

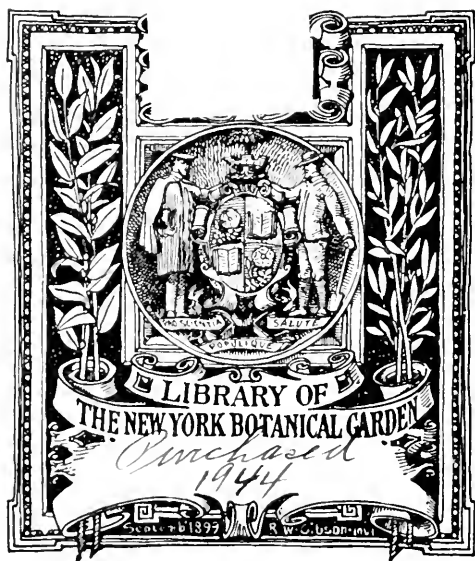
# Flower Pictures

by Maude Angell

Edited by  
Flora Klickmann



LONDON, 4 BOUVERIE ST. E.C.







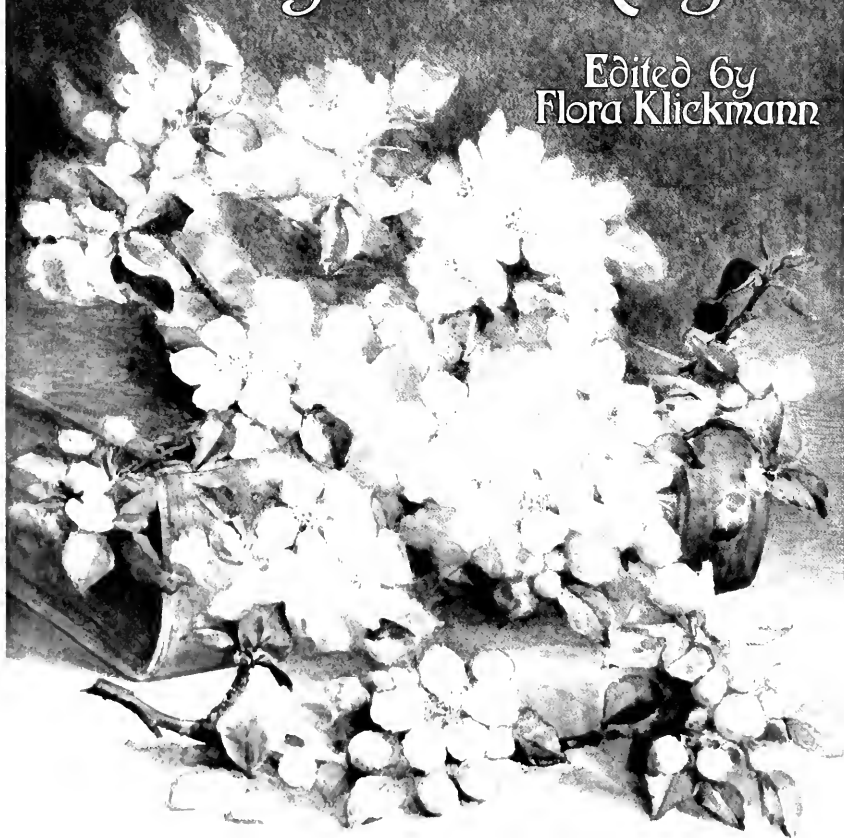




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To

F. S.

to whose kindly interest and help  
she owes so much, this little book  
is gratefully and affectionately  
inscribed by

The Author.





## Foreword

By FLORA KLICKMANN

Editor of 'The Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine'

THESE articles were first published in *The Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine*. They were started with the idea of answering under one general heading a number of queries that had come to me through the post, from readers who were anxious to know how to paint flowers, and yet were living out of reach of Art Schools and Art Teachers. But the first article proved so exceedingly popular that, instead of satisfying the inquiring correspondent, it only whetted her appetite for more. Where the reader had sent one query before, she now sent half-a-dozen all arising out of her increased interest in the subject of flower-painting.

And matters were further complicated whenever we reproduced one of Miss Angell's Flower Pictures on the cover of the magazine: thousands of readers were immediately fired with the ambition to paint similarly beautiful groups and flower studies. And of course they wrote to the Editor to know how it was to be done!

I asked Miss Angell if she could give us another article, and she did so. Then we set to, and discussed a third and a fourth, and as we went on we saw yet further possibilities.

Each article found an increasing number of admiring readers, until by the time we had got to the end of the series, it seemed advisable to issue them in book form, as our back numbers were out of print.

I think this book will appeal, not only to the amateur artist, but to

AUG 1 1944

every flower-lover, irrespective of ability to draw a leaf or paint a petal. The mere faculty for reproducing on paper or canvas what is placed before us is not everything. The ability to see the beauty that awaits discovery in the wayside weed, to feel the glory of the colour in the depth of a rose, to find delight in the severe outline of a blackthorn branch or in the grace of the hazel catkins, or the ruggedness of an apple bough—these are satisfactions that cannot be measured by an ordinary rule, nor defined by ordinary speech. They are worth more to us individually than the most faultless technique.

To love the little things that God has made cannot fail to bring us a step nearer to the Creator. And Miss Angell's "talks" help us to see these little things—the ground-ivy flower, the jasmine twig, the crimson on the back of the rose-leaf, the beauty of the dry dead stalks in the November hedgerow—just the commonplaces that we might so easily pass unnoticed, the commonplaces that become wonderments when we do notice them; the little things that fill us with amazement at the immensity of their beauty, once we really look at them. The trouble with so many of us is that we simply do not see.

For those who not only have the seeing eye and the appreciative mind, but also the responsive hand, this book will be a mine of delight and a storehouse of helpfulness. The little bits and fragmentary sketches will suggest so much, and induce even the most diffident to try their powers; while the finished pictures give us an ideal to strive after, and show us how far removed is the flower-painting of to-day from the stiff, unnatural, younglady-like productions of our grandmothers' day.

Two pictures by Hayward Young are also included in this volume, showing the Flower Garden in Italy and in Holland.





'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell  
that swingeth  
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,  
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever  
ringeth  
A call to prayer.

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers, are living  
preachers,  
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,  
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers  
From loneliest nook.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands re-  
maining,  
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,  
My soul would find, in Flowers of Thy  
ordaining,  
Priests, sermons, shrines!

*Horace Smith.*





"Violets, sweet violets a penny a market bunch!"



Where  
I  
Grow

## A Violet by a Mossy Stone

WHEN the Editor asked me to send a little article on painting violets, I was very pleased and proud at the prospect of writing on so delightful a subject. But now, as I sit with a formidable new writing-pad before me, and a nicely-pointed pencil ready to begin our talk, I must frankly own my pleasant task confronts me with difficulties I had totally unforeseen.

"How I paint violets!" Must I confess—and thereby perhaps earn the scorn of my readers on our very first introduction—that *really I don't know?* I simply look at them with loving but very critical eyes, try to study the form and construction of my charming little models, every line and turn of the dainty petals, and then endeavour, honestly and humbly, to put my impressions on paper.

I remember a girl of my acquaintance running after me in the street one day, saying, "Oh, Miss Angell, will you please tell me how to make a green for rose leaves?" And I think her respect for me as a flower portrait painter considerably diminished because I had not a formula (like a chemist's prescription, or a cooking recipe) to hand over on the spot!

A green for rose leaves! Aye, or for violet leaves either! An earnest and intelligent observation will show us their infinite variety of

Now fades the last  
long streak of  
snow,  
Now burgeons  
every maze of  
quick  
About the flower-  
ing squares, and  
thick  
By ashens roots the  
violets blow.

Violet! sweet Violet!  
Thine eyes are full of tears;  
Are they wet,  
Even yet  
With the thoughts of other years?  
Or with gladness are they full,  
For the night so beautiful,  
And longing for those far-off spheres?

Violet! dear Violet!  
Thy blue eyes are only wet  
With joy and love of Him who sent thee,  
And for the fulfilling sense  
Of that glad obedience  
Which made thee all that Nature meant  
thee.

colour, a variety not only in themselves, but also largely dependant on the weather, atmosphere, their surroundings, and last, but not least, on the temperament of the student himself, for we do not all see with one pair of eyes, and it is well for our individuality that this should be so.

Flower-painting is a most delightful study, and within the reach of us all. Those who are fortunate enough to live in the country can find most charming material for their sketches in the hedgerows, while for a few pence the town-dweller can purchase beautiful blooms in the street.

"Oh," I hear some one say, "but I have had no lessons, and one must have a few hints from a good master, just to show one how to start!"

Never forget this, you *have* a great teacher—the greatest Art teacher of all time—the instructor of the giants of ancient Art, as well as the leader and guide of the humblest student of to-day—Nature herself! We are all, the highest and the lowest, her pupils, though in different classes, according to our capabilities, perseverance, and natural aptitude.

Although I would not for one moment depreciate the advantage of help and criticism from an experienced artist, I repeat emphatically that much can be accomplished without any such outside assistance. We are even more likely to attain originality by working our way through our own observation, and by struggling with our difficulties, than by slavishly following the method and style of any particular school.

No doubt an "easier way" is to call at your local art shop, and, after turning over a folio of Studies—some indifferent, some really beautiful reproductions of extremely clever work, select one that appeals to you, and then, by slavishly copying each petal, and every brush-mark, produce a copy that is really very pretty, and very like the original.

Relatives as a rule are lenient critics, and the chorus of flattery singing the praises of your beautiful "apple blossom," "wild rose," or whatever it is, is very pleasant to hear, and urges you to fresh efforts in the same direction; but can you tell me you have learnt anything by this? Have you approached the least bit nearer to Nature and her moods? You have simply been using the brains of other people, and what is that but the worst form of piracy?

Therefore let us leave our copies behind, and go straight to dear Nature herself for our inspiration. To do good,





honest work, we must be full of enthusiasm for our subject, and who would not be enthusiastic on a bright March morning, when the joy and vitality of awakening spring, the thrill of delight at the passing of winter, is coursing through our veins?

Following the advice of the famous cookery book, to "first catch your hare," let us start in quest of our little models. Let us don our thickest boots and shortest skirts, and, armed with a basket, and an ancient pair of leather gloves, in which we may grub delightfully in damp earth regardless of consequences, brave the muddy lane, with its wild, untrimmed hedgerows, high banks, and deep ditches.

There, in a tangle of frost-tinted ivy, red-brown beech leaves, feathery moss, prickly brambles, and lichen-coated twigs, we shall surely find the objects of our search.

How beautiful they are in their natural environment! We feel a certain sadness in taking them, however tenderly and lovingly, away from so much beauty. But the wind is cold and searching, the rain-clouds are hurriedly chasing each other over the cold, clear sky, and, however anxious we might be to make a study of the dear things as they grow, it would hardly be wise to risk the consequences, especially as, to be on a level with our subject, our feet would probably have to be immersed in the boggy water at the bottom of the ditch.

What an infinite variety of colour we see in these little denizens of the hedge bank, from creamy white through delicate shadings of mauve, to deep purple blue!

And let us notice, for future reference, the wonderful effect the changing sky has on them, perhaps more especially on the leaves. That great inky rain-cloud throws a cold grey shadow, and everything reflects a sombre hue; but now the raindrops have fallen, and the bright spring sunshine beams forth again, the violet leaves, glistening with liquid diamonds, are dancing with delight in the breeze, a golden green that would defy the brightest mixture of emerald and aureolin our palettes could afford.

Do not be in too great a hurry to make "pictures"; we must walk, or even crawl, before we can run; and a few careful drawings in pencil, or studies of single flowers in colour, will teach us more in drawing than an elaborate group. A musical student would not dream of attempting the grand chords of Beethoven,



or the delicate, intricate harmonies of Chopin, without a preliminary training in simpler studies; we must learn our *notes* before we can embellish them with expression and tone.

If we start an ambitious painting, we are led away by the difficulties and delights of colour and composition, and so are apt to disregard the drawing, without which our work cannot possibly be convincing or true to Nature. The skilled artist who can produce a fine study with broad touches of colour and wide effects of light and shade, could never have attained this apparent ease and "slickness" of execution without many and many an hour of patient study.

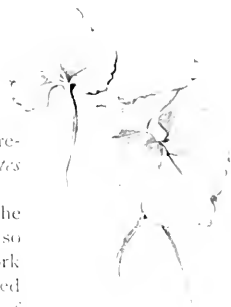
But here we are at home again, and if we are not simply bursting with enthusiasm to begin our study, we had better follow Mr. Punch's advice—"Don't," for "without enthusiasm nothing can be accomplished in Art."

I will premise, at this season of the year, when everything is being overhauled and "redded up," that our colour boxes have had a careful wash and "spring-clean," and that those pans of colour that have taken unto themselves a gritty, grimy surface have been banished for fresh ones. The following list might be useful to those who contemplate restocking their boxes: Rose Madder, Orange Vermilion, Light Red, Brown Pink, Cadmium, Aureolin, Lemon Yellow, Indian Yellow, Yellow Ochre, Raw Sienna, Raw Umber, Vandyke Brown, Cobalt Blue, Antwerp Blue, Emerald Green, Mauve.

A fresh china palette is a great delight, but if you do not possess one, and the japanned lid of your box presents an aged and "mottled" appearance, that defies even salt to remove, borrow an old white plate from the kitchen instead. See that your water-pot is freshly filled, for the brightness and purity of your study depends largely on keeping your colours pure and clean. Our outfit must also include some fresh white blotting-paper and a small sponge, only to be used in case of dire necessity!

A side light from the window of your ordinary sitting-room will give you a very nice effect of light and shade; be careful, however, unless, like myself, you are left-handed, to let the light fall from the *left* side, so as not to have the shadow of your hand on your work.

Now notice very carefully the construction of the flowers. They are composed of five petals, two narrow ones standing up at the back, two 'wing-like,' at the sides, and a broad one below, curving up at the base to form the curious little hood at the back of the flower, surrounded by delicate sepals of green. If we look deep down



I do love violets,  
They tell a history of a woman's love;  
They open with the earliest breath of spring;  
Lead a sweet life of perfume, dew and light,  
And if they perish, perish with a sigh,  
Delicious as that life.

—Lantern



into the heart of the flower, the bright little orange "eye" gives us a beautiful contrast with the purple tones, and we must notice as well how the petals pale at the base, and how beautifully they are veined with purple.

Now begin, very lightly, with a soft pencil to make your sketch. First indicate the general proportions and direction of the stems (the latter require as careful drawing as the flowers), then draw the petals, doing your utmost to portray faithfully the form and character you see before you.

For a water-colour, reduce this pencilling with soft rubber, or a bit of household bread, to the faintest possible outline, just for guidance, for the contact of water with a strong pencil mark will set the latter into an almost indelible line.

The only colour at all approaching the brilliancy of the flowers is mauve, but as this is an aniline colour, and a very strong stain, I must warn you against its indiscriminate use. Cobalt blue and rose madder is a very good mixture, useful in shadows, which must be kept transparent and warm.

#### Getting the Relative Value.


To look at our subject occasionally with half-closed eyes helps us greatly to a better understanding of the relative value of tone; we see the object before us in broad masses of light and shade, without being unduly influenced by minor detail.

A very easy pitfall for a beginner, as I know from my own experience, is that, in the desire to make our study forcible and strong, we get our shadows too black and hard, thus producing an artificiality absolutely fatal. Hold some black object, such as a penholder or ruler, up before our group, and notice the relative difference between that and the warm deep tones of purple and brown in the shadows.

We must try to put on our colours with slow deliberate touches, bright and clean, for repeated touching up and "niggling" will produce a dirty, muddy effect and a woolly texture. How difficult it is I know full well. We start our work with a certain amount of confidence, for



Primroses grew in the long green grass,  
At the foot of the chosen tree;  
And the scent of sweet violets filled the air  
Like odours from Araby.



the sheet of plain white paper holds infinite possibilities, and then, after, perhaps, two hours' patient labour, we look at our efforts with disappointment and dissatisfaction. "A failure!" we say; but *is* it a failure? If our attempt has brought us into closer contact with the beautiful works of God, and a humbled feeling of our incapacity to reproduce them, is not that a lesson in itself? And is it not true that when we are striving our hardest, and feeling our limitations most keenly, we are doing our best work?

I remember long ago saying to a famous artist, "Oh, I wish I could *just once* feel pleased and satisfied with my work!" "Well," he answered, in blunt but convincing language, "when you *do*, you may just as well 'shut up' at once!" And he explained so kindly and encouragingly that, as our powers of execution increase, our ideals mount proportionately higher and higher, and that to be satisfied would mean, not even standing still, but going back.


How those words comforted me in fits of despondency I cannot tell you, and if I should ever feel particularly delighted with any effort of mine, I shall look upon it as a most alarming symptom, and "shut up" at once.

Also, remember that our fits of despondency are sometimes due to the fact that we have overworked, or over-concentrated our attention on our work, till we are physically incapable of seeing it in the right perspective. In such a case, put it away for a few days; forget about it, and then start afresh.

In conclusion, I will just add these words of Schumann, which, though written for students of the sister art, seem to me to be particularly applicable to painters as well---

"By industry and endurance you will always rise higher."

"Of learning there is no end."



We are violets blue,  
For our sweetness found  
Careless in the mossy shades  
Looking on the ground,  
Love's drooped eyelids and a kiss  
Such our breath and blueness is.

*Let., Hunt.*



Sallyz.  
Wid...



*Gerandine*



## When Daffodils Begin to Peer

It is a joyous message that comes to us all at daffodil time; a message that, in spite of its repetition year by year, is always delightful, always new. It tells us the gladsome tidings of passing winter and glorious awakening spring! We hear and see it in all around; in the twittering of the birds; the tassels on the hazel twigs; and in the bursts of pale, fitful sunshine through the leaden cloudy skies.


The little golden stars of the celandine are peeping out in sheltered corners on the hedge-banks; in the gardens the snowdrops and winter aconite are showing their faces through the melting of the snow — if, indeed, we have *had* any snow, but it is much more likely they awake from their long sleep to a dreary and bleak greyness characteristic of winter in our vagarious climate.

On this bright morning the greyness is passing away; the sun is high, and rapidly gaining power in a sky of cold, tender blue; and what a joy it is to wander round those still somewhat soddened walks in the garden, and note our old favourites of happy spring-time coming into their own once more!

Snowdrops and scillas are swinging their white and blue bells to the breeze; tulips and hyacinths are bursting through the sod; in these clumps of grey-green spikes of the daffodil, a big stout-looking bud shows here and there, needing only a little warmth from the golden sunshine to burst forth into a

Daffodils that come  
before the swal-  
low dares,  
And take the winds  
of March with  
beauty.





glory of gold of its own. There is a feeling of *joie de vivre*, of re-aroused energy, in this awakening of Nature after her long quiescence. We feel it coursing through our veins, and long to be up and doing; and now that our spring favourites are disclosing their beauty, and inviting us to try and reproduce their charms, we must enthusiastically seize and use every moment of leisure before their brief life is over for another year.

Perhaps you may feel that, in some of our talks on flower-painting, the subjects chosen are not easy at all. The violet is a very subtle little flower to draw even, and still more difficult to mass pictorially with good effect. The rose, the most delightful study of all, is the worst floral sitter I know, for she simply won't keep her lovely petals still for a moment, and this, even to the advanced student,

Gay tulips bloom  
and sweet mint  
curls around her  
garden bower,  
But she is sweeter  
than the mint,  
and fairer than  
the flower.

*W. H. W.*

is confusing in the extreme. Wild flowers wilt and fade, even before we can hope to translate more than a suggestion of their fleeting beauty to paper. But with many of the lovely bulbous plants that supply us with such a display of springlike beauty, we have the great advantage of patient sitters.

Take a jonquil, a single daffodil, a spray of narcissus, etc.; put it in water, and it is possible to make an elaborate study of it before it has appreciably changed. This is of immense value to the student, and I have often found even beginners make excellent drawings by carefully observing the beautiful lines in these flowers.

I do not mean for one moment to imply that they do not afford an immense amount of scope for the advanced student as well, far from it; he will find fresh difficulties, and therefore fresh delights, every time he tries his skilled brush on their pure loveliness; but the comparative simplicity of the form presents greater possibilities of success to the novice than a complicated arrangement of petals, as in a rose or chrysanthemum, could possibly do.

The beginner must learn to put in what he sees before him; the advanced student must learn what to leave out. This sounds a paradox, but I believe most artists would tell you it is true. We must learn, by long and patient experience, what is there, and be









able to draw it carefully, before we can dare to leave it as a mere suggestion, and I want especially to impress upon you that we must learn it by ourselves alone. Each pair of eyes, when they open on this world of ours, have their own individual way of looking at what they see: the decided preference quite young children show for special colours and forms will teach you that; but this latent individuality needs training to bring it forth, and that rests with ourselves.

We all know the story in the old "primers" of "Eyes and No-eyes, or the Art of Seeing." How true it is! Take, for instance, this narcissus. Ask "Mr. No-eyes" what it is, and he will answer at once "A white flower," and perhaps, if we press him for details, to supplement this bold description he will say, "It has six petals and a yellow middle." Ask him with what he would shade the flower, and he will exclaim, "Why, grey, of course!" (I heard of a Frenchman once who said, "Black and vite makes von good grey!") But while he is busy with his dirty, crude, inky conception of this pure bloom, let us ask the opinion of "Mr. Eyes," who has meanwhile been studying the same flower with enthusiasm and delight.

"White?" he says. "Yes, but just hold a bit of white paper near, and see what a white! How pure and delicate are the dainty pearly greys in the modelling of the petals; I see cobalt blue, rose madder and a lovely pure yellow in this grey, but so subtly blended, that I am simply longing to make a trial of the right proportions on my palette. Then how warm and transparent are the shadows, and what a luminous yellow the reflected lights! What wonderful drawing in the edges of the flower! How delightfully they melt off indefinitely into the background in the shadows, giving immense value to the lights on the more prominent parts."



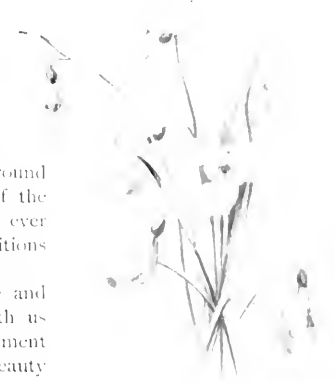


Now let us look at their respective studies side by side. "Mr. No-eyes" has taken great pains with his drawing; even the slight veining in the petals is faithfully copied; the edges are carefully "made out" against the background to "show up the flower well," making it look as if it had been cut out and pasted on the background. Everywhere the evidence of painstaking labour, but what a poor dead thing that flower is! He has known by tradition he had a white flower before him, and therefore, satisfied by that knowledge, he has not used his eyes to see of what it is composed; he has not studied the wonderful difference light and reflection can give, and it is quite beyond his comprehension that the study of "Mr. Eyes," not nearly so elaborately finished and stippled as his own production, should possess a strength and an air of conviction entirely lacking in his own.

