



illusion of the written word into the language of graphic art. How marvellously does he capture and portray the spiritual affinities between the characters and the very atmosphere of the landscape. And the melody underlying it all, unspeakably poignant like the last notes trembling on the violin strings, reverberates in Ulrich's drawings. Nor in his illustrations of Dickens' works—after the Bible the books most revered in England!—does Ulrich hover round the text, he accompanies it like a faithful chronicler. The wonderful world of Dickens with its fascinating conglomeration of human types, pathetic, quaint, witty, unscrupulous or high-minded as they may be, appears again with almost documentary fidelity. That world has almost become tangible. Our eyes feast on it with the delight of a connoisseur. A panorama of genre pictures typical of that Victorian age flits past. These sketches, however, never desert the text of the book; like Schwind's and Richter's illustrations they rather guide the reader to it. For Ulrich's pictures have grown from the words they interpret so faithfully, and both are blended in that harmony of spirit which is the hall-mark of the perfect illustration. Trans. by FI Salmond-Volkman

Pinselfzeichnung
Brush-drawing