

in Ennis, County Clare, 1786; but his family soon moved to London. His father and mother were Roman Catholics, the father being a leather-breeches maker. Mulready, like most famous artists, discovered early in life that he had a taste for drawing; and his father and mother, unlike the parents of many of the great artists, put no obstacles in his path, but, "in order to help him, labored harder than ever in their humble ways, often sitting up whole nights that they might increase their power of doing justice to his talents."

After some years of study, Mulready, through his own perseverance and the aid of John Varley, the famous water-color painter, held a recognized position among artists, and needed only patience to see his talents surely recognized by the public. But this recognition came slowly. For years Mulready's chief support was from the drawing lessons which he was forced to give. It was, doubtless, in reference to this period of struggle that he wrote: "Out of the profession, few people can comprehend the toils and difficulties of an artist. I remember the time when I had a wife and four children, nothing to do, and was six hundred dollars in debt." But these dark days did not last many years; before we close the biography of the famous painter, we are permitted to see him living in a house constructed after his own designs, with property enough laid up to support him in luxury. Frederick G. Stevens' little biography (it is one of the "Great Artists" series) includes a number of illustrations from Mulready's pictures, and also a complete catalogue of his works, many of which are now scattered about in the great English and French picture galleries. The biography is written with simplicity, but without much literary skill. — Scribner & Welford. \$1.25.

Mulready.

To many Americans Mulready's name is not familiar, and his pictures are unknown. But in England he is considered one of the most distinguished artists of this age: "Independent and thoroughly English, a master in painting, a humorist without malice, and an indefatigable student, who carried onwards in art that which Wilkie began, and, in so doing, rounded a long life with unconscious heroism." He was born