But nevertheless he will be obstinate about it, and adhere to his traditions and ideas with a firmness worthy of a better cause. He has been taught that a lily is white, that snow is white, a rose is red, etc., and he sticks to that teaching. Show him a painting of a snow scene, for instance, when the brilliant glow of a winter sunset makes the snowy foreground look dark by comparison with the greater light of the sky, and he will say it is wrong altogether; who ever saw dark snow? He makes no allowance for conditions of light, the greatest factor in pictorial effect.

The family of "Mr. No-eyes" is a very large and very conservative one; his descendants will be with us for all time, although perhaps with the advancement of Art knowledge, and love and study of natural beauty among us, they are less numerous than formerly.

The habit of training the eyes can be acquired by all, but it must be by our own efforts, it cannot be taught, although the interchange of ideas with others is most helpful. Our impressions must be our very own, otherwise Art would possess no individuality and no originality. Therefore, as I have asked you before, do not value your own perceptive powers so lowly as to work from copies, however they may appeal to you as works of art. Study the methods by which a good effect has been obtained, note carefully anything that appeals to you in the composition and technique, and then, having learnt the lesson it can give you — go and do something else! Something *real*, and not seen through another pair of eyes!



Beside the garden  
path the crocus  
now  
Puts forth his head  
to woo the genial  
breeze,  
And finds the snow-  
drop, hardier  
visitant,  
Already basking in  
the solar ray.

— Thomson.



Royal tulips sumptuously dyed,  
Purple and gold and sanguine, striped  
and smeared,  
Or pure in their keen colour as a  
bride  
Is in her whiteness.

Marguerite, 1899

You have a wonderful opportunity among these beautiful heralds of the floral pageant of the seasons, and what a delight it is to make studies of their fresh spring-like beauty! Snowdrop, crocus, narcissus, daffodil, hyacinth, tulip, jonquil, follow in quick succession; it is almost impossible to keep pace with them with our brush, however diligent.

I cannot give you a special formula, or set of rules, for painting each and every variety of these beautiful blooms, but here are a few generalities we should keep always before us.

I want you especially to notice there is a great difference in colour in white flowers of various kinds; some are a much warmer, more yellowish white than others, as you will observe yourself by comparison one with another.

Then do not forget to notice the consistency of the petals; most bulbous plants are rather fleshy, but in different degrees.

Again, note the surface texture of the petals; the smooth satiny brightness of the tulip or lily is quite different from the duller surface of daffodil, narcissus, or jonquil.

**The Bright Lights and the Shadows.**

Above all, keep your white bloom as pure and clean as you know how; let your lights be broad and simple, your shadows transparent and warm; look long and earnestly at your group, to ascertain where the light falls most strongly, and concentrate on that as your principal point of interest, rather than having little fidgety bits of bright light scattered about all over the picture, confusing to the eye of the spectator, although probably he would be unable to tell you what is displeasing to him.

If you wish to study intelligently and industriously the wonderful varieties of colour in objects we are accustomed to call "white," suppose you take a white flower—rose, lily, chrysanthemum, what you will—put it in water in a white glass bowl on a fresh damask tablecloth. Now bring into your group any other so-called white object you see around you, a bit of carved ivory, a billiard ball, a pearl-handled knife, etc. As a pictorial composition this is a meaningless jumble of properties with no connection one with another; but as a study of relative



Yellow and purple and white,  
Snow-white and lilac and gold  
Crocuses, my crocuses,  
Peering from the mould.  
It was only this morning early  
That Spring came by this way,  
And the gifts she leaves for a token  
Were only mine to-day.

George Cottrell.



tone-values, could we but manage to reproduce what we see, it would be a perfect *tour de force*.

**The Choice of Backgrounds.**

This leads me to the subject of backgrounds. Of course, for picture-making light flowers undoubtedly look most effective when arranged against something dark and simple. The interest is, after all, in the flowers, and if the background is treated elaborately with detail and accessories, it will only detract from the main idea.

But when I say a "plain background," I do not mean an absolutely flat surface devoid of light and shade; this would give a terribly hard effect. The shadows falling from the flowers themselves are of great value. When you have arranged your group to your liking, or allowed the flowers to arrange themselves—usually the more satisfactory plan, try the effect of different tones behind to see which harmonises best with the prevailing colour; sometimes a bit of brown paper even is most successful, sometimes a bit of drapery.

I myself have a prized collection of old bits, called, most contemptuously, my "rags" by the family; most precious and useful to me, though I expect any self-respecting gentleman of the "old clo'" profession would absolutely refuse to entertain the idea of a deal in such rubbish. "There ain't one of them fit to make a duster on!" commented a lofty chaulady who once got an accidental peep at them. Bits of old furniture covering, fragments of dresses long worn out, curtains, anything on which Old Time has laid his mellow and softening touch. Washed out and faded, worn and old, they nevertheless possess artistic possibilities that brand-new silks and velvets never could.

Sometimes an old book or books will blend beautifully with our floral studies. I mean those lovely russety-brown calf-bound volumes that have descended to us from our grandparents, to which wear and the passing of years have given an added charm, so mellow and dignified in comparison with the gaily-decorated picture-board-bindings of to-day.

Old mahogany or oak furniture makes



O white Wind-  
flower with the  
purple dyes  
Your candour of  
innocence meets  
mine eyes,  
And bids the bowed  
heart in me arise;  
You are kin to the  
little ones, humble  
and wise,  
Young, newly-born  
in the wild-wood.

*— R. B. No.*



To the knee  
Blow white tulips round  
the door,  
Crocus and anemone.

a fine contrast, too ; only, if the reflections in a polished surface are not very accurately realised, the good effect is lost entirely.

**The Over-Elaborated  
Background.**

It is always a great mistake to over-elaborate a background ; let it be simple, and let the full significance of its name be fully valued. It is a *background*, and therefore receding behind the main interest of the picture.

Be especially careful to avoid getting a hard tin-like effect in the edges of the flowers when working against anything dark. Let the edges of the receding flowers on the shadow side melt off indefinitely into the background here and there ; this will add strength and vigour to your high lights.

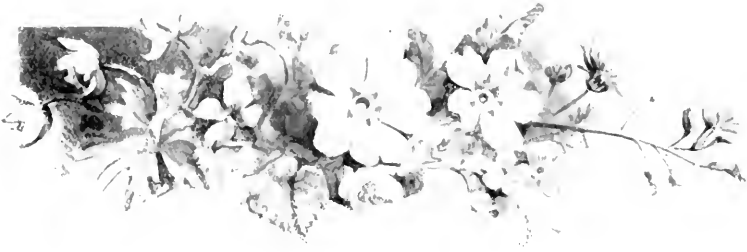
*A propos* of our talk on tone-values in white, I was struck with an example about an hour ago, on this cold November morning, when the only prospect outside the windows is a thick white mist enveloping everything except a few trails of bare virginia creeper near the glass. On the breakfast-table had been placed a bunch of white polyanthus narcissus forced into premature bloom by the enterprising florist, who seems determined of late years not to allow the beauties of the floral world to adhere to their own legitimate seasons. The light from the window (what there is of it) is a cold but pure one, and shows clear and transparent through the petals of the flowers. But where they overlap each other, and the rays of light are intercepted and obstructed, the flowers look much darker against the window-pane than the greyish white mist outside ; while the brightest white of the whole is not on the flowers at all, but a single spot of brilliant light on the highly-glazed surface of the green Bruges pottery vase in which they are placed.

This is just a little example of the eye-training I have been trying to impress previously. We can learn a lesson from all we see around us, and we are so apt to miss our opportunities in this direction ! Why need we think it is only possible to study Art when we are, so to speak, "dressed" for the part, and, in a high-art overall, surrounded by all the tools and accessories of our work, stand posed before an easel, brush and palette in hand ?

This is, of course, the practical part of our calling, and very necessary to its fulfilment ; but the mere translation of our ideas to paper or



Many daintily-  
formed green  
leaves have  
met,  
Strawberry-leaf  
and violet,  
'Tis a little too  
cold for the  
nightingale yet:  
Philomel, he'll  
not fail you!



canvas is not the only way we ought to be studying Art. We must, to be successful, make it a part of our lives, and it is astonishing how it engrosses our whole being, and what a joy and delight this mental analysis of tone and form will become.

Not even the busiest of us can say we have no time for it. As we pursue our daily work, as we pass on our way through even dull and uninteresting surroundings, there is much to see, and the commonest objects can become things of interest and beauty.

Some years ago some very beautiful lunettes by the late Edwin Abbey, R.A., were exhibited in London prior to their departure for America, to adorn the dome of the Capitol of Pennsylvania. If I remember rightly, they were subjects representing the industries of the New World; and one, especially beautiful, represented the Spirits of the Earth bringing the riches of the oil wells to the surface of the world. The idea was, of course, expressed allegorically. Beautiful female forms with brilliant lights in their hands were rising from the ground, and the effect of their light, transparent, white draperies, showing a lovely, soft, indescribable blue against a clear sunset sky, was masterly and wonderful.

A short time after I was in a smoky suburban park at the evening hour. Near by, one of our big main lines of railway passes over a high embankment. A northern express rushed past, and there, against the luminous sky, those clouds and wreaths of steam from the engine gave me just the same effect I have tried to describe above, while the likeness to that beautiful picture was still further enhanced by the flickering lights just appearing in the houses and streets near. One could forget the prosaic side of the picture: the kindly indefiniteness of the shades of approaching night had transformed those sordid-looking and ugly

Through primrose  
tufts, in the green  
bower,  
The periwinkle  
trailed its  
wreaths;  
And 'tis my faith  
that every flower  
Enjoys the air it  
breathes.

*Wendell Phillips*





buildings into a mass of dark simplicity of infinite value to the effect as a whole.

The builder of cities, the necessities of modern civilisation, may spoil the natural beauty of sylvan scenery, but cannot rob us of atmospheric effect; sometimes the very murkiness of the smoky clouds of manufacturing towns will give us an effect of surprising beauty.

We have wandered some way from our friends the spring bulbs pure and simple; let us return to practicability and the easel and paint-box.

#### The Difficulty of Yellow Pigments.

So far we have confined our attention to white flowers; suppose we try some daffodils by way of a change. We shall need to exercise great care in the study, for most yellow pigments in water-colour are very difficult to manage. In case you have not yet found out all their weaknesses for yourselves, I had better put you on your guard against some of their little vagaries. Gamboge must be shunned, and so must chrome, for, though brilliant in working, they have a tendency to turn black with time. Some while ago I came across a group of yellow narcissus I had painted and exhibited years before. I hardly recognised it again. The flowers wore a dejected brown paper hue on their poor little faces that surely could not have been there in their early days; that wicked old pigment, chrome, was responsible for the change.

Then lemon-yellow (a charming colour, and absolutely indispensable for some flowers) has a nasty trick of picking up on the brush if we attempt to work another colour over it. Therefore I usually find it better, when painting daffodils, primroses, and light yellow flowers generally, to wash in lightly the modelling and shading of the petals as if they were white; and then, when dry, to put on the yellow colour in a thin wash—lemon-yellow or primrose aureolin (according to the depths)—afterwards. This will ensure a far fresher appearance than mixing the colours.

Daffodils make charming studies, both in form and colour; there is something so cheery and buoyant in their



There is a bank  
(I love it well)  
Where climbs the  
sorrel of the  
wood:  
Here breathes, how  
frail! a puce-  
veined bell,  
There snowy droops  
its crumpled  
hood.

Coleridge, *S. B. 1801.*



Long as  
there's a  
sun that  
sets,  
Primroses  
will have  
their glory.



A spray of Ivy-leaved  
Toad Flax.

sunny yellow, and so decorative in their arrangement with their own delightful bluey grey-green leaves. The cockney flower-woman I usually patronise knows my partiality for these leaves, for she always calls out "Spikes, lady?" in a persuasive tone if she thinks I am going by without making a purchase. But these self-same "spikes," though the most charming and suitable accompaniment to their kindred flowers, are very difficult to manage successfully. If you think they look simple, just try even to *draw* one, and you will see. If you look straight into the face of a single daffodil, deep down into the depths of its long trumpet-shaped heart, you will not find it easy to reproduce its depths. Note carefully the reflected lights and quiet transparency with which it recedes from our view as it nears the base of the petals.

The crocus makes a good study, especially if we draw it growing from its bulb.

The snowdrop, with its delicate blossoming bells, also; but neither of these would appeal to me for the composition of a picture, though charming as studies.

**The Colour of the  
Bluebell.**

The cultivated hyacinth, except the early Roman variety, is somewhat stiff in growth; but the lovely wild bluebells, growing in riotous luxuriance in the Maytime copse, make a wonderful study in colour, the tender young green of spring-time acting as a beautiful contrast to the indescribable blue mistiness of the floral carpet at our feet.

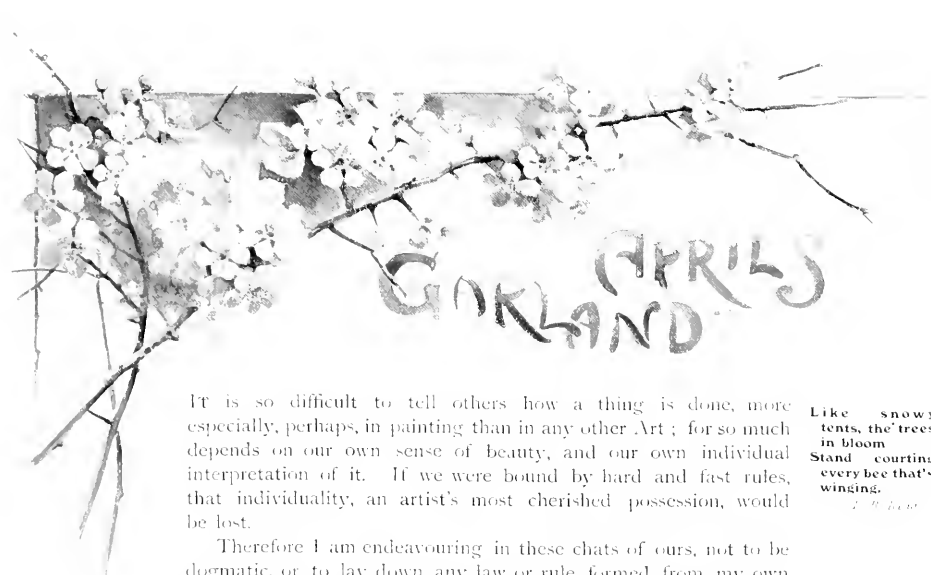
Have you ever noticed that these bluebells are rather disappointing and hard in colour if you bring them indoors, away from the glamour of green and sky? But nevertheless they make a delightful study, with plenty of scope for delicate drawing, as do also lilies of the valley with their delicate leaves.

Tulips have been vastly improved of recent years; how different are some of these lovely new varieties, with dainty frilled edges, from the striped yellow and red monstrosities so fashionable in my childish days! But they are as changeable as a rose, and need to be painted very quickly.



But 'neath the ruin of the withered brake  
Primroses now awake  
From nursing shades;  
The crumbled carpet of the dry leaves brown  
Avaits not to keep down  
The hyacinth blades.

*R. W. C. C. C.*



# APRIL'S GARDEN

It is so difficult to tell others how a thing is done, more especially, perhaps, in painting than in any other Art; for so much depends on our own sense of beauty, and our own individual interpretation of it. If we were bound by hard and fast rules, that individuality, an artist's most cherished possession, would be lost.

Like snowy  
tents, the trees  
in bloom  
Stand courting  
every bee that's  
winging.  
*— J. W. Lyell*

A study of  
Blackthorn.

Therefore I am endeavouring in these chats of ours, not to be dogmatic, or to lay down any law or rule formed from my own experience, but to impress upon you to learn all you can from your own, and also to see the necessity for the cultivation of your own emotions and thoughts, to the true realisation of your subject, be it what it may.

There can be no better teacher than Nature herself; no more charming studies than the gifts she scatters so lavishly around; we may, of course, learn much that is technically useful from a group of "models" cubes, triangles, etc. set up before us in approved School of Art fashion; and perhaps we may feel a certain amount of pleasure and interest in bringing our study of them to such a pitch of perfection and finish that it looks very real and true. We have doubtless been training eyes and hand with good effect; but where has been the enthusiasm we experienced when trying to give our impression of the humblest flower? Where the delight we who love Nature must feel when we study the subtleties of colour and form in the works of God?

This enthusiasm, this stirring, as it were, of our very souls, must carry us into higher realms of thought, and therefore uplift our taste to higher things; it is the creation of the very essence of true



Art, and once this is understood and felt, technique and craftsmanship will follow as a matter of course.

What a grand, what a great opportunity we have before us now in the happy spring-time, when everywhere around bud and blossom are entrancing us with their beauty!

"When proud-pied April dressed in all his trim  
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything."

Let us be up and doing, and take every possible opportunity for study! Every moment is precious now; there is so much to do, and the life of the spring blossoms is so fleeting, that procrastination is fatal to our purpose. In meadow and hedge-row, wood, garden, and field, we find our models in rich and glorious profusion.

Look at this apple branch, for instance; a splendid study both in drawing and colour. Just lightly sketch in, with faint touches of a soft pencil, the general form of the spray, its direction, and the shape of its clusters of flowers. Now look at the flowers earnestly and long, standing, or sitting well back from your subject, and, with eyes half closed, study the main points of the whole. This will enable you to see where the light falls strongest, and therefore to decide where the principal point of interest lies. In every picture, every study, there should be one such point that attracts us first: just as, when we are looking at a landscape in Nature, an interior, a group of people, or anything else that comes within our vision, there is bound to be one particular spot in the composition that arrests our eyes, and therefore chains our attention first. Light is so all-important to our vision that where it falls brightest is invariably the spot to which our eyes are drawn.

Here, then, is our point of interest, but we must not, of course, make its presence too obvious, or the drawing will look forced and unreal. Let us keep it as broad as we can,



**Cowslips of Spring!**

With clusters of joy ye light our lands,  
And we gather your fragrance in our  
hands  
Beauty and fragrance blossoming.

**Cowslips of Spring!**

Though the world grows old with sorrow  
and care,  
There's eternal freshness in the air,  
The gladness of God to earth will cling.

*Carle A. Fox.*



The yellow wallflower, stained with iron brown.

*Lamson.*

and avoid "worrying" it by scattering it with little meaningless bits of dark colour: even its shadows are delicate and pure, and how beautiful is the almost transparent flimsiness of the petals! The flowers that are fullest out are nearly white except for the creamy yellow stamens of their centres: and you must notice how fragile is the attachment of the petals to the calyx, for this is a characteristic too charming to be overlooked. If you liked to make some studies of the form of the fallen petals, it would teach you much.

But to return for the present to our spray: you will notice, except in the case of a branch where the flowers are nearly over, that each cluster of blossoms has still some unopened, or partly opened, buds. These buds are generally the brightest pink of all, and their strong colour is of great value in enhancing the delicate purity of

the more advanced flowers.

Again, the notched and knotted branch, with its greyish lights and purplish brown shadows, showing here and there through the clustered masses of pink and white, also gives a note of strength. Then the little green calyx at the back of the flower, and the young unfolding leaves will help with a happy suggestion of spring green.

If you are ambitious, and wish to paint a large spray, you will doubtless find yourself confronted with a difficulty with which all flower painters have to contend, and that is, the utter impossibility of finishing your study before the beautiful freshness of the flowers has passed away. To work from wilted or faded specimens is fatal; so, if you think your drawing is likely to take you longer than the short span of life your models enjoy, I think you will find it a



good plan to make a quick sketch of the whole group, much as I have suggested above, either in charcoal or in colour, the general forms of light and shade roughly blocked in. Keeping this before you for reference, begin the *finished* work on a fresh piece of paper, getting fresh flowers to take the place of the faded ones, only taking as much at each sitting as you feel you can accomplish while the blossoms are fresh, doing your utmost with this, adhering meanwhile to the main idea of the first sketch.

This is the only way I know of making a really finished study of anything so perishable as apple-blossom, but, of course, it is a method full of pitfalls for the unwary, and the one I used to find the most dangerous was the temptation, when I took up each particular group of bloom, to be so led away by the beauty of the cluster before me that I could not resist an inclination to give each one equal prominence, and ignore its relation to the whole study: a terrible bit of patchwork was the result.

So we must have our first sketch constantly before us, to enable us to keep our first impression fresh, and then, when the finished drawing is nearing completion, it will want what an artist would call "bringing together"; in other words, simplifying in effect to compose well as a whole, to bring back the unison of idea of our quick sketch of the whole branch. Here a petal, a whole flower, or even a cluster of flowers, toned down so as to be almost lost in the shadow; an edge softened here; a touch of broad, bright light there; this can only be accomplished satisfactorily with great deliberation and care.

Sometimes a good quick effect can be obtained by working in "body" on coarse, dark brown paper, such as you would use for wrapping up parcels, using the colours and merging them together while wet, much as you would if oil, and not water, were the medium. The colour must be used as pure as possible, for, if mixed with too much water, the effect would be extremely weak and poor.

When I first took up flower-painting seriously, I made some careful studies of single flowers; then tried two or three together, with a tint washed roughly behind them as background; but when, a little later on, fired with an ambition to exhibit my work, I began to try my prentice hand at picture-making, I found, for the first time, all the difficulties I have tried to describe above. The temptation to paint each flower for



Are you lighting the fairies' gloomy grots,  
 Delicate, fairy chandeliers?  
 Where are you shining, forget-me-nots?  
 When are you coming to dry your tears?

— Pa. 1



Blue flags, yellow flags, flags all freckled,  
Which will you take? yellow, blue, speckled!  
Take which you will, speckled, blue, yellow,  
Each in its way has not a fellow.

itself was strong within me, although when the group was finished I could see there was something very much wanting.

Oh, those early studies! I have a few of them still in my folios; and after the lapse of years of practice, how crude, how hard and "edgy" they seem! And yet I have a sentimental feeling against destroying them, both for the old-time memories they recall, and the lessons they have taught. In all of them I can see this fatal tendency to make too much of each flower individually, regardless of its true place in the scheme of design of the whole.

I remember, when I came in from the garden with a lovely, freshly plucked rose, how I could not resist the temptation to fit it into a space in my group, where I could look right into the heart of its unfolding petals, although, to take its place properly, it ought to have shown only its profile or its back. As you may imagine, a vase filled with roses, all pointing their little noses towards me, however carefully painted, did not compose very well pictorially, and I soon began to see, if I wanted my work to have any artistic value, I must work on very different lines.

In the course of business I have sometimes (rather unwillingly and under protest) had to return to these earlier methods, when I have been asked to undertake commissions for catalogues for well-known horticultural firms. You will find your ardent horticulturist cares less for pictorial effect than a rather "niggling" drawing of a show flower. He may admire an artistic drawing himself, but the public, for whom he caters in these books, does not always appreciate any subtleties of light and shadow composition, but insists that each flower shall show its own special characteristics in the most blatantly insistent way it can.

Well, these things must be done sometimes, and done faithfully, with knowledge and care; but you can understand, after a dose of this kind of work, how delightful it is to let one's own ideas run riot once more, leaving these trammelled paths to get back to the less stilted beauties of field and garden.

I hope, when the spray of apple-blossom is finished, you have still time to make further studies of "The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring" in this charming month of sunshine and showers.





