myself. it seems the father has

invested in too many Cabs—and is not equal to the business so he drives a Cab and the mother does all the business Part. the Cabmen who hire the Cabs and horses—seem to object to pay for them—

And Enemies report the Horses to have the Glanders—Perhaps says Mary you dont know what this is—I said I didn't—She said its large lumps on their chests—and they come out at their noses—she says if you go near a Horse with the Glanders you die—even if he's a mile off.—also she says one Horse eats a sack of corn a day—which costs 9-6[.] then also they require chaff and straw—she also said the Cabmen had cut up four of her fathers Horses with Gutta Percha [whips?]-she also described one of the Cabmen's wives—as of such a temper that she went about like a Lion—There. I've put it down so badly it doesn't seem a bit funny[.] and it was so funny as she told it—"

I wish, sometimes, that I had held back that little pelisse picture—not included it with the rest of the collection when it went to the Hunt Institute—because I so love looking at it. But at the same time I know that the collection, red pelisse and all, is where it belongs, and I believe Kate Greenaway would have felt happily satisfied to have her art still being honored (after a hundred years) by being welcome in Mrs. Hunt's distinguished treasury.

I wanted my Greenaway collection to be at the Hunt Institute for a number of reasons, but the principal one is Rachel McMaster Miller Hunt herself. She was one of the great women of her era. She did everything with taste and elegance. She was thorough, clear thinking, imaginative, creative, and scholarly minded, always feminine, but equally practical. It is to be wondered how so much could be undertaken and achieved in a single life span. Dr. Lawrence wrote of her "doughty grit," and that "When conversing in areas of mutual interest, one's awareness of her grasp of a subject was immediate, and her enthusiasm was infectious; that she was well-read was obvious..."⁸

Like the young Linnaeus, early in her life Mrs. Hunt wanted to know the names of the wildflowers and trees. As Dr. Lawrence reported, "She later prided herself on knowing the Latin names of the species grown in her gardens, and of the wildflowers, and in her later years would chide the visiting botanists who would condescend to use vernacular names of plants when Latin names were more precise. Throughout her life, her love for nature and all that composed it received as much of her interest as did her love for literature and the arts."⁹

The range of Mrs. Hunt's interests is amazing, various major botanical, horticultural and related fields being chief among them. Her significant collections in these areas had a very important place in her private library, and now have permanent and internationally recognized status in the Hunt Institute. But Mrs. Hunt could also be enthusiastic about collections of materials that were not of major scientific or scholarly importance, for instance, that ample body of publications on the language of flowers. In this connection Kate Greenaway helped supply a number of the volumes that Mrs. Hunt collected.

"A fascinating group of little books even if of peripheral botanical significance, is that known as the *Language of Flowers* books, of which more than sixty titles and editions have been collected by Mrs. Hunt. These rather Victorian items, much prized then by the distaff side, flourished in England, France and America from about 1820 to 1860.

Many were published anonymously, with the simple title *Language of Flowers*. Perhaps the longest run of these is the British series first published and illustrated by Kate Greenaway, titled *Kate Greenaway's Almanack* for 1883, with publication continued (with corresponding change of title) even until 1927. These volumes are usually provided with colored copperplate engravings or other types of colored plates, accompanied by verses or quotations about flowers. Some titles and editions are extremely rare, and collecting them has become a speciality."¹⁰

College or university education for women was not extraordinary when Mrs. Hunt was of that age, but it was not as common as it is now. She regretted not having had a formal higher education, but was well educated nonetheless. She was taken on frequent journeys to Europe, and travel was an education, learning languages a passion. Also she was an avid reader. Few women, with or without college degrees, have held the multiplicity of honorary citations that were bestowed upon her.

Mrs. Hunt was a director of The Garden Club of America from 1934 to 1939, and its book review editor 1937 to 1957. She also served for many years as an elected trustee of the John Carter Brown Library at Brown University. She was a member of the founding committee of the Carl Purington Rollins Printing Office of the Yale University Press—a special unit for the production of works to exemplify the finest in typography and printing. Through membership in the Manuscript Society of New York she was active in fostering and stimulating interest in collecting and preserving autograph letters and manuscripts; she herself assembled a collection of over 400 letters of nearly 200 botanists and horticulturists (most of which date from prior to 1850).

When no organization existed and one was needed, Mrs. Hunt would become one of the founders. I belong to two such groups. One is the Limited Editions Club. In its early years she was active in its promotion and production of works that reflected the best in typography, fine printing, and the graphic arts. The other organization, and one which I enjoy almost beyond all others, with one exception, is the Hroswitha Club, based in New York City. Mrs. Hunt, one of its six founders, helped bring together a group of women outstanding in this country for their book collecting activities, and served as president from 1949 to 1953. This small organization might be described as a feminine Grolier Club. We are closely associated with the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York City, and our books by members are kept in Director Ryskamp's own office. The Club takes its name from the 11th century Saxon abbess Hroswitha. Albrecht Dürer did a woodcut of her in the robes of her order, kneeling before her King Otto and presenting him with one of her books or manuscripts.

I missed ever meeting Mrs. Hunt personally, but I did have the pleasure of knowing George H. M. Lawrence, the Institute's first director, and Miriam, his wife and one of my Hroswitha sisters, who became my friends. Recognizing Dr. Lawrence's outstanding work as a professor of botany and as director of the Bailey Hortorium at Cornell University, Mrs. Hunt had sought his advice in connection with her collections and activities in botany, horticulture and kindred subjects. Later, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt tapped Dr. Lawrence to help them bring into reality her dream for a Hunt Botanical Library (the name it still had at the time of my first visit to Pittsburgh). As its first director, Dr. Lawrence guided the Library's establishment as an active

research center, one which quickly achieved international recognition for its highly successful program. After ten years (just when the name was changed to the Hunt Institute, reflecting more accurately the full extent of the enterprise he had so capably fashioned), Dr. Lawrence retired as director and moved back to his native Rhode Island. But he remained an active member of the Institute's staff, devoting practically his full effort to compiling and editing, with Dr. Strandell of Stockholm, a massive, detailed bibliographic catalogue of the Institute's Strandell Collection of Linnaeana. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt had passed on, but Dr. Lawrence was still in the flower of his vigor and creative work when he invited the Hroswitha Club to visit the Hunt Botanical Library. It was a memorable day, and in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Hunt's sons and their wives had a dinner for the visitors. That occasion marked the beginning of my admiration for the standards and quality of this unique institution, the dream of one small powerhouse of a woman. I had seen the same effect of her personality and high ideals reflected in the character of the Hroswitha Club.

Recently, I received a letter from one of my Hroswitha sisters, Ruth Brown—Mrs. John Carter Brown of Providence, Rhode Island—who knew Mrs. Hunt well. She began her letter:

"What a joyful piece of news that your magnificent Greenaway collection will have a permanent home in the Hunt Institute... and I think you have made an excellent choice. I am sure dear Rachel Hunt would be most happy to know that it will join her wonderful collection."

I too believe that Mrs. Hunt would have welcomed my Kate Greenaway collection among her treasures. Those two women had much more in common than being hardly-five-foot-tall dynamos. They also shared elegance, originality and thoroughness. Had they ever met, I think they would have sincerely admired each other.

Our Hroswitha visit to Pittsburgh had strengthened my intention to collect only Kate Greenaway materials which had a personal appeal to me, and only her best and finest works. This was the way Mrs. Hunt had collected—selecting everything from personal taste and appeal, and informed astute judgement. I did not care about accumulating the largest collection or the most comprehensive. I was only collecting what I personally wanted and could find pleasure in, and had no notions about a gift to any art museum or library. But a private home is really not the place for such things, for all the care they must have, including safeguards against fire, excessive humidity and acidity, ultraviolet rays, tiny creatures that survive on paper and leather, and even chemical enemies in the air.

Whoever has a collection such as mine—of original artworks, first editions, holograph letters, etc.—owes it to the originator of those materials as well as to posterity not to let the collection be neglected or purloined—to try to safeguard it into the future in every possible way. The most obvious safeguard that my collection has at the Institute that I could not provide with equal care is an ultramodern fire detection and suppression system. I live in a wood house. Three times a sturdy oak on my parkway has been struck by lightning. Once a ball of St. Elmo's Fire came into my study. We try to remember to unplug the televisions and other electric appliances when there is an electrical storm, and we have an electrician go over the house annually to check for loose connections and crossed wires; yet even French-frying potatoes for dinner could cause a conflagration. Then there is

humidity, which is said to be Enemy Number One, and is closely related to temperature. Despite thermostatically controlled heating and air conditioning, we can never hold an even temperature; the house is always either over- or under-heated. The Institute controls temperature *and* humidity to tolerances (68-75 °F, 45-55% RH) not possible for private homes, generally speaking. Also, it has sophisticated intrusion and video-monitoring security systems; for obvious reasons, the details of those are not for publication. Finally, the Institute operates its own fine bookbinding and conservation facility, to provide all the services necessary for the physical preservation of its collections, including deacidification.

Besides this safety provided my collection above and beyond anything I could pledge it, I like thinking about and visiting it in such a beautiful place. Everything about the Institute's Penthouse base reflects Mrs. Hunt's taste and concern for elegance and beauty. For example, serviceability and at the same time loveliness are expressed throughout the Rare Book Room. On the floor are three Savonnerie carpets handwoven with a mille-fleurs pattern whose flowers and yarn colors Mrs. Hunt personally selected. Upholstery material and green silk damask draperies were woven in Lyon to match those in Mrs. Hunt's library at home. The furniture, antique and custom-made, and its arrangement recreate the atmosphere of her library. She loved to entertain her friends at tea in the Gallery, and for this she had commissioned a special tea service with a Linnaean motif. You can see how the Hunt Institute appealed to me as a permanent home for my collection.

Rachel Hunt was one of the great greats in private collecting, with interests both broad in scope and aesthetic in emphasis. What has become the Hunt Institute "is more than a simple library; it is an assemblage of interlocking collections..."¹¹ So Dr. Lawrence reported in 1961, and I like to think of my own collection now joined with those others, enhanced by them and at the same time contributing something of its own to that most distinguished assemblage.

How I happened to collect Kate Greenaway is now told, and also why I wanted it to go to the Hunt Institute. It remains to say just a bit about other collections, and collecting. Along the way I also collected, or started collecting, other subjects that were sooner or later abandoned, but I enjoy having the portions of them that I did assemble. I began collecting egg cozies just for fun—little felt ones I picked up in Vienna on my first trip to Europe. After that I got more whenever I came upon any, and had a long shadow box built to display them in the dining room. But my friends got the idea I was collecting egg cups, which they began to get me whenever they saw one in their travels or at home. This was another sort of collection—too many people in the act. Both cups and cozies are now in my go-down awaiting... I don't know what they are waiting for. I've already told about starting to collect Cruikshank, but having to give that up because there was too much of it. I would have needed a warehouse until I could open up an entire museum or library (like the Folgers). I also began on the ever fascinating Lewis Carroll and *Alice in Wonderland*, but I was too late. Good pieces were rare (and dear Dr. Rosewald paid a million dollars for the original manuscript) and I felt I couldn't acquire enough within my lifetime. What I have I wouldn't part with, but I soon learned this also wasn't for me to pursue as a collector.

My principal quarry at present is works by Virginia Woolf, and those in English by and about Carl Linnaeus, the latter for our Chicago Horticultural

Society Library. Linnaeus, you know, wrote only in Swedish or Latin, but the users of that library are for the most part garden club members, teachers and students who are not familiar with those languages.

Even greater than the pleasure of having a Kate Greenaway collection or any other has been that of the collecting itself and the people and episodes contingent. One thing, one friend leads to another new one, thence to yet another, and it never seems to end. So if one wants a whole new galaxy of interesting friends and delightful experiences, just begin a collection.

Frances Hooper, Kenilworth, Illinois, September 1980

NOTES

1. Marion H. Spielmann and George S. Layard, *Kate Greenaway*, London, 1905. This is a yet unexcelled source by authors who knew the artist and lived her times. Contributors were friends; they lent letters and drawings, and told anecdotes about Kate Greenaway, not from reading about her, not from hearsay, but from firsthand knowledge. The book is long out of print now, but many libraries have copies, and now and then it appears in antiquarian catalogues.

2. Sales of Kate Greenaway in the United States exceeded even those in England. This may be attributed to our having had a larger population, with more people who could read (due to our universal public schools and compulsory education).
3. From Eugene Field, *The poems of Eugene Field*, New York, 1911, p. 248. Field was born in St. Louis in 1850, when Kate Greenaway was a little four-year-old over in England. Both rose to fame and fortune during the Victorian age of expansion and opulence, and both paid attention to children themselves. They painted and wrote poems, each in his own way, which showed children cute and loveable, as they are, featuring their whimsies and their ways. They didn't preach at them; they entertained them. And they presented them to adults. This was a new approach.
4. Laurence Gomme was a bibliophile. Professionally he was an authority on rare books and fine bindings, and he specialized in appraisals.
5. From J. Christian Bay, *The bookman is a hummingbird and Book collecting in the Middle West and the house of Walter M. Hill*, privately printed for the friends of the Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 1952. Edition limited to 400 copies.
6. A pelisse was a wide-collared woman's fur, fur-lined or fur-trimmed coat or cloak that went straight down to the ankles or ground.
7. It might be regretted that Stevenson could not have written the verses around Greenaway's ideas and illustrations, and it is surely regrettable that she did not illustrate *A child's garden of verses*. But neither the poet nor the artist liked to work with another's ideas, and indeed each was marvelously creative unto himself.
8. From his perceptive and evocative gem of brief biography "Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt—1882-1963," *Huntia* 1: 5-15, 1964.
9. *Ibid.*
10. From [George H. M. Lawrence], *The Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library*, . . . Pittsburgh, 1961, p. 15.
11. *Ibid.*, p. 5.



Kate Greenaway's studio at 39, Frognal, Hampstead. From an original photographic print in the Hooper Collection.

THE SINGULAR VISION OF KATE GREENAWAY

Towards the end of her life, Kate Greenaway (1846-1901) wrote a defiant verse to describe her single-minded attitude to the startling age into which she had been born:

*"There are sometimes moments when I see
A sort of divinity in it for me,
To keep me separate and alone;
To hold away and keep my heart
All for my work, set aside and apart,
As if I were vowed away to Art."*¹

It was clearly a stubborn refusal to submit to the "clatter and bang" of the Victorian period that had brought unparalleled wealth and poverty to the British people. Since she retained her faith in escaping through her very special view of that world, her life and career as an artist must then be seen in this light, bathed in the memories of the blissful rural past she tried to recreate each time she put brush or pen to paper.

By the time Queen Victoria firmly took her place on the throne in 1837, memories of Regency England were fast fading, and a belief arose that the eighteenth century, with its squires and elegantly gowned ladies, had been England's Golden Age, a period of supreme style and grace. It inspired such Victorian novelists as Thackeray and Trollope to set their novels in Bath crescents or on the vast country estates that began to be transformed into productive farm factories during their own lifetimes. Soon the vogue for eighteenth-century literature, architecture and painting grew in leaps and bounds. Queen-Anne styled architecture borrowed heavily from the period, with Norman-Shaw-designed mansion houses built to accommodate the Regency frills of the past, complete with carefully clipped gardens and shrubbery. The vogue for Gainsborough- and Reynolds-inspired portraiture (often of the latest industrial magnate and his family) brought with it a boom in the sale of engraved prints after their more popular paintings, and artists built whole reputations on recreating the period with so-called "Dorothy pictures"—of a demure, elegantly dressed lady seated in her garden before a Regency buck. These became very popular, and countless variations were sold as prints or book illustrations, spawning the careers of Randolph Caldecott and later Hugh Thomson, to name just two artists who worked in the formula.

The strong influence of Kate Greenaway's contribution to the eighteenth-century revival, though coming somewhat later, cannot be denied. She tapped the Victorian public's desire for refined, harmless escapism by setting her innocent children in a pastel-tinted dreamland recognizable to all those, like the beleaguered city dweller caught up in one of the numerous urban prisons, who longed to escape the world around them. "There are no railroads in it to carry the children away, are there?" remarked the great art critic John Ruskin in an Oxford lecture on Kate Greenaway's pure vision. Above all, he continued, there were "no tunnel or pit mouths to swallow them up, no league-long viaducts—blinkered iron bridges. There are only winding brooks, wooden foot-bridges, and grassy hills without holes cut into them... And more

wonderfully still,—there are no gasworks! no waterworks, no mowing machines, no sewing machines, no telegraph poles, no vestige, in fact, of science, civilization, economical arrangements, or commercial enterprise!!”¹

Ruskin here pinpointed, in his typical effusive manner, the diseases of urban, industrial England that he believed would culminate in a great “Storm Cloud.” The industrial smoke and fumes of too many people living in too small an area would ultimately destroy the life-enhancing benefits of Nature and civilization as he knew it: “But our cities, built in black air which, by its accumulated foulness, first renders all ornament invisible in distance, and then chokes its interstices with soot; cities which are crowded masses of store, and warehouse, and counter, and are therefore to the rest of the world what the larder and cellar are to a private house; cities in which the object of men is not life, but labour . . . cities in which the streets are not the avenues for passing a procession of happy people, but the drains for the discharge of a tormented mob, in which the only object in reaching any spot is to be transferred to another; in which existence becomes mere transition, and every creature is only one atom in a drift of human dust . . .”³

This was Ruskin in his most outraged mood, but it was just such sentiment which the young Kate Greenaway had read and on which she wholeheartedly agreed, tempering her response but never losing the desire to escape her own life in the city. “For oh, I love the country—the beautiful country. Who’d live in a London street when there’s the country?” she wrote in *Marigold garden*. She was in fact born on 17 March 1846 at Hoxton New Town in a row of workman’s houses in the heart of London’s industrialised East End—just the sort of urban spawl Ruskin so viciously attacked. Hoxton’s famous seventeenth- and eighteenth-century market gardens had by the 1840s given way to rows of uniform brick terraces built to accommodate the rush of population to the city: by mid-century 170,000 farm workers had invaded London in just twenty years and many had found work in areas like Hoxton. The neighbourhood was soon known for small businesses (and remains so today), with furniture and cabinet makers sharing premises with makers of everything from corsets to musical instruments and lampshades, each family intent on climbing its way up the ladder of wealth and into the growing middle class. Moreover, with so much of the country’s population migrating, long-distance travel was no longer confined to the wealthy, and the growth of railway networks transformed the country: “Distance has disappeared. England so long a great country, is fast becoming one great city, and we may reach London from Nottingham in less than it would take a person to walk from one extreme of the great metropolis to the other,” claimed one newspaper in the year of Kate Greenaway’s birth.⁴

The Greenaway family was in many ways typical of the London immigrants. Both Kate’s mother and father had their family roots outside London, but the call of the city had been heard and obeyed. Kate’s paternal grandfather had abandoned a prosperous shipping business at the Royal Dockyards, Sheerness, to struggle as a “rag and bone merchant” in Southwark, south London. There her father, John Greenaway, the eldest of nine children, had been forced out of the house at fifteen by a drunkard stepfather and forced to fend for himself (and later to support



Kate Greenaway’s house at 39, Frognal, Hampstead, designed for her by R. Norman Shaw. From *Kate Greenaway* by Spielmann and Layard.

his sisters and ailing mother), first apprenticed to Robert Brandard, the London stationer, then to Ebenezzar Landells, with whom he learned wood engraving. Soon the firm, rebellious independence in his nature broke through (it was a family legend that he was related to the infamous Father Greenway, implicated in the Gunpowder Plot of 1605 to blow up the houses of Parliament), and John worked hard to set himself up in his own engraving business, which he had achieved by the early 1840s. He then married Elizabeth Jones, the daughter of a violent-tempered, Welsh-born butcher who had a shop in the East End until his untimely death at his daughter’s coming of age. Although little is known of Elizabeth Greenaway, she was the dominant figure in the family. She had inherited staunch religious principles from an eccentric Welsh mother (herself a wealthy countrywoman) and maintained a stubborn independence in the face of the many upsets and traumas that beset a family of four children growing up in a London backstreet.

The first of these upsets came shortly after Kate was born. Her mother agreed to take her two children to relatives in the country, leaving her husband undisturbed to work on a promising new engraving commis-

sion and to set up the new house he had rented on the strength of its success. As it happened, this visit, when Kate was but six months old, first exposed her to the scene of the most important experiences of her life, for it marked the beginning of her love affair with the idyllic rural life of Rolleston, a small village near Newark in Nottinghamshire. There each summer the "Little Lunnoner," as she was known, tramped the corn fields and hedgerows and learned the old world ways of relatives living in a rural backwater as yet unmarked by the changes of the nineteenth century. The visits, religiously observed each year, continued to provide the experiences and, later, drawings that became the Greenaway vision.

From the outset, young Kate was expected to adapt to the country ways and prejudices of her mother's Rolleston relatives. She was in fact the niece of one of the area's wealthiest farmers and, while the more humble villagers treated her with awe and respect, she soon learned to attach herself to those less fortunate but more sincere members of the community. Above all she loved her guardians, the Chappells, a poor dairy farming husband and wife who treated their young charge as if she were the child they never had. With her wide brown eyes, dark hair and precocious personality she soon became something of a village legend, well remembered by the locals long after she had returned to London. She responded joyfully to her country home and helped gather the cows early in the morning, tried to give the hay harvest her full attention, and even delivered the dairy produce her guardian sold for a living.

These were remarkably impressionable years, unequalled in their enchantment, as she later recalled. "In these early days all farm things were of endless interest to me . . . I had a tiny hayfork, a little kit to carry milk in, and a little washing-tub, all exactly like big real ones, only small."⁵ This was written for her autobiography, and the childhood journal she devised in preparation was filled with favourite Rolleston attractions: "the swing in the barn," "the dressing in (sic) the hob ring," or playing the endless games her inventive young mind had devised, like "sailing caterpillars in tubs—on leaves" and "playing hide-and-seek in the stockyards." There were also visits to Southwell, the market town nearby, renowned for its church carvings (praised by Ruskin) and its display of summer roses and rural crafts; or visits to the larger market town of Newark, approached in a bouncing horse and trap filled with squawking ducks and chickens, fruit and cheeses for the famous weekly cheese and sheep market. Here too were maltings, corn mills and the linen factory that produced the farmer's smock-frock fashions that inspired the Greenaway dresses in later years.

