

GUSTAVE DORÉ.

The news of Gustave Doré's death comes up on us with a shock. We were not prepared for it. We recoil from the idea. He was too young to die. His work was in nowise completed. There was more to come, and his best. Death had no business with him. He of all should have been passed over; the black roll need not have included his name. The shock still vibrates. Doré was born in Strasburg, the city of the church of the beautiful spire. His picture of Alsace in later years showed his inner feeling in regard to the annexation of his beloved province. The 7th of January, 1832, gave him to the world which he has quitted all too soon. He spent his child-life in the mountains of the Vosges. From a very early period he betrayed his leanings towards the pencil, and when but eight years old, his sketches of animals were exceptionally clever. At thirteen he came to Paris. A portfolio of the lad's sketches fell into the hands of Phillipon, the art dealer, and this expert induced Doré's father to allow the boy to follow art. During the subsequent three years Gustave executed some three thousand drawings for a little journal just started, and which has now a fabulous circulation — namely, *Le Petit Journal pour Rire*. Doré now leaped into name and fame — leaped too soon, for his early success set back the dial of his greatness. His work lacked the rich mellowness of maturity. Life became well worth living. He was the centre of the best, the most delightful, people in Paris. Gustave had the hand of a countess and the muscle of an athlete. He was a match for the "fittest form" among the undergraduates of Oxford or Cambridge. He performed on the violin *a ravir* — so Rossini said — and was gracious and simple, and winsome and earnest in his ways. He was rich, yet lived without display; he worked and walked in a blouse. His mother was his first love — his art his second. When twitted on being a bachelor, "Bah!" he would laugh, "I am not a Turk. I am twice married already — to my mother and to my art." Madame Doré's attachment for her son was idyllic. All new-comers should pass her inspection ere reaching the great artist.

Doré had a far-off, dreamy look in his eyes, especially noticeable when he was engaged in playing the violin, piano, or guitar. He wore his hair long, his mustache short. He loved dogs. At the first night he was ever present, his delight in the theatre recognized no limits. He was fond of good food, as the manager of Brébant's knew full well, while, of all the Chateaux, Margeaux was his favorite. His mornings in his *atelier*, a real rough-and-ready workshop, were shared with a few select friends; his evenings were spent with music. Doré's works are known to the civilized world. At twenty-one he published the inimitable series of drawings to Rabelais, in which the curé of Meudon would have recognized a most thoroughly con-



THE LATE GUSTAVE DORÉ.