Primroses, anemones, cowslips, oxlips, lady's smock, wood sorrel, and many other blossoms star copse and field; little pink-tipped daisies peep through the lengthening grass; in our gardens wallflowers, forget-me-nots, polyanthus, jonquil, and many others are greeting us day by day; while just look at that lovely old wall—simply glowing with purple and white arabis, London pride, stoncrop and a host of other humble though beautiful flowers.

Let us take this little bunch of sweet-scented cowslips for our next drawing. I would not try to make a completed picture of them, for it is very difficult to mass such small flowers with good effect; but what a delightful little sketch they will make, their bright golden cups peering out each from its sheltering sheath-like calyx of softest pale grey green, a green unlike anything else I know. Notice the stems and how they differ from the more ethereal and downy primrose stalks. On another page in this book will be found a talk on stems and twigs, giving the subject more time and attention, as its importance demands. In the meantime observe them carefully, and note the difference they show in different varieties of plants.

What a favourite the forget-me-not is with us all, with its hue of heavenly blue, and its tender romantic name! We must search the realms of legend and fancy to trace the origin of this, for its original popular designation was "Mouss-e-car," simply a translation from the Greek of its botanical name *Myosotis*, and supposedly derived from the shape of its leaves.

The legends regarding the naming of the little blue flower with its present charming name are endless. We all know the story of the knight in the old ballad who lost his life when, at the request of the "ladye-fayre," he plunged in the stream and was drowned while trying to obtain a bunch of its blossoms of "brilliant hue" to bind in her "nut-brown hair"! But perhaps the prettiest of all is the story told to the children, that when the flowers were given their names by the Creator of the world, one little flower forgot hers, and when she went back, in fear and trembling, to ask it, she was told "Forget-me-not."

There are endless other stories and traditions of this same flower,



The Buttercup is like a golden cup,  
 The Marigold is like a golden frit,  
 The Daisy with a golden eye looks up,  
 And golden spreads the flag beside the rill.  
*C. Rose.*

but as it is our business to paint it, and not merely to study it from a sentimental standpoint, let us proceed to business.

The shades of colour in the blossoms present a great variety, some, generally those longest in bloom, are quite pink, and so are many of the opening buds.

I am generally rather averse to the use of Chinese white in my floral studies, because, as a rule, it gives a dull opaque look when mixed with other colours, and so loses that transparency of effect which is a great thing to aim at in flower-painting. But in the forget-me-not I have found a touch of white mixed with the blue very helpful in getting this exact tone of colour. Cobalt used pure is too dark, and even when diluted with water and a slight touch of Antwerp blue added, it is not very satisfactory; the touch of white, used with discretion, will give us what we want. Do not forget to give full prominence to the lovely little touch of white, almost like a halo, surrounding the yellow centre.

The wallflower is another great spring favourite of mine. What is more beautiful to behold than a clump of them growing against a crumbling, old grey wall? Or, if we wish for an indoor study, put some blooms, in all the glory of their colourings of yellow, orange, red and brown, in an old blue china bowl, and note the effect!

I must plead guilty to a personal preference for these warm, rich, russet colourings in the old-fashioned varieties we have seen and admired in cottage gardens since our childhood, above the fanciful magenta shades introduced of late years by the up-to-date florist.

Indian yellow, cadmium and rose madder, bright and pure as we can get them, give the right tones, with a touch of crimson alizarin here and there, and even perhaps a little burnt sienna. Notice the deep purplish hue of the sepals enclosing the unopened buds, and do not forget to try to reproduce the velvety effect of the petals: a slight touch of cobalt delicately washed over the lights will sometimes help to give this "bloom."

The long leaves closely embracing the sturdy stems are beautiful too; observe the grey reflected lights on their upper surfaces, in contrast to the brilliant green they present when the light is passing through their substance.

The wallflower is not strictly indigenous to our islands, but it has so acclimatised and adapted itself since its first coming in mediæval times that we almost regard it as a native, especially as it owns a big family of cousins who are aborigines, being a member of the same order as some of our most useful vegetables, including the cabbage, mustard, cress, and even turnip.



Oh, the sweet valley of deep grass,  
Wherethrough the summer stream doth pass,  
In chain of shadow, and still pool,  
From misty morn to evening cool;  
Where the black ivy creeps and twines  
O'er the dark-armed, red-trunked pines.

*William Morris*

If we pass a brook running through marshy meadows in our quest for floral subjects, we shall surely find wonderful patches of gold in the masses of marsh marigold, or "king-cup," studding the lush green grass. I believe in Italy this flower is called "Bride of the Sun," and certainly it seems to reflect some of his golden glory.

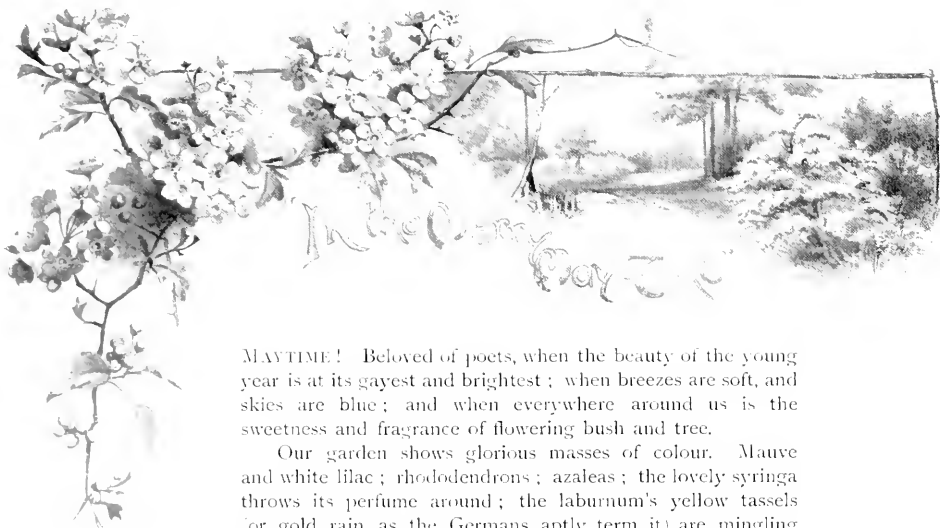
In this study you will want some of your brightest and purest yellows, so please be particular to bear in mind what I have said in another chapter about the fatal tendency of gamboge and chrome to turn black; you will be safest with aureolin and Indian yellow as your companions.

The leaves are sturdy, deep green, and glossy, and paler on the under sides; they make a lovely contrast, and are of immense value in throwing the gold of the flowers into strong relief.

The space at my disposal does not allow me to give a detailed study of all the floral gems greeting us "Beneath the concave of an April sky"; but you will find them easily for yourselves—something fresh each day, if you have the time and inclination to seek it. Do not be afraid of attempting anything as too difficult; do not despise anything as too trivial for study. If your studies do not reach an equal standard of merit, do not be discouraged, for this is characteristic of the works of the greatest artist as well as the beginner. Go on steadily and perseveringly, profiting gratefully by the opportunities for study the rich store of April's garland of flowers affords, and by the quickened energy, this "spirit of youth in everything," the month of smiles and tears brings into our lives. It is above all things a time of promise, and if we, by earnest endeavour, can show this promise in our work, surely the fulfilment will follow in due course, and bear its rich harvest of fair fruit in due season!







MAYTIME! Beloved of poets, when the beauty of the young year is at its gayest and brightest; when breezes are soft, and skies are blue; and when everywhere around us is the sweetness and fragrance of flowering bush and tree.

Our garden shows glorious masses of colour. Mauve and white lilac; rhododendrons; azaleas; the lovely syringa throws its perfume around; the laburnum's yellow tassels (or gold rain, as the Germans aptly term it) are mingling with the rosy may.

The lawn, studded with pink-tipped daisies, is at once the despair of the gardener and the delight of ourselves. But even the beauties of the garden, alluring as they are, cannot keep us at home on this bright May morning, when the voice of wild Nature is calling—

“When mayflies haunt the willow,  
When may-buds tempt the bee.”

Many of our favourite field paths and grassy lanes, impassable during the winter months, are accessible once more; still rather heavy walking, perhaps; but who thinks of such a trivial inconvenience when one is out “a-maying”?

You must, I am afraid, put up with muddy boots if you go for a spring ramble with me! Indeed, it has always been a proverb in our family that, if ever I led an excursion, or showed a newly-discovered footpath, it was certain to lead the unlucky person who was rash enough to follow my guidance, into the muddiest, stickiest spot to be found for miles round; and certainly I must confess the accusation is not entirely without foundation! Do not some of our most beautiful wild plants choose the boggiest situations for their homes? And I was always so anxious to seek them out, and show them to my friends, that I fear I had very little consideration for the appearance of the latter! I knew

many a ditch, hidden in rank grass, where a perfect nursery of exquisite little ferns grew, quite unnoticed by the casual passer-by; the spot by the brook where the may grew thickest; and where the deepest pink wild roses were to be found; and the blackberries, too.

I generally returned from the expeditions in such a woeful state of dishevelment that I was quite afraid to show myself at home. How often have I anxiously watched for an opportunity to creep in, quietly and unobtrusively, by the back entrance, escaping to the shelter of my own room to repair (or rather *try* to repair the ravages my unfortunate wardrobe had sustained! I seemed to have a particular talent for tearing my clothes, and so getting into dire disgrace with my elders. The little school chum who was my companion on these treasure hunts was one of those tidy children who always seemed able to keep trim and fresh; while I, alas! was a mass of rags and tatters, scratches and mud! It was always the pocket of *my* coat in which the blackberries were stored; always *my* umbrella, or rather my mother's (borrowed surreptitiously for the occasion on account of its crooked handle), that got torn in endeavours to get those finest specimens that always grow out of reach!



The Stitchwort is one of the loveliest of our spring flowers.

The Wild Strawberry is a brave and cheery little blossom.



For our first study this month I think we ought to take its name-sake; and if we can choose a day when the bright clear spring sunshine is showing up the hawthorn bushes in all the brilliancy of their warm white blossoms against the cloudless blue sky, we have a picture before us that is indeed a joy and delight, and typical of the spring. As a study, if we determine to paint the whole tree, this must be treated *boldly*; the lights kept broad, and the shadows warm; for where can we find cold colour anywhere when Nature is glowing with warmth and light?

It is impossible for me to give you a list



A Handful  
of  
Cow Parsley.

of what colours you should use for this ; you must rely upon your own observation, for different conditions of light and atmosphere completely change the effect. For instance, if the sun is shining full on your bush, the flowers are much lighter and brighter in tone than the blue sky behind ; if, on the other hand, the sun is near the horizon, the flowers will show in dark masses against the brighter light of the evening sky. Let us take a may branch home for further study, and notice carefully what a warm *yellowish* white the petals are (test this by holding the flowers against a bit of white paper), and how pretty are its little brown and pinkish stamens. I do not particularly care for the double pink may as a painting study ; the colour is somewhat crude and monotonous ; but there is a single variety of rich crimson hue with white centres, that would make a lovely contrast to the white.

In the copse how many favourites await our coming ; the young hazels, in their dresses of wrinkly unfolding leaves, are charming in themselves ; and then look at the floral carpet at our feet ! The lovely hazy blue of a mass of blue-bell, " the sapphire queen of mid-May," as Keats calls the purple orchis, the " long purples " of Shakespeare, the pink campion and stitchwort are showing in the hedgerow, and the primrose is still with us, although its later blossoms are longer stalked, and its leaves have lost some of their crinkled charm since we hailed its advent with delight last month.

The stitchwort is one of the loveliest of our spring flowers, and its botanical name of *Stellaria* seems to suit its starlike blossoms particularly well. It takes its English name from the fact that the old herbalists had great faith in its curative powers " against the paine in the side, stitches, and suchlike," as one writer quaintly puts it.

As a study in drawing, its perfectly graceful form is a delight ; but I should advise you only to make a simple pencil sketch of its beauties, for it is so fragile a flower that, before you can get out your paint-box, it will be faded and gone.

Take particular care to copy the graceful delicacy of the stems ; the lovely modelling of the little starlike flower ; its five petals separating into ten points after they leave the corolla ; while the grasslike leaves,



Do not forget the little Woodruff with its graceful bunches of starry white blossoms.



Four ducks on a pond,  
A grass bank beyond,  
A blue sky of spring,  
White clouds on the wing;  
What a little thing  
To remember for years  
To remember with tears!

*William Langha*

growing in pairs on either side of the stems of each group of flowers, are very beautifully shaped.

The lovely cow-parsley is now in all its beauty in field and hedgerow, and this is another thing to try our skill if we make a study of its feathery fleeting beauty. It is a charming foreground for a landscape artist, too.

How delightful its lacelike heads of blossom look overshadowing this huge bunch of golden buttercups we plucked in the meadow, which is now a harmony of green and gold, a little later to take a still more rich effect of colour when the grasses are ripening, and the rich red sorrel comes into its own.

If you make a study of buttercups, it had better be a *quick* study, one you can finish at a single sitting, for the flowers, when plucked and put in water, have a funny habit of growing tall. The stems run up quite quickly, and in a short time the whole aspect of the group is changed.

Perhaps you will wonder a little at my choice of the humble dandelion for a sketch, but to my mind it is a flower never sufficiently appreciated. To the designer, whose art it is to study natural forms, and then so conventionalise them as to make them suitable for wall-papers, textiles, etc., the dandelion possesses endless possibilities. The golden petals, toothed at the edges, from which the plant takes its name of *Deus leonis* (lion's tooth); the curiously and handsomely serrated leaves; its pointed buds; and last, but not least, its graceful, gossamerlike puff-ball seed, so loved by the country child, are all too decorative to be passed by. This "What's o'clock" is rather a difficult customer to introduce in a floral design, and is generally best expressed, I find, by wiping out the form from the background in a rather smudgy way, with a sable hair brush, clean water, and a bit of rag; just lightly touching in, with a very fine brush, any little definite bits of detail that strike you most forcibly on the light side, never losing sight of its airy lightness and globular form. If you were to make out every one of those funny little umbrella-like fluffinesses of which it is composed, definitely, the downy effect of the whole would be completely lost, and its character entirely gone.

One bright morning, when you are feeling braced up for conquest, and strong enough to grapple with any amount of hard work and



Dandelion, with globe of down,  
The schoolboy's clock in every town,  
Which the truant puffs amain  
To conjure lost hours back again.



difficulty, let us boldly tackle a branch of that lovely lilac in the garden. All studies composed of a multitude of small flowers are not easy to portray with good effect, for there is always a tendency to make out the flowers too definitely, without treating the whole as a mass of bloom. Lilac varies very much in colour, but, as a general rule, the open flowers are more lavender blue than the pinkish mauve of the buds and the flowers in shadow. Everywhere the shadows must be kept *warm*; keep them simple, too, in effect, to give greater contrast to the more detailed flowers on the light side.

If you are living near a wood, do not forget the little woodruff, with its graceful bunches of starry white blossoms and rings of dark green leaves, at intervals on its slender stems. One of our old herbalists tells us this plant "Cheers the heart, makes men merry, and helps melancholy," truly a delightful character to possess! And even nowadays the fresh young shoots of the *Waldmeister* as it is called in Germany are much esteemed in the Fatherland for flavouring the *Maihoferl*, a favourite spring beverage, to which it gives a peculiar scented flavouring unlike anything else.

Somewhat I wish very much I could see the studies you have made since you began reading these talks. I feel I am, in a measure, working in the dark, for, although I can discourse on my own difficulties and mistakes, I cannot see yours, to criticise, counsel you what to avoid or (as I am sure I should be able to do) applaud your progress.

I think every student goes through certain phases, and from time to time adopts little mannerisms that, unless (as is often the case) he is led away by some new idea, often cramp and spoil his work.

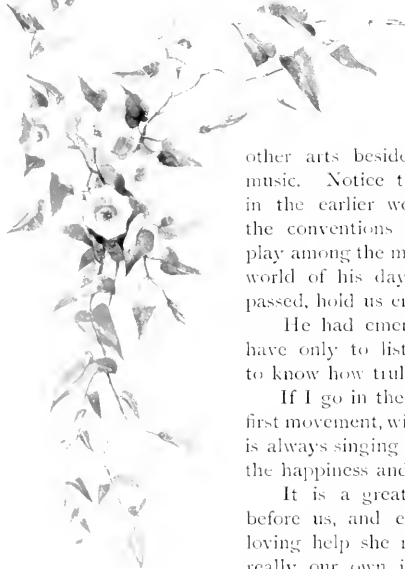
He may have seen a study or painting that has impressed him greatly, and he endeavours to work on the lines of this rather than by trying to learn with his eyes and his own brain what Nature has to disclose.

This is wrong. There is a great difference between *appreciation* and *imitation*, and I have a dreadful horror of the latter in all forms.

I know, when we admire a thing very much, it has a sort of unconscious influence upon us, and this dominates, to a certain extent, our own efforts, even our own vision and conception. We find this in

How sweetly smells the honeysuckle  
In the hush'd night, as if the world were one  
Of utter peace, and love, and gentleness.

— 1813, 176.



other arts besides painting, I think more particularly in music. Notice the influence of Haydn, Mozart, and Bach in the earlier works of Beethoven, before he threw aside the conventions of his time, and allowed his genius full play among the magnificent harmonies that filled the musical world of his day with awe, and still, after a century has passed, hold us enthralled.

He had emerged from the influence of others, and we have only to listen to his beautiful "Pastoral Symphony" to know how truly he drew his inspiration from Nature.

If I go in the country on a May morning, that wonderful first movement, with its joyous, insistent, oft-reiterated motive, is always singing in my brain; it seems so exactly to express the happiness and brightness of wood, field, and sky.

It is a great thing to keep our idea of Nature fresh before us, and endeavour to create something, with that loving help she never withholds from us, something that is really our own inception. Am I wearying you with my own insistence on this? Forgive me, and bear with me; for I am really anxious you should profit to the utmost by the opportunities this golden month of beauty affords.

Our list of floral studies is a long one, for Nature in her bright spring dress is in a most lavish mood. What a chance for careful study this perfect riot of beauty and colours affords! Nature never repeats her designs, and it is our pleasure and delight, in drawing flowers and plants of any kind, to notice their individual characteristics, the special points peculiarly their own, that give distinction and character to one and all. And what makes our world all the more interesting and absorbing is that, while our pencil or brush is gaining dexterity by practice, our eye growing more trained and true, we are also learning much of the wonders of Nature, and adding to our store of knowledge as well.

It is not a very scientific method of studying botany, but it is nevertheless a delightful one; and, although we may not be able to discourse learnedly on this and that order or group, "giving it," as Tennyson says, "a clumsy name," yet surely we are learning in the most enjoyable manner to distinguish the subtle differences between the varieties of plant form; and the mere fact of translating our observations to paper impresses them far more firmly on our memory than any other method could do. With this as a basis to start on, surely we should go further in our quest for knowledge, and study intelligently the marvels and delights Nature has in store for us all.

For the true lover of Nature, once his interest is awakened, is held so closely, yet so willingly in her thrall that he cannot draw back; and that wonderful interest and reverence he feels in her works pervades his whole life, nay, is a part of himself.

**And round green roots and yellowing stalks I see  
Pale pink convolvulus in tendrils creep.**

*Matthew Arnold.*

Thick-set the English Daisies  
grow.

The close fresh turf between :  
On breezy downs, on meadows  
low,

In lawns, upon the banked  
hedgerow,

Star-white, 'mid pastures  
green.

Out-living all blue violet hands,  
And every early comer,

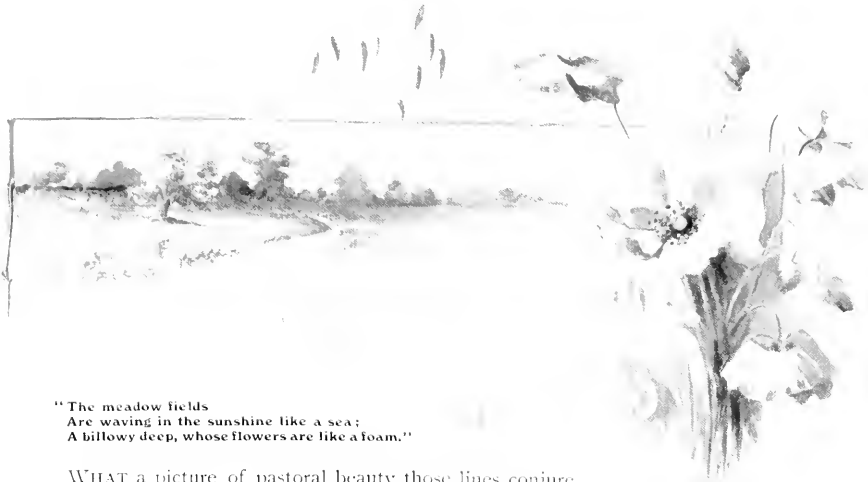
Till children thread with sun-  
browned hands

The Daisy-chains from flow'ring  
lands

In the sunny days of summer.

*Ellis In. 11.*





**"The meadow fields  
Are waving in the sunshine like a sea;  
A billowy deep, whose flowers are like a foam."**

WHAT a picture of pastoral beauty those lines conjure up to our imagination! A bright, sunny morning in June, when skies are cloudless and blue, and the balmy summer breeze, gently stirring the wild luxuriance of foliage and flower, tempers the heat of the sun.

The year is at the zenith of its beauty, and the riotous profusion of Nature is still in the first blush of young maturity, before the thunderstorms of July and the scorching suns of August have caused the leaves and flowers to lose somewhat of their fresh beauty, and take a deeper note of green, as the season goes on its way.

The days are now at their longest; the light is at its best. We have the whole long glorious day before us, to feast on its loveliness and to learn the lessons it has in store. There is so much to see and so much to do that our pencils need not be idle one moment, did we not want time also to revel in the beauty we see everywhere around us, and so become imbued, to our very souls, with the gladness it brings. If we just merely make up our minds to copy slavishly specimen after specimen of flower and leaf, never raising our eyes or pausing to consider the wider beauty of the great Out of Doors, the "Altogether," as one might term it, we shall lose much of the spirit of this lovely summer-time.

I do not mean we are to simply dream away those golden hours, and so accomplish nothing tangible at all; but in a long bright day in June there is time to be practical enough to produce good work and also to find leisure to look around us and enjoy the gladness of it all. We cannot feel discontented or disagreeable on a morning like this, no matter how irksome our burdens, however uncongenial our daily task.

Just try the effect of one day in the meadows or woods of early June and you will find it a real tonic to mind and brain.

"In early June when the earth laughs out,  
When the fresh winds make love to the flowers,  
And woodlands sing, and waters shout."

We grudge every moment spent indoors; and surely

even the most delicate mollicoddle in the world need not fear cold or chill. So let us be up betimes, not to lose the freshness and charm of the early morning, or to have to do our walking when the sun is high in the sky.

Our sketching "kit" reduced to a minimum weight, a simple sandwich luncheon added to our knapsack, a camp stool for those who do not appreciate the delights of sitting, gipsy-like, on the grass, and our outfit for a long gladsome day is complete.

Leaving the main road and motors far behind, let us follow a secluded field-path or lane, until we find a meadow or cornfield bordered with trees and hedgerows, affording, not only some welcome shade from the sun when at its hottest, but a treasury of delightful "bits" for study as well. Graceful branches of wild roses wave above us, scattering their pink petals at our feet if we pick but one tiny bud.