Kate Greenaway's impressions of country life remained those of a starry-eyed child, oblivious to the rampant hardships endured by most Victorian farmers and their workers, however remote their farms. To her, "Everything was done slowly at Rolleston, and bustle unknown;" and yet Rolleston suffered hardships and disasters like any other village, despite its backwater reputation (electricity was not installed there until 1931). To Kate it was merely an enchanting world of farmers in smock-frocks tending sheep and cattle, their wives waving from scented gardens, dressed in long dresses and poke bonnets ("Charity bobs"). Rolleston was mentioned in the Domesday Book and, although the local manor house had since been destroyed, the village green with its stocks

was still there, surrounded by several quaint thatch-roofed cottages, a Saxon church and bell tower. But the eternal struggle against natural elements prevailed, despite Kate Greenaway's ignorance, and the local papers were filled with horrific accounts of floods, destruction by fire or wind, droughts or deaths among agricultural workers, many of whom slept six to a room and survived on little more than bread, dripping and tea. One of the Greenaway relatives squandered his wealth on drink, no doubt defeated by the relentless pressures of country life, while on the other hand, her aunt and uncle flaunted their wealth by leaving some of their fields unharvested, or keeping a number of servants. Such were the class distinctions even among yeoman farmers, but curiously the Greenaway memory did not recall such things, and the hard, dull, daily drudgery of farm life was seen through rose-coloured glasses all her life. Even when as an older woman she ventured outside London and saw the terrible hardships of country life, she refused to alter her original interpretation of blissful, idyllic Rolleston; reading Thomas Hardy she was plunged into deep disgust at such "horrible" descriptions and senseless distortions.

Such a relentless belief in her own vision, however distorted, was strengthened while walking in the flower gardens she loved all her life, or by recalling the Sunday afternoon strolls along a Rolleston hedgerow, where wild docks became "tea" ("we used to have a tea-shop and weigh it out and sell it for tea") and purple mallow became "cheeses" ("sweet little flat green things"). The country garden of the Fryers at Rolleston remained her ideal, with its large stone house, convolvuluses climbing the walls and windows, and peacocks strutting the long gravel paths to oval flower beds kept seasonal by the Fryer's large staff of servants. There in the apple, pear and plum orchard, young Kate experienced a strange transformation while peering up at the blue sky through clouds of fruit blossoms. It was to her a unique experience, repeated each spring, as she often told her friends. "You can go into a beautiful new country if you stand under a large apple tree and look up to the blue sky through the white flowers—to go to this scented land is an experience," she recalled, adding why it remained so potent an experience: "I suppose I went to it very young before I could really remember and that is why I have such a wild delight in cowslips and apple blossom—they always give me the same strange feeling of trying to remember, as if I had known them in a former world."⁶ Indeed this eternal spring setting was transferred into the pastel greens and pale pinks of many of her finest book illustrations and watercolours, as were the rural scenes of many of her verses. "The impression was so great it could never go away again," she admitted to Ruskin three years before her death, and vividly described one scene in particular that had haunted her all her life: "Go and stand in a shady lane—at least, a wide country road—with high hedges, and wide grassy places at the sides. The hedges are all hawthorns blossoming; in the grass grow great patches of speedwell, stitchwort, and daisies. You look through the gates into fields full of buttercups, and the whole of it is filled with sunlight. For I said it was shady only because the hedges were high. Now do you see my little picture, and me a little dark girl in a pink frock and hat, looking about at things a good deal, and thoughts filled up with such wonderful things—everything seeming wonderful and life to go on for ever just as it was! What a beautiful long time a day was! Filled with time—."⁷

Kate Greenaway's return to London, after such a period in the country, proved somewhat traumatic. The grim rows of terraced Hoxton houses saddened her memories of sweeping fields filled with butterflies and birds, these now replaced by a cruel rectangular patch of brick-walled yard where she was allowed to sit amongst the laundry defiantly hung to dry in the yellow fog-clogged air. She soon developed a stoic attitude to her urban surroundings, suffering them because she had no other choice, while her heart remained in the country. She wrote in *Marigold garden*, of this very real disappointment:

*"I live in a London street, then I long
To be the whole day the sweet Flowers among
Instead of tall chimney-pots up in the sky,
The joy of seeing Birds and Dragon Flies go by..."*

Life in London for the Greenaway family was indeed hard and disappointing, especially when John Greenaway failed to support his family with his wood-engraving. He had placed all their hopes on an enterprising project, engraving from John Gilbert illustrations for a series of reprinted Dickens novels, but the publisher soon went bankrupt and left him with his fee unpaid, his time wasted, and a growing family to support. His wife, in her typical no-nonsense manner, accepted the situation and opened a fancy goods shop in Upper Street, Islington, an area noted for its drapers, stationers and millinery shops that were crowded each Saturday with fashionable ladies and their daughters intent on restocking their wardrobes and linen cupboards. There the family moved and grew, two more children being added, and happily Mrs. Greenaway's shop prospered. Gradually young Kate overcame her disgust with city life, and with her new brother and elder sister she explored the many delights of Islington's streets—shops filled with picture books, toys and games, and the noisy din of the street entertainers, whose instruments and songs later found their way into the Greenaway book verses.

Meanwhile, John Greenaway was forced to work day and night to recover his losses, by engraving for the growing number of illustrated books, newspapers and magazines that began to appear at the time. It was the heyday of the black-and-white illustrator, throughout the 1850s and 1860s, brought on by the advent of steam-driven printing presses and rapid printing schedules that meant news items could appear in print, often with illustrations made on the spot, within days of their happening. Papers like the *Illustrated London news*, later the *Daily graphic*, established themselves on topicality, and John Greenaway was often sent out with woodblock to sketch some enthralling scene—perhaps a murder trial or a royal event—then to rush home to engrave the block, working all night to have it ready for the early morning deadline and publication the next day. It was a hard regime for such "special reporters," and many succumbed to drink and ill health. But the numbers of illustrator-engravers rocketed during this ten-year period, and by all rights John Greenaway should have built up a successful business by then, for he had trained with the best of the master engravers, Ebenezzar Landells, who founded the *Illustrated London news*, and many of his fellow apprentices (such as Edmund Evans) had become very successful. However, his heart was often elsewhere,

especially at the theatre he loved, and while he worked hard it was often half-heartedly, engraving the children's books full of Harrison Weir animal drawings for which he became well-known.

His despondency was overcome when young Kate, his favourite daughter, took a growing interest in his work and nursed him through his all-night engraving sessions. She tried to comment and to learn the engraver's skills; she studied her father's large collection of prints and illustrated magazines, making drawings on slate, then with pencil on paper, of her favourite fairy or gnome-like illustrations. She pored over early issues of *Punch* with their John Leech street urchins, the dignified cartoons of John Gilbert, and the sprightly fairies of Richard Doyle and Kenny Meadows, and on the whole preferred these fantasy illustrators. The real world, of murders, tragedies and disasters, she took too much to heart, and her extreme sensitivity to suffering—she never allowed any living creature to be killed—meant she could be consumed with terror while just reading the papers. The horrific accounts of a massacre of women and children by Sepoy rebels at Cawnpore, accounts written by eyewitnesses in most graphic detail, transfixed the young artist, and she felt it her duty to at least imagine that the victims had survived and were now well. "I could sit and think of the Sepoys till I could be wild with terror, and I used sometimes to dream of them. But I was always drawing the ladies, nurses and children escaping. Mine always escaped and were never taken." Fear and terror played an important role in her development, as her childhood reminiscences recall a "fear of water taps," a delicious longing to hear the penny-dreadful stories of bloodthirsty pirates like Blue Beard, and a month-long depression brought on by the apocalyptic visions of John Martin prints. Among her worst fears, it seems, were those of her early days at a succession of four dame schools which she sporadically attended, trying all the while to convince her mother that her teachers were terrible, frightful individuals with glass eyes and unbearable tempers. And yet when left to her own devices, young Kate achieved considerable successes at the piano, with her French lessons, and of course with her drawing.

Kate Greenaway's art lessons were first suggested as an experiment when, at the age of twelve, she accompanied her obstinate cousin to evening classes. While the cousin soon abandoned the work, Kate accepted the difficult lessons with zealous delight and eventually became a day student at the local Finsbury School of Art, where she won several book prizes and medals for her perseverance under the rigours of a daunting training scheme. The National Art Training Scheme, as it was called, was set up in the mid-1840s as an alternative to the highly competitive fine-art training offered at the Royal Academy schools, where painters, sculptors and other "fine artists" were taught from classical casts. Through a system of local schools established throughout the country and controlled by a central school at South Kensington in London, a national scheme was devised to train artist-craftsmen, as opposed to fine artists. The course comprised twenty-three stages, based on geometric principles of design and its application in ornament, progressing from drawing geometric shapes on cards to drawing outlines of three-dimensional objects like plaster casts, plants, shells, birds and minerals. The primary principle was outline, so that designs could be applied to the plethora of manufactured "artistic" objects—wall and floor tiles (stage

twenty-three was to design a set of floral tiles), wallpapers, fabrics, plaster ornaments, and the bric-a-brac so popular among the rising middle class. Much of this vogue for ornamental design had arisen out of the Great Exhibition of 1851 in Hyde Park, where the work of silversmiths, cast-iron manufacturers, cabinet makers and glass blowers was displayed and regarded in a new, artistic light; it was hoped thereafter that a distinct national style of decorative design would emerge, perpetuated by the National Art Training Scheme, to produce objects to rival the utilitarian manufactures of Germany and France.

The national training scheme was not without its critics. The series of twenty-three stages involved a painstaking patience even the most devoted pupil found almost impossible, some stages taking up to two years to complete. Charles Dickens parodied the scheme in Chapter 2 of *Hard times*, where a government art inspector (based, it was said, on Henry Cole, pioneer of the national scheme) was "A mighty man at cutting and drying [flowers for outline drawing]" who lived by the claim that geometry and mathematics were the sole basis for all good art, at the expense of creativity and individual inspiration: "You must use for all purposes combinations and modifications (in primary colours) of mathematical figures which are susceptible of proof and demonstration. This is the new discovery. This is fact. This is taste." Despite this soul-destroying regime, however, Kate Greenaway raced through all twenty-three stages in about six years, and her works entered in the National Competitions alongside others from local schools were judged so successful in echoing the prescribed national style that they were purchased by the national school for use as examples for future students. In 1864 alone she was awarded a bronze medal for her "Analysis of Flowers" and an honourable mention for a floral watercolour as well. She had clearly succeeded where so many of her fellow students had floundered and failed, and to a certain extent all her future work was done under the shadows of the national training scheme's outline and geometric dictums.

She had now proved herself capable of designing for industry, but like so many of her fellow students, she had more adventurous ambitions in the realms of painting as an end in itself. During summer holidays at Rolleston she had spent hours sketching the Chappell farm and surroundings, practiced her outline pencil technique on blackberry branches and primroses, and drawn realistic portraits of her guardians and members of her family. She therefore decided to enroll in a series of lessons which tried, to some extent, to broaden her outlook, to stretch her copyist skills for a more individualistic approach to her art.

She first enrolled in the Central School at South Kensington, but the most valuable lesson learned there was to work alongside equally ambitious female students from different, often artistic family backgrounds, girls like Elizabeth Thompson, destined to become Lady Butler on the strength of her remarkable recreations of battle scenes, for which Queen Victoria offered the highest praises. Lessons at South Kensington were rigorous, but still choked the inspiration or inventiveness from the students' work, since they were taught from colour manuals and remorseless copying in the "South Kensington style" of chalk drawing. This gave the school an unfortunate reputation which, by the 1880s,

Gilbert and Sullivan parodied in "Patience": one character exclaimed to another, "Oh! South Kensington!" where they "taught too much and educated too little." The ordeal was best described by George Moore in *Modern painting*, where he pointed out the folly of the "stumping technique" of drawing endured by Kate Greenaway and her fellow students: "I shall never forget the scenes I witnessed there [at South Kensington]. Having made a choice of a cast, the student proceeded to measure the number of heads; he then measured the cast in every direction, and ascertained by means of a plumbline exactly where the lines fell. It was more like land-surveying than drawing, and to accomplish this portion of his task took generally a fortnight, working six hours a week. He then placed a sheet of tissue paper upon the drawing, leaving only one small part uncovered, and having reduced his chalk pencil to the finest possible point he proceeded to lay in a set of extremely fine lines. These were crossed by a second set of lines, and the two sets of lines elaborately stippled, every black spot being carefully picked out with bread. With a patience truly sublime in its folly, he continued the process all the way down the figure, accomplishing, if he were truly industrious, about an inch square in the course of an evening... After three months' work a student began to be noticed; at the end of four he became an important personage." Most important of all, the resulting drawing was a "flat, foolish thing, but very soft and smooth." Despite its opponents, this drawing method continued well into the 1890s, when the sixteen-year-old Augustus John was awarded a certificate attesting to his success at perpetuating the folly, making him a "Master Stumper Third Class."⁹

The alternatives for more ambitious art study were few. Kate Greenaway enrolled for a short period in the famous Heatherley's (formerly Leigh's), off Oxford Street, where she added life classes to her South Kensington lessons. There she joined the only school in London where women and men worked together from the model, unhampered by professional or class distinctions. Struggling beginners worked alongside well-established professional painters and illustrators, and the ranks had swelled to include the young Walter Crane, Frederick Walker (idol of pre-1870s art students), Henry Stacy Marks, and Simeon Solomon, all presided over by the ghostly figure of Thomas Heatherley, pale-bearded, dressed in heavy gaberdrine gown and slippers, who shuffled between student and model most days of the week.

Women students in life classes had long been a controversial topic; indeed by as late as 1863 there were only eight British art schools with life classes of any type, and those strictly limited to male students. Sexual discrimination had even invaded the local Finsbury School of Art, where women students were regarded as "ladies or potential governesses" a full cut above the vulgar artisan classes of male students, who were kept quite separate of course. By 1852 a Female School of Art and Design was established, but there too the students were usually ladies in search of temporary diversion until marriage, or at least daughters of working class families forced by circumstances to train as governesses or art teachers. Few had hopes of becoming fine artists; as the *Art journal* of 1861 pointed out, "the art education of working class girls is hopeless." Nevertheless Kate Greenaway persevered in evening classes at Heatherley's, and about 1872 she enrolled in the adventurous new Slade

School of Art, a school established under Edward Poynter to counteract the stilted regime of South Kensington. There models were drawn for their poses, and the movement and interpretation a student could bring to his drawing was a refreshing if not confusing change from Kate's previous experience. There she laboured long and hard under the school's primary dictum: "Pictorial art is everything—ornamental Art comparatively nothing." It was a difficult lesson to learn, for it meant reversing almost thirteen years' training.

During these difficult years as an art student, Kate Greenaway tried to apply her lessons in those commercial venues open to a woman with artistic ambitions. She eagerly accepted black-and-white illustration commissions her father secured for her from among his publisher employers; her colour studies were applied to illustrations of favourite children's tales for the Warne series *Aunt Louisa's London toy books* (1870), in which she struggled to avoid the garishness of previous, similar publications. Colour, especially watercolour, was a medium she wholeheartedly enjoyed and practiced all her life, from art-school lessons to her last coloured sketches for a series of unfinished books. It was the one medium the Victorian art world thought suitable for women artists. Several had broken ground by exhibiting watercolours at the prestigious Royal Academy exhibitions, although such works were relegated to separate rooms and it was long believed that a watercolourist—whether male or female—could never be admitted to full membership in the Academy. The medium itself demanded total dedication and privacy to regulate and build up the layers of quick-drying colour washes around a preliminary pencil drawing. It was the method Kate Greenaway used while working in the small backstreet studio room she had taken by the 1870s, rented from a woman with a Pre-Raphaelite beauty of a daughter, who was immediately pressed into modelling. Her frizzy red hair and endearing smile appeared in many of the watercolour portraits Kate successfully exhibited in London at that time—at the Dudley Gallery, the Royal Institute of Painters in Watercolour, and finally the Royal Academy itself.

Painting for exhibitions soon became one of Kate's major concerns: exhibition was a goal which many art students, however successful as decorative designers, strove to achieve. The London galleries offered the successful painter a respectability that the commercial designer-illustrator, tainted by the vulgarity of working for industry, could seldom attain. Artists like Millais, Rossetti, Holman Hunt, and Walter Crane therefore earnestly pursued their painting for exhibitions, while doing illustrations, often only grudgingly, for the money. Women artists then had to labour under a double burden, since circumstances confined most of their efforts to commercial designing, while the fact that their few exhibition works were done by women hindered their chances of recognition. Nevertheless there were a few woman painters who managed to build reputations in the London galleries, women trained at South Kensington and the Slade, as well as the Royal Academy Schools. They included the portrait painter Clara Montalba; Mary Backhouse (later Mrs. W. E. Miller), painter of "Spring" (RA 1871) and "Maidenhood" (RA 1872); and the influential Helen Paterson (later Mrs. William Allingham).

painter of rustic cottage scenes that eventually challenged the Greenaway reputation. Many of these women painters had the advantage of painter parents or brothers who could ensure that a daughter's or sister's works were associated with their own reputations and hung when those by others, with unknown names and amateur status, were ignored.

The exhibition venues open to women artists were noticeably few. Apart from the Old and New Watercolour Societies, there was the Royal Society of Painters in Watercolour, founded in 1821 to promote a medium neglected by the more prestigious galleries. Although Kate Greenaway never exhibited there, it was important as a centre for new artists, especially females; this unfortunately gave the gallery a frivolous reputation, as Thackeray pointed out when he visited it early in the period: "In the first place, you never can enter it without finding four or five pretty women, that's a fact; pretty women with pink bonnets peeping at pretty pictures, and with sweet whispers vowing that Mrs. Seyfforth is a dear, delicious painter, and that her style is 'so soft.'" Another gallery was the Society of British Artists (Suffolk Street), founded in 1824 by a rebellious group of painters (including the biblical painter John Martin) "for the purpose of Low Art, at any rate for the exercise of greater realism than was supposed to be favoured by the Royal [Academy]." As such there was a decidedly second-rate quality to the works exhibited there, and its hanging committee was often criticised for lacking sound artistic judgment. For example, the artist Weedon Grossmith, co-author of the Victorian classic *The diary of a nobody*, recalled sending his student studies of Royal Academy School models to Suffolk Street. If painted in fancy of costumes and feathers, elaborately framed and titled "Marie" or "Clarice," these "were frequently bought by men who felt the pictures reminded them of old loves, known before marriage—if one could invite men without wives to private views, one could sell double the number of pictures."¹¹ Into this rather jaded atmosphere were sent the eleven child portraits Kate Greenaway successfully exhibited at Suffolk Street from 1870 to 1876, each one an idealised watercolour of a child or an adolescent, with titles like "A Peeper," "Little Watercress Girl," or "A Fern Gatherer," and all based on the local Islington street urchins she had pressed into modelling. The Dickensian character of her subjects and their settings—some were posed against a grimy street wall with tattered posters—were occasionally tempered with an old-world pastiche of a medieval garden, planted with Pre-Raphaelite madonna lilies or roses, the child dressed in heavy tapestry gown and eighteenth-century mob-cap.

When these works failed to sell at Suffolk Street, they were sent to the even more adventurous Dudley Gallery. Situated in the heart of London, in the Egyptian Hall, Picadilly, from 1865 to 1882 the Dudley served a vital role by exhibiting the works of amateurs and professionals unable to exhibit at the more prestigious galleries, and, most important of all, exhibited the rising number of artist-illustrators who worked for book publishers and magazines. There, from 1872, for the first time in any major British gallery, were hung works by popular black-and-white illustrators such as Randolph Caldecott, Walter Crane, Millais, Walker and other "Sixties School" artists. Kate Greenaway first exhibited there

in 1868; her fairy painting and a group of six drawings on wood, the drawings based on studies of her masters Doyle, Meadows and Dadd, were hung alongside a "poetic though peculiar" Walter Crane painting, designs by Henry Stacy Marks, and rows of Christmas card designs. Her designs were singled out by the *Art Journal* and bought by the editor of *People's magazine* (Reverend Loftie), who subsequently published four in his new family magazine.

Kate Greenaway continued to exhibit at the Dudley until its reputation began to wane. In 1879 the gallery's open-ended hanging policies came under attack, and even with her four watercolour children's portraits hung alongside works by Tenniel and Stacy Marks, the *Athenaeum* critic could describe the atmosphere only as "an agreeable lounge-place," the pictures lining its walls not to be taken seriously. Fortunately, by that time Kate Greenaway had successfully broken into the prestigious Royal Academy exhibitions, again with child portraits, which the art press called "charming," or painted in "powerful colour." This was a considerable achievement, since only 7% of the Academy exhibitors had been women in 1850, the number increasing only to 28% by 1903.

Works sold at annual exhibitions could scarcely support a thirty-two-year-old single artist, and, on her own admission, Kate was forced to undertake whatever "hack work" she or her father could find for her. She contributed black-and-white illustrations to children's periodicals like *Little folks*, published by her father's employers Cassell, Petter Galpin, and tried her hand at illustrating those domestic drawing-room dramas and romances made popular by Millais and Walker illustrations, her anguished figures dressed in contemporary costumes taken from her mother's dress shop, their faces often modelled on her brother's and father's. She adapted her style to fit a series of childhood reminiscence books by society ladies, like *My school days in Paris* and *The children of the parsonage*, and skillfully managed to suggest the backgrounds of places she had never visited. Other commissions were developed from her own childhood love of fairy tales, and she devised variations on gnomes and fairies to frighten the innocent child readers of *Starlight stories told to bright eyes and listening ears*. Gradually she steered her work to illustrating predominately for children, and a formalised "Greenaway face" emerged on her figures, probably borrowed largely from the vast doll collection she kept. She also studied the round-faced, pastel-tinted children's faces in portraits by Gainsborough and Reynolds in the National Gallery, and by the early 1870s had freely adopted Tenniel's popular "Alice" formula in her own fantasy-parody on the humorous papers she knew so well.

Also by the early 1870s, the Christmas card boom had begun to provide design work for amateur and professional artist-illustrators. The boom had been sparked off by the introduction of the postcard in 1870, and by the perfection of the colour lithographic printing used to produce such cards. Although at first most cards were printed in Germany, eventually British firms began to make inroads into the market. The most famous and respected of these was the Belfast-based Marcus Ward. They produced cards, calendars, and, later, colour-plate books to fill the bookshops and stationer's windows with elaborate pastiches of current artistic taste, either edged in lacy frills or printed in pale aesthetic tones, all

designed largely by an anonymous staff under the art direction of Thomas Crane, Walter's brother. By 1880, prizes were offered to promote card designing among amateur artists: that year the firm of Raphael Tuck offered £500 for the best design from among 2,000 frames exhibited in one London gallery. By 1890, it was confidently asserted that one could earn £500-900 annually as a card designer, and by then even the Royal Academicians and other successful painters were tempted to design for such a lucrative market.

