

Country Cottages and their Gardens

beauty. The sun has gone, and with him the pomp and splendour of the day: and Nature with a sigh of regret is turning her chastened gaze towards the milder splendours of the queen of night. Everything is enveloped in a tender after-glow: there are no strong contrasts of tone. The mystery and charm is one of colour only: hence its attraction for our artist.

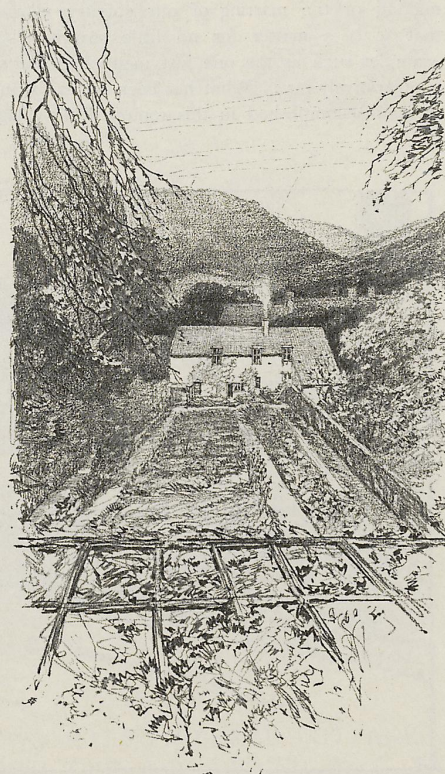
In the treatment of foam, Mr. Olsson holds, as I have already indicated, a foremost place. Many men have given us truthful renderings of breaking waves, but few have had the courage or the knowledge to treat, except as a mere sketch, that fretwork of wrinkled foam, into which the churned-up water has been lashed by the force of the advancing and receding waves, as they hurl themselves on sand and shingle, or chase each other over the harbour bar. The endless forms of the multitudinous ripples and eddies, the endless curves with their endless intersections, overlappings, rushes and rebounds, must of necessity baffle all but the keenest and most ardent of observers. For although by certain tricks and dexterity of handling some resemblance may be obtained, the most accurate drawing is necessary to give the sense of power and ceaseless motion which we find in all Mr. Olsson's seascapes. And this ability has been acquired by him through many years of constant and loving observation and study.

The sea cannot be painted as can the component parts of a landscape. It is impossible to set up a canvas and imitate bit by bit. Not for one single second does any portion of the sea remain in the same position, or under the same effect of light. It is therefore only by an infinite number of mental and sketch-book notes that an accurate knowledge is obtained. For twenty years Mr. Olsson has been taking these notes and storing them in his mind; not only from the rocky shores of Cornwall where he lives, and where the Atlantic rollers come thundering after their three thousand miles of unimpeded progress from distant Labrador, but also from the deck of his yacht, in which he has been in the habit of cruising summer after summer. He knows the coast from the Scillies to the Isle of Wight as well as most men know their way to the nearest railway station. It is this consuming passion that has made him what he is—in many ways our greatest sea-painter. He thinks in waves and storm-clouds, in rainbows and driving mist. He knows where the wind is, what the tide is doing and the age of the moon as well as any pilot, and he uses this knowledge as only a great artist can.

A. G. F. S.

COUNTRY COTTAGES AND THEIR GARDENS. ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MALLOWS.

THERE is a small village in the West of England where the old indigenous cottage building has almost entirely disappeared. It has been replaced at different times by types varying in interest from those of later Georgian days to those bearing the Victorian stamp. Though little of the earlier work remains to leaven the uninteresting and often offensive accretions of later times, the loss in this respect has in large measure been compensated for by the cottage gardens, so thoughtfully and pleasantly have they been planned and tended. Even the village inn, an uninteresting building in itself, is made quite attractive by its long straight stone-flagged approach, bordered on each side with broad bands of high old-fashioned flowers. This foreground is so pleasant, that the dull building at the



A HOLIDAY COTTAGE IN MONMOUTHSHIRE, ADAPTED FROM AN OLD CIDER MILL BY C. E. MALLOWS, F.R.I.B.A.