The corn is already high, though it is still green, and the glories of the scarlet poppies peer out from its depths—a joy to the artistic soul, though the farmer loves them not. They will make a delightful subject for our first sketch. The intense orange-scarlet of the petals is rather a difficult hue to reproduce, but if we keep them very fresh and pure, orange vermillion, rose madder and Indian yellow, used judiciously, with a strong, dark background by way of contrast, ought to give us a good effect.

I have found it a good plan, when requiring poppies for further study at home, to select some buds, instead of flowers fully out. These buds, if taken home and placed in water near a window (having previously had their stems cut), will open beautifully; and, if undisturbed, will live long enough to enable us to study them with care. What a pretty group they make, with a few delicate grasses, or, best of all, some graceful heads of oats, with them!

Now is the time when the beautiful flowering grasses are at their best, and this particular class of plants is so interesting, so attractive to the eye, so useful and necessary to both man and beast, that I think it would well repay our trouble and attention if in this talk we made a special study of them.

We must remember they belong to a very large family, a family including some of our most useful and necessary cereals—even the “staff of life” itself; for it comprises wheat, besides barley, maize, rye, oats, rice, and even sugar-cane.

They are all so beautiful and varied in form that, apart from their utilitarian interest, the artist and the student must find much pleasure and delight in their careful study. They even afford a vast field of research for the archaeologist as well, finding traces, as he does, of their cultivation in remote ages before the earliest known civilisations of the world, and also in the time of dynasties long passed away.

Pliny gives us his opinion that cultivated barley is the most ancient of all, and modern authorities support his view, as three varieties of this cereal have been discovered in the ancient lake dwellings of Switzerland, belonging to the Stone Age. Nothing is definitely known of the original wild form of their ancestors, and possibly the varieties we find so useful in the present day are widely different from their primitive forerunners.



Over all, like  
bloom on a  
grape,  
The lilac seed-  
ing-grasses)  
Have made a  
haze, vague,  
without shape,  
For the wind to  
change as it  
passes.

*A. Mary F.  
Robinson.*

Grass with green flag half-mast high,  
Succory to match the sky,  
Columbine with horn of honey,  
Scented fern and agrimony.

*Emerson.*

Perhaps it will be helpful and instructive to notice the special characteristics of this large and useful family of plants. Not only is it of interest in itself, but also of great service to those who wish to make studies with pencil and brush, for to understand the underlying principles of construction of anything we wish to draw is a great help towards making a characteristic reproduction of it.

The following definitions, given by Marshall Ward, are very useful in enabling us to distinguish grasses from other forms of plant life.

"The first is, their leaves are arranged in two rows alternately up the stems; the second that their stems are circular and flattened in section, or if in some other shape, they are *never* triangular or solid. Moreover, the leaves are always of some elongated shape, and without leaf stalks, but pass below into a sheath, which runs some way down the stem, and is nearly always perceptibly split. Further, the stems themselves are usually long and cylindrical, and distinctly hollow except at the swollen nodes, and only branch low down at the surface of the ground, or beneath it."

By this time we have perhaps arrived at our destination, the happy hunting-ground of our desires, and we are grateful for the friendly shade of the giant elms in the hedgerow.

Long before we have time to make studies of all the varied treasures in the sea of waving grasses before us, the mowers will have laid them low, and on our second visit we may find our meadow studio invaded by an army of rustics, whose swiftly-moving scythes keep time together with fell, rapid strokes. Or perhaps the whirring music of the more up-to-date mowing machine has accomplished the work of devastation still more quickly.

Well, even when the meadow grasses have fallen, and have been gathered into stacks of sweet-smelling hay, we have only to seek fresh fields and pastures for more specimens of the wonderful family now engaging our attention and delight. Leaving the meadow, whose short, stubby grass is already making a brave effort to throw out shoots for a second crop, we turn our attention to the corn-crop, growing higher and stronger each day under the brilliant midsummer sun.

It is, I am sure, unnecessary for me to warn my readers against the practice some inconsiderate folks have of heedlessly trampling down crops, either of meadow grass or in cultivated fields. If we notice the "trail" left by a careless pedestrian in search of a "short cut" over a meadow of long grass, we cannot help a feeling of anger at his thoughtlessness, and, of course, in corn or similar crops the havoc he will make, without a thought of evil-doing, is immeasurably more.

We can find our specimens on the edge of the field, near the hedgerow, or fringing the footpath, without doing damage.

Suppose now we have gathered a handful of graceful specimens of meadow grass, and returning to the shady studio under the trees we





have already chosen, let us start on our studies. There is a wonderful variety in our selection. Look, for instance, at this dainty piece of quaking grass; how different from these straight, stiff spikes of the cat's-tail or foxtail grasses! And yet they are closely related and have many features in common.

One characteristic of the whole family of the grasses is the toughness of their stems when you pluck them. If pulled hard they will sometimes cut your fingers like a knife. This leads you to notice that, although soft and succulent in early youth, the flowering stem or "culm" is invariably hollow in construction, except at the knotted joints, and this accounts largely for its strength and durability.

You will find it a good plan, first of all, to observe the structural form of this stem in your study. If you try to put in the grassy tufts of flowers first, it will be very misleading, and however carefully you think you may have copied what you see, you will experience a difficulty later on in bringing the whole mass into form and shape.

Observe carefully the main stem, and draw it in, taking note how, in most cases, the flower stalks branch out from it in groups, generally diminishing both in size and number as they approach the top of the spray; this gives a very graceful effect.

Get these branches accurately drawn; and the pretty little clusters of stamens, each in its protective sheath, bearing its pollen ready to shed around at the touch of the lightest breeze, will fit into their places without difficulty.

Unless you are making a purely botanical study, when such details are very necessary, you will not attempt slavishly to copy each little spikelet of flowers, but rather try to get the soft feathery effect of the whole spray by a few direct and well-considered touches in the right place as it first strikes your eye. See to it that your stems are carefully drawn, for if they are rough and jagged, their ethereal character is lost entirely.

If our time in meadow or cornfield is limited, and we are unable to make all the studies we desire to do before it is time to pack up, let us take some specimens with us. The grass family, unlike most of our wild flowers, is a sturdy and long-suffering one, and a few specimens, saved with care, will give us material for study when the heavy storms, from which we are not free even in June, make working out of doors an impossibility. So keep them carefully for the "rainy day" that is sure to come, and then, if time is hanging heavily on your hands, you have a group of interesting and absorbing models before you, besides a charming decoration for your most cherished "bits" of china, whose value is too great to warrant the risk they run with the constant replenishment of water fresh flowers demand.

Only a bit of grass! Are you contemptuous, and think it a





study beneath your notice? More showy plants may appeal to us. The brilliant hue of our favourites of garden and field please our sense of colour, but they cannot teach us more of structural beauty than the grasses. To the student, perhaps, the latter are especially useful, as a study of form more easily understood than when he is led away by the glory of colour in a bunch of flowers.

When you notice the loveliness of some of the feathery varieties—the fragile delicacy of their flower stems, barely thicker than a human hair, their beautiful though subdued colouring, grey-green and purple as they advance towards maturity—I think you will agree with me that they are worth careful consideration as studies, even at a time when Nature is at her gayest and brightest.

I do not mean that you are to make a study of meadow grasses to the exclusion of other flowers, but find them a little place in your programme at least, and when you are desirous of composing a group of

the beauties of the field, a few sprays of grass, introduced with discretion, will act as a charming accompaniment to the brighter hues of the flowers, and look *right*; because, having grown up side by side in Nature's scheme, they are in harmony one with another.

Ox-eye daisies, ragged Robin, meadow-sweet, meadow crane's-bill, poppies, cornflowers, and many others, are the glory and delight of the summer fields, and although perhaps, with limited time at our disposal, it is impossible to make studies of them all, before their brief span of life is over for another year, we can make a charming and varied selection from them, while the hedgerows afford us the beautiful traveller's joy, wild rose, honeysuckle, wild convolvulus, or morning glory, with others too numerous to mention.

Although these little chats are primarily addressed to amateur artists, they will doubtless be read also by those who have the care and upbringing of young children as their life-work. Therefore I want to have a word with them, especially.

I have often thought, when I have seen a young nursery governess plodding wearily along the high road with her charges, as if the daily constitutional were a pain and penance to all concerned, how much more interesting and instructive to both pupil and teacher alike such a daily walk might become if the latter would teach the little ones to take more than a passing interest in the beauties of hedgerow and field. All young children love flowers naturally, but this love unfortunately often develops into mere acquisitiveness and reckless tearing up of roots, unless they are taught that this is harmful and wrong. Let the



And myriads of the great-eyed butterflies  
Hovered above the white and yellow blooms,  
And fluttered through the grasses silver-flowered,  
Filled with the noise of grasshoppers and flies.

*Flora—Tom-Kiss.*



Hayward Young.

AN ITALIAN GARDEN.  
From the Painting by Hayward Young.



# GRACE

by  
Marianne

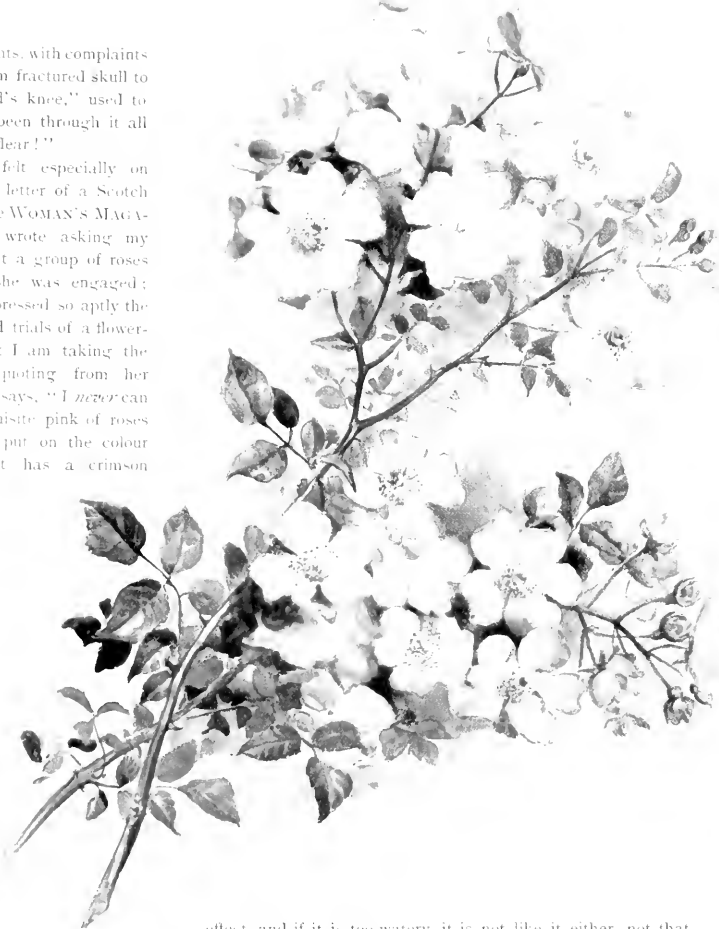
It has occurred to me, on looking over the articles on flower-painting I have previously written for the WOMAN'S MAGAZINE, that my readers must have formed the opinion that I am a most pessimistic person; because all through I seem to be preaching about the difficulties lying in wait for us when we try to reproduce the wonders of Nature's works. But, believe me, the very last thing I wished was to be discouraging! I was aiming to impress upon my fellow students of natural beauty my sympathy with *their* struggles, because my own seem to increase every day! There ought, I think, to exist a kind of *sympathie* between us. "Companions in misfortune!" I was going to say, but that is not quite what I mean; for the consciousness of our own limitations is *not* a misfortune, it is a very great asset to our ultimate success.

Nevertheless, I think it is a comforting thought for us to remember, when fits of depression come over us, that, after all, it is a healthy feeling, and one shared alike by the humblest beginners, and by those whose achievements have earned them a high place in the world of Art.

I once heard of an old village nurse, whose formula of consolation


to her patients, with complaints varying from fractured skull to "housemaid's knee," used to be, "I've been through it all myself, me dear!"

This I felt especially on reading the letter of a Scotch reader of the WOMAN'S MAGAZINE, who wrote asking my advice about a group of roses on which she was engaged; and she expressed so aptly the troubles and trials of a flower-painter that I am taking the liberty of quoting from her letter. She says, "*I never* can get the exquisite pink of roses . . . if I put on the colour too pure, it has a crimson



effect, and if it is too watery, it is not like it either, not that lovely shell-pink effect."

I felt like grasping the hand of that lady, had it not entailed such a long stretch of the arm to her far-away northern home; for I was then engaged in trying faithfully to



portray the delicate beauty of a lovely group of white roses I had brought back from a country ramble, and the difficulty of the "lovely shell-pink effect" was mine also.

Without bringing on myself the reproach of being the bad and quarrelsome worker of the well-known proverb, I think I may say there is no pigment made that can approach the transparent beauty of a natural flower. The colours we use are as perfect as it is possible for modern chemical science to make them, but how can we expect these productions of human hands to come near the original? Just as little as the workings of our little brains, and the handicraft of our little hands, can in our highest endeavours approach the charm the great Maker of all things beautiful has given us in the humblest flower.

When we look with admiration at some wonderful specimens of ancient eastern craftsmanship, we cannot fail to notice an irregularity of design that, in our ideas, constitutes part of its charm. But we should wonder that the artist hand, possessed of so much cunning, could not surely have avoided these apparent mistakes, did we not know that his religion taught him, "Only One can make things perfect," and that the errors were not accident, but design.

We of a different faith know that the mistakes will *come of themselves*, however we may strive for perfection, and that we cannot enter into competition with the works of God. But by cultivating a taste for all things beautiful, by earnest endeavour to represent what we see before us, and a steady determination to emulate the spider of Scottish lore,





whose exploits loomed so largely in the precepts of our nursery days, we can produce studies that are not only a great joy in the making, but that are sufficiently inspired with the glory of the original to cause delight and enthusiasm when the fleeting, transitory charm of our floral models has long since faded away.

Roses are my favourite flowers, and I always enjoy painting them more than any other variety. Perhaps their very difficulties add to their charm, for their opening petals are constantly revealing some fresh beauty. I may temporarily waver in my allegiance, perhaps, when I bury my face in the cool fragrance of the first bunch of dewy violets to greet the spring, or when the warm rich colour and variety of the chrysanthemums bring brightness into dreary November days. But, after all, Queen Rose reigns supreme; the lovely blue violet lacks the variety of the rose, and the chrysanthemum (a close rival as regards colouring and variety) has a curious aromatic scent of its own, not disagreeable, but totally lacking the delightful fragrance clinging to rose petals, long after their mere beauty has passed away.

We have adopted the rose as our national flower, and in English hearts she will ever be





held dear, whether rearing her dainty blooms above the cabbages in the humble garden of the labouring man, or flourishing in profusion in the old-world pleasure of the "lady of the manor," who takes as great an interest and pride in tending her rose garden as did her ancestress of long ago, with powdered hair and flowered gown, when she passed those mossy terraces and walks, carefully collecting and storing the fallen petals, that their sweet savour should not be lost.

As the fragrance of the dried rose-leaves brings back the remembrance of their sweetness, so may our humble efforts in colour recall happy memories of the glories of rose-time, perhaps when hearts are sad and all around is drear. If we have made our studies as true to Nature as earnest observation and a desire to

express Truth can help us to do, avoiding any conventional "prettiness," "trick," or "effect", we shall have accomplished much.

That great Master of Mediaeval Art, Albrecht Durer, tells us, "Depart not from Nature, neither imagine of thyself aught better, for Art standeth firmly fixed in Nature, and whoso can thence read her forth, he alone possesseth her."





One further word by way of postscript: Do not despise the day of small things; make fragmentary studies in plenty before you attempt a large picture. The foliage of the rose in itself presents a wonderful series of studies in colour; don't think that it is the blossom alone that shows pink and red and yellow and purple-crimson tints.

Notice how Nature suits the foliage to the colours of the blossoms; look how the reddy-brown shoots of the tea-rose harmonise with the golden-red in the heart of the flowers, how the pale blue-green tint that is on the foliage of some of the pale pink roses seems just the exact colour needed to bring out the shell-like colouring of the buds.

And have you particularly looked at the colour on the outside petals that enclose the rose-buds? These alone are worth careful study; they often show some most exquisite colours that are not necessarily repeated in the fully blown flower. Studies such as these are of infinite value to the artist; they train the eye, the mind, and also the heart; for they foster a love and reverence for God's handiwork as seen in Nature.





A DUTCH GARDEN OF FLOWERING BULBS  
From the Painting by Hayward Young.

teacher herself study Nature and wild life generally, and teach the simplest rudiments, in the simplest manner, to the little ones, awaken their interest in things beautiful, and they will take the keenest delight in the pursuit of this new hobby: the weary walk of yesterday will be a pleasure and joy to-day, not only to the youngsters, but to their teacher as well.

If the teacher can urge them to select a few of the simplest leaves and flowers (also impressing on them that they must be gathered without injury to the plants) and, on reaching home, encourage them to make little pencil drawings, what a good work that would be!

These early efforts may be crude and almost laughable perhaps; but, above all, be encouraging; the elements of an intelligent interest in Nature are there, and will develop and fructify as time goes on.

After the little student has made his rude drawing from the natural flower, ask him some elementary questions respecting its form, number of petals, etc., teach him the simple English name, and anything else you know about it that is not beyond his comprehension.

The once dull perfunctory walk is now a quest of delight, and the specimens gathered will afford an occupation for dull days, when lessons are over, and even romping has palled: while the progress of the pupils will stimulate the teacher to fresh efforts and interest in a most fascinating pursuit on her own behalf as well.

Who can deny the refining and educational influence of this habit of observation on all? It is almost impossible to gauge the far-reaching results it may have on the future. Not only is the child learning much of botany, natural history, and Nature wonders generally, but he is being trained into a habit of looking intelligently and with understanding at all he sees around him, which will, without doubt, be of immense service to him in later life. Whatever his future calling, whatever his rank in life, be he poet, philosopher, painter, musician,



The  
Rosy-Red  
Campion.



professional or business man, artisan or mechanic, this early training will assist him in his career.

The promoters of the great scouting movement, now playing so important a part in the education of the younger generation, have recognised this. Those young lads, many of them coming from the poorest homes, where their outlook has perforce been a limited and sordid one, are able, after a little training, to give most intelligent information about what they have seen on their expeditions. They are taught to notice natural features of the country, objects of interest, the way of the wind, the stars, temperature, etc., and to make records of all they see. And this intellectual development, aided by the discipline, the excellent moral rules laid down in their code, and the physical training in the open air, cannot fail, as the movement spreads, to have a great and glorious effect on the future of our race.

Let all of us who have the care of young children, or who come into contact with them in our daily life, do our best to sow the good seed in the fertile soil of their impressionable youth, and try our utmost to inculcate and foster a love and veneration for the boundless store of God's gifts, by interesting them, from their earliest years, in the objects of wonder and beauty too many of us pass heedlessly by.

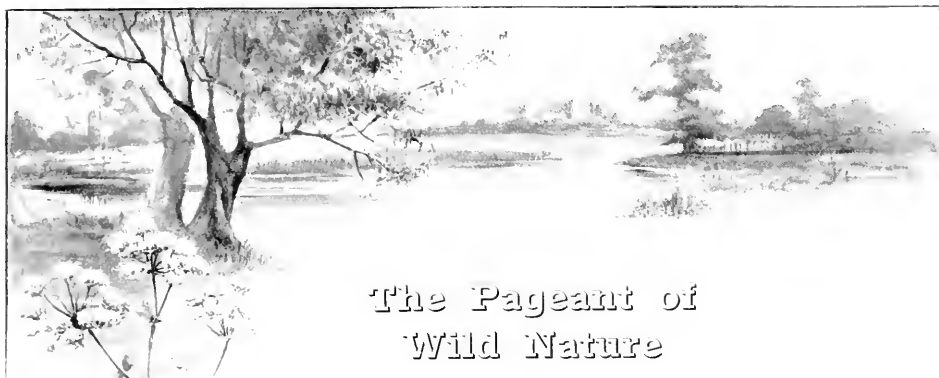
The understanding of the structure and function of the smallest of these, and the place it holds in the wonderful scheme of the Universe, will not only have an ennobling effect on character, but will surely lead to a greater reverence and understanding of our Creator, through the vast and fathomless wonders of His works.

Whether we be artists, amateurs, teachers, or students, let us try to see Nature truly and surely, and, as Ruskin tells us, "Be humble and earnest in following the steps of Nature, and tracing the finger of God."

We cannot all be great artists, for we are not all gifted to the same extent. But we all can be sincere and reverent in our work.



Meadow Cranesbill.



## The Pageant of Wild Nature

THIS chapter embraces a very wide field for discussion—so wide and varied that I must own I hardly know where to commence. But, in spite of all its difficulties, the subject is a most fascinating one, and will lead us, in quest of our most delightful material, through sunlit meadows, over breezy commons, and by tangled hedgerows, each with some new treasure and delight peculiarly its own.

This is not an excursion for smart shoes and frivolous clothing, for some of our most charming models are very defensive, and, armed with sharp prickles and spines, seem to protest against our depredations. So, if we are contemplating a raid on the hedgerows during our progress where wild rose, bramble, blackthorn, and many other more or less prickly sojourners display their beauties, let me warn you, *don't* wear a knitted coat, or you will soon find yourself enveloped in a perfect Penelope's web of tangled yarn, from which you cannot extricate yourself without a great deal of damage and difficulty! High thick boots that have reached the age of ease, and tweed clothes past their first youth, is the garb *par excellence* for our expedition. Don't forget stout leather gloves, and a crooked stick—always a most trusty and serviceable companion in the country.


Our sketching "kit" must not be a very elaborate one—just what we cannot do without; for an extensive outfit (with easel, camp-stool, umbrella, etc.) is a very tiring burden for a summer's day. Just our sketch-book or block, colour-box, brushes, pencil and water-carrier—in a knapsack for choice, in which we must also find room for a small cardboard box, filled with damp cotton-wool; this will enable us to keep

The leaves are white  
with snow of  
Daisies.



19





any specimens we may desire to bring home for further study delightfully cool and fresh.

I generally take an elderly rainproof coat on my excursions, for it serves the double purpose of protection from passing showers, and affording me a dry seat when sitting at my work on the grass, for I must plead guilty to liking this humble and inelegant position above all others when "far from the madding crowd."

Ever since my childhood, wild flowers have held a great charm for me, and I can remember how, in those golden hours of long ago, I used to steal away through a hole in the hedge of my country home, known only to the chickens and myself, to the forbidden ground of a neighbouring meadow, and there revel in the long, and often damp, grass, with its treasures of golden buttercups and dandelions, and its high cow-parsley towering above my limited stature. Here I would remain until found and reprimanded by those in authority over me, and condemned to the tamer delights of the garden, with its trim lawns and gravelled walks.

No scolding, no fearsome tales of irate farmers, or imaginary hobgoblins, could ever shake my longing for that enchanted field, which presented a sort of El Dorado to my youthful imagination.