As an art student Kate Greenaway too had worked on card designs, no doubt using her ornamental design training in the samples she submitted to Marcus Ward's London office. Despite the firm's reservations about her garish colouring and the mawkish accompanying verses, these designs were eventually published (with colours altered, verses omitted), and several years' steady employment began for Kate. Some of these cards were issued singly, others in sets with elaborate envelopes or running stories, some even sewn into small booklets. She was eventually awarded the ultimate accolade of her design profession and allowed to display her initials in the corner of each design, but she never succeeded in getting her card verses accepted. Indeed, despite repeated insistences in getting her card verses accepted. Indeed, despite repeated insistences with Ward and numerous attempts at writing to formulas—hadn't the Poet Laureate himself been offered £1,000 for a card verse at this time?—she failed; and yet she continued to write verses, largely love sonnets, all the rest of her life, confident that she could develop her literary talent.

Gradually Kate's career began to advance and her remuneration grew from a ten-shilling commission here, two pounds five shillings there, to as much as 20 guineas for a Dudley picture sale. However, she never received adequate payment for the greeting card designs, and this caused the row that abruptly ended her relationship with Marcus Ward: her designs, though, continued to appear (she had no control over their use), and even were reissued as colour plates in a giftbook series. Her greatest achievement in this vein, however, was designs with Walter Crane for valentines in *The quiver of love* (1876). As a result, by 1877 she had not only attained a staggering £300 annual wage but had gained significant footholds in such influential papers as the *Illustrated London news* and *Graphic*, periodicals by then famed for their illustrations.

Despite Kate's success, her personality had changed very little; she was still deeply shy and awkward with strangers. But these were in fact the very qualities that endeared her to her friends and neighbours, like the artist Mrs. Miller, who claimed she was always "gentle, patient, industrious, exquisitely sensitive, extraordinarily humorous, while under and over it all was an indomitable will." A strong will is an essential attribute in any artist's life, with its continual upsets and disappointments, not to mention worries over finances, and Kate often used the panacea "Never mind" in a dismissive tone when some deadline forced her to trudge the grim, dark backstreet to her lonely studio. She took her task philosophically, always recalling how easy it was to escape each time the pen or brush touched the paper and a primrose or apple blossom appeared. Then, she insisted, "I am in fairyland."¹²

Most important of all, Kate Greenaway doggedly refused to accept the label of "paintress"—a term bandied about in a condescending manner

by her male painter colleagues, descriptive of the rising number of female artists exhibiting in the London galleries. She firmly believed in her own private vision and maintained an almost obsessive insularity, in later years attacking the so-called "shrieking sisterhood" of suffragettes and women artists bent on redressing the imbalances in a male-based society. Nevertheless, the prejudice did exist, as exemplified in 1857 when the *Illustrated London news* reviewed a Society of Female Artists Exhibition and proclaimed that, "strength of will and power of creation belonging to the other sex, we do not of course look for the more daring efforts in an exhibition of female artists." Thirty years later, however, Kate Greenaway was proudly cited as a key exemplar of perseverance and dedication to her work, her success embraced by female art students (4,000 by 1903) who had risen out of the era of prejudice and had learned that, according to a contemporary art career manual, "There is more hope for a girl with a very little talent and an infinite capacity for taking pains, than for one who has natural gifts but who lacks industry and perseverance. And it is almost impossible to say whether there is talent or not until the power of working hard has been exercised for some time."¹³

This was clearly a restatement of Kate Greenaway's own principle of perseverance, which by the late 1870s she had successfully put into practice. Ignoring the objections of her father, who believed she had found her role in piecemeal illustration and should go no further, Kate nurtured a private dream to have her own book of drawings and verses published—it was in one sense the result of failing to have her illustrated card verses published. She carefully (and secretly) prepared forty-nine watercolour drawings of children in the rural settings she knew so well, with verses based on moral tales and her essential life-long preoccupation with right and wrong, and presented the result to her father for an opinion. He was not at first impressed, but did show the rough pencil drawings to his early engraving colleague Edmund Evans, by then a master colour printer of Crane toybooks and Birket Foster rustic scenery, with a rising reputation that would make him the foremost colour printer in Britain. Always eager for a new project—he had just begun to commission children's books himself—Evans saw the commercial potential in Kate's naive drawings and agreed to produce a book from them. He showed them to his publisher-distributor, George Routledge, who objected to the verses (it seemed inevitable), but agreed to the venture. Evans had the verses slightly altered, engraved the pictures in the pastel colours that had made him famous, titled the book *Under the window* (from the opening verse), and printed a staggering 20,000 copies. These were sold out even before a second printing could be ordered, much to his colleagues' astonishment, and eventually the book sold over its 70,000 second edition, was published in numerous foreign editions, and is still today in print. It earned its author over £1,500 and set her on the crest of a wave of fame and fortune that would break only some 45 books and 15 years later.

The overnight popularity of *Under the window* is difficult to explain today, but clearly Kate Greenaway had answered a largely neglected longing for nostalgia in the book-buying public, doing so with a fresh, if not startling, new naiveté of design; previous gift books had been over-

produced, with overly-ornate engravings and smeared, garish colour plates. Kate's formula shows most of her childhood and student preoccupations, including eighteenth-century costumes (derived to a certain extent from discovering a trunk of old dresses and dolls at Rolleston) and the firmly outlined children of her greeting cards, their dresses modifications of oddments studied in her mother's shop. She also introduced appropriate contemporary notes with peacock feathers, sun-flowers, Pre-Raphaelite lilies and long, free-flowing pastel gowns made popular by followers of the burgeoning Aesthetic Movement. Her verses, on the other hand, were a mixture of greeting card sentiment and nursery-rhyme morals, tempered with the unexpected but very real melancholia so much a part of childhood: "Heigh Ho!—time creeps but slow: I've looked up the hill so long: None come this way, the sun sinks low And my shadow's very long." This image accompanied the self-portrait vision of young Kate, in pink frock, forlornly standing at a garden gate, and was among those verses the critics singled out as "piquant and fluent," accompanying "first-rate" designs. The real competition when *Under the window* appeared, in December 1879, were the Crane toybook series and the first of Caldecott's picture books. In spite of what the *Art journal* called a severe depression in the art market ("The worst we have experienced for many years"), the book sold very well, even at six shillings a copy. It was indeed a fairy tale come true, which is the way Kate Greenaway decided to accept her good fortune:

*"For the world had found a new and lovely voice
To teach and train me in her secret ways,
And I saw beauty in all things that are
And knew that I was blest for all my days.
Above the world now, above its good and ill,
I ventured on a new and lovely life—
Sesame! had been said and I passed in,
My soul and body no more waged a strife."*¹⁴

The world into which *Under the window* emerged so successfully was rapidly filling with children's books, intended for artistic parents with childish longings. The Elementary Education Act of 1870 had made school education a public service—by 1880 school books had been met by a pulsory—and the demand for children's school books had been met by a plethora of illustrated textbooks and so-called children's classics, many of which were poorly produced religious tracts or horrific reworkings of time-honoured nursery tales. "Most of the children's books published during the last quarter of the century [were] hurtful to children," claimed Henry Cole, pioneer of the first educational children's book series, Felix Summerley's *Home Treasury*. Produced from 1843, of well-known nursery favourites illustrated by Royal Academician friends, the series was intended to restore "elements of a child's mind, its fancy, imagination, sympathies, affections..." By the 1860s, Walter Crane had begun to formulate his influential theories on illustrating for children, a discipline which he clearly loved for its freedom: "the imagination is singularly free, and let loose from ordinary restraints, it finds a world of its own, which may be interrupted in a spirit of playful gravity," but which evolved from his belief in preserving "the child spirit."¹⁵ Randolph

Caldecott followed suit, and by the 1880s he, Crane and Greenaway were lumped together in the public's mind as the "Nursery Triumvirate" who would revolutionise the illustrated book and elevate the role of the book illustrator; by 1894, Henry Stacy Marks could confidently claim, "It is impossible for a child now-a-days not to be influenced by the admirable specimens of draughtsmanship he sees in most illustrated books and periodicals. A child's book today is a work of art."¹⁶

On the strength of *Under the window* and *A day in a child's life* (1881), *Mother Goose* (1881) and *Little Ann* (1883), the *Art Journal* claimed Kate Greenaway had earned a remarkable reputation and "has obtained a position of standing among the artists of the present day"—the artists, not illustrators; clearly she had elevated herself from the prejudices surrounding illustration. That same year even her friend and colleague Randolph Caldecott lamented his rival's rise to fame, as she cut seriously into his book sales and had taken away "some of the necessary luxuries of life."¹⁷ And to her own chagrin, this success had meant abandoning the watercolour pictures she loved to paint for exhibitions, as the demands on her talent as a book illustrator left little time for such speculative ventures.

The business of planning and preparing sequels to *Under the window* and subsequent books proved increasingly difficult. Fortunately Kate Greenaway had a series of well-meaning older "gentlemen advisors" who were well-versed in business, publishing and the unpredictable nature of fame, and who willingly offered advice to steer her away from the commercial exploitation a person in her new, vulnerable position might easily suffer. Apart from her father, constantly interested, there was Edmund Evans, who readily accepted his role as business partner, always searching for and suggesting new book subjects, pressing for deadlines to be met. In response, Kate spent many weekends working at his country home near Witley in Surrey, where the landscape, with Hindhead and gentle gorse-covered heath, became a constant delight; the Evans household, with its five vivacious children and constant houseguests, from Caldecott to George Eliot, lured her to return whenever she could manage the time from book work in her studio. Moreover, Evans himself was an endearing father-figure who loved the countryside; he would walk miles at the weekends delighting in "the effects of sunset, storm and sylvan beauty" that led to his printing a series of nature-guide books and promoting his neighbour, the rustic artist-illustrator Birkett Foster, whose works he also printed. Clearly, Evans and his new discovery, Kate Greenaway, had much in common, including a staunch belief in the essential goodness of their fellow man now and in afterlife, and the friendship lasted throughout their lifetimes.

Another personal advisor was the aristocratic poet and retired civil servant Frederick Locker (from 1885, Locker-Lampson), author of *London lyrics* and the *Under the window* verse revisions commissioned by Routledge and Evans. This early collaboration with Kate Greenaway led to a respectful admiration of her work, and a deepening friendship ensued, Kate showering him with watercolours, dedicating books to his children and, whenever possible, visiting his Rowfant, Sussex country estate and the wild and windy seaside retreat he built at Cromer in Nor-

folk. The seaside sequences in her later books, the forest scenes and heathland landscapes, were all inspired by such visits, and her later verses were in fact reworkings of conversations held with the Locker children.

Frederick Locker's chief rival for Kate's attention was the outspoken art critic John Ruskin, who had been so struck by an exhibition of *Under the window* drawings in London that he immediately wrote to congratulate their creator. This letter, written in 1880, was the spark that kindled a 20-year artistic and private friendship, the flames flaring as Ruskin's bouts of madness dominated their postal communication, the fire smouldering as Kate tried to finish a book and keep Ruskin content by submitting to his nearly impossible demands for nature study. Ruskin's influence on the Greenaway books and paintings, and indeed on her life and career in general, cannot be overestimated. As the foremost art critic in the country, he commanded an army of devoted followers who emulated his nature aesthetic, the Pre-Raphaelite painters he had once championed, and the lessons in seeing Italian art through an obsessed Englishman's eyes. By the 1880s, however, his followers were mainly female and his career as art critic had diminished as he succumbed to illnesses and self-imposed exile from London in his Lake Coniston house in the Lake District. Nevertheless, Kate Greenaway had earnestly read and agreed with Ruskin's writings, especially the attacks on urban decay and the death of the countryside, and when his letter arrived, filled with praises for her work, she readily became his devoted student and he her "Master." She was always willing to drop her brushes and rush to his side, to prepare the tea on his infrequent visits to her studio or to board the train for a long-awaited visit to his lakeside home. When he became dangerously ill, her letters arrived daily to inform him of her concern and her progress on books and watercolour lessons he had sent her. In some instances she supplied him with carefully constructed drawings of his favourite "girlies," which rekindled his nympholeptic fantasies; in others she learned a greater social conscience and responded with the drawings of beggar children or acts of charity that appear sporadically throughout her books.

Ruskin's primary aim for Greenaway was to alter her artistic vision, to make it more naturalistic in detail and colouring. He believed that colour in nature was merely a mosaic of pure, simple hues, as his beloved Turner had shown, and that by combining clear colour with abundant detail, all pictures could succeed—as his beloved Pre-Raphaelite friends Rossetti, Holman Hunt and, later, Burne-Jones had proved. In Kate's case, this pure colour was to be combined with angelic innocence, figures of tiny girls in long white nightgowns, wreaths of roses in their hair, and the result, according to Ruskin's view, would be "High Art" to rival the Italian masters (with whose works he often compared her pictures). To the uninitiated, this was stretching credibility to some extent, but his instructions to Kate were determined enough to make even the most sceptical look for the truth in nature: "Yesterday I saw quite blindingly bright pure greens, over acres of fresh warm grass and blue sky, and flowers in children in a hayfield, with pure green grass and blue sky, and flowers in ruby red and gold and purple?"¹⁸ It was a typical Ruskin directive and Kate responded with watercolours and carefully composed book illustrations.

tions derived from them. These culminated in a painting for *The piper of Hamelin* (1888), with the piper in a vibrant green orchard, pale-pink-and-white-gowned children dancing among the bright meadow flowers. It had been created as a tonic to revive Ruskin's flagging spirits, its Pre-Raphaelite figures and architecture using the perspective lessons he had tried, somewhat in vain, to teach her; it was, in Ruskin's view, a "Paradise Scene" worthy of all his efforts with her. On those rare occasions when they met, it was a marriage of two minds, and agreement was often forthcoming on such vital issues as Wordsworth's poetry or current literature and art, for theirs was a singular vision. In 1898, Kate tried to find words to describe this to Ruskin, then marvelled how "there goes on the wonderful world all the time, with its wonders hidden to, and uncared for by so many. How is it that I have got to think the caring for Nature and Art of all kinds a *real religion*?"¹⁹ The answer of course was in Ruskin's 20-year domination of her life and art.

The Greenaway books continued to increase in number throughout the 1880s, each one a careful variation on the proven Greenaway formula, their formats sometimes suggested by Evans or by Kate's perusal of her book competition. When she started the almanack series in 1882 (published annually from 1883 to 1897, excluding 1896), she merely elaborated on her familiar greeting-card formula of figures and text, trying each year to vary the presentation somehow: one year figures were placed in open windows, another year in seasonal landscapes or composed in the geometric shapes borrowed from her art school lessons. Many books were specifically aimed at pleasing Ruskin, and his favourite roses and cherubic children predominated. Others were purely commercial, from the *Kate Greenaway painting book* of line drawings for colour-alphabet, this reprinted from the financially unsuccessful *Mavor's English spelling book*. There were even two collaborations with Ruskin, the headpiece drawings for his *Fors clavigera: Letters to the working men of Britain*, and a series of new woodcuts in the reprinted classic *Dame Wiggins of Lee*, to illustrate the new verses Ruskin had written.

Botanical drawing played an important role in Kate Greenaway's early career, as we have seen, when she spent days at Rolleston perfecting drawings of flowers and hedgerow plants for her art lessons. The floral motifs in *Under the window* are a direct result; these rather stark cut-outs pasted against white borders were followed by blown-up roses, daisies and chrysanthemums in the borders of *A day in a child's life* (1881), an enchanting but financially largely unsuccessful book. Both exemplify the Victorian emphasis on floral decoration and symbolism: that period produced some of the most ornate floral paintings and prints we know. For example, V. F. Bromley's "Flora," a seductive bare-breasted nude posed in a garden of hundreds of flower varieties, with a sunflower for a halo, was extremely popular when engraved and sold as a drawing-room print. Moreover, codebooks of floral symbols emerged with the greeting-card boom—especially at the introduction of the valentine—and Greenaway's *Language of flowers* (1884) was intended to offer this information in a convenient form, illustrated with the sentiments symbolized: the rose meant "love," but the forget-me-not meant "true love." The following year, *Marigold garden* appeared with its floral

designs, but the emphasis had shifted to pastiches of Gainsborough children romping in silk dresses in a field of lambs. (Ironically, the book was dedicated to those children, both rich and poor, whom Ruskin had taught her to acknowledge as the true victims of senseless economic barriers.)

This book also marked the beginning of Kate Greenaway's preoccupation with the countryside surrounding her new home in Hampstead. She had chosen a buttercup field high above the smoke and fog of London—Hampstead Heath was known as "London's Lung"—and there, along the edge, perched her Norman-Shaw-designed house and studio, with its large walled garden. She never tired of daily walks to the heath, following in the footsteps of her famous past neighbours like Constable, Romney, Rossetti, Ford Madox Brown and Whistler; occasionally she even called in on the *Punch* cartoonist George du Maurier, who lived nearby.

Eventually competition and plagiarism of the Greenaway formula—a plethora of imitation Greenaway books appeared from early 1880—severely threatened Kate's livelihood. Also, the advent of the photoengraving process, which reproduced drawings photographically on metal blocks, meant thousands more copies could be printed from single, easily produced blocks than from those painstakingly hand-engraved wood blocks that were used for the Greenaway, Crane and most of the Caldecott books. There were also unauthorised uses of her designs for dolls, dresses, china and silver, sanitary wallpaper, towels and shoes, and in America, Greenaway drawings advertised toilet soaps, gloves and even pianos. By the 1890s, the situation had turned her bitter and forced her to consider other ways of earning her living; yet she was then only in her mid-40s and was still willing to work hard, as she wrote Ruskin: "I would like to work very hard but in a different way so that I was more free to do what I liked, and it is so difficult now that I am no longer at all the fashion."²⁰ She returned first to her early watercolours and concentrated on landscapes with few figures, relying no doubt on Ruskin's devoted advice and counsel. These paintings began to appear at the Royal Institute of Painters in Watercolour, a new gallery incorporating the Dudley, whose members included her beloved Millais (honorary member), the remarkable horse painter Rosa Bonheur, Tenniel and Walter Crane (who later resigned). Kate had been elected to membership in 1889, and during the following years she submitted some of her most effective landscapes, processional figure groupings inspired by classical friezes, and groups set in faded sunsets. One was "Gleaners Going Home," with Pre-Raphaelite maidens and storybook children wistfully returning from the fields—a work that followed similar ones hung at the Royal Academy and in two studio clearance sales of her sketches and paintings held at the London Fine Art Society in 1891 and 1894. Unfortunately, these latter were not wholly successful, for the public snapped up only those slight sketches and reminders of a once-popular book illustrator; most of the new watercolours remained unsold, and moreover they were attacked by the art press as too much in the vein of Helen Allingham, the acknowledged master of cottage scenes. This was a pity, since Kate's pictures in this style are among her most charming, and reflect a lifetime's practise and understanding of a difficult watercolour medium. She employed the controversial "knifing-in" process, cutting areas of flowers and folding the paper back for maximum contrast, and

she freely used body colour, that opaque white paint abhorred by many of her colleagues. True, her figures retained many of their anatomical faults—the knees too far down the leg, the pointed chins and marble-shaped eyes—but she believed, perhaps rightly, that this was what her public had grown to expect from her pen and brush.

Much of this later work was clearly created in a firm defiance of the changes going on in the British art world at the end of the Victorian period. Those staunch Victorian institutions like the Royal Academy and Royal Watercolour Society were then under attack by a new generation of artists who believed such places crushed creativity and employed outdated standards of taste. The giants they had produced, Leighton, Millais and the other Pre-Raphaelites, were similarly attacked, and London galleries held requiem exhibitions of these masters as one by one the gods fell from their pedestals. Nevertheless, Kate Greenaway retained her belief in the merit of these Olympians and continued to work from their moulds. There was in fact something of a crusader's air about her attitudes then, and each time she returned disgusted from the London galleries she grew even more determined to champion the naturalism she and Ruskin so deeply believed in. "It isn't realism, it isn't all imagination, it's a queer giving something to nature that is possible for nature to have, but always has not," she maintained.²¹ But it was a difficult struggle in the face of Beardsley's influence ("Tell Mr. Ruskin I hate Beardsley!"), and of George Moore's and the New English Art Clubs's fervent belief that "The [Royal] Academy must be destroyed, and when that is accomplished the other Royal Institutes will follow as a matter of course."

Kate's exhibition disappointments meant that by 1897 she turned to oil portraits of children, her models taken from the long lists she gathered over years of spotting angelic "Italianate" faces in tube trains and on buses. Her close friends—many of them high-born and important literary or government wives—tried to help secure commissions, but the struggles to re-adopt what was basically an entirely different discipline proved too much. Her fresh watercolour technique failed now, the children's faces ("smooth, sticky things") turning into chalky or at worst muddy messes that required scraping and repainting. When her last watercolours appeared at the Royal Institute, despite modest prices of £25 they were unsold and berated by the art press; the *Athenaeum* called them "as before," predicting that "Even her faithful public may end up getting tired of her quaintly clad girls and her groups of children." Then in early 1900, John Ruskin died, and with him went Kate's own will to live. Their crusade had lost its thrust and she retreated into her studio

to write increasingly morbid verses ("A lonely soul, I am ever alone"), which culminated in the lines she designated for her gravestone: "Heaven's blue skies may shine above my head, while you stand there and say that I am dead." Shortly thereafter, on 6 November 1901, she died. The true end of the Victorian period had come, Queen Victoria having died a few months earlier. The artistic world that had increasingly chosen to ignore Kate Greenaway rallied to her graveside, only then to pay full tribute to the singular vision of the artist who had earned the accolade "Pre-Raphaelite of the Nursery."

Rodney Engen, *London*, July 1980

NOTES

1. M. H. Spielmann and G. S. Layard, *Kate Greenaway*, 1905, p. 260; hereafter cited as S & L.
2. John Ruskin, "In Fairyland," in his *The art of England*, 1883.
3. See John Ruskin's essay, "The study of architecture in schools."
4. *Nottingham review and general advertiser*, 3 April 1846.
5. S & L, pp. 28-29.
6. S & L, p. 189.
7. S & L, p. 235.
8. S & L, p. 41.
9. See Michael Holroyd, *Augustus John*, 1974, vol. 1, p. 34.
10. See Thackeray's "Second lecture on the fine arts," *Fraser's magazine*, 1840.
11. Weedon Grossmith, *From studio to stage*, 1913, pp. 34-35.
12. S & L, p. 52.
13. Florence Reason writing on "Art," in Lady Jeune's *Ladies at work*, 1893, pp. 45-46.
14. S & L, p. 260.
15. See *The Imprint*, 1913, and the *Easter art annual*, 1898, for Crane's comments on children's illustration; his work is surveyed in R. K. Engen's *Walter Crane as a book illustrator*, 1975.
16. H. S. Marks, *Pen and pencil sketches*, 1894, vol. 2, pp. 141-142.
17. For a survey of Caldecott's work see R. K. Engen's *Randolph Caldecott: Lord of the nursery*, 1976.
18. Undated letter, Ruskin to Kate Greenaway, Pierpoint Morgan Library.
19. S & L, p. 234; for a complete discussion of the Greenaway-Ruskin relationship see R. K. Engen's *Kate Greenaway: A biography*, (forthcoming, 1981).
20. S & L, p. 232.
21. S & L, p. 209.
22. George Moore, *Modern painting*, 1893, p. 248.



