

Primrose Gatherers.

(See full-page Steel Engraving.)

THE lovely picture which we present under this head is purely English in its detail and conception. The green, velvety grass, so soft, and humid, and redolent of the soil, which grows so luxuriantly, and in which children roll and tumble the livelong day, is almost unknown here, the utmost care failing to produce that which is an outgrowth and feature of the moist temperate climate rarely visited by the sharp and sudden contrasts to which we are constantly exposed. Primroses are also a peculiarly English flower—among the earliest to make their appearance, their sweetness, their profusion, the fact that they are usually found in the lowliest spots, to which they lend a grace and charm that poets have sung and memory treasured, endears them to the English heart.

Happy little primrose gatherers! whatever life holds for you, no fairer or brighter experience in after years will ever be able to take entirely away from memory and consciousness the happy hours spent in the green meadows under the trees; the sunshine glinting, the shadows falling, the primroses waiting to make the little hearts happy with their modest beauty and their fragrance.

Sunset in the White Mountains.

(See full-page in Oil.)

UNDER this title we present to our subscribers a charming picture after C. H. Chapin, a well-known artist in water colors, which is executed by a new process, and furnishes a vivid reminiscence of the beauty of earth, air, sky, and water of that famous region. No one can ever know exactly what constitutes the charm of the Switzerland of America, without a visit there during the beauty of the autumn as well as the loveliness of the summer season. The greatest attraction is in the ever-varying features of a landscape made up of the strongest contrasts—the most rugged mountains,—the greenest and most rugged valleys—a very work-shop of nature, where lake and river, forest and hill, that diversify and render picturesque more populous and commonplace regions, seem to have their beginnings, and be turned out as children are turned out of ancestral homes, to make a place for themselves in the great world. The striking characteristics of this celebrated region, which has been the favorite summer resort of so many tourists, are well illustrated in the beautiful picture which we offer as a souvenir to those who remember with pleasure a sojourn among the White Mountains, and as a promise of what is to come for those who still have that as a treat in prospect.

An Art Excursion to Europe

Has been organized by Prof. G. F. Comfort, Dean of the College of Fine Arts of the Syracuse University, which promises to be one of the most useful and attractive that has ever been planned on a large scale. The party starts June 28, by the *City of Berlin*, of the Inman line, and will return early in September. The route takes in all the great art-centers and almost every place and object artistically worth seeing, together with the most picturesque scenes and objects in the Old World. All the arrangements are first class, and the cost, lights, service, and fees included, is only \$540, a small sum indeed to cover so much that is worth seeing and knowing.

Metropolitan Museum of Art.

THE Museum of Art has been removed from the old Cruger Mansion, in Fourteenth Street, to the permanent fire-proof building erected for it by the city in the Central Park. Its collections already include many that are rare and valuable, in addition to the famous Cesnola and Kurium antiquities. The value of such an art-center cannot be estimated, and it is most desirable that its influence should be strengthened and its capacity for aiding study and research increased by every possible means. The trustees, in appealing to the public for aid in a gigantic work which has been largely carried on by private munificence, present the following statement of objects and intentions:

To form, as heretofore, loan collections of pictures, statuary, and other objects of art, similar to the practice of the Kensington Museum.

To obtain carefully selected series of casts of antique and modern sculpture for the use of art students.

To increase and perfect its collection of art antiquities and archaeological specimens.

To make large additions to the collection of pottery and porcelain.

To purchase architectural models, with casts of valuable examples.

To establish a collection exhibiting the progress and position of the industrial arts. To include in compact form, in each department, the raw material, the material in process of manufacture, and the completed work, with models or samples of the tools and machinery used. This collection to comprise, among other articles, gems, gold and silver work, bronzes and other metal work, household decorations, such as paper hangings, pressed leather, furniture, etc., textile fabrics, bookbinding, laces, dyes, stained glass, etc.

To carry out these and other like purposes the trustees ask the sum of \$150,000; subscription to be payable when \$100,000 shall have been subscribed, with the understanding that the first general application of the money will be—

To purchase the Avery collection of porcelain.

To buy King's collection of gems.

To purchase casts.

To purchase architectural models.

To purchase archaeological antiquities.

To purchase examples of fabrics, and start a school of design for the arts and trades.

To establish a system of prize medals or awards.

To create a fund for lectures on art.

Subscribers may designate, if they so desire, the objects to which their donations shall be applied. Subscriptions can also be made payable one half in the present year and one half in 1880.

The very fact that New York is so cosmopolitan a city, makes it extremely difficult to obtain funds for merely local purposes. It is easier to raise money for a famine in India, a fire in Chicago, or pestilence anywhere, than for home improvements which are not provided for by taxation.

Smaller and more provincial cities, whose population is less migratory, can appeal much more successfully to local pride, and accomplish much more at home because so much less is expected of them abroad. Mr. John Taylor Johnston, the President of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and his coadjutors, deserve well of the citizens of New York for the wisdom and judgment with which they have executed a responsible and thankless task, and it is to be hoped that the means will be furnished them to carry on a work which is of the greatest importance to the art resources, culture, and growth of the metropolis. A permanent endowment ought to place the trustees beyond the necessity of making public appeals for aid.



My Housekeeping Class.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

"We left our parlor in good order, you remember, after its grand sweeping and dusting," says I on the third meeting of our housekeeping class. "Oh, all but the pictures; I forgot them."

"What about the pictures?" says Miss Kitty Van Ranselaer. "Are we going to dabble in the fine arts?"

"No farther than you might call cleanliness a fine art, my dear."

"It comes next to godliness," says Sophie Mapes a little timidly; "so I should think it might be called a fine art."

"A refined art, certainly," says I, "and as such highly worth cultivating. Dirt and refinement would be an unnatural association not to be looked for."

"I don't think I should know whether a house or a room was clean or dirty," confesses Jennie, with great candor.

"Perhaps you would be not only unconscious of the dirt, but rather in favor of it," says Miss Kitty.

"Decidedly," responds Jennie; "if I had to clean it up myself as the alternative."

"Oh, Jennie," I say, not liking to have the lively girl do herself such an injustice; "I met your father on Broadway one day last week, and asked him what you were doing with yourself, to which he replied that your principal employment when he was at home seemed to be whistling 'Nancy Lee,' and cleaning house."

"I don't think he need have told I whistled," says Jennie, making a queer little wry face.

"I beg your pardon," I hasten to say, "I need not have told either; but as I never could whistle myself in spite of all my efforts, I supposed it was an accomplishment girls were rather proud of."

"My brother Dick says that if girls are going to wear cutaway jackets and Stanley ties for a permanent rig, they ought to whistle and smoke," says Nellie Greene.

"Oh!" I cry in horror; "spare us the last accomplishment, and we will bear any amount of the first."

"Will you tell me," asks Miss Lyman, "what you mean by the care of pictures?"

"Thank you, my dear," say I with some mortification; "I am obliged to you for recalling the business before the house. What I mean by the care of pictures, is cleaning and keeping them in good order."

"I never dare to touch pictures except to dust them with a feather duster," says Sophie. "Do they need any other care?"

"That depends. There is such a thing as giving them too much care, but there are better ways of dusting them than with a feather brush," I say. "It is an excellent practice to keep a piece of cotton batting on purpose to wipe off picture frames with. A gentleman in this city, who owns over two hundred oil paintings, tells me that he wipes his pictures once a week with an old cambric handkerchief, which has not actually been dipped in oil, but is just open to a suspicion of being greasy. He also said most emphatically, that if a painting was soiled, smoked, or defaced from any cause, it was very unwise for a person without experience to attempt to repair it by any of the methods that abound in newspapers and