The happy days of childhood have fled, the country home is no longer ours, but I still have the same feeling of enthusiastic delight in Nature's boundless store of jewels, when, on a bright sunny morning, armed with my knapsack and some simple provisions, I take an early train away from the smoke of the city, to one of the many beauty spots still left within easy reach of town (did we Londoners only trouble to find them out), and there spend a long, lovely day amidst most delightful surroundings.

Many of the little studies that Miss Klickmann has scattered throughout this volume owe their origin to these country trips. I generally collect a few pretty little specimens on my way, and then choose a shady spot for



When Daisies pied, and Violets blue,  
And Ladysmocks all silver white,  
And Cuckoo-buds of yellow hue  
Do paint the meadows with delight.

*—S. J. P.*

my open-air studio. For I must most emphatically warn you, when working out-of-doors, not to have the sun on your work; the glare on the white paper not only is extremely bad for your eyes, but will give your sketch a hard and crude appearance when taken indoors.

Sometimes one can find very beautiful groups of wild flowers, and work from them as they grow; the little bit of ivy-leaved toad-flax was worked out from a sketch made thus in Somerset last year. And I only wish I could call colour to my aid to show you how beautiful it looked with its delicately shaded heart-shaped leaves, and tiny mauve flowers, against its background of mossy grey stone wall.

A spray of wild rose, or bramble on a hedgerow, makes also a lovely sketch, but I think that, as a general rule, it is almost best, while we are inexperienced students, to detach a suitable spray from its surroundings, and to put it against a plain simple background, such as a leaf from our sketch-book; so that we can see the actual form of petal, leaf, and stem, apart from confusing elements around.

Many of the most beautiful of our floral gems hide themselves so modestly among their bolder neighbours that they are almost concealed from our view. And many are so short of stature that, unless we contemplate a bird's-eye view, we should have to lie flat on the ground to get a good "point of sight."

It requires a very skilled hand to paint, with good effect, masses of wild flowers as they grow in the lovely surroundings in which they were born; and perhaps this is more within the province of the landscape painter, who can find immense value in these broad masses of colour as foregrounds for his studies of rural beauty.

I am writing this on a July day; the glory of the spring woods has departed; the season has moved onward, and laid a mellowing hand on hedgerow and copse; and the beauties of early spring are maturing towards the fulfilment of their part in Nature's scheme. Most of the wild roses have faded, and are already showing their fruit, though green as yet. Here and there you may find a bush of the white variety still in bloom, and entwined with honeysuckle.

The may-flowers have also turned to brown, and show promise of a glorious store of deep red berries to gladden our sight in the coming autumn, and to prove a rich harvest to the song-birds, whose voices are hushed now in the heat of the day. But what a wealth of beautiful flowers is still left us for our studies! Though the mower has ruthlessly



White butterflies in the air,  
White Daisies prank the ground;  
The cherry and the hoary pear  
Scatter their snow around.

*Robert Bridges.*

cut down the glory of the long grass of the field, round its borders are still left some late ox-eye daisies, meadow-sweet, tall hemlock, and many others.

In the ripening corn the poppy dazzles our sight ; the cornflower still shows its bright blue eye ; the field scabious and vetch give us delightful shades in mauve and purple ; the yellow toad-flax is in flower, while the common is a perfect feast of colour with its wealth of bell heather, and dwarf furze, whose orange-coloured flowers, contrary to those of its early flowering cousin, the gorse, generally appear with those of its neighbour, the heath, and, clinging with prickly affection to the latter, make a scheme of colour so gorgeous in the summer sun as to be almost dazzling to the sight.

Suppose our quest has taken us by the silver sea. Here we have many additions to our inland flora. The lovely tamarisk, although not, I believe, an actual native of our shores, is flourishing and in bloom, its rosy spikes showing out against its feathery foliage ; the yellow horned poppy and the lovely pink thrift are also lovers of the salt air ; while yellow and white lady's bedstraw, scabious, and ragwort all grow in wild profusion on the cliffs. If the latter are chalk, I expect you will notice, as I have done, that not only are blue flowers, such as harebells, scabious, campanula, etc., most prolific, but the blue butterflies predominate as well.

The subject of wild flower painting is such a wide one that it is impossible for me, within the limits of this little article, to lay down any definite rules for the colouring, etc., of the different varieties, beyond advising you to sketch in lightly the general direction and proportion of your spray, and then, if you have not time to finish the whole of it before it fades, take a small part, and do your utmost to render it as like to the living reality as you can, keeping as far as possible its delicacy of colour and beauty of form.

These little studies may not be pictures, but they will help us more on our road to the success we hope for by-and-by than a more complicated arrangement, beyond our powers of achievement, would have done. And meanwhile, not only are our eyes seeing more clearly, our fingers through practice getting more sure of touch ; but we are studying the beautiful under most delightful conditions ; our knowledge of Nature lore is increasing daily ; and our health and spirits are rising proportionately as well. In our studio in the summer wood, or under the cloud-flecked sky of heaven, we have the *actual*



And her eyes are dark and humid  
like the depth on depth of lustre  
Hid 't' the harebell.

*Bos. nnn.*



*atmosphere* in which the subjects of our studies were born; and who could help being more imbued with a sense of beauty under such conditions than within the limits of four brick walls?

Without wishing to be discouraging, however, I think you will find the difficulties of light and shade tremendously increased when working out-of-doors. The side-light from our sitting-room window, where our studies have previously been made, in a measure focused the light from one particular point on our group, though even there the effect was variable, owing to atmospheric conditions. But out-of-doors the light is for ever changing, and instead of the side-light that gave us the definite shadow so helpful in enabling us to grasp a strong effect, we have a bright soft light so diffused and so transient that the effect may be totally different before we are half-way through the simplest sketch.

Suppose, for example, when the sky was overcast by a passing cloud, we had commenced a study of those lovely sturdy ox-eye daisies, which so utterly eclipse in beauty their pampered greenhouse cousins. You probably sketched in your flowers, and began to shade in your delicate greys and shadows, and the cool green grass amongst which they grow, when—Hey! presto! a sunbeam! and all is changed. The white petals of the flower stand out like a halo round the yellow centre as the sun glints through, and the cool grey-green grass and leaves are grey-green no longer, but almost golden in their brilliancy and warmth. We cannot alter our first sketch to suit the wonderful change the sunshine has wrought; we must make another under the new conditions. Sometimes we are almost in despair at what we consider an alarming waste of nice white paper; but with each attempt, poor and crude as we may deem it, we have *learnt* something, received a new impression photographed on our minds, and made one step further on the long road of our ambition.

Don't destroy these little attempts; date them carefully and store them by, and you will be astonished and interested, when the same flowers come round in their seasons again, to see the progress you have made, simply by perseverance and determination to conquer the difficulties that lie in your path. You still may feel a long way from the goal of your ambition, for I know of no study that has a more humbling effect on our estimate of our own powers than the study of Nature. But each step of the way has opened up new beauties and delights; and wrestling bravely with our difficulties has been a most wholesome exercise for us in every way.

To those of you who have the great advantage of a home in the country, I would say, seize every opportunity, if you would succeed in flower painting, to draw, draw, draw all you see before you.

Suppose, if your time is your own, you made a practice of getting some new specimen of natural beauty on your daily walks. I believe you would find something of fresh interest every day, even in "Barren



The Foxglove on  
Fair Flora's  
hand is worn,  
Lest while she  
gathers flowers  
she meets a  
thorn.

*C. Gordon.*

Dance to the beat of the rain, little Fern,  
And spread out your palms  
And say: "Tho' the sun again  
Hath my vesture spun,  
He had laboured also in vain  
But for the shade  
That the cloud had made,  
And the gift of the dew and rain."  
Then laugh and upturn  
All your fronds, little Fern,  
And rejoice in the beat of the rain.

Winter, with his wrathful nipping cold" (though then, of course, your study must be pursued indoors). Why, a few bare twigs make a lovely study, and will teach you much of the growth of the various species of tree; a trail of ivy; a few fallen beech leaves, all curly from the frost; and endless other things will suggest themselves.

One November, Miss Klickmann asked me to make some drawings of "little stalky bits in the hedgerows," such as she herself had noticed on a country walk that week in Sussex. And, on making a pilgrimage to the nearest available spot in search of like material, I passed a most delightful, though somewhat damp afternoon, coming home, in the early-falling twilight, very muddy and bedraggled in appearance, but surprised and delighted at the wealth of pretty things I had found—sprays of frost-tinted leaves, mosses, dried and bleached grasses, and seed-vessels, which the autumnal gales had robbed of their contents, but beautiful even in their decay.

There is always something of interest to be found in the hedgerows. Once when I was staying in the West, and enjoying my inherent propensity for grubbing in ditches, I used to "pass the time of day" with an old hedger and ditcher, whose duty it was to keep tidy and spoil the beauty of a lovely wild lane. He evidently thought my interest in those flowering banks was purely a greedy one, for wild strawberries grew in abundance, and he would tell me, with a smile, he had left a nice lot round the corner for me!

But when he saw me making sketches of "Ragged Robin" and "Jock o' the Hedge," he seemed quite distressed at my bad taste in selecting "they veeds!" and invited me to work in his garden instead, where he had "as vine a row of zuniflowers as ever ce zee!"

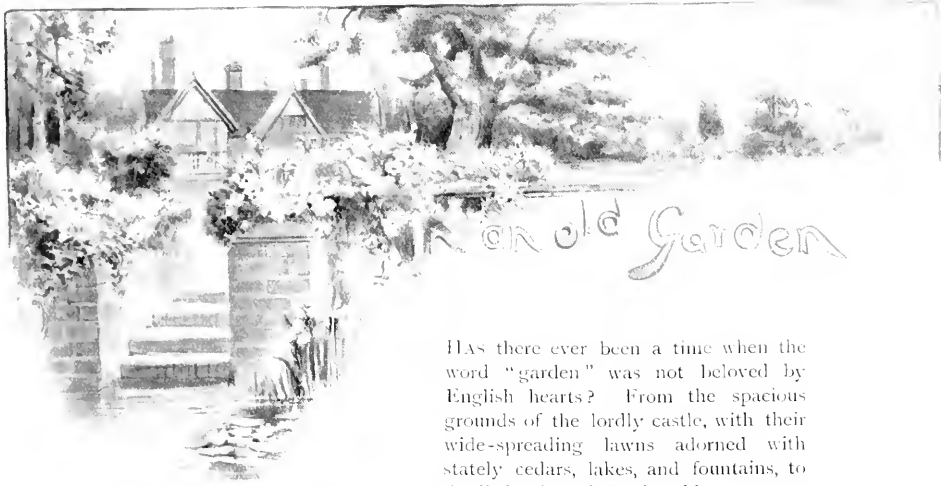
The year, with its changing seasons, is a sort of processional pageant of wild nature. Hardly has the old year breathed its last sigh than the hazel tree hangs out its yellow tassels to welcome the new. In February the flower buds on the elm-trees show red against the changing sky; and so it goes on, month by month, a succession of beauty, always changing, never still.





An old  
Stone Monument





## An Old Garden

HAS there ever been a time when the word "garden" was not beloved by English hearts? From the spacious grounds of the lordly castle, with their wide-spreading lawns adorned with stately cedars, lakes, and fountains, to the little plot of the humblest cottage, where cabbages, turnips, and the old-fashioned country perennials grow

harmoniously side by side, each has a charm and beauty peculiarly its own, and in every case it is typically British in character.

'Tis true we have from time to time borrowed our ideas of garden planning from abroad, but these ideas have been so modified to suit the natural features of the country and climate, and so adapted to the conditions of English life, that (although their scheme may owe some fundamental origin to imported ideas) they have settled down into a type of beauty unrivalled elsewhere. The formality of the Italian garden, the artificiality of the French, and the primness of the Dutch, have each left an impression on our old-time pleasure grounds; but the passing of years, and the moistness of our much abused climate, have so happily blended together and softened their peculiarities, and any formality of construction has been so lovingly and charmingly touched by the artist hand of Nature and the mellowing effect of age, that their stiffness is entirely gone, leaving only a quaint old-world beauty that constitutes their greatest charm.

It is difficult to trace a time when gardens were first planted in England as a pleasure and delight to the eye, and not merely for the utilitarian necessity of vegetables for the table. We are apt to speak of a formal garden as "Dutch"; but it is certain that we possessed very many beautiful gardens, full of trellis-work and terraces, and fearful and wonderful specimens of topiary art, long before Dutch William brought

I often, when a child, for hours  
Tried through the pales to get the tempting flowers,  
As lady's laces, everlasting peas,  
True-love-lies-bleeding, with the hearts-at-ease,  
And golden rods, and tansy running high,  
That o'er the pale-tops smiled on passers-by.

Out in the rain a world is growing green,  
On half the trees quick buds are seen  
Where glued-on buds have been,  
Out in the rain God's acre stretches  
green,  
Its harvest quick though still unseen:  
For there the Life hath been.

his countrymen over to embellish the grounds at Hampton Court and Kensington Palace. There were probably gardens planted in Britain by the Romans, as we know both the Roman and Greek nations carried the art to a very high degree of excellence. Medieval gardens were on very formal lines, with flower beds in geometrical patterns, and high stiff hedges. A beautiful description of a garden in the fifteenth century is given in the "Kings Quhair," when the Royal lover from his prison tower sees his mistress walking in the garden at Windsor:

"East by the towris wall  
A garden fair, and in the corners set  
Ane arbour green with wandis long and small  
Ruled about and so with trees set  
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet."

There is an indefinable "something" about these old-world gardens that appeals to us all, and they afford delightful opportunities for the flower painter who would make his studies from plants as they grow, for they have the charm of a sentimental interest as well as a decorative one.

Those mossy flagged walks where bygone generations have trod; those richly-coloured old brick walls, to which the old-fashioned clematis and roses cling lovingly as of yore. Everywhere an old-world charm that the flight of Time has enhanced rather than lessened, for with the passing years the girth and beauty of those majestic trees have increased, and everything has settled into a great harmonious "whole" impossible to find in the most carefully planned new garden.

Some of my earliest recollections are of an old garden I used to visit in very tender years; and its beauty so impressed my childish mind that I can see it plainly before me even now.

A broad flight of stone steps, mossy green and splashed with orange-coloured lichens, led down from the casement windows of the old red-brick house, over a smooth, sloping lawn gay with flower beds, to where beyond, in the orchard, one came upon the remnant of an old-time moat, its still surface thickly studded with water-lilies white and yellow, over which the ancient apple-trees bent their gnarled and whitened trunks, in spring shedding a shower of rosy petals into the water below. An old



brick bridge, flanked with somewhat dilapidated stuary and vases, spanned this moat, and everywhere the mosses, lichens, and clustering ivy gave an added grace and charm.

It is long since I saw that old garden: the friends who owned it have passed away; but I have often wondered if subsequent owners have appreciated its dignified early eighteenth century air, or whether it has been fatally tidied up and "improved" to suit more modern ideas!

In such a garden are studies in plenty: the old-fashioned white cluster rose and "maiden's-blush" climbing over a rustic arch; the "herbaceous border" sunning under the warm brick wall, the sturdy buttresses of which are almost hidden with masses of purple and white clematis in luxurious profusion; the water-lilies with their broad flat leaves in large patches on the surface of the moat, breaking the reflections of blue sky and dark trees.

In a little corner in a garden like this you have a study before you full of joy and delight.

That tall spike of madonna lilies, standing so freshly white against the deep rich tones of the closely-cropped yew hedge, makes a picture in itself; or that group of hollyhocks, showing out clearly against the sky as we see it from our lowly seat on the grass— what brilliant colouring of reds, yellows, and pinks, and how the large rough leaves throw up this brightness to the best effect!

Then look at that orange-coloured climbing rose, and how delightfully its rich foliage and brilliant flowers harmonise with the old grey stone gate-post over which it is growing!

Any of these will make a charming sketch in colour, but it must be treated *broadly in masses*, for it is not possible, in this brilliant shimmer of outdoor summer-time, to copy accurately each flower and leaf.

Our eyes are attracted by the beauty of the whole, more than by individual blossoms, and it is to represent this general effect that we must direct our best efforts, rather than by painting each spray for itself, as we have done in making single studies.

Perhaps you may think this sounds as if we must undo what we have previously learnt with so much trouble and pains? Not at all! These earlier studies have taught us much of form and colour, and this is not only helpful when painting single specimens and sprays, but will have given us a knowledge that will enable us to grasp their special



A Bunch of the  
Waving Gay  
Coreopsis.

The woodman in  
his pathway  
down the wood  
Crushes with  
hasty feet full  
many a bud  
Of early prim-  
rose; yet, if  
timely spied,  
Shelter'd some  
old half-rotten  
stump beside,  
The sight will  
cheer his soli-  
tary hour  
And urge his feet  
to strive and  
save the flower.



The fairest flowers  
of the season  
Are our carnations  
and streaked  
gillyflowers.

*W. G. Smith.*

characteristics more surely when working from them as they grow.

It is a difficult matter, I know, to mass these growing groups of flowers with good effect, and to know exactly to which we should give prominence, and which should be quieted down and allowed to retire, modestly and unobtrusively, into the background.

Look at that herbaceous border simply flaming with colour in the heat of the morning sun. The brilliancy of the clumps of nasturtium, marigold, candy-tuft, sweet pea, etc., is dazzling; but would it make quite a pleasing picture? Everything is in the same bright key, nowhere can the eye rest from its almost kaleidoscopic effect. I think if it were painted under these conditions it would remind us of some of those modern atrocities of colouring in embroidery and textiles that their perpetrators fondly call "Bulgarian!" Now a picture wants something more than a mere patchwork effect, however beautiful the colours may be in themselves.

As our eyes are surely drawn to one object, and our power of vision is attracted to one particular spot, so must we endeavour to concentrate the attention of our spectator to one special point of interest, some point that is arrestive of his first glance.

Having determined this, let the composition contain some broad spaces of *restfulness* and *quiet*, thus not only affording a welcome relief to the eye, but by force of contrast enhancing, in the most wonderful way, the values of the brightness in the principal interest in the whole study.

And here we cannot fail to be struck with the immense artistic value of a shadow. It is the same in picture-making as in our lives, I think; the contrast of the shadow, through which we must all inevitably pass at some time on Life's journey, has been of great value in helping us to appreciate the sunshine lying beyond.

Lately I have been engaged on a commission to paint an old garden full of flowers, and my client was





anxious the drawing should be kept "very bright and sunny, showing a profusion of summer bloom."

The subject fascinated me, and I worked very hard at that picture for some time, but with great dissatisfaction to myself, for although I had a great many studies I had made from growing flowers to help me, and my composition, with an old Tudor house beyond, and herbaceous border and sundial in middle distance and foreground, composed well pictorially, I could not get an effect that pleased me. Although it all looked bright, it was not sunny at all!

I suddenly thought, could I throw a shadow, cast perhaps by an old wall in front, it might improve matters; and it was really wonderful the difference it made to the whole painting, for it at once concentrated the interest of the spectator on the sunny patch beyond.

I think the most beautiful effect of all in painting flowers out-of-doors is to be obtained, not when the sun is at its highest, and insistent on showing up everything in a hard brilliancy of light, but when, later in the day, it is slowly sinking to rest; casting long shadows over lawn and path, and lending a kindly indefiniteness to distance, showing everything in broad masses against the mellow light of the sky, without worrying the eye with minor detail.

It is almost impossible to get anything but a quick sketch before the light has faded away, and the greyness of evening has taken its place; but once the general effect is caught, you will be able to work at it again on subsequent evenings, when the conditions of light are the same.

Always endeavour, when painting flowers or indeed anything else in water-colour, to keep your colours bright and fresh, and to work as



And from the nectaries of hollyhocks  
The humble bee, e'en till he faint, will sip.  
*Flora's smile.*

The columbines, stone blue, or deep night brown,  
Their honeycomb-like blossoms hanging down;  
Each cottage garden's fond adopted child,  
Though heaths still claim them, where they yet grow wild.

directly as you know how, thereby avoiding the muddiness so fatal to good effect in everything, but perhaps most particularly in flowers, whose brightness and freshness constitutes their own particular charm.

Look long at your models before putting brush to paper; determine your colours, and try them first on another piece of paper of the same texture without making experiments on your study itself. This careful deliberation at the outset may be the means of saving you much trouble later on; it may save you the painful necessity of "sponging," or "washing out," and thereby worrying the surface of your paper until a roughened woolly surface is the result. Even the best water-colour papers will not stand indiscriminate scrubbing. Veteran water-colour artists have told me that the paper we buy at the present day is vastly inferior to that of the good old times, when linen rags, instead of cotton, were used in its manufacture.

When once a water-colour looks dirty, smudgy, crude, and disappointing, I would infinitely rather commence an entirely new study than spend endless time and exhaust my patience in trying to improve the old. Clear fresh colour cannot possibly be obtained over a foundation of muddiness, and the use of Chinese white is opaque and anything but satisfactory.

A fellow student of mine, who was interested in flower-painting, once showed me a study she had made of some big field daisies, and although she had taken great pains with them, she was artist enough to see there was something hard and unpleasing about the group: the greys were crude and inky, and quite unlike the pearly purity of the shades in the actual flowers; the shadows were heavy and dark; the centres hard and of a mustardy hue. She asked me what she could do to improve the whole group. "Repaint it entirely!" I answered, "for I am quite sure it will never look fresh and pure with merely touching up."

She looked at me with astonishment and reproach in her eyes. "Repaint it!" she exclaimed,









"but think of the wastefulness of using another piece of that expensive water-colour paper!"

I felt quite abashed at the estimate she had formed of my wicked extravagance, for artists' materials *do* make a big hole in a limited supply of pocket money! But at the present time, with matured judgment to help me, I still feel I was right about it: it is impossible to avoid this apparent waste at times, for we must pay for experience in everything, and the experience we have gained, even from our failures, has not been lost.

That dirty, discarded sketch has taught us what to avoid in our next effort, and surely that lesson is worth a few pence spent on a piece of paper. If great economy has to be practised, I would rather buy a cheaper make of paper for these studies, which, after all, are only stepping-stones to something higher, and have no pretensions to being finished works of Art. Whatman's "second quality" for students is really quite excellent material to work upon, being the "throw-outs," *i.e.* slightly defective pieces of the finest quality made. Sometimes the flaws are unnoticeable, but in any case it is quite good enough for practice, and it is certainly better and more satisfactory to begin a clean, fresh drawing than to muddle about in a desultory way with one already spoiled.

Of course, I know alterations are inevitable at times. It happens occasionally that when a group is nearing completion, a glaring fault in composition, that has hitherto escaped our notice, strikes us in the most unpleasantly decided way. In building up the picture, and having it constantly before us day by day, its very defects have become so familiar that we have grown unconsciously to consider them right. But when once we have seen these mistakes, or had our attention drawn to them by a candid critic, they obtrude themselves on us so persistently that we cannot rest until we have done our best to remedy them.

Suppose, for example, in painting a group of flowers we have, unconsciously to ourselves, so arranged them that they follow each other, at equal distances (and perhaps in equal sizes), in a straight line, or perhaps they are so grouped that they mount one above the other at an angle of forty-five degrees, like a flight of steps.