Frontispiece illustration from *Language of flowers* by Kate Greenaway.
Wood engraving in color by Edmund Evans.



Illustration from *A day in a child's life* by Myles Birket Foster.
illustrated by Kate Greenaway, p. 20. Wood engraving in color by Edmund Evans.

KATE GREENAWAY'S ART IN RETROSPECT

In the century since the instant success of her first book, Kate Greenaway's reputation has survived widespread imitation and outlived periods of neglect. The child-world of her private vision strikes a note of universality. Though firmly embedded in Victorian taste and sentiment, her special world still has a fresh appeal. While the names of her equally talented contemporary artist-illustrators are scarcely known to the general public, Kate Greenaway books and greeting cards still appear regularly in bookstores. If the appeal of her art has proved durable, so, too, has been the appeal of the subjects she favored. Childhood may have lost the nearly cult status it had in the 1880s, but toys still support a thriving industry, and while the "language of flowers" is no longer familiar lore, flowers themselves are still favorably regarded. Her innocent children, in old-fashioned costumes, reminded a Victorian public of a brighter and happier age, and today, while we may agree with the modern wit who assures us that nostalgia is not what it used to be, it still counts in the marketplace.

Kate Greenaway's books captivated Victorians, and still have the power of seduction, not only because of her gift of seeing in a new and special way, but because her intuition and hard-earned skills matched that vision and gave it fresh artistic expression. While Ruskin was sometimes overly critical of details of execution, he did recognize the essential charm and originality of her art. Her shortcomings of draughtsmanship are often cited, but do we look at children's books for training-school studies of drapery and anatomy? More academically correct rendering of gowns and limbs might well have done harm to the general decorative effect of her illustrations. At the technical level, Kate Greenaway commanded a sensitivity of line and an aptness for composition of figures, singly and in groups, that are essential to coherence; she made use of simple, pastel color harmonies which greatly heighten the enchantment of her illustrations.

It has been suggested that if the bird subjects were cut out of Audubon's great *Birds of America*, there would remain a respectable collection of botanical illustrations. Kate Greenaway without children is unthinkable, of course—even though she did illustrate the famous Piper piping the children out of Hamelin. But her pages, even minus their leading actors, would still offer rich backdrop scenes of meadows, orchards, streets and interiors, and in the foreground and margins, a varied assortment of flowers and plants—bouquets, nosegays, beribboned garlands, swags and wreaths, floral borders and individual plant portraits. *The language of flowers*, of course, *A day in a child's life* and *Marigold garden* are notable examples in which flowers act powerfully in the general decorative effect so characteristic of her art. The skills developed in Kate's early years as a designer of greeting cards (and where would greeting cards be without flowers?) were used with telling effect in the major books of the best years of her career. John Ruskin, Kate's self-appointed champion and mentor, shared her passion for nature in general and flowers in particular. Along with the steady barrage of praise, criticism, advice and admonition that the awesome author-critic aimed at the modest artist were a multitude of suggested projects, one of which called for collaboration on a handbook of field botany, she to furnish the illustrations and he the text. (Unfortunately, nothing came of it.)

Kate Greenaway arrived on the scene too late to catch the great period of flower-book production earlier in the century, a period in which several women—Mary Lawrence, Mrs. Withers, Mrs. Bury—made notable contributions as illustrators. For Kate's generation, the things in demand were greeting cards and children's books, and a good living was to be made by hard-working women trained to meet those demands. As student and as artist, Kate Greenaway was, indeed, hard-working.

Considering the only art training available to young women of Kate's day—rigidly structured schooling of deadening stodginess (a curriculum described in Rodney Engen's essay)—it is astonishing, and a measure of her stubborn resolve, that she was able to emerge as an individual and as an original artist whose fanciful vision of infancy and childhood created an idyllic world that transcends her period.

Compared to the masters of flower painting, Kate Greenaway must be considered a floral miniaturist, an eclectic adapter of manuscript illumination and of the seventeenth-century decorative and florilegium traditions. Her own floral art was based on close and sympathetic study of plants drawn from life, and drawn with an artless freshness, an unaffected spontaneity that makes it a fitting complement to the solemn-faced, quaintly-costumed creatures that live and dance on the pages of her books.

Kate Greenaway's career is a reminder that the artist who would make a living from book illustration is subject to the technologies and economies of the publishing trade. Drawings and paintings themselves do not illustrate books (not since the fifteenth century, anyway). Books are illustrated by printed replicas of original artworks, produced with whatever degree of fidelity the publisher can manage at a cost low enough to allow a small profit from expected sales.

Kate was notably lucky in attracting the attention of Edmund Evans, a perceptive, sympathetic publisher and judge of talent who had enlisted both Walter Crane and Randolph Caldecott, the two leading children's book illustrators of the age. Evans also happened to be the foremost color printer in England. Ink line and watercolor wash was the medium best suited to realize the fresh quality of Kate Greenaway's images, and the chromolithography then in general use was inappropriate for its reproduction. Thomas Bewick (1753-1828) had long since developed wood engraving as a vehicle for black-and-white illustration. Using engraver's tools and working on fine-textured end-grain blocks, Bewick achieved a great refinement of the traditional woodcut technique in which a knife is used to cut the design into a relatively coarse plank block. By the 1870s Evans had successfully adapted the medium to color printing through the use of a separate block for each basic color. Careful planning and delicate cross-hatch engraving of each block enabled him to superimpose one color over another in a



THE LITTLE QUEEN'S COMING

Illustration from *Marigold garden* by Kate Greenaway, p. 35. Wood engraving in color by Edmund Evans.



UNDER ROSE ARCHES

Illustration from *Marigold garden*, p. 47. Wood engraving in color by Edmund Evans.

close pattern, the separate colors blending to produce additional shades.¹ Using no more than three or four separate blocks, Evans was thus able to reproduce virtually the full range of pastel colors so characteristic of Kate Greenaway's art. His great contribution was in capturing with remarkable fidelity the freshness of her originals, and in doing so with an equally remarkable economy of means. This was crucial to the production of children's books at prices within the reach of the large middle-class market.²

Kate Greenaway was, of course, well known as an artist, apart from her illustrations and books. Over the years of her career she painted in various modes; her drawings and paintings were often on exhibition and sold in galleries. But her name would scarcely be remembered on this account. It is chiefly through the medium of her children's books that the general public then and since has come to know and prize her art.

John Brindle, Pittsburgh, August 1980

NOTES

1. Several of his blocks for Greenaway illustrations are included in this exhibition.
2. In the 20 years after 1878 the Greenaway-Evans partnership issued, in book form alone, some 932,100 copies.

CATALOGUE OF THE EXHIBITION

Asterisks following the entry numbers indicate items illustrated in this work. For those reproduced or quoted in *Kate Greenaway* by M. H. Spielmann and G. S. Layard (London, 1905), that work is cited in the entries as "S." together with the relevant page number(s).

Heights of books are given to the nearest half-centimeter. Dimensions given for artworks (height preceding width) are of mat openings, unless otherwise stated.

Greenaway's signed initials, rendered variously in the originals, are cited in the standardized form "KG."

Complete citations for primary and secondary sources mentioned in the catalogue entries and not cited fully there will be found in the Summary Register under the appropriate headings.

THE SUNFLOWER

- 1* Sunflower. Ink and watercolor, 67 x 64 mm, for *Language of flowers*.
- 2* Sunflower. Ink and watercolor, 91 x 49 mm, for *A day in a child's life*.
- 3* Sunflower. Watercolor sketch, 182 x 146 mm.
- 4 Myles Birket Foster. *A day in a child's life*. Illustrated by Kate Greenaway. Music by ... London, New York, George Routledge and Sons, [1881].
25 cm. Light green glazed pictorial boards, bevelled edges, olive green endpapers.
- 5 Kate Greenaway. *Language of flowers* illustrated by ... Printed in colours by Edmund Evans. London, George Routledge and Sons, [1884].
15 cm. Green glazed pictorial boards, with red background, brown endpapers.

THE ARTIST AND HER CIRCLE

- 6* AUTOBIOGRAPHY
Autobiographical journal, pp. [1-183]. Verbatim excerpt, p. [61], concerning the garden at Rolleston.
round the House window, always new
Convolvulus—the biggest the most intensely coloured I have ever know[n]—

lovely deep blue Flowers with Pinky stripes deep Pink ones with white stripes—and they were new every day—I never went there without going to see what Convolvulus were out—I could look at them a long long time—a grape vine also grew over the House at the back. Then began the Garden divided by a gravel Path from the House.*² [Added reference here is to note on opposite page by G. S. Layard: "(In later life her letters were filled with just such catalogues of flowers GSL)."] First came to your left a large oval bed—with Roses, Pinks Stocks Sultans—the brown Scabous I mean, white Lilies Yellow lilies Red Fuscias[sic] Roses—and in earlier Summer Monster Tulips The loveliest double white Narcissus Peonies Crown Imperials Pansy Wall Flowers—indeed all lovely Flowers seemed to grow here—and the scent—there were the largest Box Borders I have ever seen here—thick and bushy and nearly a yard high—we used to sit down on them and they never gave way with you—then Past the large oval bed a long gravel walk went straight down to the bottom of the Garden bound by the box border. Flowers grew all the way down—both sides—while beyond was the orchard on your left and Kitchen Garden on your right—Apple Pear Plum trees—with bushy Filberts—then the entrancing—white and red currants hanging in the shining transparent bunches—and the Pretty little stalks—then Strawberries and Gooseberries—and the Patch of Scented herbs—and the Feather[y] asparagus. *it was* an enchanted Place—and I think From these early impressions that the enchantment has still in a measure remained with me for all such Places. The house stretched on into barnlike Places. That was one lovely thing in all these Country Houses the Vast Space. The Monster barns and store places—which of course are no longer required. (vide note on opp page)*¹ [Added reference here by G. S. Layard is to note by KG on opposite page: "People took a Pride in keeping Corn unthreshed[.] it showed they didn't need the money."] The Corn of course being then kept for some time often in the Barns—and threshed—which took a long time



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- 7* Lilies. Watercolor sketch, 220 x 131 mm.
 8* Rose trellis. Watercolor sketch, 275 x 215 mm.
 9* Poppies. Watercolor sketch, 96 x 96 mm, for *Book of games*.
 10* Apple blossoms. Watercolor sketch, 243 x 132 mm, for *Language of flowers*.
 11* Narcissus. Watercolor sketch, 134 x 114 mm.
 12 Marion Harry Spielmann and George Soames Layard. *Kate Greenaway*. London, Adam and Charles Black, 1905. 28 cm. White cloth, gold-stamped, illustrated endpapers. Number 10 of the limited edition of 500 copies, signed by John Greenaway, including two original watercolors by Kate Greenaway, one a study for an Almanack.

FLOWERS AND GARDENS

- 13 *Mother Goose or the old nursery rhymes* illustrated by Kate Greenaway, engraved and printed by Edmund Evans. London, New York, George Routledge and Sons, [1881]. 17 cm. Beige cloth, printed in green and brown, olive green endpapers. Illustrated salmon dust wrapper. Bookplate of Cortlandt Bishop. Includes watercolor copies, slightly enlarged, of illustrations on half-title and title pages.



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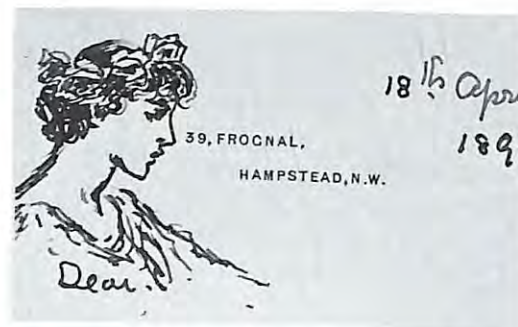
- 14 Jane and Ann Taylor. *Little Ann and other poems*. Illustrated by Kate Greenaway. Printed in colours by Edmund Evans. London, New York, George Routledge and Sons, [1883]. 23.5 cm. Half green cloth with cream glazed pictorial boards, yellow endpapers. Presentation copy with original watercolor signed "KG" on verso of first illustrated page, inscribed "Eileen Ponsonby From Kate Greenaway" on recto.
 15 Jane and Ann Taylor. *Little Ann and other poems*. Illustrated by Kate Greenaway. Printed in colours by Edmund Evans. London, New York, George Routledge and Sons, [1883]. 23.5 cm. Cream glazed pictorial boards, yellow endpapers. Presentation copy inscribed "Lionel Tennyson From Kate Greenaway 1895" on first illustrated page.
 16 Kate Greenaway. *Under the window*. Pictures and rhymes for children by... Engraved and printed by Edmund Evans. London, New York, George Routledge and Sons, [1878]. 24 cm. Blue cloth, gold-stamped, blue floral endpapers. Includes original watercolor drawings for two illustrations, one signed "KG." Bookplate of George Lille Craik.

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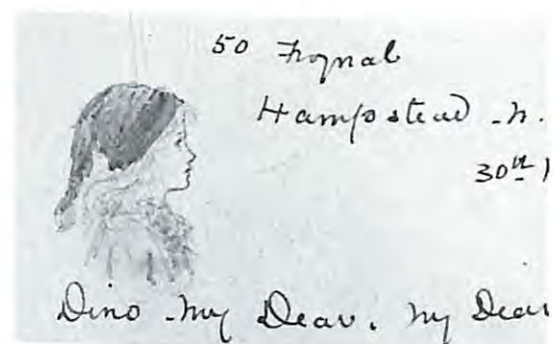
round the House garden, always new Convolvulus - the biggest the most intensely colored I have ever known. Long deep blue flowers with pink stripes deep pink ones with white stripes - and they were new every day. I never went there without going to see what Convolvulus were out - I could look at them a long long time - a grape vine also grew over the House at the back. Then began the garden divided by a gravel path from the House. First came to town left a large oval bed - with roses, pink roses, Sultan's. The brown scarious I mean, white sides yellow lilies red fascias roses - and in earlier summer monster lilies the loveliest double white narcissus Peppier's Crown Imperials Pearly ball flowers - indeed all lovely flowers seemed to grow here. (and the scent - - - there were the largest Bot borders I have ever seen here. Thick and bushy nearly as tall as high - he used to sit down on them and they never gave way with him - then past the large oval bed a long gravel path went straight down to the bottom of the garden bounded by the bot border. Flowers grew all the way down - both sides. While beyond was the orchard on your left and Kitchen garden on your right - Apple Pear - Plum trees - with bushy Filberts - then the enchanting - white and red currants hanging in shining transparent bunches - and the pretty little stables - then Strawberries and Gooseberries - and the patch of scented herbs - and the Feathered asparagus. It has an enchanted place - and I think from those early impressions that the enchantment has still in a measure remained with me for all such places. The house stretched on into barnlike places that was one lovely thing in all these Country Houses the vast space. The monster barns - which of course are no longer required - the corn of ears being then kept for some time in the barns - and there - - - which took a long time

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- 17* Envelope illustrated with topiary, poppies and lattice-work fence, addressed "Violet Dickinson." Watercolor, 92 x 118 mm.

- 18* Envelope illustrated with topiary, blue birds and poppies, addressed "Oswald • Dickinson • Esq." Watercolor, 92 x 118 mm.

- 19* Topiary. Watercolor (sketchbook page), 87 x 125 mm.

- 20* Woman holding child in garden with fox-gloves. Watercolor, 252 x 156 mm.

- 21 ALS: 21 July 1897, Witley, Surrey to John Ruskin. Envelope and eight pages. Pen sketch of the countryside at head of first page.

Greenaway, in recounting her visit to the family of Edmund Evans, her publisher, tells of touring the residence next door which once belonged to the "Birket Fosters" and of being quite taken with the Burne-Jones and Rossetti windows in this house, the former depicting the four seasons and the latter Chaucer's dream of fair women. Then, she describes her visit on the 20th to Gertrude Jekyll's home: "There were numbers of Alpine Flowers such deep colours at least the blue ones—it is a great enjoyment to go to her Garden—She showed me the most exquisite Carnations in the world[,] white with colour running round every Petal[,] it was called dainty Lady and there was

one with the Finest thread of red. So beautiful—The Hollyhocks here are enough to make You long to Paint Hollyhocks For ever. They are such colours and look so Fresh and beautiful. ¶I wish You had some time seen this Place—it really is perfection and the Cottages and Farm Houses are so very beautiful with their tall chimneys and wooden beams."

- 22* ALS: 30 November 1886, 50, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W. to John Ruskin ("Dino—My Dear, My Dear"). Four pages. Pencil and watercolor sketch of a girl's head in stockingcap at head of first page. S., pp. 160-161. She tells him how much she is enjoying *Praeterita*. She then speaks of going to see Mrs. Allingham, "who was in town for a few days—with such a lot of beautiful drawings—they were lovely—the most truthful, the most like—things really look and the most lovely likeness—I've felt envious all the hours since—There was one Cottage and Garden with a deep background of Pines—it was a marvel of Painting—then such a Rose bush—then a divine little Picture—of her own beautiful little boy sitting on a Garden seat with a Girl picking red Currants—a background of deep Laurels—you Cant think the beauty of it—and Many Many Many More—all so lovely—so beautiful—she asked Me could I tell her anything—give her advice and I could not help saying—I

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can give you nothing but entire praise and the deepest admiration..." Then she recommended that Mrs. Allingham send Ruskin one of her paintings of a little girl with a cottage, or one of a cottage garden.

- 23 ALS: 8 April 1882, 11, Pemberton Gardens, Holloway, N. to Lily Evans. Four pages, with undated half-page note by Lily Evans. S., pp. 107-108.

She talks of the flowers in her garden and in the "boxes of dirt" which Lily Evans said (in the attached note) were "window boxes for plants to grow in which I as a country child had never before seen." Greenaway writes: "I've a real hope that I do see Golden Rod coming up at last—or does a witch live in our Garden and is it flox [sic] after all[?]"

- 24* ALS: 22 March 1896, 39, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W. to Violet Dickinson. Three pages. Pencil and watercolor sketch of five women in a field of crocuses at head of third page. S., p. 189.

She describes somewhat poetically how "You can go into a beautiful New Country if you stand under a large Apple tree—and look up to the Blue sky through the White flowers—to go to this scented Land—is an experience. ¶I suppose I went to it very Young before I could really remember—and that is why I have such a wild delight in Cowslips and Apple Blossom—They always give Me the Same

strange Feeling of trying to remember—as if I had known them in a Former World. ¶I always feel Wordsworth must Have Felt that a little too—when he wrote the Intimations of Immortality—I mean the trying to remember—¶It's such a beautiful world especially in the Spring—Its a Pity it's so sad also—I often reproach the Plan of it[,] it seems as if some less painful and repulsive end—Could have been found—for it's Poor helpless inhabitants—considering the wonderfulness of it all[.]"

- 25 ALS: 22 April 1897, 39, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W. to Lady Maria Ponsonby. Envelope and four pages. S., p. 212.

She describes her hard work in the garden ("My enthusiasm led me to do too much in the Garden consequently now I can hardly move") and complains that she should be painting backgrounds. "I seem not to do things well, and whatever I do Falls so Flat. it is rather—unhappy to Feel you have had Your day.—Yet if only I had just enough Money to live upon. I could be so very happy Painting Just what I liked and no thought of Profit[.]"

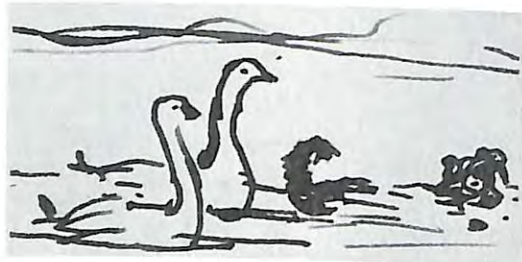
- 26* ALS: 18 April 1899, 39, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W. to John Ruskin. Envelope and eight pages. Pen sketch of a woman's head at head of first page.

Greenaway wants to spend all her time at oil painting. She comments on Rover at

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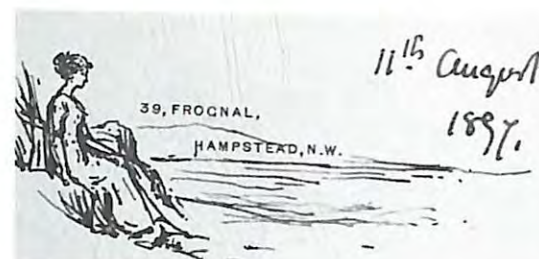
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the window, and speaks of the translation of Dante's sonnets and of her reading Le Gallienne's *Young lives*. She describes the heath as "...a large Orchard Filled with beautiful Flowering Trees Apple, Pear, Plum, Just all coming into Flower. I'd like to Paint [these?] only it takes so long to Paint Flowering things and I feel I ought to devote myself to the Portraits and the verses." She speaks of her attempts to write stories and plays, and comments on her affection for flowers: "it is Curious but Certain Flowers are to me almost like books I like that every now and then I Feel I Must read over again—so I Feel with Certain Flowers. I must Possess some—to look at For a day or two—it's the Feeling of seeing Someone You Care For again—There are certain Flowers I never look on without Feeling an extraordinary sort of affection For them."

27 Flowering fruit trees with moon, brook. Watercolor (sketchbook page). 185 x 237 mm: signed "KG" in pencil, partly erased.

28 ALS: 11 August 1897, 39, Frogna, Hampstead, N.W. to John Ruskin. Envelope and eight pages. Pen sketch of a woman sitting by a lake at head of first page.

She complains of being tired and hot, and of her brother being unwell. She thanks Ruskin for sending his love to her, describes the flowers of Amersham and



28



39

Witley, talks of painting flowers in the garden under "two umbrellas," and says that she "seems to have made backgrounds to everything. Of flowers which of course are twice as much work as anything else. I don't know why I do it. I suppose I like the Flowers—and don't think when I Put them in[.]"

