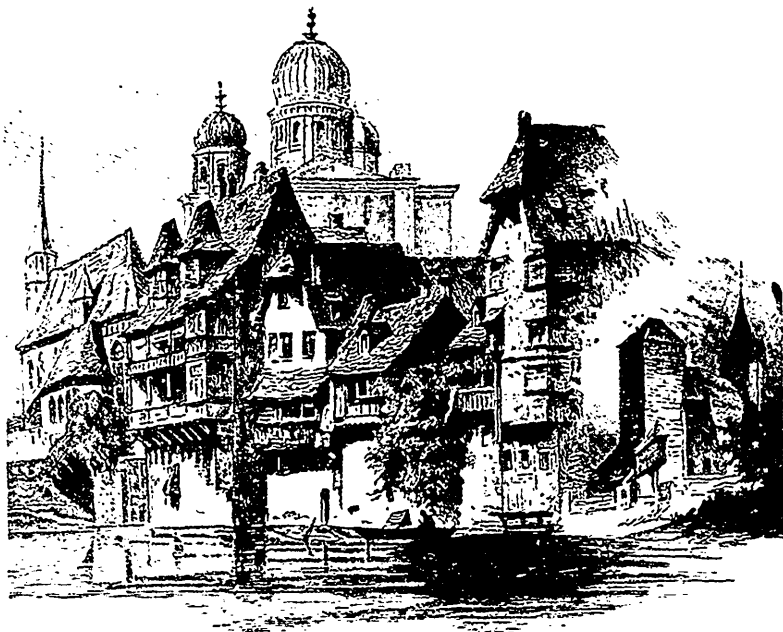


was surrounded by a motley, fantastical life, by the commonplace figures of the townsmen of his native place, instead of a beautiful, nobly-developed southern type of humanity. Neither is it sufficiently explained by the fact, that, in the wrinkled, uneasy fall of the folds of his drapery, he yielded to the influence of the wood-engraving of his time. His countryman, Peter Vischer, was able gradually to overcome both in-

tiveness. Both in him are inseparable; and both must, of necessity, be simultaneously accepted. Harsh and repellant as much may appear to us at first sight, it is exactly here that the power that dwells in truth, depth and fervour of sentiment compels our admiration.

If even Italian masters, like Raphael, could not refrain from offering their homage to the greatness of the German artist, it



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fluences in his creations, and to work his way to a purer style replete with beauty.

It is most apparent that there existed in Durer a spiritual affinity with those characteristic features of life. It is the fantastic tendency of his time, which in him reaches its culminating point of expression, making necessary not only all those extravagances of form, but also the inexhaustible wealth and depth of his produc-

will not be impossible for us to arrive at a comprehension of his artistic manner, so genuinely national, in spite of its deficiencies. We shall then find that hardly any master has scattered with so lavish a hand all that the soul has conceived of fervid feeling or pathos, all that thought has grasped of what is strong or sublime, all that the imagination has conceived of poetic wealth; that in no one has the depth and power of the Ger-