Once such a mistake is noticed we cannot help seeing it all the time, to the total suppression of any excellent points there may otherwise be in the painting of the picture. It must be altered, we feel, but how?

The traveller's joy  
Most beautiful when its flowers assume  
Their autumn form of feathery plume.

*Bishop Mant.*

Don't do anything rash, for that is fatal. Perhaps, after all, a small alteration is all that is necessary. For instance, one of the blooms in that too obvious line may only require toning down so that it recedes into the background, and so breaks the ugly stiffness of the straight row. But which flower shall it be?

It is an excellent plan, when in doubt on a matter like this, to make a sort of a mask on another bit of paper, cut to the size of the flower we wish to alter, and then, having roughly sketched in and coloured it according to our new ideas, to try the effect of it in its place in the group, so that we do not commit ourselves to any radical alteration before we are quite sure the composition will be improved by it.

When actual washing out is unavoidable, it must be done with the greatest care, and with as little scrubbing and disturbing of the surface of the paper as possible. Put the water on the place you wish to wipe out, with a soft clean brush, and (after having allowed it to remain a few moments to soak out the colour) blot it up, with rag, sponge or blotting-paper, with a firm pressure, but never rubbing it, and thereby worrying the paper into a rough hairy surface that will give you endless trouble when working on it again.

Do not attempt to do the latter while the paper is wet and wobbly, for this is disastrous.

Sometimes a composition is spoiled by overcrowding; this is exceedingly irritating to the eye, and must be changed, even if in so doing we have to sacrifice some of the flowers on which we have lavished much careful work. Too tightly packed a bunch is ugly, so some of the blooms must be weeded out, and a little of the background shown through.

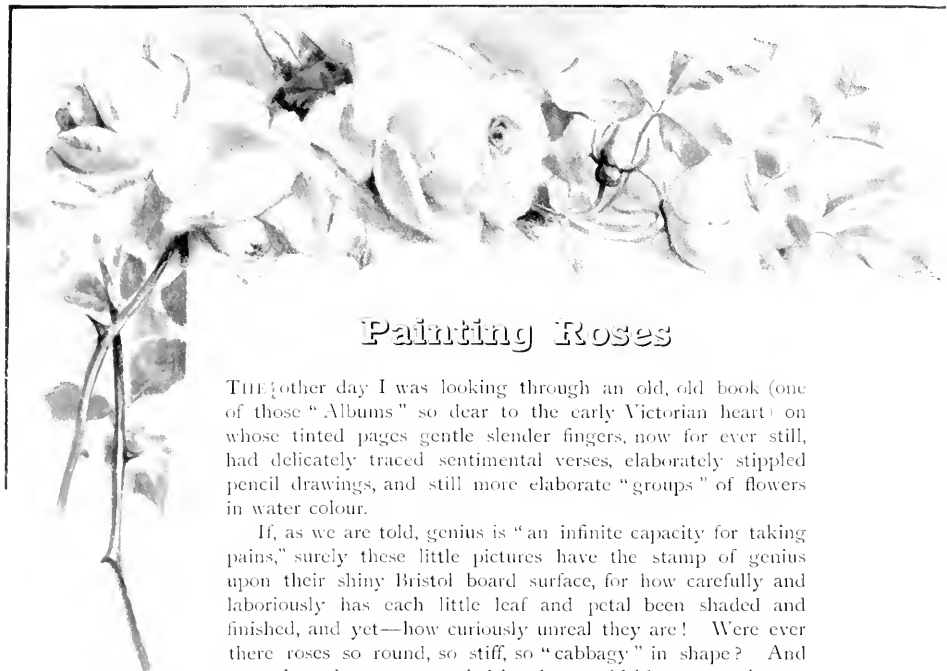
Another fault to guard against is that of getting an equal amount of background, of an equal density of colour, round each flower; this is quite unnatural, and very hard in effect. Faults of composition are bound to come occasionally in the work of everybody, be he beginner or Royal Academician: even the most talented painter cannot be sure of all his works reaching the same high artistic level. Failures are bound to occur sometimes, and so the true artist takes them philosophically, and accepts the lessons they invariably teach. Leslie tells us, "It is the happiness of a genuine painter that he is all his life a student. If the education of such a one could be finished, his Art would become little else than a mechanical routine of the pencil, and he would sink into that large class who are dexterous in everything and great in nothing."



When the Chestnut Burrs are ripe.







## Painting Roses

THE other day I was looking through an old, old book (one of those "Albums" so dear to the early Victorian heart) on whose tinted pages gentle slender fingers, now for ever still, had delicately traced sentimental verses, elaborately stippled pencil drawings, and still more elaborate "groups" of flowers in water colour.

If, as we are told, genius is "an infinite capacity for taking pains," surely these little pictures have the stamp of genius upon their shiny Bristol board surface, for how carefully and laboriously has each little leaf and petal been shaded and finished, and yet—how curiously unreal they are! Were ever there roses so round, so stiff, so "cabbagey" in shape? And were they always surrounded by those cold bluey-green leaves, with their symmetrical veinings and serrations in a darker shade of the same hue?

There is usually a gaily-striped tulip in the same group, perhaps also a polyanthus, and some forget me-nots, but they are all of them very well-behaved little flowers, and "keep their places" with wonderful and quite unnatural regularity, as if each floweret and leaf had been carefully gummed or pinned into position. While as for hanging over the edge of the elegant vase in which they are placed!—they are much too staid and stiff to be guilty of such an impropriety!

There is a great charm in these little souvenirs of a bygone age, with their memories, tender and sad, of those who have passed from our sight: but it is a charm of sentiment and association, of veneration for times of long ago. As studies of Nature they are only of value in a



negative sense, just to show us what to avoid, so as not to produce anything so absolutely unreal.

I sometimes think that in those far-away days there must have been a sort of traditional method of painting flowers, both as regards form and colour, and that actual study from Nature herself took a secondary place.

Therefore let us put our old album tenderly and reverently away, and try to work on a distinctly different plan.

I need not tell you our motto shall be absolute fidelity to Nature, so far as our limited capacity will allow, for whatever our talents, and however we strive to reproduce the loveliness we see, our reproduction will be far enough behind the original in beauty! But at least it is an honest effort, and therefore more appealing to a student of Nature than the elaborate artificial "prettiness" of the conventionalised group.

However, our business to-day is to paint roses, not merely to talk of them, so, if you have your nicely-washed palette and materials in readiness, let us start without further generalities: only you must not feel discouraged if I warn you that the task on which you have embarked is not an easy one! Not only is the rose one of the most beautiful and fascinating of flower studies, but one of the most difficult as well.

We start, perhaps, a careful drawing of a half-opened bud, and even as we work its form is changing before our eyes,

and the rose is opening her heart to the rays of light and warmth as they fall on her from the window. We must lose no time in sketching her in boldly before she alters too much, even if we have to finish the details from memory or another flower. When called away whilst painting roses (if only for a few minutes) I always carefully cover them up from the light. A cardboard box (if sufficiently large



to avoid crushing the flower or group) will answer the purpose admirably, and prove a very efficient screen.

I think, for a beginning, it would be well to make a study of the humble little wild rose of the hedgerow. There is plenty of scope for careful drawing in this flower without our having to contend with the difficulties of the multiplicity of petals possessed by her prouder sisters of the garden. Note the flimsy nature of the flower, and how delicate pink shades to creamy white; also the lovely suspicion of pearly-grey in the modelling of the petals.

Use thin rose madder for the pinky parts, with a touch of aureolin to give warmth and transparency to the reflected lights, and a very delicate mixture of cobalt and rose madder, with just a suspicion of yellow ochre, for the pearly greys; make a few dabs with your brush on a piece of white paper first, just to see if you get the mixture in right proportion.

And now perhaps we are more ambitious, and are longing to try our hands at those great fragrant belles of the rose garden. It is an education in rose drawing to go round and note the wonderful difference of form in well-known varieties. There is a *Gloire de Dijon* (or "*Glory*," as the gardener dubs it), cup-like and solid in form, with its petals curving back in fascinating little points; here is the old-world "*Maiden's blush*," very flat when fully developed; the "*Niphetos*," with its tulip-shaped petals and drooping habit, bending over so modestly that one has almost to kneel before it to see its lotus-like beauty; "*Catherine Mernet*," "*La France*," "*Malmaison*," and a host of others, each with some special character of form. Suppose we take one of the tea-rose family for our study. I choose this especially because of its wonderful variety of colour, distinction of form, and also perhaps as a little bit of personal sentiment, as a group of these self-same flowers was the very first picture I ever exhibited and sold.

What a lovely contrast the creamy yellow of the petals, as they turn back in graceful curves, gives to their under sides of warm, salmon-like pink! And I want you to notice most particularly the wonderful depths of transparent colour in the heart of the rose, absolutely different from the shadow side of the flower. I think this beautiful effect is caused by the rays of light filtering through the thin silky petals, reflecting on and intensifying the colour already there. We cannot keep this colour



Notice the slight reflected light on the shadow side near the edge.



too pure and transparent, and at the same time too quiet and flat, so as to give the idea of depth. It must recede, as it were,

and this will help your petals, with their creamy curved edges, to stand out more boldly; only don't make the latter too hard; note their modelling, and their almost opalescent shading of tender grey as they curl over.

You will notice in flower painting of all kinds what a study the texture and consistency of flower petals gives you; the solid "fleshiness" of a camellia or tuberosa, for instance, is quite distinct from the velvety softness of a rose, and this again is quite different from the flimsiness of an azalea or poppy.

Seek to notice individuality in different varieties of flowers; to understand their characteristics will enable you to portray their beauties, not only with greater ease, but with more intelligence and truth to Nature. This is, as it were, the anatomy of the subject, and I used to think such analysis was dry and uninteresting in the extreme, that it was enough to try faithfully to reproduce the beauty before me, without bothering my head about dry, structural details.

I am older and wiser, and I see farther now. Dry! Why! Nature study even apart from its application to Art is one of the greatest delights I know, however crude and unscientific our methods of approaching it may be. And I am absolutely certain that an intelligent knowledge of character and habit is of immense help when we are struggling with a subject like a rose, whose beauty of form is so

transient and evanescent that, even as we work, the opening petals are confusing us and totally altering from the outline of our drawing, for, without an intimate understanding through practice and study, we are quite unable to grasp the general characteristics of line and form.

Although far from wishing my readers to follow the "cabbage-like" form of the rose painting in the album, I would still wish to point out that there is always an underlying spherical (or perhaps I should say, *egg-shaped*) form in a rose. The petals are wrapped round this, and, however they unfold and change in shape as the flower matures, this form is always there as a basis.



The wayside rose  
Blossomed in every  
fragile crimson  
change.

— J. G. Thompson



If you have ever had any lessons in model drawing and shading, you will have learnt that in any object of globular, or approaching globular, form (such as an apple, orange, etc.), the darkest part does not extend to the extreme edge of the shadow side any more than the bright light falls on the edge of the light side. The rough sketch of apples at the bottom of page 71 will illustrate my meaning more clearly. There is a slight reflected light on the shadow side near the edge, while on the light side the extreme edge is receding from us, owing to the spherical form of the object, and therefore does not catch the light so strongly as the point nearest us. All this must be remembered in shading a rose.

Half close your eyes to see your flower (or flowers in broad masses of light and shade. I think I advised this in our talk on violet painting in the first chapter of this book, but please excuse me if I am rather insistent on it, for it is really a wonderful help!

If our Editor will allow me space for a digression, I must tell you a funny little anecdote apropos of this practice of mine. My mother, re-arranging the walls of a room after re-decoration, with the aid of a youthful maid newly imported from the West Countree, asked the girl (from her elevated position on the high steps) if a picture she had just restored to its hook was hanging straight. The damsel hurried to the other side of the room, and stood gazing, head on one side, with such violent contortions of countenance that my mother, somewhat alarmed for the girl's sanity, asked, "Whatever is the matter with you, Alice?" "Oh! please, ma'am," was the reply, "I was only looking at it artistic, like Miss Maude!"

Whether this startling performance was a help to her to discover the exact equilibrium of the water-colour, and whether I look quite so comical when at my work, I don't know; but of this I am sure, we can judge a general effect in broad masses through our half-closed lids far better than when,



with wide-open eyes, perplexed with complications of detail, we *see too much*.

What we must aim at in picture making is to reproduce not so much what is actually before us, as what we *see of it*, what strikes us as a first impression. If you are looking at a bunch of flowers, or still-life group of any kind, your eye is sure to be arrested at once by some prominent feature in it, probably where the light catches it most strongly, and although the rest of the group is *there*, and you are conscious of its presence, it is in a measure subordinated and subdued.

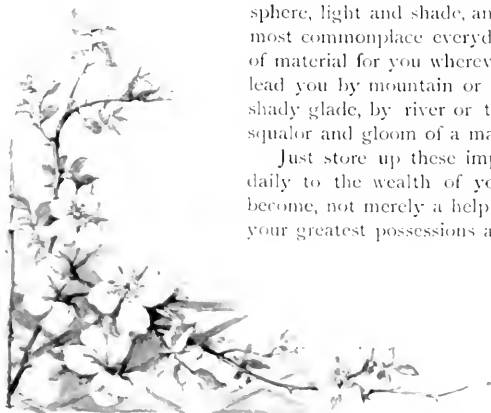
Our power of vision does not allow us in the same moment to see everything before us with the same distinction; therefore, in picture making, it is a golden rule to determine our principal point of interest and concentration from the first, although, of course, this must not be made too obvious and forced.

Above all, in painting roses or indeed any other flowers, keep your colours clean and pure. It is so easy to lose the delicacy and purity that are the most beautiful attributes of these, God's gifts. Look at this so-called white rose: hold it against something white, say a tablecloth or piece of white paper, and you will be astonished to find it is simply teeming with colour, a colour quite different from the hard bluish-white of the background, and so delicate and transparent, so elusive and soft, that we are almost in despair at the dinginess and smudginess of our humble effort at reproduction.

I should advise a darker (but not too dark) background for this subject, so as to throw the delicacy of the flower into better relief by way of contrast.

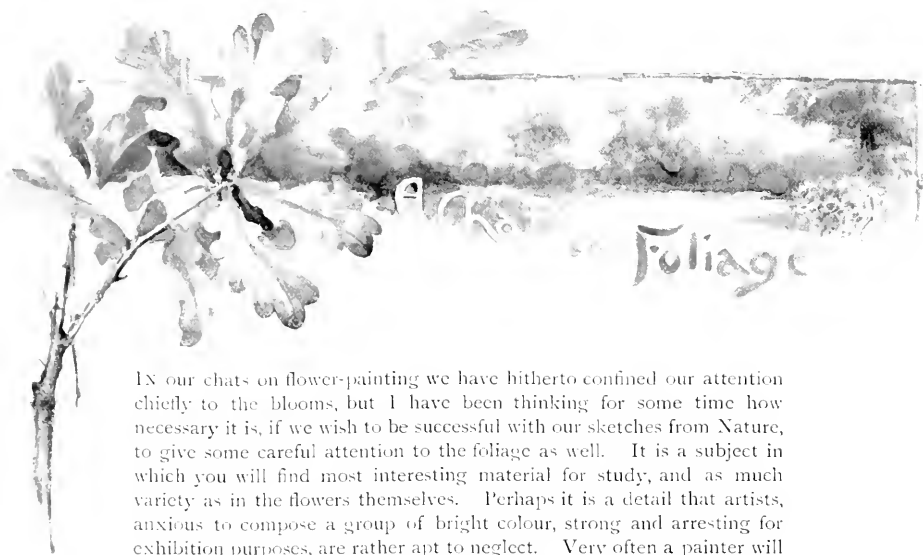
Educate your eyes to see not only form and colour, but tone values as well. Compare one object with another, and note their relations in tone, colour, and form. Although you cannot be making studies with brush and pencil all day, you are carrying your eyes and brain about with you all the time. Train them to take mental notes of what you see around you, and train your memory to retain these notes: notice comparative sizes of objects, colour, forms and shapes, atmosphere, light and shade, and all the wonders around even the most commonplace everyday life. There is an infinite fund of material for you wherever you go, whether your footsteps lead you by mountain or moorland heath, open common or shady glade, by river or the wide seashore, or even in the squalor and gloom of a manufacturing town.

Just store up these impressions in your memory, adding daily to the wealth of your store, and you will find they become, not merely a help in your artistic efforts, but one of your greatest possessions and delights.



**First of all the rose: because its breath  
Is rich beyond the rest, and when it dies  
It doth bequeath a charm to sweeten death.**

*Barry Cornwall.*



IN our chats on flower-painting we have hitherto confined our attention chiefly to the blooms, but I have been thinking for some time how necessary it is, if we wish to be successful with our sketches from Nature, to give some careful attention to the foliage as well. It is a subject in which you will find most interesting material for study, and as much variety as in the flowers themselves. Perhaps it is a detail that artists, anxious to compose a group of bright colour, strong and arresting for exhibition purposes, are rather apt to neglect. Very often a painter will concentrate his whole attention on a mass of bloom, and when it comes to painting the leaves accompanying the flowers, he will express them with the merest blur of green.

But even in the slightest sketch there must be a suggestion of their form and character, and this suggestion, achieved in a most wonderful manner with a few well-placed dabs of a brush when a practised hand has guided it, is the outcome of much preliminary careful exercise and study.

**Don't try to be  
"Dashy."**

It is really rather a dangerous thing, I think, to try to imitate the masterly "dashing" style of execution we admire in a sketch by a skilled hand. At best our drawing, based on the experience of others, can be nothing but an imitation, and as such can only be poor and weak. We have a far, far better chance of ultimate success if we profit by our own observance and practice, and thus form a style of our own, independent of the ideas of others. Don't try to be "dashy" until the dashiness comes of itself. By dint of practice you are unconsciously learning not only to see things correctly, but also the most





direct and the simplest way of expressing what you see; you are cultivating your own individuality and style, not merely adopting a sort of second-hand slickness based on other people's.

Foliage at all times gives us much to learn; not only is there immense variety in the structural form of single leaves of different species, but when we are drawing a spray or branch, the leaves arrange themselves in such a number of different positions that no two seem the least bit alike. Some, pointing towards us, are a wonderful study in foreshortening; some, receding from our view, teach us perspective; some are slightly turned over, and give us a fascinating peep at their under sides, in many cases quite different in colour and always different in texture. Yet with all these differences of arrangement, the actual form of the leaf as we first saw it flat before us is still

there in every one, and we must not lose sight of its character, whatever its position on the bough.

The value of a spray of leafage as study of line cannot be too highly estimated; it is an excellent plan to make occasionally an outline drawing only, for no shaded group, however highly finished, can look right if the foreshortening and perspective of its form is incorrect.

Notice carefully the characteristic shape of the leaves, and how this form is still there in them all in spite of the different positions in which they fall. The centre vein (or mid-rib) must not be lost sight of in a study like this, for it is most important in determining the direction of the leaf.

**First Indicate Direction  
of Main Branches.**

It is wise, first of all, to indicate lightly with faint pencil lines, the direction of the main branch of the spray, even before putting in the leaves falling across it. It can easily be rubbed out where it is not wanted later, and it will not only help you to determine its main direction, but



Here are old trees, tall oaks, and gnarled pines  
That stream with grey-green mosses; here the ground  
Was never trenched by spade, and flowers spring up  
Unsovn, and die ungathered.

*W. C. Bryant.*



'Tis a bleak wild hill, but green  
and bright  
In the summer warmth and the  
midday light;  
There's the hum of the bee, and  
the chirp of the wren,  
And the dash of the brook from  
the elder glen,  
There's the sound of a bell from  
the scattered flock,  
And the shade of the beech lies  
cool on the rock.

*W. C. Bryant.*

you will also avoid the danger of getting a broken, distorted-looking twig, which would be the inevitable result if you tried putting it in bit by bit as it reappears at intervals behind the leaf clusters.

Now, with still the lightest possible touches of your pencil, roughly indicate the position and size of the various groups, in their relation one to another; and be sure these positions and sizes are true before beginning a detailed drawing of individual leaves. It is most important to do this, for it is a curious fact that most of us when drawing anything not previously "roughed" or "blocked" out, have a sort of unconscious, inherent tendency to enlarge as we go on. Why this should be so I cannot tell you; I have often wondered about it myself.

Most of you at some time in your lives have amused yourselves with drawing pigs with closed eyes; possibly some of your friends possess albums full of these extraordinary specimens of porkers.

You will notice in nearly every case that when poor Piggy, commencing with a curly twist of his tail, has attained the dignity of hind legs, he has hopelessly strayed away from the scale of his original beginnings and absolutely refuses to join up at all! It is curious that this tendency to enlargement should show itself even in this childish game, as well as in our serious studies.

The newly-opened leaves on the lime-trees outside my studio window are waving before me as I write. They are still bright and beautiful in their early spring freshness, though, alas, by the time you are reading this, they will all be smoky and begrimed. There is much to be learnt from them before that, though! Look at the wonderful perspective, look at their subtle colour, and light and shade, with the varying sunbeams playing around them, their form too constantly changing as they bend to the breeze.

A casual observer would say they are all a bright fresh green; but you and I will go a little farther and notice carefully of what this "bright fresh green" is composed. Although of not nearly so shiny a surface as many other varieties, the lime-leaves have a certain power of reflection on their upper sides, and take a blue-grey light from the sky.



Unwatch'd, the garden bough shall sway,  
The tender blossom flutter down;  
Unloved, that beech will gather brown  
This maple burn itself away.

Where the light is passing through them the leaves are translucent and their brightest green. If the sun is shining this is so much enhanced by its rays as to be almost golden, while the darkest parts of the study are those leaves so overshadowing each other that the light cannot penetrate through.

**The Question  
of Colour**

Although I am limited to black and white in these illustrations, I have my paint-box before me to enable me to make experiments and give you some idea in words of the colours you may find useful in a study like this, although you must not take me too literally.

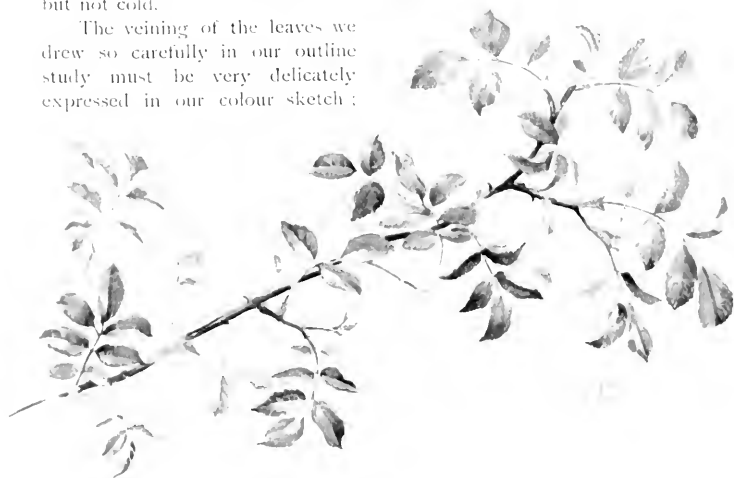
So much depends on yourself, on the conditions of light under which you work, and then again on the proportions of any mixture of colours you are using, that it is almost impossible to give a formula for any particular bit of colouring that is absolutely correct.