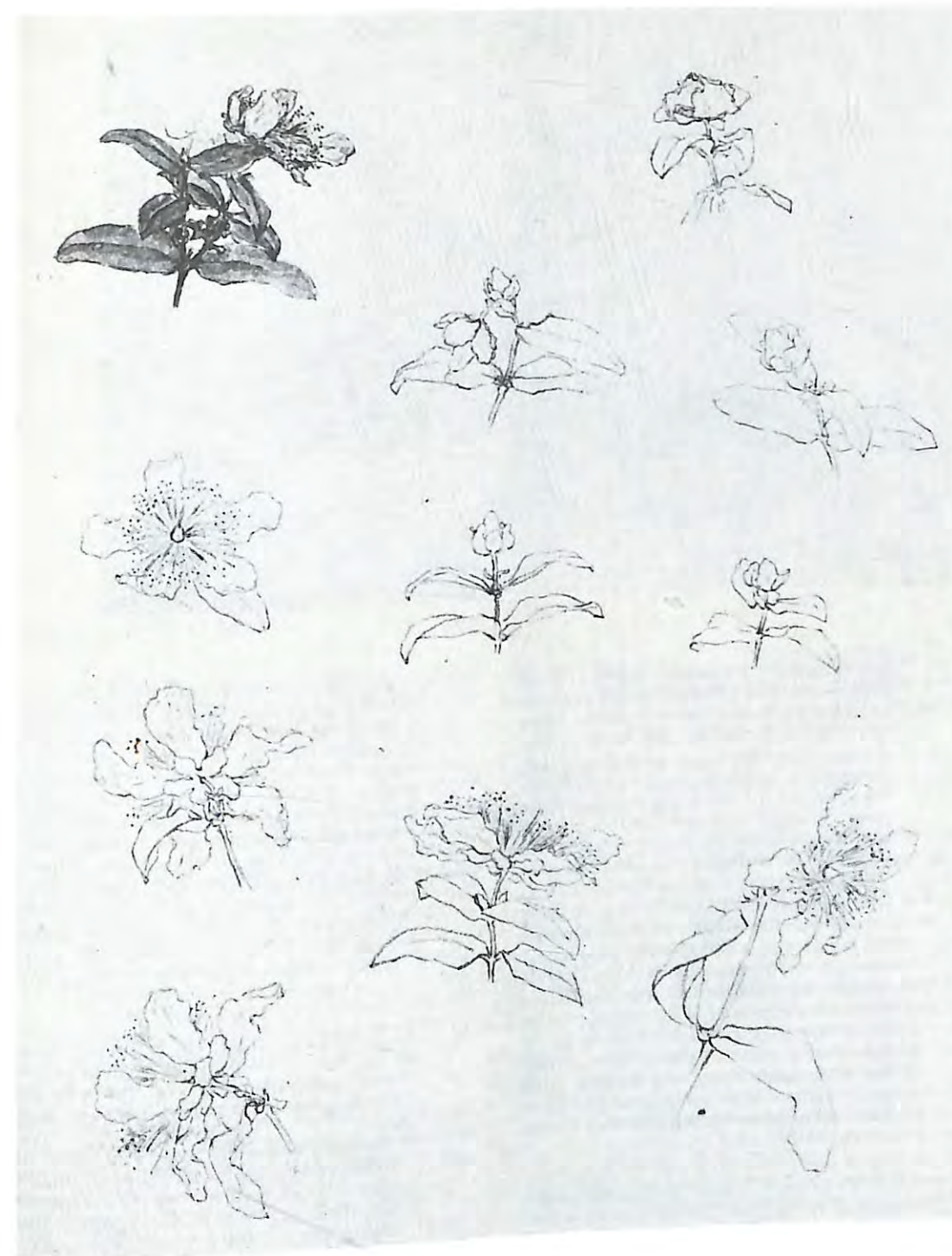
VIEWS ON ART

29 ALS: 12 July 1896, 39, Frogna, Hampstead, N.W. to Lady Maria Ponsonby. Envelope and four pages. S., p. 209.

After commenting at length on how Lady Ponsonby's kind letter "revived" her, Greenaway digresses on art: "Yes the Pleasure Art gives us is so strange—all the Most beautiful things in every way—And—I can Never define what Art really is—in painting I mean—it isn't realism[:] it isn't all Imagination[:] it's a queer giving Something to Nature—that is possible for Nature to have but always has not—at least that's my idea—its what Burne Jones does when he twists those Roses all about his People in the Briar Rose. They don't often grow like that but they could. And it's a great Comfort to like such things—at least I find it so[.]"

30 AL Fragment: 4 October 1896, 39, Frogna, Hampstead, N.W. to Violet Dickinson. Two pages. Pen sketch of a woman walking at sunset at head of first page.

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She speaks of how much Violet will learn in her travels and how fortunate she is to be in Venice now. After describing some of the exhibits of the Arts and Crafts, whose Private View she attended, Greenaway proceeds to discuss the current fashion for imitating the art of the past: "They go back and take too much of the old—without its meaning—the Old People were trying to copy real things—while these try to make things just as they *don't* see them. I'm quite sure there is No one in the whole world *can* love the old things more than I do." They could not give More joy to anyone than they do to me—but I do feel all this im[ita]tion strikes a False Note—They Follow slavishly where—they ought only to be inspired—I'm sure all distortion is False. Art is a queer thing and I think quite undefinable—it must be true—with an Ideal of the Most beautiful Part of Everything."

- 31* ALS: 21 October 1896, 39, Frogmal, Hampstead, N.W. to John Ruskin. Envelope and eight pages. Pen sketch of a young woman with landscape background at head of seventh page. S., p. 209.

Greenaway speaks of rarely being able to put a book aside once she has begun to read it, even if she dislikes it. She digresses on the difficulties she has in painting certain colors: "The Heath looks

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wonderful[.] it is all so brilliant—Red Orange and Emerald Green—Rosetti's Green. it always makes me think of Rosetti. I see the Colour He *tried* For—and How difficult it is—You cant think what Colours to Paint it with because it always looks so cold when it is done—not a bit like the real Colour—I despair over grass[.] I cant do it—I dont know what it is. I dont know what blue to use—or what Yellow.—I'm so longing to try More body Colour[.] it's a Curious thing[.] Everybody runs it down—Yet—all the great water colour People (The Modern ones) have used it..."

- 32 ALS: 8 March 1899, 39, Frogmal, Hampstead, N.W. to John Ruskin. Eight pages. Pen sketches (two portraits), called by her "The new thing," at head of first page. S., p. 240.

She tells him that illness has taken up much of her time for the past month. She describes a tearful farewell to her friends the Tennysons who left for Australia. She is enjoying reading Browning's letters and reports a visit to the Spielmanns, mentioning their portraits of Ruskin. Then she rants against the modern taste in art, contrasting it with the greatness of John Millais: "The Poor Artists—cant afford to Paint Good Pictures[.] no one will buy them[.] I think it is very sad and such a Pity the sort of thing that takes Now—



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cheap—of course that comes First—then Comes the Picture[.] if You Can Call it so —(I often dont)—The colours are daubed on in great smears and dashes. The drawing has gone... at a distance it looks like something, but close You Cant see anything[.] Now I hate Pictures that dont look right close—Sometimes the Colour of them is good—Powerful—and Strong[.] but—so was Millais and with all else it ought to be added in More and More—do I grow to think Millais wonderful—to me—there is no question He is greatest[.] People quarrel with Me because I think Him greater than Watts—but is it conceited to say[?]—I know He is—and Watts himself says so also[.] Ah if I could Paint like Millais—then then You'd see a Proud Person indeed."

- 33 ALS: 13 August 1896, 39, Frogmal, Hampstead, N.W. to John Ruskin. Envelope and eight pages. Pen sketch of a girl with tambourine at head of third page.

Greenaway includes a sketch of the painting she has been doing of a girl playing a tambourine—"which Johnny calls the Salvation Army." She then digresses on flowers and art: "I've got a liking to put Flower branches along the top of things and dont seem to mind if You dont see where they come from, and yet want it quite correct in its way of growing and the shape of its flowers and leaves [—] isn't

that strange [?] —Yet somehow isn't that Art[?]—it's so difficult to define it—I should not mind much about defining it—if only I could do it well."

- 34* St. John's Wort. Ten pencil sketches, one pencil and watercolor sketch, 145 x 115 mm overall.

- 35 ALS: 9 May 1899, 39, Frogmal, Hampstead, N.W. to John Ruskin. Envelope and eight pages. Pen sketch of a young woman sitting on a hillside at head of first page. S., p. 241.

She tells of intending to paint a group of girls in a wedding procession, which she has been thinking of for some time. She admires the portraits done by Sir Joshua Reynolds that she saw at the National Gallery. She describes being introduced to Princess Louise while visiting the Home Art Industries exhibition at the Royal Albert Hall. She humorously relates how, when she curtsied to the Princess, her purse burst open and the money fell to the floor. She speaks of the differences between using oil and water to paint colors: "The Oil Portraits are going on. I Find it so difficult [—] Curiously the Most difficult Part to get the Colours to represent the Colours I see—they are so different in water Colour—they Produce such different Colour—If I Could do it I would like it—but I rush off to My Flowers—Spring daffodils and Primroses[.] Blackthorns and Whitethorns[.]

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- 36 ALS: 24 May 1896, Centre Cliff Hotel, Southwold, to John Ruskin. Envelope and eight pages, including pen sketches of a font, a figure, a bridge, and two of angels. She describes what she has been seeing while visiting Southwold churches with Dorothy Stanley: "Such a beautiful church like a Small Cathedral [—] There are beautiful carved Angels all along the Roof inside with Golden wings and coloured dresses [—] so nice and such a beautiful carved oak Screen with old Paintings of the Apostles on the lower Part[,] there is a curious figure Stands up in the church—called a Jack in Armour—and a Jack smite the clock—They Pull a rope then He strikes on a Sort of Gong every time the clergymen and choristers enter the church. I have never seen one before... We went to see a lovely old church... at a Place called Blythburgh[,] it reminded Me Somehow of Winchester—The Floor was red and Pale Yellow bricks and the roof all Painted and such beautiful Flying Angels with their wings outspread [a sketch here] beautiful—and a queer little Painted Man—who rang a bell when the clergyman was to come in[,] but he had[,] I believe[,] been Part of a clock—not like the Jack smite the clock... I see there is a tomb of an old British King called Anna, so I suppose it is his chapel... built in 14 something[,] The old seats had Funny little Figures on



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the ends of them[,] all different[,] and the Font [a drawing here of one of the figures] so curious [a drawing here of the font] with two stone tools [—] one for the clergyman to kneel on[,] one for the God-mother. There were lots of remains of old Brasses on the Floor—[I like the churches being beautiful...] She also speaks of the "Bright Coloured Bathing Machines[,] Red and Green—Green and white—Pink and green[,] like Toy Houses" along one of the beaches.

- 37* View of church with cemetery. Pencil (sketchbook page), 78 x 123 mm.
- 38* Bathing machine. Pencil (sketchbook page), 126 x 180 mm.
- 39 ALS: 26 [and 27] January 1898, 39, Frogna, Hampstead, N.W. to John Ruskin. Envelope and eight pages. Pen sketch of a girl watching some ducks with a windmill in the distance at head of first page. S., p. 229.

She is borrowing from Ruskin some of the drawings she had given him over the years as gifts; she says she is glad he won't mind them going to an exhibition at the Fine Art Society. She nominates the Ophelia painting [by Millais] as the greatest of modern times and also comments on how the public is now appreciating the work of both Millais and

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Leighton. Complaining of her technical shortcomings, she proceeds to explain her working methods: "I will never begin a lot of things together again—because then you cant do new ideas or try different ways of work. And I always could only do one thing at once—I live in the one thing and think about it and it's like a real thing or Place For the time[,] even now—the Moment I'm doing a new drawing[,] The Morning rushes by—I'm so happy[,] so interested—I only Feel the tiredness when I cant go on because it is too late—or too dark."

40 ALS: 3 March 1897, 39, Frognaal, Hampstead, N.W. to John Ruskin. Envelope and eight pages. S., pp. 215-216.

Greenaway thanks him for lending a few of the drawings she had previously given him, so that they could be shown in the Victoria Exhibition. She relates more about the adventures of Rover, and also a story told by her model. She speaks retrospectively of her drawing techniques: "I see Now where their arms are too thin or too Fat. For one thing[,] in Pencil drawings You cant alter Much or You destroy the Freshness of the drawings—in the book ones of course I could always alter and I used to make a study too. So they were more correct[,] but they generally lose a little in action—and a First Impression look."

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JOHN RUSKIN

41* "Procession of children with flowers For the new year 1888." Pencil and watercolor. 117 x 276 mm; signed "KG."

42* "A happy new year to you JR [John Ruskin] from KG 1900;" group of young girls with flowers. Pencil and watercolor. 120 x 215 mm.

43 John Ruskin. *The art of England*. Lectures given in Oxford, by... during his second tenure of the Slade Professorship. Orpington, George Allen, 1884. 26 cm. Dark green cloth with remains of paper label. Includes, as Lecture IV, "Fairy Land, Mrs. Allingham and Kate Greenaway."

44 John Ruskin, ed. *Dame Wiggins of Lee, and her wonderful cats*: A humorous tale written principally by a lady of ninety. Edited, with original verses, by... and with new illustrations by Kate Greenaway. Orpington, George Allen, 1885.

19 cm. Brown cloth with gold pictorial stamping, cream endpapers. Greenaway illustrations on pages three, four, eight, nine. Inscribed to Frances Hooper from the collection of Delia White Vail.

45 ALS: no date [ca. Dec. 1885], "Tuesday," Witley, Surrey to Joanie Severn. Four pages.

She is thankful that Ruskin is feeling better. Then she comments on the illustration.



156 b



156 c



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156 a

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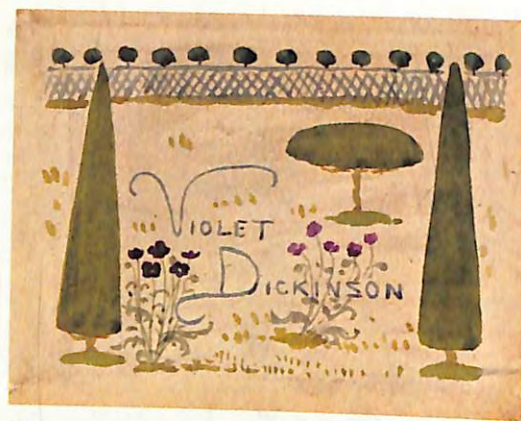
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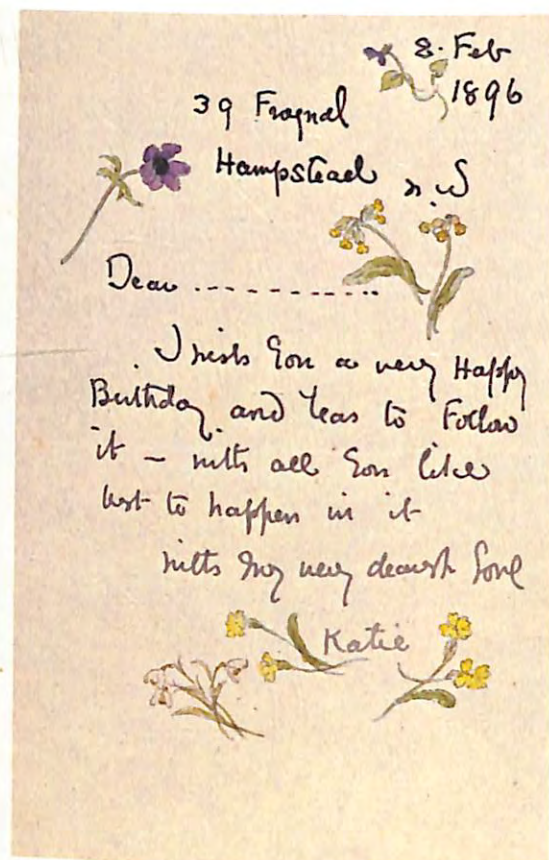
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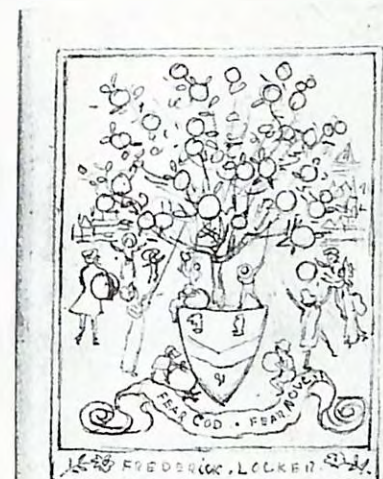
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This is intended for the tree of knowledge. The people are to pick the fruit, the seed in the distance.



This is intended for the person who is to read the book. A person is to read the book, the book is to read the book, the book is to read the book.

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tions in *Dame Wiggins of Lee*: "It seems a Pity the Dame Wiggins wont be Coloured[,] but he can bring one out Later on Coloured—that is one thing[.] I have sent the Marigold Garden and will send the Alphabet as soon as I get home."

46 ALS: 30 March 1895, 39, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W. to John Ruskin. Eight pages. Full-length pen portrait of a girl on seventh page. S., p. 165.

She speaks of visiting the du Mauriers and of admiring Mr. du Maurier's drawings for *Punch*. She describes of her present work: "I am doing Cinderella Carrying in the Pumpkin to her Fairy Godmother—you dont see the Godmother—I have put a row of Scarlet Beans as a background—I am going to grow a Row in the Garden on purpose." She writes admiringly of two of Giorgione's paintings at the "Venetian Gallery" and of Elgood's drawings of gardens at the "Fine Art," and then complains, "I wish I could paint better." She wonders that she likes nothing having to do with the tropics: "I never can somehow like a palm tree in a Landscape—while I love pines."

47* "Cindrella [sic] Then her godmother said to her, go into the garden and bring me the largest pumpkin you can find..." Pencil and watercolor, 133 x 80 mm.

48 ALS: no date [ca. Fall 1884], "Tuesday."

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11, Pemberton Gardens, Holloway, N. to Joanie Severn. Four pages.

Her tone is somewhat despairing with regard to Ruskin's health after reading a review of his latest lecture, and she asks Mrs. Severn to do what she can to prevail upon him "to come up to London with you and leave these Dreadful Lectures." She continues: "It is dreadful[.] I do hope he May be prevented giving any More Lectures now—People will not forget it and He will be so sorry after[.] when he can see clearly again... I got the World [London newspaper] yesterday[:] it is very terrible—I feel afraid to send it for fear it make him worse. You may see your way to telling him part of it and persuading [him] to come back with you and see Sir W. Gull... He sent Me word some days ago—he was having Grim Fight with the Vivisectionists—little did I think what it meant." Then, she promises to send little Violet a letter to "set her mind at rest." She is continuing to send Ruskin cheerful letters, and wishes that Dr. Adams or "they would have tried to do something."

49 ALS: 30 July 1890, 50, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W. to Joanie Severn. Four pages. Concerned over Ruskin's ever getting well, Greenaway writes in some anguish: "Yes, indeed I care. I'm so glad to have it—so glad to know he thinks of Me—tell



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him—with My very dearest love—that it Makes Me proud[,] Happy[,] glad—all things to know that he remembers Me—and that I'm deeply grateful And think of Him so much indeed[.] So always, He seems so a part of my life—I should feel very strange if I had not Him to think of, tell Him I thank him deeply for all things... I'm very sorry about those delusions—still it is Much so Much [better] that he is quiet, but I should like that he could have No painful thoughts... it seems he will never be able to work again to finish The Praeterita or anything else—though I'd far rather it is unfinished for ever than written at times when he doesnt know—really what he says."

50 ALS: 7 August 1894, 39, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W. to John Ruskin. Two pages. This letter was torn in half and later repaired.

This is a letter of parting after a visit with Ruskin. "Then what shall I call you now? ¶I was so sorry to leave you—I am so sorry to have left. I feel too Mournful to write to day, yet long to say just a few words to tell you what great Happiness, it has been to see you once more—and talk to you—I am so glad I have seen you, though as the beautiful Hills drifted farther and farther away, it was sad—that is the worst of it. It is so beautiful to Come—so terribly sad to go—Yet How I rejoice—there is Yet You—

¶I will write again very soon[.] I shall feel less mournful then." In subsequent letters to Ruskin the salutation is a brief "Dear

51* ALS: 14 [and 21] August 1894, 39, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W. to John Ruskin. Envelope, watercolor and four pages. Pen sketch of a woman in Greek dress on third page, and one of wheat sheaves on fourth.

She describes seeing a little girl with pigeons near the British Museum when last visiting the glass exhibit. She comments about the colors of the various glass objects and about the draperies which she saw on statues in the Museum. She describes girls haying. On a separate piece of paper is a brown ink and watercolor drawing of a wild rose. About this she writes: "Will you like the little wild Rose a little—though it has not serrations enough to its leaves[?]" She promises to send him more "flower letters" in the future.

52* ALS: 31 October 1895, 39, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W. to John Ruskin. Four pages, including pen sketches.

This is a rather effusive letter following a recent visit with Ruskin at Coniston. At the head is a sketch of a dog, labelled "he," and a cat, labelled "she," the latter wiping its eyes with a handkerchief. There is much about Rover, and three

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sketches of him jumping about are included on page three. She begins: "No opening the Study door this Morning—No looking in and seeing You there—No meeting You out with Bramble [Ruskin's dog]—No anything except being Far off and feeling very Miserable—to know it is so—I Hope You feel a little Sorry too—a little Sorry—because I feel it is Months and Months, before I see Your dear—dear—Face again[.] It was worse leaving You this time than last—because You were so Much More your old Self—and you were Kind and Gentle to Me—then I thanked you in My Heart Dear—so—so much... I am very low today—but it will be better in a few days when I get over it—The Coming is such Joy—the going Such Pain—Dear—"

- 53* ALS: 12 January 1898, 39, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W. to John Ruskin. Envelope and eight pages. Pen sketch of a child looking at trees in a valley at head of first page, and one of wrapped-up Rover on page six. S., pp. 228, 237.

She describes her intense enjoyment of the Millais paintings at the "R.A.," which also had an exhibition of Elgood's gardens that she liked very much. She states her forebodings about the Fine Art exhibition, since paintings have not been selling well; in that regard, she com-



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plaints of ignorant critics and the transience of taste. She also describes Rover's skin disease.

- 54* ALS: 1 June 1898, 39, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W. to John Ruskin. Envelope and eight pages. Pen sketch of flowers at head of first page and one of Rover and swans on page five.

She quotes several lines of Burns' "My love is like a red red rose." Her description of Rover and his friends the swans is quite detailed: "Dear Rover still swim[m]ing up and down the Highgate Ponds accompanied by the two Swans. it seems curious For two swans to be Friends with a Black Dog. [Here she illustrates the scene.] This is the way they Follow his Course every Morning[.] only I have Put them too Near."