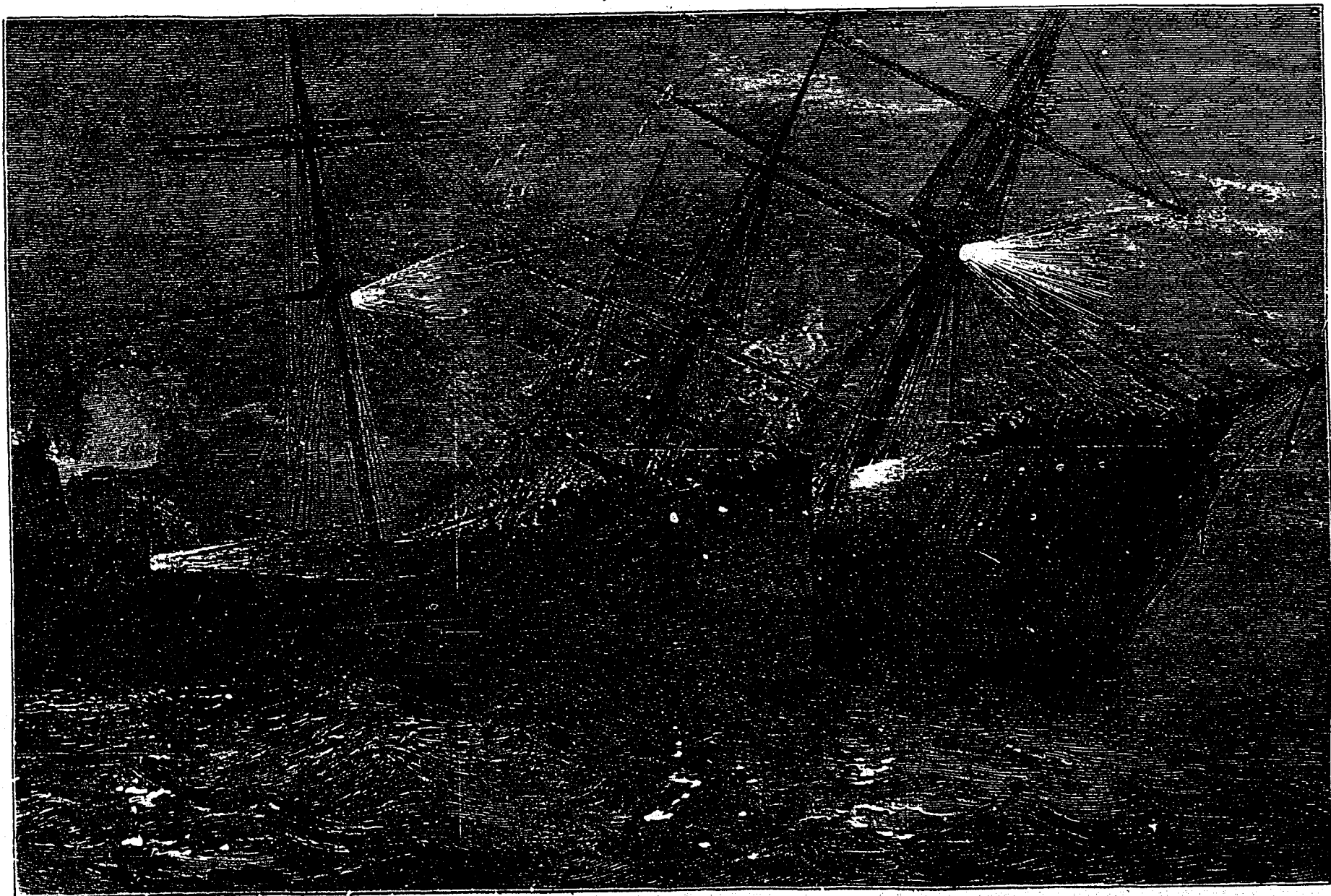
genial and sympathetic pencil. The "Contes Drolatiques" followed in 1856, the "Essais" of Montagne in 1857, Taine's "Voyages aux Pyrénées" in 1859, and in 1861 that truly great production the illustrated "Inferno" appeared, as well as the "Contes de Perrault." Other works and dates are, "Atala" (1862), "Don Quixote" (1863), the Bible (1865-6), Milton (1865), "The Fables of La Fontaine" (1867), "The Idyls of the King," Dante's "Purgatorio" and "Paradiso" (1868), "Elaine," "Vivian," "Enid," and "Guinevere" (1866-68), "Works of Rabelais" (1872), "Spain" by Baron Ch. Davillier (1873), "The Song of the Ancient Mariner" (1866), "London" by Louis Enault (1877), and "Orlando Furioso" (1879). M. Doré had been engaged for several years in illustration of Shakespeare, a work in which he was greatly interested. He said to a friend in 1877: "I dream only of Shakespeare. It will be the supreme effort of my life. I have already given some years to it, and I am only at the beginning, or, rather, finding a way to begin. Beside him everything appears small — *mesquin*. If I can succeed in producing in a national way, worthy of the subject and of myself, your great Shakespeare, I shall close with glory my career as an illustrator. But it is a mighty task to tackle, and who will undertake it?"

Of M. Doré's paintings there are happily many specimens in this country. The list of his contributions need not be recapitulated here.

The Doré Gallery in Bond Street, London, has long been a feature of the town, and his principal works were shown there. Among them are "Christ Leaving the Pretorium," "The Entry into Jerusalem," "Moses and the Brazen Serpent," "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "The Triumph of Christianity" and "The Martyrs in the Arena." Later works were the "Ecce Homo" and "The Ascension," placed in the gallery in 1879, some illustrations of Shakespeare and "The Tortured Soul." A few years ago M. Doré took up sculpture, and has had much success. His work, especially that of decorative quality, is excellent. Of this class is the vase emblemizing the "Vine" and a mirror of bronze with Cupids, executed, we believe, for the Empress of Russia. He exhibited at the Salon the following plaster groups: "Love and Fate" (1877), "La Gloire" (1878), "L'Effroi" (1879), a "Madonna" (1880), "Christianity" (1881), and "The Vine" — as a bronze vase (1882). He also did a bronze figure of "Terpsichore" for the Theatre of Monte Carlo.

Doré used models for his statues, but none for his pictures. It is related that he once stated to an inquiring but illustrious personage, "We do not paint with models here; we paint with our brains."

The great artist, on leaving a musical reception, neglected to muffle his throat. Inflammation set in, and on Tuesday, the 23d of January, he died. His name will live. He has painted it in undying color.



COLLISION IN THE MERSEY BETWEEN THE CITY OF BRUSSELS AND KIRBY HALL.