I give the tints as they appeal to my sense of colour, but that may be quite different from yours, and who shall say which of us is right?

Well, then, the lime-leaves in their brightest parts seem to me a mixture of aureolin yellow and Antwerp blue, in the sunlight the aureolin predominating very largely. For the darker leaves and those in shadow I should use raw sienna, Indian yellow, and Antwerp blue; while for the reflected lights from the sky I think a light wash of cobalt, tempered with touches of rose madder and aureolin, would give the right effect. The proportions you must find out by experimental dabs on your palette or a piece of white paper; and do not forget these mixtures admit of very great variety by altering their proportions, and the density with which they are used.

Beware of getting the leaves cold in colour; a too lavish use of blue is to be carefully avoided; remember always to keep your shadows warm in colour, and lights cool, but not cold.

The veining of the leaves we drew so carefully in our outline study must be very delicately expressed in our colour sketch;



perhaps the most salient lines may be left white at first, and then lightly gone over with a faint wash of colour as the study nears completion, or they may be taken out afterwards. Using a fine sable brush filled with clean water, we must delicately trace their direction on the already dry colour surface of our leaves, and then with a clean soft rag and a firm pressure, wipe out the colour. This line will, of course, need touching up after, defining here, losing there.

**A Spray of  
Rose-leaves.**

A spray of rose-leaves is a very beautiful study. Take a single leaf first and study its shape, noting not only its form of five leaflets, but the way they are arranged on the stem. The serrations on the leaves require care, they are not a mere jagged edge, but each little spine points towards the tip of the leaf. Then again notice the position of the thorns on the stem; they are somewhat hooked in shape, the prickly part pointing downwards. Nature has a special purpose in arranging them thus, as they defy the approach of predatory insects.

Some species of rose, like the *Niphetos*, for instance, have leaves somewhat drooping in form, and in colour rather a cold dark green.

The foliage of the *Gloire de Dijon* is very beautiful; the green is bright but warm in colour, and slightly tinged with a bronze hue at the edges. The "*Grüss an Teplitz*" leaves are a rich red brown. In every case there is great variety in individual sprays. For the *Dijon* leaves I would try aureolin yellow with cobalt, Indian yellow with emerald green, and a mixture of rose madder and Indian yellow washed in lightly where the leaves are tinged with red. Brown pink is very useful for giving a warm olive tint in the depths.

I think it would be a most interesting and absorbing study to one who had time to make it, and interest in the work, to sketch the leaves of any particular tree at various stages of their development. Take the oak, for instance. At the time I am writing, the new young leaves, very tender and somewhat flabby in texture, are unfolding to the spring sunshine, while the pretty catkins of the male flowers are still waving in the breezes; here and there a bunch of tan-brown leaves from last year hang perseveringly on, having defied the winter's storms.

Then later on in the year the leaves will have lost their delicate tints of early spring; they are sturdier and stronger, and darker in



Down a winding glade with leaflets walled,  
With an odorous dewy dark imbued;  
Rose and maple and hazel called  
Me into shadowy solitude.

colour, and their shape is more defined. Many of the branches have produced a second crop of young leaves, Lammas shoots, as the foresters call them, and their fresh light green makes a beautiful contrast among the darker leaves. Soon—too soon, alas! when we realise it is a symbol that summer is passing—these oak-leaves are again changing in colour; the light frosts of early autumn have tinged them with a glory of variegated green and gold. Later on, when the frosts have become more insistent and severe, these leaves turn a rich brown, and frequently cling, in a more or less crumpled form, to their branches throughout the whole winter, giving a lovely patch of warm colour in the greyneyness of a winter landscape.

**The Characteristics of  
the Leaf-forms.**

Be very careful, when colour is absorbing your attention and interest, to avoid losing sight of the special characteristics of the form of the leaves. Although I am generally very averse to exaggeration in any form, perhaps it is better for the student to accentuate their characteristics rather than to lose sight of them altogether.

In one and all of these studies we cannot fail to be struck with the marvellous invention and the wonderful feeling for decorative effect Nature shows us. The designer, whose art consists of the conventionalisation of these natural forms for purposes of decoration and applied art, finds much to learn from leaves.

Look at this sycamore leaf, for instance, and in it we see three most useful principles of ornament—gradation, symmetry and radiation.

Take the leaf and study its form. Notice, that in spite of the serrations of its edges, what bold grand sweeps of form we see from point to point; this is gradation.

Look how this beautiful shape is repeated on both sides, reversed,

of course, in direction, the value of those curves immensely enhanced by this repetition; this is symmetry.

Now notice the wonderful veining of the leaf, and how from the main rib of the centre the lesser veins







branch out, following the form of the leaf in a wonderful sequence of lines ; this is radiation.

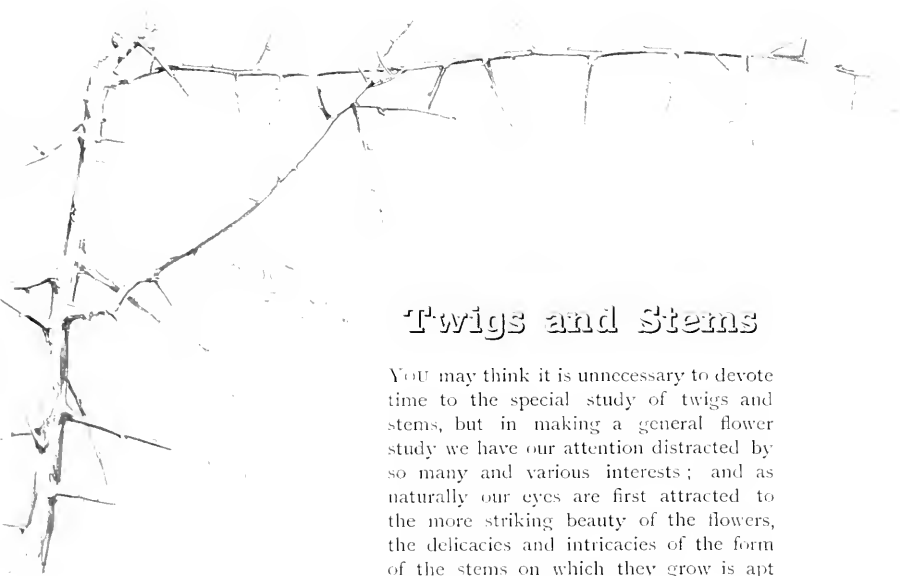
You will observe that, in spite of this repetition of form, giving restfulness and unity, Nature is never monotonous. There are always variations to prevent the design from becoming uninteresting. In the leaf before us you will notice how the veins are finer and nearer together as they approach the point, widening into stronger lines and wider spaces near the broader parts.

What an immense influence natural plant form has had on art from all time ! We can never be at a loss for subjects, and foliage especially opens up a most wide and varied field for study.









## Twigs and Stems

You may think it is unnecessary to devote time to the special study of twigs and stems, but in making a general flower study we have our attention distracted by so many and various interests; and as naturally our eyes are first attracted to the more striking beauty of the flowers, the delicacies and intricacies of the form of the stems on which they grow is apt

to be slurred over, and not given the attention their importance demands, while, once we have studied them for themselves, we shall have obtained an appreciation of their beauty of structure that makes it impossible for us to pass them over with careless touch.

I really think they ought to take a most important place in our Nature Study, for not only do stem and branch control the direction of our whole spray, but they give individuality and character to the various forms of plant life in as great a measure as the flowers and leaves themselves, and yet how often the drawing of them is neglected! A student will sometimes spend much time in a careful endeavour to make a really faithful study of a flower, but when he gets to the stem, he will make a few hasty inconsidered strokes do duty for the expression of it, or a careless jagged line, quite unlike the delicate and characteristic forms he sees before him, if he would only trouble to look.

I have only just to mention a few varieties of flowers to show you the immense difference in the form of their stalks and stems.





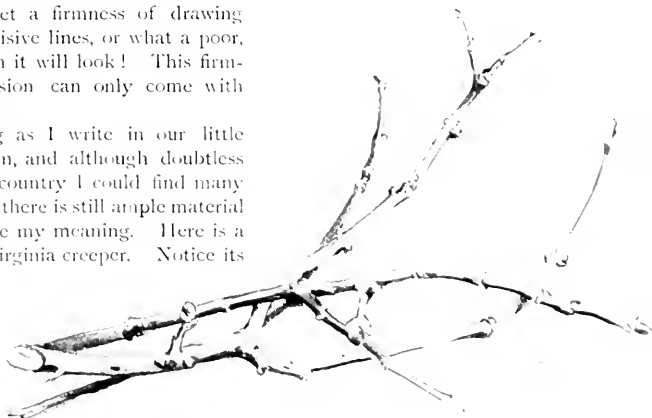
Compare the stalk of a rose, violet, lily, primrose, harebell, and any other well-known flowers. Are there two in the least bit alike? And do you not see that, if you do not bestow the same care and attention as you have on the flower on its necessary stem, much of the character and conviction of the former is lost? Why, the rose stem alters even in different varieties, and though this may pass unnoticed by a careless eye, show a drawing faulty in this respect to an ardent horticulturist, and he will pounce on the error at once!



Look at the ethereal beauty of a harebell or a primrose stem, and then at the sturdiness of a wild hyacinth, and notice that it is not only in contour and consistency they differ, but in texture as well. The bluebell stem is thick and succulent, its surface smooth and shiny; the harebell is so slight and frail, it requires almost a fairy touch to express its airy lightness; the primrose, though thicker, is still slender, and its hairy texture gives quite a different effect.

Having noticed the form of any particular stem, our next step is to spare no pains with its drawing; if we express it with a careless, "wobbling" outline, jagged and irregular, it will look poor and weak. We must endeavour to get a firmness of drawing into it with decisive lines, or what a poor, broken specimen it will look! This firmness and precision can only come with careful practice.

I am sitting as I write in our little suburban garden, and although doubtless were I in the country I could find many more examples, there is still ample material here to illustrate my meaning. Here is a trail of young virginia creeper. Notice its

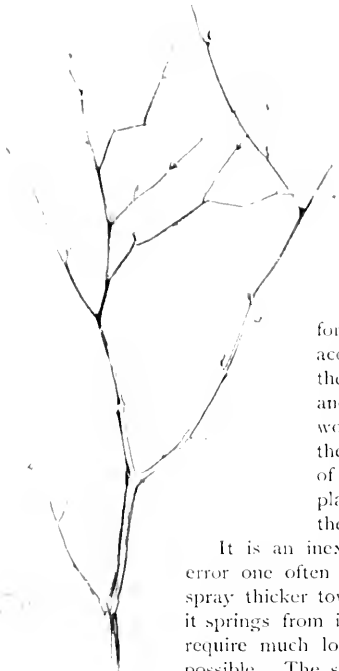


Erm



Oct

Hawthorn

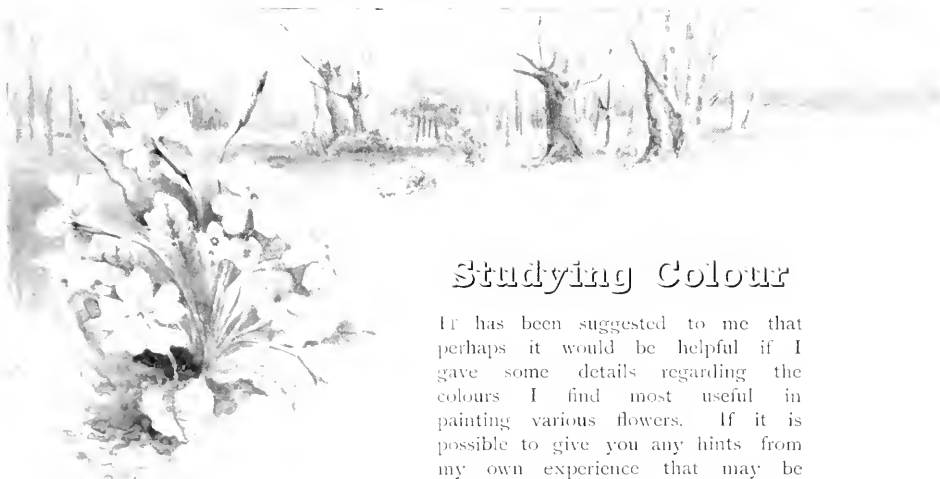


round succulent stem; it must be drawn with firm clear lines (not thick here, thin there, but with a decided unbroken sweep from joint to joint, where there is a thickness requiring careful notice; at each joint are two little sheaths, and they have formed a protection for the early stages of the leaf and its accompanying tendril we see at each of these joints. These stems, so tender and brittle now, will become hard and woody as the season goes on its way, and the joints, each containing the beginnings of a new shoot of its own, are part of the plant's scheme of growth, and therefore their importance must not be overlooked.

It is an inexcusable error, and yet an error one often sees perpetrated, to draw a spray thicker towards the point than where it springs from its parent stem: it does not require much logic to see that this is impossible. The sap must pass through that lower part first, and if the stem grew thicker instead of thinner, how could there be enough of that sap, passing through a narrower channel first, to nourish it adequately? Look at the spray of virginia creeper, and you will see that, beyond the thickening incidental to the joints, each section tapers the farther it grows away from its parent stem; this tapering may in some cases be very gradual, but it is always there.

This principle applies, of course, to all vegetation: you will notice it especially in your studies of trees; a lesser branch could not support a larger, and if this simple fact were kept more constantly before us, how much truer and more convincing many Nature Studies would look!





## Studying Colour

It has been suggested to me that perhaps it would be helpful if I gave some details regarding the colours I find most useful in painting various flowers. If it is possible to give you any hints from my own experience that may be useful to you I shall be most delighted to be of service, but at the same time I do not wish you to receive them solely on my recommendation. If it were possible to work from a stereotyped formula to obtain the lovely variations of tone and colour Nature shows us under different conditions, the charm and delight of sketching would be gone.

It is well-nigh impossible, when we sit before a group of flowers ready to take their portraits, to tell off-hand what colouring we shall use: we must, to a certain extent, experiment on each new study we make; for weather, surroundings, light and shade, and atmospheric conditions make so vast a difference that the variations of both tone and tint are very great. Even if we are working in a room, an overcast sky will have a great effect on the lighting of our group. The colours are more subdued, and perhaps seen in more decided masses of light and shade than when a bright insistent light shows up the details more strongly. On a sunny day you will notice wonderful warmth in the shadow, and brilliant reflections that were lost when the light was greyer.

Then the surroundings of the room itself are also of importance; for instance, a room with light yellow paper on the walls must of necessity give you warmer, more luminous shadows than a room where darker tones predominate.

But even this is not everything. Perhaps the most important factor of all in seeing colour is our own temperament, for it is well known that no two artists see exactly alike. We have only to look around any of our picture galleries to notice this, and if we could watch several of our best-

**The lilac, various in attire—now white, Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set With purple spikes pyramidal; as if, Studious of ornament, yet unresolved Which hue she most approves, she chose them all.**

*Cooper.*



known painters working from the same object, we should be perfectly astonished to see the different interpretations they have put upon seemingly very obvious things, though all might be right according to their own especial scheme. One may see grey where another sees warmth; but if each sketch is harmonious in itself, it may be equally beautiful and true to Nature.

**Seeing with our own Individuality.**

It is this individuality, this seeing of natural objects through our own unaided vision, that makes the study of Art so alluring and so delightful. Of course, it means a long and laborious apprenticeship to find out, with only the aid of our great teacher Nature, by what colours we can best express the impression formed on our mental vision of her beauties.

Therefore do not accept any of the suggestions I give here as final. Try them if you will, but do not take them as hard and fast rules to be followed blindly. God has given each of us a pair of eyes to see with, and we must use those eyes themselves, not depending on the experience of others, if we wish to do good work.

It is rather difficult sometimes to answer a correspondent who writes to ask what colour can be used for such and such a flower. How can one give an adequate reply? What flower grows that consists of one colour only? Even if the petals do not, as is usually the case, contain wonderful gradations and variety of colour in themselves, there is generally a number of outside influences around to cause a great variation in the local colour; that petal, receding, is greyer in hue; this one, pointing towards us, is brightened by a brilliant spot of light; here the light is passing through a petal, giving a clear translucent effect. Instead of one colour for that flower you will want many, and if you love Nature and are earnest in your work, it will be a joy and delight to find them out unaided. I can only help you with suggestions and perhaps a few general rules.

Here is a useful list of colours:— Rose Madder, Lemon Yellow, Antwerp Blue, Raw Umber, Orange Vermilion, Aureolin, Cobalt, Vandyke Brown, Light Red, Indian Yellow, Mauve, Raw Sienna, Burnt Sienna, Yellow Ochre, Brown Pink.

**Experimenting with Colour.**

Now I expect we all of us remember how we learnt, when our first colour boxes were the joy and delight of our juvenile days, that red, blue, and yellow were the *primary* colours, and not to be produced by any mixtures.

The woodbine,  
climbing o'er the  
door in bowers;  
The London  
tufts of many a  
mottled hue;  
The pale pink pea,  
and monkshood  
darkly blue,  
The white and  
purple gilly-  
flowers, that stay  
lingering in blossom  
some summer  
half away.

*Clara.*

What delight and wonder it was to find that red and blue made violet ; red and yellow, orange ; and blue and yellow, green ! How assiduously we ground away at those hard cakes of colour, and *what* a terrible mess we made of them all ! There is just the same interest to be had in experimental colouring now, fresh delights of tone, just as fascinating as those early efforts, without the messiness !

My first essay into water-colour painting was, I grieve to say, a surreptitious one. I had been punished for some childish indiscretion, by being shut in an empty room, my captors forgetting that a door communicating with my father's study was open. Here, indeed, was food for wonder and delight. Models of ships, curios of various kinds, hitherto out of reach, I fingered with the enthusiasm of a true daughter of Eve for forbidden fruit. But the greatest joy of all was to discover that my naughty podgy little fingers could slide back the lid of the old-fashioned mahogany colour-box, and so disclose to view the treasures within. Could a youthful soul with artistic longing withstand so great a temptation ? I commenced a series of hasty "impressions" on note-paper, letters, anything I could find about, hurriedly throwing them behind the writing-table to avoid detection. And although a speedy retribution followed, for of course these works of Art were discovered when the room was swept, I still remember that hour of stolen joy as one of the happiest in my life.

**Many Colours where Tradition  
Names but One.**

In a previous chapter I mentioned what a mistake a beginner makes, if, instead of looking for himself, he relies on the colour tradition has taught him to call his model from childhood. I have a half-finished study of apple-blossom before me as I write. What colour is apple-blossom ? Don't all answer at once, please, and say, " Why, pink, of course."

Look again. There is pink in it certainly : the unopened buds are almost pure rose madder ; but what a number of other colours as well ! The wide-open flowers are not very pink, except on their under sides. They are a warm white, with pearly-grey modelling to show the flimsiness of the petals ; but it is a luminous grey, and, if I remember rightly, I used a mixture of cobalt, aureolin, and rose madder to express it, with aureolin and lemon yellow for the pretty pale stamens in the centres. Some of the branches are lying on a white cloth ; this I have purposely kept rather low in tone to enhance the purity of the blossoms, and indeed their fresh warm whiteness did stand out in a wonderful manner in the natural group.

A very general fault with a beginner at flower-painting is that he



will try to paint a bloom with the colour he judges nearest in hue, and attempt to get all its form and modelling, all its variation of tint, with different depths of the same hue. This can never possibly look right. The local colour, *z.e.* the colour of the flower itself, is only visible in places, as a rule mid-way between light and dark, and the lights and shadings we notice are caused by various influences and conditions of light.

**The Grey Shadows.**

It is very difficult sometimes to get a student to see this grey colour caused by modelling and shadow, and when he does see it, he will possibly overdo it, and thus get a hard, dirty, and cold effect. Some will even use diluted black and call it grey. I once heard of a lady who shaded a lily with Indian ink! But it does not require much experience or even penetration to see what a dead effect this would have. The wonderful pearl-like tints in the modelling of a white flower, the beautiful luminosity in its depths, we have spoken of before, but it is a point worth emphasising; for, once seen aright, it will be a study causing you boundless enthusiasm every time you try your skill.

In many cases, especially with yellow flowers, it is as well to put in the modelling and shading on the clean white paper with a delicate grey and let it dry before applying the local colour. Many pigments resent being worked over after lemon yellow is particularly disagreeable about it, so it is well to use them in pure washes as much as possible.

How curious it is that the three primaries, the brightest colours we have, should produce, when mixed together in equal parts, the most neutral colour of all, grey! The proportions admit of very great variation. For instance, a predominance of red and blue, with only a dash of yellow, will give a purplish grey, or yellow and blue in excess will give a greenish grey. Take your colours and make some experiments. For very delicate greys use cobalt, rose madder, and aureolin, for a stronger and darker one, cobalt, light red, and yellow ochre, or cobalt and burnt sienna.

**Mixing Colours.**

Although such beautiful effects can be obtained in printing from the three primary colours alone, we who have a larger range of pigments at our command will soon begin to notice that certain colours possess qualities of their own lending themselves more readily and helpfully to particular





The wood is deep-boughed, and its glade  
Has ruts of waggon to and fro;  
Yet where the print of wheel is made  
The bracken ventures still to grow.

*L. Gordon Hake.*

mixtures than others. To make my meaning clearer: Antwerp and Prussian blue are greenish blues, and therefore when blended with yellow will produce a brighter green than would be the case if cobalt or ultramarine had been used: the latter, having purplish tendencies, makes excellent mauves, purples, and violets when mixed with rose madder or crimson lake. Then, again, vermilion, an orange red, makes a more satisfactory orange colour if mixed with Indian yellow than if a pinkish red had been used, while, on the other hand, mixed with blue, it would have been anything but a satisfactory purple.

It is only experiment and experience that will teach you the special characteristics of various pigments, and this all comes with practice. You will notice that rose madder, Prussian blue and Indian yellow are transparent colours, while yellow ochre, light red, vermilion, and lemon yellow are opaque; this, of course, gives a very different quality to our work, and must be remembered in mixing.

Brown pink is useful in giving a very beautiful warm olive tint to green, but it is rather a gummy colour, and, if used too heavily, will always have a somewhat sticky effect and never properly dry.

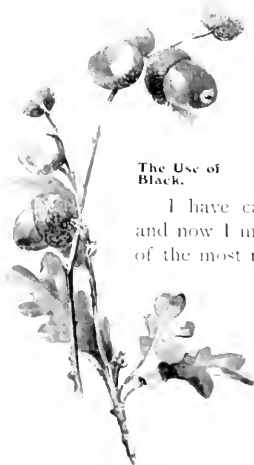
Sometimes brilliancy of effect is better gained by using colours in single washes, one over the other: for instance, if a light wash of Antwerp blue is put on a leaf, allowed to dry, and then a wash of aureolin is applied after, it will probably produce a more intense green than if the tints had been mixed first on a palette in the ordinary way.

#### **The Use of Chinese White.**

I do not as a rule advise the use of Chinese white to students; it is rather tiresome to manage, and is apt to give a hard opaque look to water-colour drawings; whereas, especially in painting flowers, it is a great thing to aim at freshness and transparency of effect.