- 55* Kate Greenaway. *Almanack for 1893*. [London], George Routledge & Sons, Limited, [1892].

10 cm. Cream glazed pictorial boards. blue-green endpapers. Presentation copy, with original watercolor inscribed "John Ruskin from Kate Greenaway 1892" on half-title page.

- 56* ALS: 8 February 1896, 39, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W. to John Ruskin. Envelope and one page. Pencil and watercolor drawings of flowers decorate the envelope and stationery.

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"Dear—I wish You a very Happy Birthday and Year to Follow it—with all You like best, to happen in it[.] With My very dearest Love Katie."

- 57* ALS: "Christmas Eve" [1895], 39, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W. to John Ruskin. Envelope (16 x 20 cm) and five pages. Ink and watercolor sketches of holly and mistletoe on first page, of house in the snow on page two, and of street lamps on page three. Floral watercolor sketch on envelope.

Wishing she could say rather than write her Christmas greetings to him, she nevertheless writes, and includes with the letter a six-quatrain poem by Tennyson, "Ring out wild bells," on a separate sheet of paper.

- 58 ALS: 2 November 1896, 39, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W. to Violet Dickinson. Four pages, including pen sketches. S., pp. 222-223.

Answering Dickinson's request for information about Ruskin and commenting upon some of his critics, Greenaway writes: "of the way people talk against Him in Venice—I Hope You will try a little Not to quite believe it all. For believe Me it is sure Not to be all true and even if He has been very inaccurate[.] the world owes Him so Much—that one May well and justly—(I think)—Forget His Faults. ¶The world is very ungrateful like all

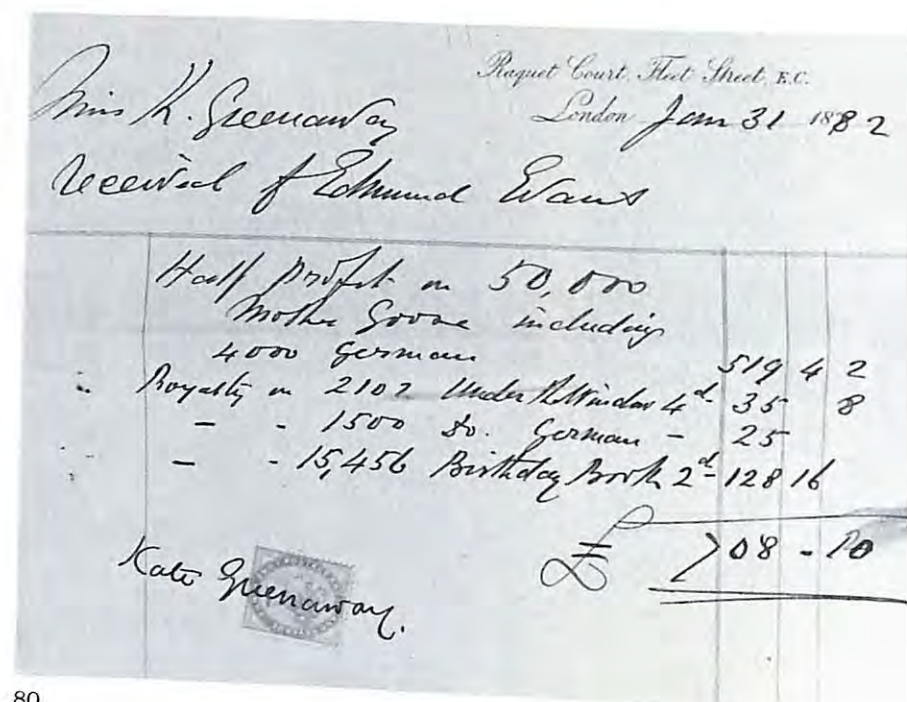
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Nature is—and takes all the good it can get and then Flings the Giver of it away. That is our way—and it is a Cruel one—and there's another reason also, a reason that once I used Not to believe in—but I do Now—and that is that so many of the second rate Authors and Artists seem to have a Most bitter jealousy of the great ones—it is very curious to Me—but they do—they love to Find a Fault... We ought to be—so grateful to them instead For what they Make the world for us... I know in Mr. Ruskin's case—He is too ready to believe all he hears, but I think it Should be forgiven—that the beautiful things He tells You—and the New life of Art you enter into—Compensates. ¶Never shall I Forget what I felt in reading Fors Claveriga For the First Time[.] and it was the First book of His I had ever read. I longed For each evening to come that I Might lose Myself in that New Wonderful World." She also refers to a small painting of a panel of angels and at the head of the first page includes a pen sketch a little angel near a cottage. A pen sketch of herself at a pulpit appears on page four.

- 59 ALS: 8 June 1900, 39, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W. to Joanie Severn. Envelope and four pages. S., p. x.



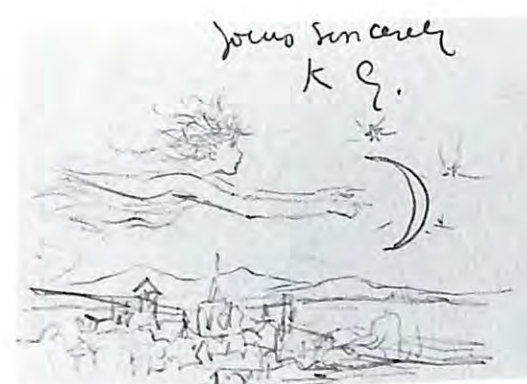
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This letter concerns the disposal of her letters written to Ruskin over the years, and of his to her. "In the later letters I think there is Nothing that I should object to any one reading—in the early ones Nothing I should Mind you reading[,] but there Might be things in some one would feel ["better" crossed out] Perhaps better Not Published—¶ I don't know if any of My early letters still exist—I do not know if He kept them. I remember You telling Me You had destroyed some that You thought ["were" crossed out] I would rather were destroyed[.] ¶ I have a great Many letters of his—one for Nearly Every day For Three Years[,] but they are all of the time of My early letters before his great illness since—He has never written—as You will remember. I should like to have any letters in the life[,] if one is written[,] that were thought desirable—¶ I am not sure the later ones of Mine are Much in a literary way, but He did say some of the earlier ones ought to exist as long as the Most beautiful of my drawings should—because they also were beautiful—I tell You this because You know How great was the ["Friendship" crossed out] affection between us that You will not think it conciet [sic] I Feel so honoured by it, that I Can only Feel honoured For ¶ My Name to ever to appear Near His."

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON AND FAMILY

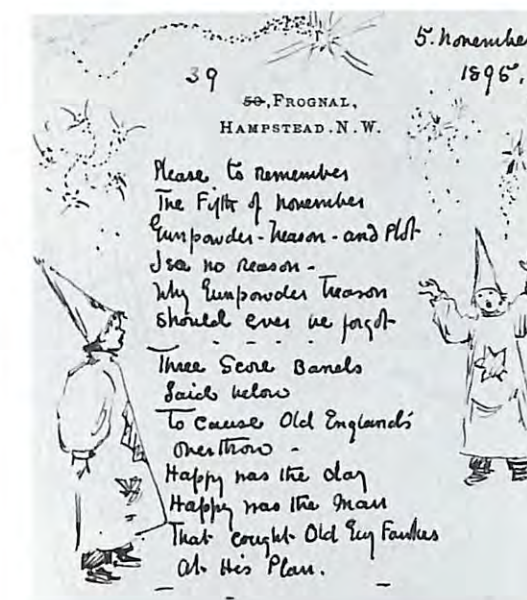
- 60* F. Locker-Lampson. Watercolor, oval, 120 x 105 mm. S., facing p. 86.
- 61 Frederick Locker. *London lyrics*. London, [Chiswick Press], 1881. 23.5 cm. Gold-stamped vellum, white endpapers. Signed black-and-white tailpiece illustration by Kate Greenaway, a mounted proof. Black-and-white frontispiece illustration by Randolph Caldecott, in two states, one a mounted proof.
- 62* "Beneath a summer tree. Her maiden reverie Has a charm;" young lady seated. Pen and brown ink, 101 x 76 mm; signed "KG." dated 1881. Gift to Frederick Locker, illustrating a line in the poem "To my grandmother" from his *London lyrics*, 1881.
- 63a* Maud Locker-Lampson. Watercolor, 98 x 134 mm; signed "Kate Greenaway 1883." In pencil on reverse: "F. Locker Miss KG gave me this."
- 63b* Oliver Locker-Lampson. Watercolor, 98 x 134mm, signed "Kate Greenaway 1883." In pencil on reverse: "Miss K.G. gave me this F. Locker-L."

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- 64 ALS: no date [ca. Christmas 1885], 50. Frognal, Hampstead, N.W. to Mr. [Frederick] Locker. Four pages. Wishes that her Christmas drawing were better done so that at least part of Christmas would please him. She describes the festive air about Hampstead this time of year and adds at the end of the letter that she wishes Christmas were past since she does not like it either. About Christmas cards she writes: "I have not seen any good Christmas Cards this year—nothing new or of any interest—and I think all the Colour Prints very bad—common looking—People say trade is begin[nin]g to shew signs of getting better."
- 65* Two children with primrose balls. Pencil and watercolor, 68 x 105 mm; signed "KG." In pencil at bottom: "FL [Frederick Locker] from KG."
- 66* ALS: no date, "Thursday," to Mr. [Frederick] Locker. Two pages (text in pencil). Pencil and watercolor drawing of a girl crying amid discarded toys at head of first page. She requests that he come see her since he has been in London "all three days" and hasn't done so.



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- 67 ALS: "Christmas" 1887, 50, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W. to Mr. [Frederick] Locker. Two pages. Pencil and watercolor drawing of two children, one seated, with yellow flower balls at head of first page. She expects that he is happy that his son Godfrey is home for the holiday. She is sending Godfrey's bookplate and says: "I am afraid all the Heraldic part is very dreadful[,] but if it is too bad—perhaps you can get some one who does know and can do it—to touch it up[.]"
- 68* Heraldic bookplate for Godfrey Locker-Lampson. Relief print, 90 x 68 mm; signed "KG."
- 69* Designs for Frederick Locker bookplate. Four pencil sketches, each 92 x 71 mm.
- 70* Kate Greenaway. ... *Almanack for 1893*. [London], George Routledge & Sons, [1892]. 10 cm. Cream glazed pictorial boards, blue-green endpapers. Presentation copy, with original watercolor on half-title page, inscribed "Frederick Locker-Lampson From Kate Greenaway 1892."
- 71* Caricature of three children. Ink sketch in the Greenaway manner by Randolph Caldecott, 67 x 104 mm, [1878?]. S., p. 69.

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT

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- 72 ALS: 23 October 1885, 50, Frognaal, Hampstead, N.W. to Joanie Severn. Three pages. She sends the drawings by Caldecott, commenting: "Do look at the Man looking through his eye glass at the smoke Coming from his boots, and then the Cabbage leaf Pie, and the Barber Cutting the Wedding Cake, and aren't the Covers fine[?]-the blue Stockings-but they are all so Clever. So very Clever and Funny."

VIOLET DICKINSON

- 73* ALS Fragment: 6 August [1861], "Friday Morning," 39, Frognaal, Hampstead, N.W. to Violet Dickinson. Pages one and two. Pen sketch of a tall and a short woman, labelled "They were by Fate divided," at head of first page. She speaks of green paper in the bedroom and how to achieve the correct color. She complains of the hot weather.
- 74* AL Fragment: 8 July 1896, 39, Frognaal, Hampstead, N.W. to Violet Dickinson. Pages one and two, including pen sketch at head of first page. For part of the missing portion, see S., pp. 190-192. This has no salutation, only a drawing of a woman with the contents of a watering can being poured out on her head, titled "Bliss." She complains of insects and the heat.
- 75* ALS: 10 December 1896, 39, Frognaal, Hampstead, N.W. to Violet Dickinson. Four

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pages, including pen sketches. S., p. 193. She mentions her visit to Violet's and "the giddy whirl" of Violet's friends. She complains of a cold, speaks of a visit from Mr. Ponsonby, and talks of Leighton's drawings. On the first page she has drawn a "Solitary Hermit," labelling his "Solitary Candle" and "Solitary Cup of Tea" as well. At the bottom of the page, after "Dear What I shall come too -," is a sketch of "the Far off World."

LADY MARIA PONSONBY

- 76* ALS: 8 September 1895, 39, Frognaal, Hampstead, N.W. to Lady Maria Ponsonby. Envelope and six pages, including pen sketch. She comments on the improper dress at the beach when she was last at Cromer and wishes that Lady Maria could have walked with her "Along the sands at 11 o'clock one Morning-the odd thing to Me is-How they get the Courage to leave their Homes like it-also at Cromer-the Propriety I have been used to seems thrown to the winds-but one easily gets Hardened I find-I hardly knew where to look at first-in a few days I was quite used to it-and looked on I fear in Placid Calm-a whole Family like this Young Man." Following this on page four is an amusing drawing of beachwear.

- 77 ALS: 19 October 1896, 39, Frognaal, Hampstead, N.W. to Lady Maria Ponsonby. Four pages.

She speaks of Rover being covered with mud. She mourns the loss of Mr. du Maurier, who is buried in Hampstead. She writes about her visit to Stoke Court, where Lady Dorothy and Miss Nevill were also visiting, and continues: "it was very interesting seeing Grays Summer House and the Churchyard and his Tomb, and they have such Nice Gardens and a Fountain[.]" She also mentions that an exhibition of English humorous art is to open at the Fine Art Society on the next Saturday.

ARLINGTON HOUSE

- 78* Young ladies and children with garlands of flowers, calligraphic "Guest Book" (left) and "Arlington Manor" (right). Two watercolors, each 268 x 199 mm, for double title page; both signed "KG 1898." These works are here reproduced, less calligraphy, on the endpapers, Arlington Manor, Newbury, Berkshire, was the country home of Sir Francis Henry Jeune (later Baron St. Helier).
- 79 ALS: "New Years day" 1897, 39, Frognaal, Hampstead, N.W. to John Ruskin. Envelope and eight pages. She describes a play called "Freezing a Mother in Law or a Frightful Frost"-it

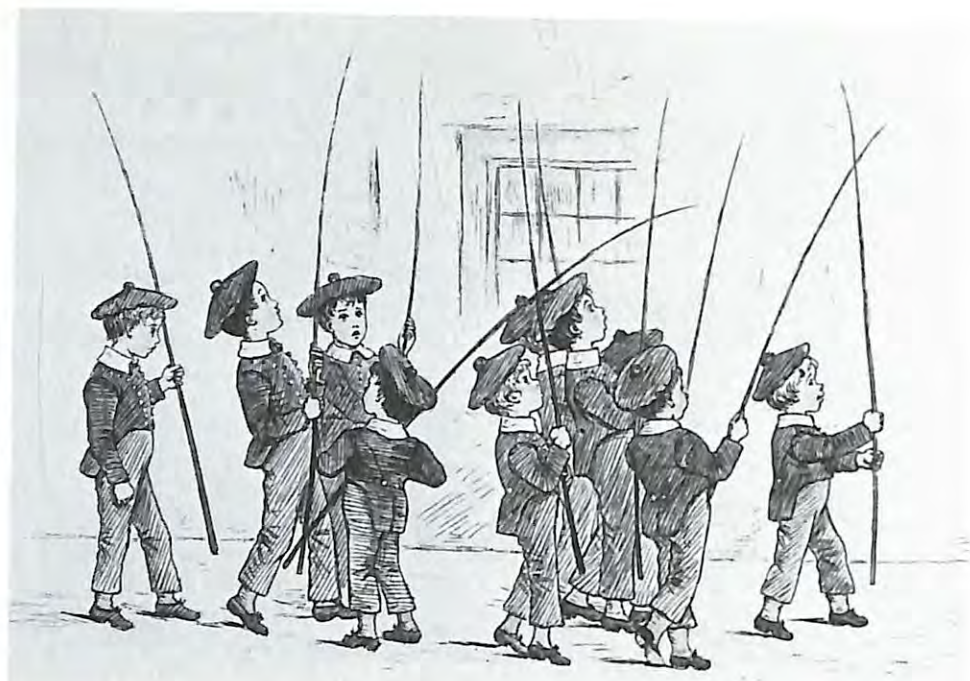
was not very probable"-that was presented at Lady Jeune's on New Year's Eve, and gives a list of the guests at the party. She tells him also that she is finishing some drawings for the Institute.

PUBLISHED WORKS

PUBLISHING: REWARDS AND FRUSTRATIONS

- 80* DOC: 31 January 1882. Receipt from Edmund Evans, Raquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C., London. One page. Signed by Kate Greenaway. "Half profit on 50,000 Mother Goose including 4000 German... Royalty on 2102 Under the Window... 1500... German... 15,456 Birthday Book..." Total: 708 pounds, 10 pence.
- 81 Kate Greenaway. *Am Fenster*. In *Bildern und Versen von... Der deutsche Text von Kathe Freiligrath-Kroeker*. Munich, Theodor Stroefer, [1880]. 24 cm. Dark green glazed pictorial boards, blue endpapers. German translation of *Under the window*.
- 82 ALS: 22 November 1880 from Austin Dobson, 13, Grange Park, Ealing, W. Two pages, with a two-line postscript. S., p. 85. He thanks her for the gift of the *Birthday book* and then extols her great talent: "And how lucky the little people are to

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get such pictures! I cant help thinking that I should have been a better man if I had had such pleasant playbooks in my unartistic childhood. You have a most definite and special walk, and I hope you wont let any one persuade you out of it."

- 83 ALS: 9 August 1880, 11, Pemberton Gardens, Holloway, N. to Austin Dobson. Four pages.

"I will Try and Carry out your wishes as to Subject—but it will have to be a very Small drawing—I really had No time to undertake it at all. Only I was very pleased to be able to oblige Mr. Loftie—as to price[,] that is rather difficult for me to fix until I have made the drawing, but I know it would be 4 or 5 Guineas and it Might have to be More. It depends on the time it takes. I have had to Make it a rule to keep drawings Now, because they do Not pay Me unless I do so, but I do sometimes sell the Originals for the same price over again[.]"

- 84 ALS: 9 October 1882, from Austin Dobson, Board of Trade, S.W. Three pages. Dobson sends her an exemplar of his verse "Home beauty" [published in the *Magazine of art* in 1883] and writes: "Will you not consent to fill the space round them with a few little figures such as you drew for Godfrey—in outline, not coloured? The Editor of the *Magazine of*

Art has no doubt, he ritt me, that they shall be glad to have them, and, of course, pay for them well...only dont as Mr. Locker said 'fush' yourself over it or trouble yourself about original figures; it is your ordinary figures I want."

- 85 ALS: 10 October 1882, 11, Pemberton Gardens, Holloway, N. to Austin Dobson. Four pages, with a short postscript in pencil.

She agrees to do the drawings for his verse, and then states her reservations about the firm which publishes the *Magazine of art*: "They used my drawings ever so many times over for different things and sold them after for illustrations to advertisements. I objected and they said it was not Intentional on their part and it should not be repeated[,] but I still Saw them after that, so I would Not do any drawing for them any more unless I retain the Copyright—and they only used it for the purpose it was originally done for. ¶It would Not pay Me to make the drawing under 10 pounds, and then they would also have to return Me the drawing—I doubt if they would Care to Give so Much as that, but I fancy the St Nicholas people would. Ive promised often to do them Something, and have never had time..."

- 86 ALS: 18 October 1882, from Austin Dob-

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son, Porth-y-Felin, 75, Eaton Rise, Ealing, W. Four pages.

He reports that the editors of the *Magazine of art* agree to her terms (as stated in her letter of 10 October 1882). After stating the request of the editors, he gives her leave to decline the job: "What they want (I quote the Editor's words) 'is some "MOTHER GOOSE" in monochrome and more or less in outline.' ¶I think I know you well enough to believe that you will quite frankly decline, if you have any desire to do so. And pray do not think of me at all. I only wrote the verses to please you. The rest was an after-thought—and like most of my after-thoughts—very quickly acted upon." He says he would be glad "to write some verses for you to illustrate [for *St. Nicholas* magazine]—and, I think, in *America*, they will be almost as pleased to get my verses as your drawing."

- 87 ALS: 19 October 1882, Witley, [Surrey] to Austin Dobson. Four pages.

"I shall like very much doing the drawing only they must knock off the clause about its quality[.] Im sure to do it as well as I can, because I never pass what I know to be bad work for my own sake—but if I do it, they must have it—or it dont matter though after all—because plenty of others would with your verses."

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- 88 ALS: 18 November 1882, 11, Pemberton Gardens, Holloway, N. to Austin Dobson. Three pages.

"You must repress that Editor, it is Quite Impossible for the drawing to be Made for a long time yet, however the Sketch is done—So if you will Not Mind the trouble of coming, I shall be 'Most glad to see you...You will see[,] I am sure[,] when I explain to You how it is that I am obliged to get these things done at once. Talking is so much better than writing[.]"

- 89* ALS: 2 February 1884, 11, Pemberton Gardens, Holloway, N. to Joanie Severn. Envelope and three pages. Pencil sketch of "child-wind" and the moon over city at the end. S., p. 124.

About some verses that Mrs. Severn evidently had been sending her to include in a publication, she says that one or two "are quite new to me and would be exactly what Id like to put in," but some are "a little too much about children—children I find like to know about other things—or what other children did—but not about children in an abstract sort of way—that belongs to older people." Then she remembers the poems she liked best when she was a child: "How Horatius Kept the Bridge... The Wreck of the Hesperus... the Pied Piper... the Rope Walk... I find something to like in most things..."



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- 90 ALS: 5 November 1887, 50, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W. to Mrs. W. J. Loftie. Four pages.

She discusses the pros and cons of illustrated book covers. She agrees on the good effect of the printed cover for *Under the window*, but continues: "I'm absolutely Stupid over covers though, and never do good ones—My own taste is for plain Covers[,] Leather or cloth—then coming to everything inside the book, but there is a great deal in the use of a thing, and Mr. Anderson May like to have the picture on the Covers, I know, it does attract because Mr. Evans has often told Me that the shilling books sell ever so much better if they have a picture on the cover."

- 91 ALS: 5 and 7 November 1895, 39, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W. to John Ruskin. Envelope and eight pages. Pen sketches of Guy Fawkes figures and fireworks on first page, and of moon over the city on third. She begins with an illustrated poem, "Please to remember the Fifth of November," and then describes the festivities of Guy Fawkes Day. She tells him that she is sending a copy of Alcott's *Old fashioned girl*. She discusses some of the poems that she has been reading lately and comments favorably on Swinburne. Then on page six she writes: "The dancing little Girls are going off to



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America to day—then I have another Page to do—and all the while I want to amuse Myself—to do Girls with Roses—Girls with May trees." The drawing she refers to here is described on page four of her 1 November 1895 letter to Ruskin: "all little Boys, and Girls, at a Party—dancing and—taking their tea, with Cakes—and standing shy with their Fans, and the little boys Feeling they Have got to ask the little Girls to dance with them and they dont know How to, quite." On page six of that letter is a sketch of one of the dancing girls with a fan in hand.

- 92* Three girls with fans. Pen-and-ink, 93 x 71 mm, for illustration in "Off for dancing school," *Ladies home journal*, March 1896; signed "KG." Matted with number 129.

- 93 ALS: 6 February 1899, 39, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W. to Wilfred Evans. Two pages. She speaks of her works, probably meaning their copyright, being sold to others for their uses: "it would do Me a great deal of harm to have them sold For small sums and used For any thing[.] ¶ Of course if You choose to Put them in the hands of Some other Publisher (not selling them) that is another thing and later on they Might be worth more than they are at Present—For the taste lies another way,

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but that would Pass—I should certainly object to them being sold[.]"

BEATING THE BOUNDS

- 94* "Ready for the march;" beadle and muster of nine schoolboys with willow wands. Pencil sketch, 115 x 177 mm, for illustration in Thomas Hughes, "Beating the bounds," *St. Nicholas*[.] *Scribner's illustrated magazine for girls and boys*, April 1879.
- 95* "Ready for the march;" muster of ten schoolboys with willow wands. Ink and watercolor, 114 x 185 mm, for illustration in Thomas Hughes, "Beating the bounds," *St. Nicholas*[.] *Scribner's illustrated magazine for girls and boys*, April 1879.
- 96* "The beadle leads the procession;" beadle in cocked hat, gold-laced coat, and silver-headed staff. Ink and watercolor, 112 x 92 mm, for illustration in Thomas Hughes, "Beating the bounds," *St. Nicholas*[.] *Scribner's illustrated magazine for girls and boys*, April 1879; signed "KG."
- 97 *St. Nicholas*[.] *Scribner's illustrated magazine for girls and boys*. New York, Scribner & Co.: London, Sampson, Low, Marsten & Co.: vol. 6, no. 6, April 1879. 35.5 cm. Pictorial wrappers. Includes four black-and-white illustrations by Kate Greenaway for "Beating the bounds" by Thomas Hughes, pages 389-395, and one by her for "The little

big woman and the big little girl" by M.M. D., page 383.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS

- 98* Title-page layout (without text) with lilies, cherubs, and ribbon. Brown ink and watercolor, 117 x 112 mm, for *Language of flowers*; signed "KG."
- 99* Cherubs carrying a basket of roses. Brown ink and watercolor, 83 x 108 mm, for *Language of flowers*, verso of title page.
- 100 Kate Greenaway. *Language of flowers* illustrated by ... Printed in colours by Edmund Evans. London, George Routledge and Sons, [1884]. 15 cm. Green glazed pictorial boards, with cream background, bright yellow endpapers.
- 101* Rosebuds. Brown ink and watercolor, 43 x 32 mm, for *Language of flowers*.
- 102* Pot of carnations. Brown ink and watercolor, 63 x 37 mm, for *Language of flowers*.
- 103* Nosegay of lilies. Brown ink and watercolor, 84 x 77 mm, for *Language of flowers*.
- 104 ALS: 9 November 1884, 11, Pemberton Gardens, Holloway, N. to Joanie Severn. Envelope and two pages. S., p. 128. She tells her she is sending her a copy of *Language of flowers*, which Ruskin thinks very bad and about which she writes: "I am very disgusted Myself—only I dont feel I am so much to blame—

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as the Printers—who have literally blotted every picture out[.]”

MARIGOLD GARDEN

- 105* Young girl. Pencil sketch, 185 x 133 mm, for *Marigold garden*, cover.
- 106* “Marigold garden” and three girls at garden gate. Cover layout sketch in pencil and watercolor, 235 x 180 mm, for *Marigold garden*.
- 107* “First arrivals;” three children on settee. Set of five woodblocks (key block and one each for colors pink, red, yellow and green) for *Marigold garden*.
- 108* “First arrivals;” three children on settee, fruit garland, and text (in pencil). Brown ink and watercolor, 202 x 152 mm, for *Marigold garden*; signed “KG.”
- 109* “Mammas and babies;” six young girls with dolls. Ink and watercolor, 70 x 145 mm, for *Marigold garden*; signed “KG.”
- 110* “When you and I grow up;” two seated children looking out to sea, text (in pencil), and St. John’s Wort. Brown ink and watercolor, 203 x 152 mm, for *Marigold garden*; signed “KG.”
- 111* “Blue shoes;” two young girls. Brown ink and watercolor, 107 x 126 mm, for *Marigold garden*; signed “KG.”
- 112 Kate Greenaway. *Marigold garden*. Pictures and rhymes by ... Printed in colours



115

by Edmund Evans. London. New York. George Routledge and Sons. [1885].
28 cm. Green glazed pictorial boards, green endpapers. Presentation copy with original pen sketch, inscribed “Amy Hirshall from Kate Greenaway 1899” on front flyleaf. Originally included a letter from Kate Greenaway to Mrs. Hirshall, dated 25 July 1899.

ENGLISH SPELLING-BOOK

- 113* Letters A and B with putti. Pencil studies for alphabet, 12.8 x 6.2 mm; upper study dated 1885, lower signed “KG.”
- 114 William Mavor. *The English spelling-book* accompanied by a progressive series of easy and familiar lessons by ... Illustrated by Kate Greenaway. Engraved and printed by Edmund Evans. London. New York. George Routledge and Sons. 1885.
18 cm. Gray pictorial boards, printed in orange and black, white endpapers.
- 115* Young woman and child. Engraved wood (display?) block, 12.5 x 8 mm, matching the Greenaway illustration on the cover of *The English spelling-book* by William Mavor; “KG” signature reproduced.
Formerly in the collection of Edmund Evans.
- 116* Girl in field with torn frock. Brown ink, 100 x 100 mm, for *The English spelling-book* by William Mavor.

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116

- 117 Kate Greenaway. ... *Almanack for 1895*. [London]. George Routledge & Sons. Limited. [1894].
10 cm. Cream glazed pictorial boards, dark blue endpapers.
- 118* Seated mother with young child and book. Brown ink, 127 x 127 mm, for *The English spelling-book* by William Mavor; signed “KG.”
- 119 Kate Greenaway. ... *Alphabet*. London. New York. George Routledge & Sons. [ca. 1885].
7 cm. Yellow glazed pictorial boards, yellow-green endpapers.

BOOK OF GAMES

- 120* “Battledore & shuttlecock;” three girls playing in garden. Ink and watercolor, 112 x 115 mm, for *Kate Greenaway’s book of games*; signed “KG.”
The watercolor shows a fading of green pigment. Greenaway commented about this problem in correspondence (see numbers 122 and 126).
- 121 Kate Greenaway. ... *Book of games*. London. Glasgow. Manchester. New York. George Routledge & Sons. [1889].
23.5 cm. Blue pictorial cloth, stamped in gold, black, red and yellow, yellow endpapers. Green glazed pictorial wrapper pasted on front endpaper.

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- 122 ALS: 21 February 1891, 50, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W. to Joanie Severn. Four pages.

She fears Ruskin did not like the flower drawings very much. Speaking of the success of the exhibition, she writes that the Fine Art Society’s people “did see the little Copper Plate and longed to have it for the PV Card.” [This probably refers to a copperplate that Ruskin did of “Miss Primrose,” a girl with yellow ribbons, discussed in Greenaway’s letter to him of 1 March 1898.] She then comments on the difficulty of getting the correct shade of green: “the colours were too green—I could not somehow get the colour quite right[.] I expect Mine has faded to an ungettable colour but I will try again if you like[.] on a bright day[.] To day is too dark for anything[.]”

- 123 ALS: 12 October 1898, 39, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W. to Joanie Severn. Four pages.

She complains of being tired after her journeys and sends her love to Ruskin. Also she laments that the paper of the drawings she did for Ruskin “seems to have changed Colour where it was exposed to the light[.] My Brother says it must be something in the Paper—For they were securely Fastened up in the Frame. I only took them out to Pack them up to send them.”



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- 124* "Puss in the corner;" five girls in an orchard. Ink and watercolor, 115 x 152 mm, for *Kate Greenaway's book of games*; signed "KG."
- 125* "Frog in the middle;" group of children dancing and chanting. Ink and watercolor, 101 x 140 mm, for *Kate Greenaway's book of games*; signed "KG."
- 126* "Touch wood;" five children outdoors. Brown ink and watercolor, 102 x 155 mm, for *Kate Greenaway's book of games*; signed "KG."
The green color at the upper edge has been protected by an earlier mat.
- 127* "Hunt the slipper;" group of children seated in a circle. Brown ink and watercolor, 111 x 165 mm, for *Kate Greenaway's book of games*; signed "KG."
- 128* Tulip. Ink and watercolor, 93 x 51 mm, for *Kate Greenaway's book of games*.
- 129* Buttercup. Brown ink and watercolor, 67 x 27 mm, for *Kate Greenaway's book of games*.
Matted with number 92.
- 130* Kite. Brown ink and watercolor, 68 x 68 mm, for *Kate Greenaway's book of games*.

ALMANACKS

- 131* Kate Greenaway. *Almanack for 1883*. London, New York, George Routledge and Sons, [1882].

A collection of copies showing cloth and paper binding variants, the suite housed in a special presentation box by Jean Gunner. Box in half natural Irish linen, covered in blue and beige printed paper, with each book separately housed in a recess with tabbed shelf, protected by polyester film window.

- 132* Kate Greenaway. *Almanack for 1887* by ... [London], George Routledge & Sons, [1886].
8 x 10.5 cm. Cream glazed pictorial boards, blue-green endpapers. Presentation copy, with original watercolor on half-title page, inscribed "Ruth Anderson From Kate Greenaway 1891."
- 133 ALS: Christmas 1891. 50, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W. to Mr. Frederick Locker. Three pages.
She compliments him on a recent portrait of himself and then writes: "I send You my little Almanack, though I daresay You Have already seen it[.] There is Not Much Variety in them Now, is there, but Nothing ever seems Possible for the Price in the way of change—either in getting up or Cover—so on they go in the old way—which I think a Mistake[.]"
- 134* Kate Greenaway. ... *Almanack for 1892*. [London], George Routledge & Sons, Limited, [1891].
10 cm. Cream leatherette, stamped in

92

- gold and green, dark blue endpapers. Presentation copy, with original watercolor on half-title page, inscribed "Mrs. Arthur Severn From Kate Greenaway 1891."
- 135* Children at a stile. Brown ink and watercolor, 101 x 100 mm, for "Autumn" in *Kate Greenaway's almanack for 1892*; signed "KG."
- 136 Four watercolors, each 111 x 57 mm, for *Kate Greenaway's almanack for 1892*; each signed "KG."
- a* "March:" woman losing her hat to the wind.
- b* "April:" woman shielding herself from the rain.
- c* "May:" woman with a Maypole.
- d* "January:" woman in winter costume.
- 137* Two children in window, caption panel below, with flower garland at bottom. Ink and watercolor, 104 x 72 mm, for "January" in *Kate Greenaway's almanack for 1888*; signed "KG."
- 138* Mother with young child in a window, caption panel below, with flower garland at bottom. Ink and watercolor, 104 x 72 mm, for "February" in *Kate Greenaway's almanack for 1888*; signed "KG."
- 139 ALS: 25 February 1896. 39, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W. to John Ruskin. Envelope and eight pages. Pen sketch of a young lady on seventh page, and one of a

woman's head on eighth.

She mentions that she is reading the second volume of "Lady Mary Wortley Montague." She states her dislike of the Aubrey Beardsley drawings and discusses her feelings about art and its place in her life. Included are two sketches: one full length of a young lady, the other a study of a woman's head with a cherry background. She writes further: "Mr. Dent [J. M. Dent & Co.] is to be the New Publisher of the books. I think they will be decidedly improved[.] The Almanack is to be done again this Year. They would like another New book also—but I do Not know if there will be time for that. They will all have Nice New Covers—be generally improved."

- 140 AL Fragment: 16 August 1896. 39, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W. to Violet Dickinson. Two pages. Pen sketch of a woman's head looking toward sailboats at head of first page.
She discusses Violet's vacation and laments that she hasn't visited the cottage this year. Her opinion of the 1897 *Almanack* is: "nice Printed on rougher Paper, but I think it too thick and I don't (Curiously) Care for the Cover Much.—It isn't New enough... It will be tiresome if this Man won't let me arrange it More—For it is a Thing I do Know..."
- 141 ALS Fragment: 18 August 1896. 39,

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Frognal, Hampstead, N.W. to Violet Dickinson. Two pages. Pen sketches of a girl in a chair and of a garden at head of first page.

She discusses buying some red roses to serve as models for painting, says that she does not have Violet's new address, and that she has a card for the funeral of Sir John Millais. She comments about Wilfred Evans and the arrangements for the 1897 *Almanack*: "He is going to write to Mr. Dent—we are going to try to get the Cover altered—it is tiresome[,] of course[,] there is not a Free choice because of expense[,] still we should do better I think than that—If I ever do another book, I shall design the whole thing—cover and all—then they must take or leave it—Possibly they would leave it."

- 142 ALS: 7 November 1899, 39, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W. to John Ruskin. Envelope and eight pages. Pen sketches of a young woman holding a spray of flowers against a landscape background at head of first page, of Rover looking out the window on sixth page, and of a model on the eighth. S., pp. 245-246.

She laments that Guy Fawkes Day was so quiet and that there are no "good childrens books about just now... The Rage For Copying Mine seems over." She then discusses children's tastes and her own when she was a child: "I think they often like Grown up Books... at any rate I



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did—From the Kenny Meadows Pictures to Shakespeare I learnt all the Plays when I was Very Young indeed—It is Curious How Much Pictures Can tell You—like the Plays without words[,] I suppose I asked a good deal about them and was Told—and read little bits anyhow—I never remember the time—when I didn't Know what each Play was about—They were My Sunday Evening's Amusement—and another book called the Illuminated Magazine that had all Sorts of things in it. Some I specially liked called "The Recreations of Mr. Zigzag the Elder"—Perhaps You knew the Magazine and them. They were accounts of the Old London Churches and Old Places of Interest[,] the Lollards Tower[,] St. Johns Gate[,] St. Bartholomews Church—Now I believe these were in a book Called the Family Magazine—I believe one of our three Cherished large Volumes has that Name, the other two The Illuminated[,] How Much Prettier those old Illustrations are than the Modern engraved Photograph[,] I hate the Modern book and Magazine Illustration. But—there is a But—the Illustrations of Hugh Thompson and Anning Bell—Also Byam Shaw—are quite beautiful—and quite different—." She describes having been to an exhibition at the Fine Art Society where she saw Remington's landscapes.

94

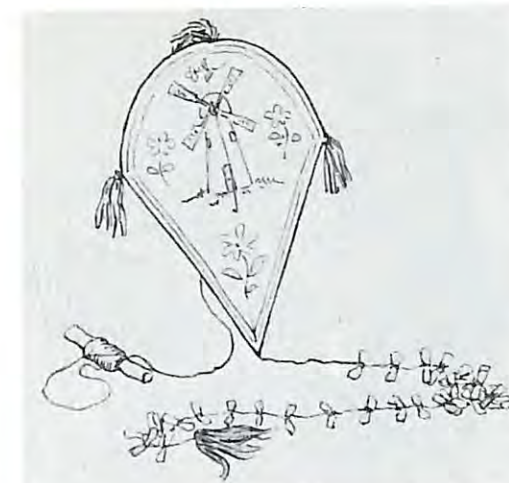


128

LARGE WATERCOLORS

- 143* Surrey cottage scene with children carrying flower balls. Watercolor, 252 x 354 mm; signed "KG."
- 144* Mother and two young girls sitting before a window. Watercolor, 278 x 220 mm; signed "KG."
- 145* Surrey cottage scene with mother and children. Watercolor, 239 x 393 mm.
- 146* Children picking flowers before a Surrey cottage. Watercolor, 224 x 319 mm; signed "K. Greenaway." S., facing p. 198.
- 147* Woman and two young girls before a wall and brick houses. Watercolor, 265 x 316 mm; signed "KG."
- 148* Woman and two young girls under a flowering tree. Watercolor, 231 x 270 mm; signed "K. Greenaway."
- 149* Mother and two young children looking out to sea. Watercolor, 184 x 253 mm; signed "K. Greenaway."
This work is sometimes called "The sailor's wife."
- 150* Invitation to private view of Kate Greenaway's exhibition of watercolors at the Fine Art Society, 7 February 1891. Colored wood engraving, 125 x 175 mm. Illustration for the verse "The butterfly" in *Little Ann*.
- 151 ALS: 3 July 1891, 50, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W. to Joanie Severn. Four pages.

95



130

She complains about the Fine Art Society's exhibition of February 1891: "If ever you want to have a Moment to spare[,] Never undertake to have an exhibition of Pictures all to Yourself—bear that in Mind—I've never had such a driving time of work—and with my other duties—really I'm Never free."

- 152 Two receipts of sale from the 1891 exhibition at the Fine Art Society.

DOC: Handwritten receipt on ledger-style lined paper, titled "Sales of drawings by Miss Kate Greenaway." Four pages, 32 x 20 cm.

DOC: Receipt on official "Fine Art Society" lined paper, listing the drawings by Miss Greenaway sold since the close of the exhibition of 1891. One page, 26 x 21 cm.

- 153 ALS: 29 December 1893, 50, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W. to Gerald Ponsonby. Three pages. S., pp. 182-183.

This concerns the frustrating hours that Greenaway endured in preparing for the January 1894 exhibition of her works at the Fine Art Society. "I Believe the Exhibition is finally settled at last—drawings to be sent in on the 15th and Private View to take Place on the 20th—And it is nice weather to get on in. Black night Here the last three days[,] I think the Fine Art, Mr. Huish of course[,] changed the date about Nine times—First they couldnt then they could—First the Small



136 a



136 b



136 c



136 d

Room then the big one. He suggested Palms to fill up the Corners—Think of my poor little lot of works Floating about in that big Room—I wrote a beautiful letter suggesting that a considerable outlay in Palms seemed to me inevitable—But the letter was not allowed to be sent[.] My Brother considered it *Flippant* and unbusiness like—I thought this Rather Hard—as I had abstained from Remark-ing that a few Apple trees or Roses might be More in accordance with the Sentiment of my drawings—than Plants of an Oriental Character. However, I'm going to have the Small Room."

- 154* Invitation to private view of Kate Greenaway's exhibition of watercolours at the Fine Art Society, 19 February 1898. Colored wood engraving, 110 x 135 mm. Illustration for frontispiece in *Kate Greenaway's almanack for 1895*.

- 155 *'Catalogue of a collection of watercolour drawings by Miss Kate Greenaway, R.I. exhibited at the Fine Art Society's... February 1898.'* [N.p., n.p., n.d.]. 21 cm. Paper covers, ten pages. The catalogue proper (pages three to eight) is heavily annotated. Manuscript note on front wrapper: "Priced Catalogue. Not to be taken away."

CARDS

- 156
a* Portrait of a young girl with a wreath of flowers. Circular watercolor, 54 mm diameter, for card; signed "KG."
b* Portrait of a young boy with cap. Circular watercolor, 54 mm diameter, for card; signed "KG."
c* Portrait of a young girl with bonnet. Circular watercolor, 54 mm diameter, for card; signed "KG."
- 157 Two Marcus Ward & Co. greeting cards, each 95 x 95 mm; "KG" signature reproduced.
For watercolor originals see number 156.
- 158* Young girl in bonnet, with birds and goldenrod. Ink and watercolor, circular border in pencil, 60 mm diameter, for card. In pencil at bottom: "to FL [Frederick Locker] from KG."
- 159 Uncut sheet of four greeting cards with verses, 290 x 220 mm overall; "KG" signature reproduced.
For watercolor original of "Golden Rod" see number 158. Note pin holes for aid in registration.
- 160 Two greeting cards with verses, printed by Charles Goodall and Sons, mounted on thick card stock, gilt bevelled edges, each 110 x 80 mm; "KG" and "Kate Greenaway" signatures in facsimile. On

verso: "the 'Kate Greenaway' Series No. 501. Goodall Trade Mare [sic]."

One card signed "F.L.-L." [Frederick Locker-Lampson].

- 161 Four New Year and Christmas greeting cards, printed by Charles Goodall and Sons, mounted on thick card stock, gilt bevelled edges, oblong, two cards 88 x 181 mm, one 76 x 185 mm; "KG" and "Kate Greenaway" signatures in facsimile. On verso: "the 'Kate Greenaway' Series No. 504. Goodall Trade Mare [sic]."
One card signed "F.L.-L." [Frederick Locker-Lampson].
- 162 Four reward-of-merit cards with gold borders, two cards 65 x 50 mm, two 50 x 65 mm.
Unsigned reproductions of four different illustrations by Kate Greenaway, each of three children in red coats.
- 163* Doll's greateat, brown felt with gilt buttons, 23 cm.
Similar to that worn by the young coachman with crop in hand pictured on a Marcus Ward & Co. greeting card with "KG" signature reproduced, shown here with the coat.
- 164 Metal button, marked on back "T.W. & W., "H M," and "Paris Breveté," 18 mm diameter.
After the illustration in *Under the window* for the verse "Shall I sing," says the

lark," shown with a trade card reproducing the same design in an advertisement for Osborne & Co.'s Crockery Warehouse, West Lynn.

- 165 Metal button, 31 mm diameter.
After the illustration of the trumpeter in *Under the window* for the verse "Pipe thee high and pipe thee low."



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SUMMARY REGISTER OF THE FRANCES HOOPER
KATE GREENAWAY COLLECTION

ORIGINAL ARTWORKS

WATERCOLORS

Thirty-three drawings for published illustrations, including

For *Marigold garden*

Cover layout sketch

Half-title illustration

"Blue shoes"

"First arrivals"

"When you and I grow up"

"Willy and his sister"

"Mammas and babies"

For *Book of games*

"Puss in the corner"

"Touch wood"

"Battledore & shuttlecock"

"Hunt the slipper"

"Frog in the middle"

For *Language of flowers*

Title page

Cherubs carrying a basket of roses

Woman and two children receiving alms

For her almanacks

1887 "March"

1888 "January"

"February"

1891 title page

"December"

1892 "Autumn"

"January"

"March"

"April"

"May"

For *Little Ann*

The field daisy

For "Beating the bounds"

"Ready for the march"

"The beadle leads the procession."

Set of three children's heads for cards.

Two tailpieces.