If you feel a touch of brighter light is absolutely necessary to a drawing, and the colour you wish to remove has stained the paper too deeply to admit of washing out, do not mix your tints with the white on your palette; put a sharp definite touch of pure Chinese white on first, and when it is thoroughly dry, lightly glaze the local colour





**The Use of Black.**

and shading on after; this will have a far better and less messy effect.

I have cautioned you against the indiscriminate use of white, and now I must add a word of warning about black as well. One of the most usual mistakes a beginner makes is that, in his anxiety to make a forcible study, he will put in the darkest part with a strong, hard black, quite out of keeping with the general tone of the drawing.

I remember the time when I was a very big offender in this way myself, and can recall with amusement an early attempt at portraiture, when, with the idea of giving expression and beauty to the dark eyes of my sitter—a patient and long-suffering cousin, I made them so staringly black that one of my family critics aptly remarked, they looked “like two holes burnt in a blanket!”

This was not the only case. Anxious to get a strong effect, I introduced little bits of pure black in all my flower groups as well, with such appalling results that one day my uncle kindly but firmly abstracted the offending pigment from my box, advising me to try how I could get along without it. And although for a time I missed it sorely, I found ultimately I could do so well without its aid, that I have never used it in my flower studies since. I find that even in the deepest parts, a mixture of cobalt and vandyke brown will give me quite as dark a tone as I am likely to require.

There is very little hard black or crude white in Nature as we see it: even a piece of pure white paper cannot appear purely white to our sight, for outside influences and conditions modify it to a great extent, a shade here, a reflection there. In the same way a black object is never purely black, but is subject to great variations of tone resulting from the proximity of objects around, which reflect different colours into its surface and texture.

In looking at a mass of white flowers how much do we see that is really without colour and tone? The mass must give the effect of white, and broadly speaking it is white, but so tempered by modelling, texture, reflection, and shadow as to only show really white on the points where the light falls strongest. It requires great caution, great restraint, to see this and not overdo it: remember it is a mass of light in the



light, though subject to local influences, and as such the shadows can never be so dark and strong as on the shadow side: meaningless little bits of dark cutting it up will look hard and out of place.

#### Complementary Colours.

I dare say you know that every colour has its complementary one, and unless you are colour-blind, it is easy to find out what it is for yourself. Put a dab of bright colour (red, for instance) on a piece of white paper, look at it intently for a few seconds in a strong light, and then at once on a blank space on the paper. What do you see? Instead of a red spot you see a green one, and by this simple test you can learn what is scientifically the right colour to use if you wish to intensify another by contrast. As an example, you may have been painting a field, and you think the grass looks rather dull in hue; put a few scarlet poppies in the foreground, and the effect is almost magical. Red, as the complementary colour to green, has enhanced and intensified the strength of the latter.

Speaking in a broad sense, the three primary colours, yellow, red, and blue, may be said to represent light, colour, and shade. There is always a great deal of yellow in sunshine and sunny effects. Look at a leaf with the sun glinting through, and note how much more yellow it contains than it would on a grey day! Red is expressive of warmth; while blue without doubt gives an idea of distance and quietness, because mist in the air being blue, it subdues and qualifies the colour of objects that are far away.

Sometimes when a study is nearing completion, we notice there is something inharmonious in the colour. Perhaps it looks cold, the shadows are too grey and want warmth in the reflections. Very often we have painted at different times under different conditions of light, consequently the work does not come together pleasingly as a whole. Sometimes a little warmer colour worked judiciously into shadows and background will be of great service; sometimes the latter may require a grey tint worked in to quiet and subdue it.

It is necessary, when painting groups of flowers in colour, to arrange the colours of the relative objects in the composition, so that, by harmony and contrast, they are helpful to each other.

Suppose, for instance, you painted some apple-blossom, always rather a cold pink, in a blue jar against a grey background, the effect would be cold in the extreme. But if the background had been

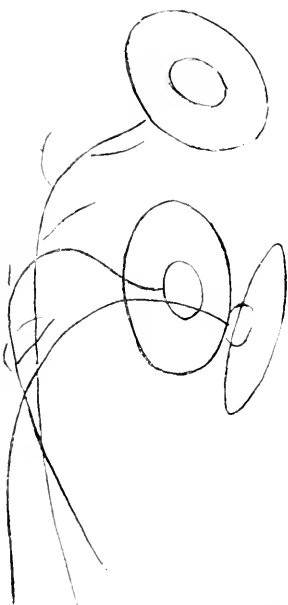


Oh, the sweet dried lavender!  
Oh, the more than scent in it!  
The butterflies and the bees astir,  
The pipe of linnets pent in it!

*May Poem*

a warm colour, with perhaps a good deal of olive brown predominating, and the jar a warm grey or biscuit colour, the effect would have been infinitely more pleasing to the eye; because, not only would the richer colouring have acted as an agreeable contrast to the delicate purity of the flowers, but the presence of warmth and colour in the surroundings would have cast reflections of warmth into the shadows of the flowers themselves.

What I have previously tried to impress upon you of the value of eye-training to see form and effect applies with equal force to colour.



Rough sketch showing main direction of the blossoms.

Indicating the general outline of the group, before working at the detail, as described on page 102



The outline drawn



The finished sketch



## Some Hints to Beginners

IN these talks on flower-painting I have addressed myself chiefly to my fellow-students in Nature study, and, therefore, perhaps I have rather ignored the elements of first practice. But, in talking over our subjects, Miss Klickmann and I have come to the conclusion that an article written especially for beginners might not only be useful to new recruits in the ranks of flower-painters, but to those of us who may also wish to give instruction to others. Therefore, in this chapter, although I am well aware I lay myself open to the accusation of having "put the cart before the horses," I shall say a few words about first beginnings in Art, those beginnings that are all-important to the student, and which show, even from the earliest times, the capacity for, and love of, Art, that with the very necessary attribute of perseverance make for future success.

Most young children learn a little drawing, even in their "Kindergarten" days, and as a training for eye and hand, and, above all, for impressing the memory, it is an excellent method. But the child who has a latent talent will go further than this, his pencil has so great a fascination for him that every scrap of paper within his reach is covered with the curious forms and shapes evolved by his childish brain; at first so rude and rough that their meaning and intention is so obscure as to be quite unintelligible even to the fondest and proudest parent, but gradually as his perceptive faculties develop, showing not only an intelligent idea of proportion and line, but wonderful flights of imagination as well.

### **A Child's Earliest Efforts.**

It is well to encourage these early efforts, and not to be contemptuous even if the youthful artist has attempted a subject a great master might approach with awe. There is no irreverence really in those travesties of great subjects treated so naively; the little brain has adapted the stories of old to his own limited understanding and his own time, and to him this conception is very real and true.

I think, however, it is a good plan, without attempting to cramp these weird flights of composition in any way, to encourage a child to draw the

**He is deaf who has never heard  
the singing of the blades of grass.**

*K. Gibbon.*

Sweet is the air with the budding haws, and  
the valley stretching for miles below  
is white with blossoming cherry trees, as if  
just covered with lightest snow.

things he sees around him, the simple objects connected with his home life. He can learn so much from this. There is no better practice possible, for he is training his eyes to see for themselves, without merely following the lines of a set copy in a mechanical way. It does not greatly matter what subject is chosen—a flower, leaf, jug, or watering-pot—there is a lesson in one and all.

Many an older and more advanced student would find much to learn if he would only practise making carefully considered drawings of any of the commonest objects surrounding him in his daily life. But, alas! he is far too often fired with the ambition to "make pictures" at once, and, seeing a pretty and brightly coloured lithographed "copy" in the window of a colourman's shop, he promptly steps in to hire or buy it, and starts to work on an elaborate reproduction of it. What a lazy method of learning Art, and what a pitiable waste of precious time!

Now suppose, instead of this futile dabbling, we make up our minds to have some regular and earnest study from flowers and plants; their endless variety gives us a very wide field for learning both beauty of form and colour, and surely they are far more interesting and delightful to work from than the complicated examples of the free-hand copybooks.

#### The First Essentials.

Although colour-work is so tempting and fascinating, I would advise a beginner not to yield to its seductions too often; rather to give his whole attention, for a time at least, to proportion and form. No amount of colour, however beautifully and subtly blended, will cover the glaring defects of bad and weak drawing. As he advances with careful practice, and his touch becomes more sure and true, he will, I am certain, begin to think a simple blacklead pencil is a most delightful possession, for he will find how very much can be expressed by this primitive medium alone.

If you have ever been fortunate enough to see the sketches by Holbein of the celebrities of the Court of Henry VIII in the Royal Library at Windsor, you will understand exactly what I mean. To me this masterly precision and simplicity of line is far more wonderful and more inspiring than even the most famous of the master's oil paintings. Such delicacy of execution, and perfection of form could only be the outcome of long and patient years of study of line alone.



Colts-foot

Colour is sometimes rather a snare to the student; he is apt to be led away by its beauties, and to be slipshod in his expression of form. There is a most dangerous pitfall for the unwary. It is true that many great artists can give a wonderfully realistic idea with a few bold touches of a brush, but for a student to attempt to paint on the same lines would only show disastrous results. Ruskin speaks very strongly on the subject. His remarks are at too great a length to quote here fully, but the substance is this: that nothing is to be learned, especially in sketching, by *precipitation*; and he denounces, in a most decided way, those manuals on Art professing to give hints on "touch" and "style" to amateurs and students. He says most of them "praise boldness, when the only safe attendant of a beginner is caution; advise velocity, when the first condition of success is deliberation."

Suppose a student in a school of Art, just promoted to the dignity of the Life Class, had been to get ideas and inspirations from, say, the masterly portraits of Sargent. Suppose that in his first studies from the living model he tries to imitate the broad brush-marks he admired in the master's work, would not the result be terrible? But this fatal imitation of style, or rather miserable attempt at it, often happens. Who could expect, on a first trial, to imitate the dexterity of a man who has given years of his life to attain that dexterity? It would not be good for us if we could, for it is only by careful and patient observation of Nature for ourselves that we can ever hope to understand her, and by doing so, produce work, if not great, at least possessing the elements of individuality and truth.

Therefore, although it is a great thing to aim at broadness of effect and simplicity, the student must not fall into the error of imagining that this is analogous to a careless and hurried disregard of accuracy of form. The conscientious student who has perhaps somewhat *over-elaborated* his drawing has often gone further towards a true understanding of his subject than the more superficial



Every tree unfolds in beauty; the chestnut uplifts her flames of white and red; the vine droops with the new-formed grapes; the larch extends arms of longing; and I break into praise.

E. Gibson.

one who imagines that with a dashy touch he has "suggested" his meaning and created an "impression"—often another way of excusing laziness.

**The Question  
of Paper.**

If, as I earnestly hope, my readers have taken sufficient interest in these little articles to be anxious to take up flower-painting thoroughly and seriously, and not merely as a desultory pastime, let us get to matter-of-fact hard work and practicability. First, a word as to materials: What kind of paper shall we use? For earlier practice

with pencil it matters little; cartridge paper, note paper, anything will do. But if we are using water-colour it behoves us to be more careful in our choice. Whatman or "O.W." are both excellent papers, but the cheaper makes are rather thin in substance, and consequently liable to cockle when a broad wash is put on. This is very troublesome and annoying, and it is necessary to stretch the paper before using to counteract this as much as possible. The usual way is to damp the whole surface of the paper with a wet sponge, except about three quarters of an inch of the edges all round, which edges have been previously carefully folded down to prevent the water touching them. Then, when the wet on the surface has somewhat dried off, leaving, however, the paper still

thoroughly damp, strong paste is put on the dry edges, which are then firmly fixed to the edges of a clean drawing-board. After the water-colour is finished these edges are cut away with a sharp knife, and the drawing comes off the board quite flat.

This is the method usually adopted in schools of Art. Personally I prefer working on paper previously mounted on millboard, which you can buy ready for use. It is certainly more expensive, but far more satisfactory in working, for although a paper stretched on a board in the ordinary way may be quite flat when it is dry, it has a nasty habit of cockling when wet in the working, and this is very irritating to the worker.



I know a bank  
whereon the wild  
thyme blows,  
Where oxlips and  
the nodding  
violet grows.



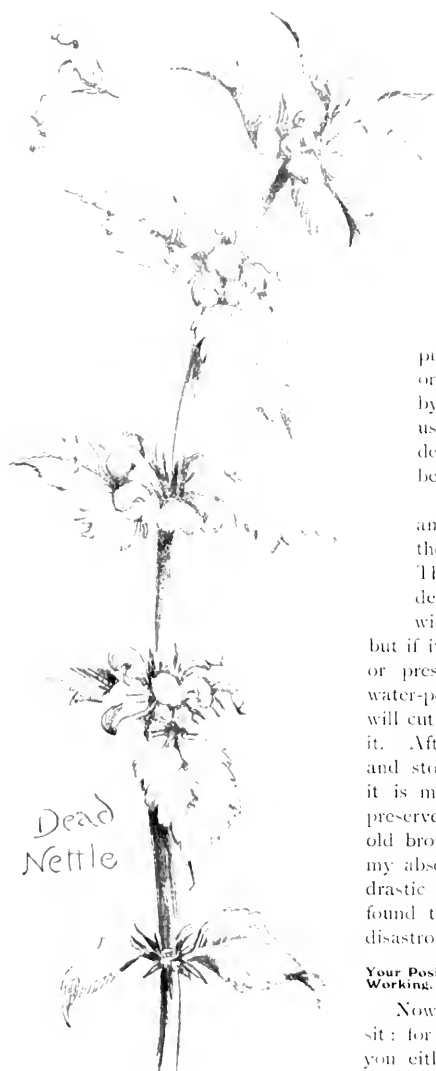
At one time I always mounted my own paper. Taking a piece of Whatman, and a stout sheet of millboard the same size, I damped their surfaces with a wet sponge or rag, and when these had expanded with the water, and their surfaces were sufficiently dry to take it, I thinly covered them with a paste of flour and water, or starch the latter made like the "boiled starch" used for laundry purposes, only not so diluted with water, and stuck them together. The paste had to be very evenly distributed over the surfaces, without lumps, and the whole carefully dabbed and stroked on the painting surface to exclude any air-bubbles formed between, before being firmly tacked out round the edges on a board and left to dry.

There is a good deal of trouble attached to this method, and when one considers the time it takes, and the risks of spoiling or damaging the surface, I really think it is not very extravagant, when we contemplate making a finished water-colour, to buy "Whatman's Mounted Board," or "ordinary millboard faced with O.W. paper." These, as well as the unmounted papers, can be bought in "students'" as well as "artists'" quality.

Whatman is supplied in three surfaces, "hot pressed," "not," and "rough." The former has a smooth, ivory-like surface, only suitable for small, fine work. For all ordinary purposes I would recommend you to use the "Not" paper, which has just enough grain and "bite" in its surface to take the colour nicely; while for big, bold work on a larger scale the rough surface is delightful.

If the drawing is to be framed on completion, it is absolutely necessary that it should be worked on a mounted board, or it runs a very grave risk of wobbling after. Often the board backing of new frames is put in with rather green wood, and of course this, pressed as it is against the back of the drawing, pulls it out of shape as the wood gradually dries. I noticed the effects of this very strongly on varnishing day at the Royal Academy recently in the black and white room. Many beautiful proofs of etchings, especially those on Japanese paper, were quite distorted and wavy, and the Royal Academician who was responsible for the hanging of that room told me that in some cases this had been so bad that the artists had been obliged to have their pictures down, and to substitute new proofs in their places.





I have previously given you a list of colours that I think you will find useful; now a word about brushes.

These form rather an expensive item in our painting kit. A good sable brush generally costs several shillings, the price, of course, varying with the size, but it is better to get accustomed to using rather a large one. I think, therefore, it would be a great extravagance to advise beginners to use highly-priced sables for the purposes of study. The "Siberian Hair," or "Mincat Hair" brushes, made, I think, by Messrs. Reeves, will be reliable and useful for first practice, and the luxury and delight of the more expensive sables must be postponed for more advanced work.

For broad surfaces, backgrounds, etc., I am very fond of a hog's-hair brush, and these do not cost nearly as much as sable. The length of life of a good brush depends very largely on its treatment; with tender handling it lasts a long time, but if it is heavily dug into the pans of colour, or pressed hard against the bottom of the water-pot, the sharp tin edge of the ferrule will cut the delicate hair, and completely spoil it. After use, the brush must be washed, wiped, and stood in an upright position to dry, for it is most essential that its point should be preserved. I keep my brushes heads up, in an old brown cream-jug, and sometimes, when in my absence from home my studio has had a drastic cleaning up by martistic hands, I have found this position tidily reversed, with most disastrous results.

**Your Position when Working.**

Now as regards the position in which you sit: for big bold work I would strongly advise you either to sit or stand at an easel, rather than work in a cramped position over a table or



desk. I know that for small work the latter is sometimes inevitable, but it is extremely bad for the health to work in this position for any length of time, as I have found to my cost. If you *must* work at a table, be sure your drawing is arranged on a slant: your ordinary board tilted up at the back on a firm book will suffice.

A glass pickle-jar makes an excellent water-pot, I think, far better than a china one, for it enables us to notice at once when the water has become stained and muddy, and that replenishment is necessary; for dirty water means dingy colour in your drawing.

**Buying your Colours.**

Water-colours are supplied in tubes like oils, and seem to have gained much favour in this form. Undoubtedly they have the advantage of keeping pure and clean, but they have their disadvantages as well. Sometimes one is apt to squeeze out more than one

intended, and of course this is very wasteful. Personally, I am afraid I am rather an impatient person, and the time consumed in screwing on and off those little metal caps fidgets me immensely just when I am anxious to use every minute on the actual painting of the flowers before they have had time to wilt and fade. Therefore I prefer pan colours and I generally buy half pans. The price works out the same exactly, and I think it is an advantage to have the colours fresh. It is necessary to keep them very distinct and clean. The merest streak

How many suns  
it takes  
To make one  
speedwell blue.



Blissfully did one speedwell plot beguile  
My whole heart long; I loved each separate flower.

*July 1888/89*

of Antwerp blue, for instance, straying into a moist runny colour like Indian yellow would effectually spoil its use as a pure colour for all time.

For lightly sketching in a group I think I prefer a B pencil to the F. I have generally heard recommended for the purpose, because the B is softer and more easily rubbed out, but above all things it must not be used heavily; the lightest, most delicate touch of which you are capable must suffice.

**Placing your  
Model.**

Do not have your model too near; you can get such a much better idea of general proportions and also of light and shade at a little distance. You can always move a little nearer when your study is sufficiently advanced to require detail.

Notice very carefully the main direction and general form of your group and mark it in. In the examples I have drawn for you in a group of daisies page 94 I hope you will be able to follow what I mean. You will see I have indicated the shape of each flower by rough circles varying in perspective according to the position of the blooms, and that their stems are expressed by sweeps of the pencil to indicate this direction even through the flowers themselves. This is, as it were, a rough ground plan of the general form of the group, and of course it is subject to variation as we draw in the petals, where some overlap the edges.

As these were drawn with the idea of the necessities of reproduction before me, I have been obliged to make the lines much firmer and harder than I should do if I were making the study as a guide for my own use; in that case the lines would be as pale and faint as it is possible to make them.

The second study shows the drawing ready for painting, only, of course, it must be rubbed down, preferably with soft clean bread, until the merest shadow of a line is left, just enough to guide you on your way, for once a drop of water gets on a strong pencil line it is "set" indelibly, and quite immovable afterwards.



Now comes the actual painting. Look at your models with half-closed eyes, and notice how the whole group strikes you in broad masses. A little thought and care in commencing, in order to gain a general idea of what you are going to do, will be ultimately a great saving of time, giving you also much better results than if you had rushed at your drawing precipitately. Get this general idea expressed in your study before attempting any distraction of detail—this comes later.

**Laying on a  
Flat Wash.**

If you are desirous of laying a flat wash over a large surface, I think you will find it a good plan first to moisten the whole space that you intend to cover afterwards with colour, with plain water used in a large brush. Have your colours ready mixed in a deep division of your palette or a clean saucer. This colour must be absolutely well mixed and free from dirt or dust. Some people even go so far as to rub the mixture with a cork to remove all possible grit, but high-class water-colours are generally so beautifully ground as to render this precaution unnecessary.

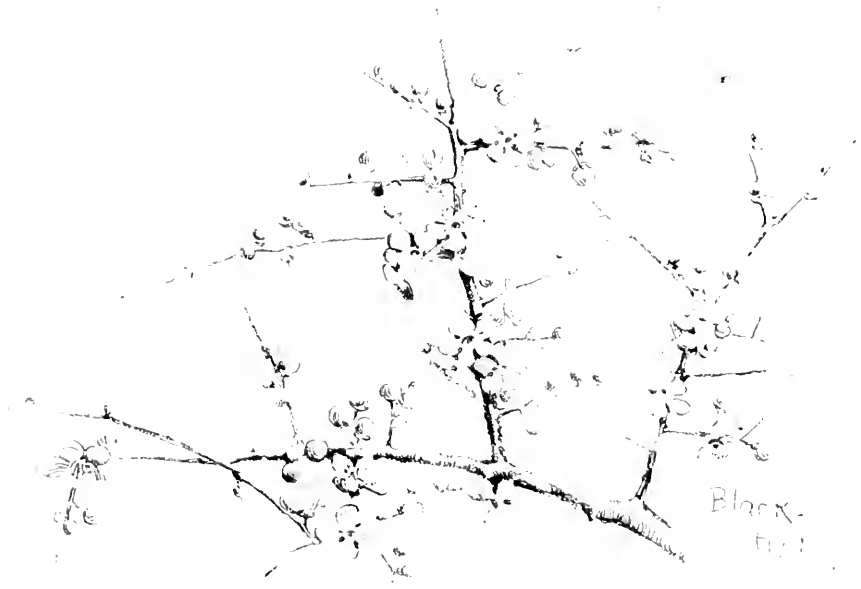
The wet surface of the paper underneath the wash of colour helps the latter to run more freely when we put it on, but of course it must be used a trifle stronger in consequence. If it is necessary to put a second wash over the first, be very careful the surface is perfectly dry before attempting to do so. Sometimes a second brush, filled with clean water, is very useful in softening the edges of a flower, and preventing a hard line, when the wash has dried; but do not overdo this, and thus produce a "woolly" effect; a little sharpness here and there, so long as it is not hard, is often rather helpful than the reverse.

Strive earnestly always to make your studies as true to Nature as your gifts and powers will allow. If you are drawing a simple daisy, do your utmost to make the most of its character and form; do not persuade yourself that a few flat white dabs, distributed evenly round a yellow centre, is an adequate expression of its beauties. Look at a group of the flowers. Do you see two of them exactly alike? One of them is so foreshortened that we only see a side view of it. Notice how the petals, slightly curved from calyx to points, give us fascinating little peeps at their under sides, and what careful drawing is necessary to express their form adequately.

Endeavour in each of your drawings of flowers to make a special study of the character of even the smallest. Do not think that any of these gifts of God can be expressed in a careless or hurried manner.



And there upon  
the sod below  
Ground ivy's  
purple blossoms  
show,  
Like helmet of  
crusader knight  
In another's cross-  
like form of  
white.









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Angeli, Maude/Flower pictures



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