Four portraits, including

Frederick Locker-Lampson

Maud Locker-Lampson

Oliver Locker-Lampson.

Twelve sketches and studies, including

Two for illustrated verses (unpublished)

Procession presented to Ruskin, at one time in the possession of Vita Sackville-West.

Fourteen drawings not identified as published, including two processions presented to Ruskin.

Seven large landscapes and scenes, including

Three Surrey cottage scenes

"The sailor's wife."

DRAWINGS AND SKETCHES

Seventeen pen drawings, including

For *The English spelling-book*

Girl with a torn frock

Seated mother with a young child and a book

Child leaning against a fence in moonlight

Two children on a fence looking at the moon

Toddler sitting on a stool with bowl and spoon

Child in nightcap with a loaf of bread

Two boys consoling a playmate in tears.

Seventy-three pencil sketches, including layouts, mostly for *Marigold garden*, some for almanacks and *Language of flowers*, some not used.

Three small envelopes decorated with watercolor sketches (topiary, flowers and birds), one addressed "Oswald. Dickinson. Esq.," two to Violet Dickinson.

Crayon layout for an almanack, not used.

Four pencil drawings in morocco-backed case, including one for *Fors clavigera*.

Two pencil sketches for bookplate of Violet Dickinson.

Layout sketch for bookplate of Sarah, possibly Sarah Nickson, not used.

Three sketches, authenticity questionable.

Pen sketch by Randolph Caldecott in the manner of Kate Greenaway.

COLLECTED ITEMS

Six sketchbooks, some with watercolors, including one with pencil studies of an alphabet, one of plans for books and drawings, and one from Coniston.

Volume of "Original drawings...for The Christmas Box" containing layout designs and suggestions of contents for a proposed publication, with autograph covering letter to Edmund Evans.

Red morocco Arlington Manor guestbook in slip-case with double title-page illustration in watercolor and pen by Kate Greenaway.

Two volumes of "Original drawings by Miss Kate Greenaway" containing 107 watercolor, pen-and-ink, and pencil drawings. Include drawings for illustrations and tailpieces published in books and magazines.

Volume of "Original drawings by Kate Greenaway" containing mostly pencil drawings, sketches and layouts. Includes material for bookplates, cards and magazines. Bookplate of Frederick Locker on inside front cover.

Volume of spurious material with "Original drawings and manuscript—Kate Greenaway" on spine.

PRINTS AND REPRODUCTIONS

Intaglio (display?) woodblock of cover illustration for *The English spelling-book*.

Three suites of relief woodblocks for illustrations in *Marigold garden*, each suite containing one key block and either four or five color blocks

"First arrivals"

"Willy and his sister"

"In an apple tree."

Two engraved prints (one colored) of "Miss Primrose."

Two leaves of color proofs for *The queen of the pirate isle*.

Four proofs of bookplates, one each for Frederick Locker, Hannah Jane Locker-Lampson, Oliver Stillingfleet Locker-Lampson and Vera Evelyn Samuel.

Two proofs of tailpiece for *London lyrics*.

Three full-page illustrations from *Illustrated London news*.

Various illustrated book wrappers and envelopes, pages from magazines and books (some uncut).

Eight bookplates.

Three slipcases and one bound volume containing cards, menus, memorials, calendars, and other illustrated items.

Various cards and other illustrated items, including unmounted and uncut illustrations for cards, some without letterpress, invitations to Greenaway exhibitions, trade cards and reward-of-merit cards.

APPLIED DESIGN

Doll's leghorn hat from the late nineteenth century, in the Greenaway mode.

Doll's coat from the Greenaway period, after one of her designs.

Eight metal buttons with designs after Greenaway illustrations.

Recent fabric with design after Greenaway alphabet illustrations, made into apron.

Sample of wallpaper after a Greenaway design.

Various modern notecards, cards, stickers, bookplates, etc., with facsimile reproductions of Greenaway illustrations.

BOOKS AND ARTICLES

BY KATE GREENAWAY (Listed alphabetically by substantive title, the almanacks grouped together in one chronological arrangement)

A apple pie. London, New York, George Routledge and Sons, [1886].

A apple pie. London, New York, Frederick Warne & Co., [n.d.].

A apple pie. An old fashioned alphabet book. [New York, Merrimack Publishing Co., n.d.].

Two copies; variant printings.

Almanack for 1883. London, New York, George Routledge and Sons, [1882].

Seven copies, including presentation copy with original Greenaway drawing; variant bindings, one unbound, untrimmed and incomplete.

Almanach de... pour 1883. Paris, Librairie Hachette et Cie, [1882].

Almanack for 1884. London, New York, George Routledge and Sons, [1883].

Six copies, one signed by Greenaway; variant bindings.

Almanack for 1885. London, New York, George Routledge and Sons, [1884].

Six copies; variant bindings.

Almanack for 1886. London, New York, George Routledge & Sons, [1885].

Five copies, including presentation copy with original Greenaway drawing; variant bindings.

Almanach de... pour 1886. Paris, Librairie Hachette et Cie, [1885].

Almanack for 1887 by... [London], George Routledge & Sons, [1886].

Four copies, including a presentation copy with original Greenaway drawing; variant bindings.

Almanach de... pour 1887. [Paris], Librairie Hachette et Cie, [1886].

Almanack for 1888. [London], George Routledge & Sons, [1887].

Three copies, including two presentation copies, one with original Greenaway drawing; variant bindings.

Almanach de... 1888. [Paris], Hachette et Cie, [1887].

Almanack for 1889. London, Glasgow, New York, George Routledge and Sons, [1888].

Three copies, including two presentation copies, one with original Greenaway drawing; variant bindings.

Almanach de... 1889. Paris, Librairie Hachette et Cie, [1888].

Almanack for 1890. [London], George Routledge & Sons, [1889].

Three copies, including a presentation copy with original Greenaway drawing; variant bindings.

Almanach de... 1890. [Paris], Librairie Hachette et Cie, [1889].

Almanack for 1891. [London], George Routledge & Sons, Limited, [1890].

Four copies, including a presentation copy with original Greenaway drawing; variant bindings.

Almanach de... pour 1891. Paris, Librairie Hachette et Cie, [1890].

... *Almanack for 1892*. [London], George Routledge & Sons, Limited, [1891].

Three copies, including two presentation copies with original Greenaway drawings; variant bindings.

Almanach de... pour 1892. Paris, Librairie Hachette et Cie, [1891].

... *Almanack for 1893*. [London], George Routledge & Sons, [1892].

Four copies, including two presentation copies with original Greenaway drawings; variant bindings.

Almanach de... pour 1893. Paris, Librairie Hachette et Cie, [1892].

... *Almanack for 1894*. [London], George Routledge & Sons, Limited, [1893].

Three copies; variant bindings.

... *Almanack for 1895*. [London], George Routledge & Sons, Limited, [1894].

Five copies, including a presentation copy; one unbound and incomplete.

Almanach de... pour 1895. Paris, Librairie Hachette et Cie, [1894].

Almanack for 1924. London, New York, Frederick Warne & Co., Ltd., [1923].

Illustrations from *Almanack for 1883* with text for 1924.

Almanack for 1925 by... [London], Frederick Warne & Co., Ltd., [1924?].

Two copies. Illustrations from *Almanack for 1887* with text for 1925.

... *Almanack for 1927*. [London], Frederick Warne & Co., Ltd., [1926].

Illustrations from *Almanack for 1891* with text for 1927.

Almanack for 1928. [London], Frederick Warne & Co., [1927].

Illustrations from *Almanack for 1894* with text for 1928.

Almanack for 1883 (-1894, 1897).

Boxed set of first editions for the years 1883, 1884 (two variant bindings), 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891 (English text with the cover for the French edition), 1892, 1893, 1894, 1897; variant bindings.

Alphabet. London, New York, George Routledge & Sons, [1885?].

Four copies; variant bindings.

... *Alphabet*. London, New York, Frederick Warne & Co., [n.d.].

... *Alphabet*. [New York, Merrimack Publishing Corp., n.d.].

Am Fenster... Die deutsche text von Kathe Freiligrath-Kroeker. Munich, Theodor Stroefel, [1880].

... *Birthday book for children...* London, George Routledge and Sons, [1881].

Four copies, including two presentation copies; variant bindings.

... *Birthday book for children*. London, New York, Frederick Warne & Co., [n.d.].

Four copies; variant bindings.

... *Book of games*. London, Glasgow, Manchester and New York, George Routledge & Sons, [1889].

Two copies; variant bindings.

Kate Greenaway pictures from originals presented by her to John Ruskin and other personal friends (hitherto unpublished). With an appreciation by H. M. Cundall. London, New York, Frederick Warne and Co., 1921.

Three copies.

Language of flowers. London, George Routledge and Sons, [1884].

Seven copies; variant bindings.

Language of flowers. London, New York, Frederick Warne & Co., Ltd., [n.d.].

Language of flowers. New York, Avenel Books [n.d.].

La lanterne magique par J. Levoisin. Avec les dessins de... Paris, Librairie Hachette et Cie, [n.d.].

French translation of *Under the window*.

Little men and women from the pages of Kate Greenaway. New York, F.A.R. Gallery, [1946].

Marigold garden. London, New York, George Routledge and Sons, [1885].

Four copies, including a presentation copy with original pen sketch.

Marigold garden. London, New York, Frederick Warne & Co., [n.d.].

Five copies; variant printings.

Mother Goose or the old nursery rhymes. [Illustrated by...] London and New York, George Routledge and Sons, [1881].

Two copies, one including watercolor copies of illustrations on half-title and title-pages.

Mother Goose or the old nursery rhymes. [Illustrated by...] London, New York, Frederick Warne and Co., [n.d.].

Ten copies; variant bindings, variant printings.

Mother Goose or the old nursery rhymes. [Illustrated by...] [New York, Merrimack Publishing Co., n.d.].

My coloring book. New York, Merrimack, [n.d.].

Under the window. London, New York, George Routledge & Sons, [1878].

Four copies, including one with two original watercolors; variant bindings, variant printings.

Under the window. New York, McLoughlin Bros., [1880?].

Under the window. London, New York, Frederick

Warne & Co., [n.d.].

Three copies; variant bindings, variant printings.

BY OTHERS, ILLUSTRATED BY KATE GREENAWAY

Browning, Robert. *The pied piper of Hamelin*... With 35 illustrations by... London, Glasgow, New York, George Routledge and Sons, [1883].

Two copies, including presentation copy; variant printings, including first issue of first edition.

Browning, Robert. *The pied piper of Hamelin*. London, New York, Frederick Warne and Co., [n.d.].

Two copies, variant printings.

Browning, Robert. *The pied piper of Hamelin*... New York, Merrimack Publishing Corporation, [n.d.].

Campbell, Gertrude Elizabeth (Blood). *Topo, a tale about English children in Italy*... With 44 pen-and-ink illustrations by... London, Marcus Ward & Co., 1878.

Includes three original pencil sketches signed by Greenaway.

Cresswell, Beatrix F. *The royal progress of King Pepito*... illustrated by... London, Brighton, Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; New York, E. & J. B. Young & Co.; [1889].

Two copies, variant bindings.

Ellice, Robert, ed. *Songs for the nursery*... With illustrations by Kate Greenaway, Miss Bennett, Robert Barnes, etc. London, W. Mack, [1884].

Foster, Myles Birket. *A day in a child's life*. Illustrated by... London, New York, George Routledge and Sons, [1881].

Haile, Ellen. *The two gray girls and their opposite neighbors*. New York, London, Paris, Cassell & Co., Ltd., [1880].

Harte, Bret. *The queen of the pirate isle*. Illustrated by... London, Chatto and Windus, [1886].

Jeune, Margaret Dyne (Symons). *My school days in Paris*. London, Griffith and Farran, 1871.

Locker, Frederick. *London lyrics*. London, [Chiswick Press], 1881.

First issue of first edition, with both original and altered frontispiece plates by Randolph Caldecott.

Mavor, William Fordyce. *The English spelling-book*... Illustrated by... London, New York, George Routledge and Sons, 1885.

Two copies.

The quiver of love, a collection of valentines, ancient & modern. With illustrations in colors from drawings by Walter Crane and K. Greenaway. London, Belfast, Marcus Ward, 1876.

Routledge's Christmas number [1882]. London, New York, George Routledge & Sons, 1882.

Ruskin, John, ed. *Dame Wiggins of Lee, and her seven wonderful cats*. Orpington, George Allen, 1885.

Ruskin, John. *Fors clavigera*. Orpington, George Allen, 1883-1884.

Letters 91st through 96th, September 1883-Christmas 1884. Two copies each of letters 91st, 93rd and 95th.

Russell, Mary Annette (Beauchamp). *The April baby's book of tunes*... London, Macmillan and Co.; New York, the Macmillan Co.; 1900.

St. Nicholas[.] *Scribner's illustrated magazine for girls and boys*, vol. 6, no. 6, April 1879.

[Selous, Henry Courtney.] *The children of the parsonage*... with illustrations by... London, Griffith and Farran, 1874.

Taylor, Jane and Ann Taylor. *Little Ann and other poems* by... Illustrated by... London, New York, George Routledge & Sons, [1883].

Five copies, including two presentation copies, one with signed original watercolor.

Toy Land, Trot's journey, and other poems and stories. Illustrated by... New York, R. Worthington, [1879].

Weatherly, Frederick Edward, ed. *The illustrated children's birthday-book*... With illustrations by Kate Crauford, Kate Greenaway, Robert Barnes, Mrs. Staples, Miss Bennett, Miss Thomas, etc. London, W. Mack [1882].

Two copies; variant bindings.

BY OR ILLUSTRATED BY ASSOCIATES OF KATE GREENAWAY

Birrell, Augustine. *Frederick Locker-Lampson, a character sketch*... New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1920.

Bloomfield, Robert. *The horkey*... With illustrations by George Cruikshank. London, Macmillan and Co., 1882.

Dobson, Austin. *De libris, prose & verse*. London, Macmillan and Co., Ltd., 1908.

Doyle, Richard. *Manners and customs of ye Englyshe*... [London], Bradbury & Evans, [1849].

Inscribed to Kate Greenaway from Frederick Locker with caricature of Locker and Greenaway.

Evans, Edmund. *The illuminated Scripture text book*. London, Frederick Warne & Co.; New York, Scribner, Welford, and Armstrong; [1872?].

Evans, Edmund. *The reminiscences of*... edited and introduced by Ruari McLean. Oxford, Clarendon Press, [1967].

Frank, Ernst. *16 Duettinen aus "Am Fenster" in Bildern und Versen von Kate Greenaway*... Op. 14. Leipzig, Fr. Kistner, [1881?].

Ruskin, John. *The art of England*. Orpington, George Allen, 1884.

Ruskin, John. *Lectures on art*... Orpington, George Allen, 1887.

Inscribed to Kate Greenaway from John Ruskin.

Ruskin, John. *Modern painters II*... Orpington, George Allen, 1883. Two volumes.

Ruskin, John. *Praeterita*. Orpington, George Allen, 1886. Two volumes.

Ruskin, John. *The seven lamps of architecture*... London, Smith, Elder and Co., 1849.

Includes ALS from Ruskin.

Swinburne, Algernon Charles. *A letter by... on learning that Kate Greenaway had died*. [Introduction by John S. Mayfield.] [Jacksonville, Florida], John S. Mayfield, 1944.

Three copies; variant coloring in title-page vignette.

RELATED AND REFERENCE WORKS

Brewer, Frances J., comp. *The John S. Newberry Gift Collection of Kate Greenaway presented to the Detroit Public Library*. Detroit, Friends of the Detroit Public Library, 1959.

Durer, Albrecht. *The construction of Roman letters*. Cambridge, Dunster House [Bruce Rogers], 1924.

Engen, Rodney K. *Kate Greenaway*. London, Academy Editions; New York, Harmony Books; [1976].

Ernest, Edward, ed. *The Kate Greenaway treasury*. Introduction by Ruth Hill Viguers... Cleveland, New York, World Publishing Co., [1967].

Two copies.

France, Anatole. *Girls and boys, scenes from the country and the town*... New York, Duffield & Co., 1917.

Johnson, Diana. *Fantastic illustration and design in Britain, 1850-1930*. Providence, Museum of Art, Rhode Island School of Design, [1979].

King, Arthur. *The house of Warne, one hundred years of publishing*. London, New York, Frederick Warne & Co., Ltd., [1965].

Moore, Anne Carrol. *A century of Kate Greenaway*. New York, London, Frederick Warne & Company, Inc., [1946].

Two copies.

Pierpont Morgan Library. *Early children's books and their illustration*. New York, The Pierpont Morgan Library; Boston, David R. Godine; [1975].

Salzmann, Christian Gotthilf. *Elements of morality, for the use of children*... London, printed by J. Crowder, for J. Johnson, 1791. Three volumes.

Spielmann, Marion Harry and G. S. Layard. *Kate Greenaway*... London, Adam and Charles Black, 1905.

Two copies, Numbers 10 and 20 of the limited edition, each signed by John Greenaway and including an original sketch by Kate Greenaway.

Spielmann, Marion Harry. *Kate Greenaway, sixteen examples in colour of the artist's work*... London, A. & C. Black, 1911.

Stevenson, Robert Louis. *A child's garden of verses*... New York, Oxford University Press, 1947.

Thompson, Susan Ruth, comp. *Kate Greenaway, a catalogue of the Kate Greenaway Collection, Rare Book Room, Detroit Public Library*. Detroit, Wayne State University Press, 1977.

Waugh, Ida. *Holly berries* with original illustrations by... [New York, Merrimack Publishing Corporation, n.d.].

GREENAWAY RECORDS AND PAPERS

MANUSCRIPT

Autobiographical journal, text in pencil, with sketches. One volume, softbound, ca. 110 pp., 22.5 x 18 cm.

CORRESPONDENCE

Most of Kate Greenaway's letters in the Collection were written from one of three addresses: 11, Pemberton Gardens, Holloway, N., London; 50, Frognaal, Hampstead, N.W.; or 39, Frognaal, Hampstead, N.W. Some others she posted from places where she regularly spent her holidays, such as Witley, Surrey.

To Violet Dickinson, 1896-1898: 17 letters, 8vo, ca. 15.5 x 10 cm.; 33 letter fragments, various sizes.

To Austin Dobson, 1880-1883 and "New Years Eve" (1885 or after): ten letters, 8vo, ca. 15.5 x 10 cm.

From Austin Dobson, 1874-1897: 14 letters, 8vo, ca. 15.5 x 10 cm; five letters, note cards, 9 x 12 cm.

From Mrs. Austin Dobson, 1874: one letter, 8vo, ca. 15.5 x 10 cm.

To Edmund Evans, 1890: one letter, 8vo, ca. 15.5 x 10 cm. In a bound volume entitled "Original drawings by Kate Greenaway for 'The Christmas Box' with autograph letter," pasted on the recto and verso sides of the seventh leaf.

To Miss Lily Evans, 1882-1891: five letters, 8vo, ca. 15.5 x 10 cm.

From John Greenaway, 1920: one letter, 8vo, ca. 15.5 x 10 cm.

To Mr. or Mrs. Locker (Locker-Lampson): 18 letters, one note, most ca. 15.5 x 10 cm.

To Rev. W. J. Loftie, 1880: one letter, 8vo, ca. 15.5 x 10 cm.

To Hon. Gerald Ponsonby, 1893 and "Last Day of May—Dreadful" (ca. 1895): two letters, 8vo, ca. 15.5 x 10 cm.

To Lady Maria Ponsonby, 1893-1901: 19 letters, 8vo, ca. 15.5 x 10 cm.

All of these were written from 39, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W.

To John Ruskin, 1885-1900: 334 letters, 8vo, ca. 15.5 x 10 cm.; 6 postcards.

Of these letters, 67 (written from 2 Sept. 1890 to 21 July 1891, and from 12 March 1894 to 17 July 1895) are on stationery bordered in black.

The others are on either blue or white paper.

To Mrs. Arthur (Joanie) Severn, 1883-1901: 236 letters, 8vo, ca. 15.5 x 10 cm.; 6 postcards.

Miscellaneous, 1879-1899: 12 letters; one postcard; one autographed photo-postcard.

The correspondents include: Miss Mary Anderson, Miss Downing, Edmund Evans, Wilfred Evans, Mrs. Hirshall(?), Lady Jeune, Mrs. W. J. Loftie, Miss Mordora(?), Lady Dorothy Nevill, Miss Prance, Lily Severn, Mrs. Norman Shaw, Miss Shaw, Mr. S. Van de Vele, and Victoria, Crown Princess of Germany (photo-postcard).

RECEIPTS

From Edmund Evans, 1880-1897: 70 documents, 24 x 16 cm.

For sales of drawings at and since the 1891 exhibition at the Fine Art Society, London: two documents, 32 x 20 cm. (four pp.), 26 x 21 cm. (one p.).

For sales of drawings at the 1894 exhibition at the Fine Art Society, London: one document, four pp., 32 x 20 cm.

OTHER

Autographs: five separate sheets, one a calling

card with an embossed photo of the artist.

Miscellaneous materials pertaining to exhibitions of Greenaway's drawings at the 1891 and 1894 exhibitions at the Fine Art Society, London:

Published catalogues of watercolor exhibits by Greenaway at the Fine Art Society, London: January 1874, one volume, paper wrappers, 12 pp., 21 x 14 cm., annotated. February 1898, one volume, paper wrappers, ten pp., 21 x 14 cm., annotated; two copies.

Photographic portraits of Kate Greenaway: one head-and-shoulders, one half-length.

HOOPER RECORDS AND PAPERS

Correspondence with dealers concerning Kate Greenaway items, including receipts.

Correspondence with other collectors, public and private, concerning Kate Greenaway.

Typescript lists of other Kate Greenaway collections.

Notes on items in the Collection, including information on provenance.

Partial register of the Collection, particularly the letters, prepared by Laurence Gomme (index cards).

Annotated sale catalogues listing Greenaway-related items, many now in the Collection.

Working manuscripts of lecture on Kate Greenaway given by Frances Hooper on 11 April 1972 at the Woman's Athletic Club of Chicago.

Two photographs of Frances Hooper with dogs.



Text set in 10 and 8 point Bookman phototype and printed offset on Hunt-watermarked Curtis No. 2 paper by Davis & Warde, Inc., Pittsburgh

Direct color separations by Pittsburgh Atlas Photoengraving Co., Pittsburgh

Color and halftone printing by Davis & Warde, Inc.

Black-and-white photography by Alan Cherin Studios, Pittsburgh

Bound by Penn State Bookbinding Co., Pittsburgh

Designed by Rob Roy Kelly, assisted by Henry M. Yocco and John Sotirakis



K.G.
1888.

